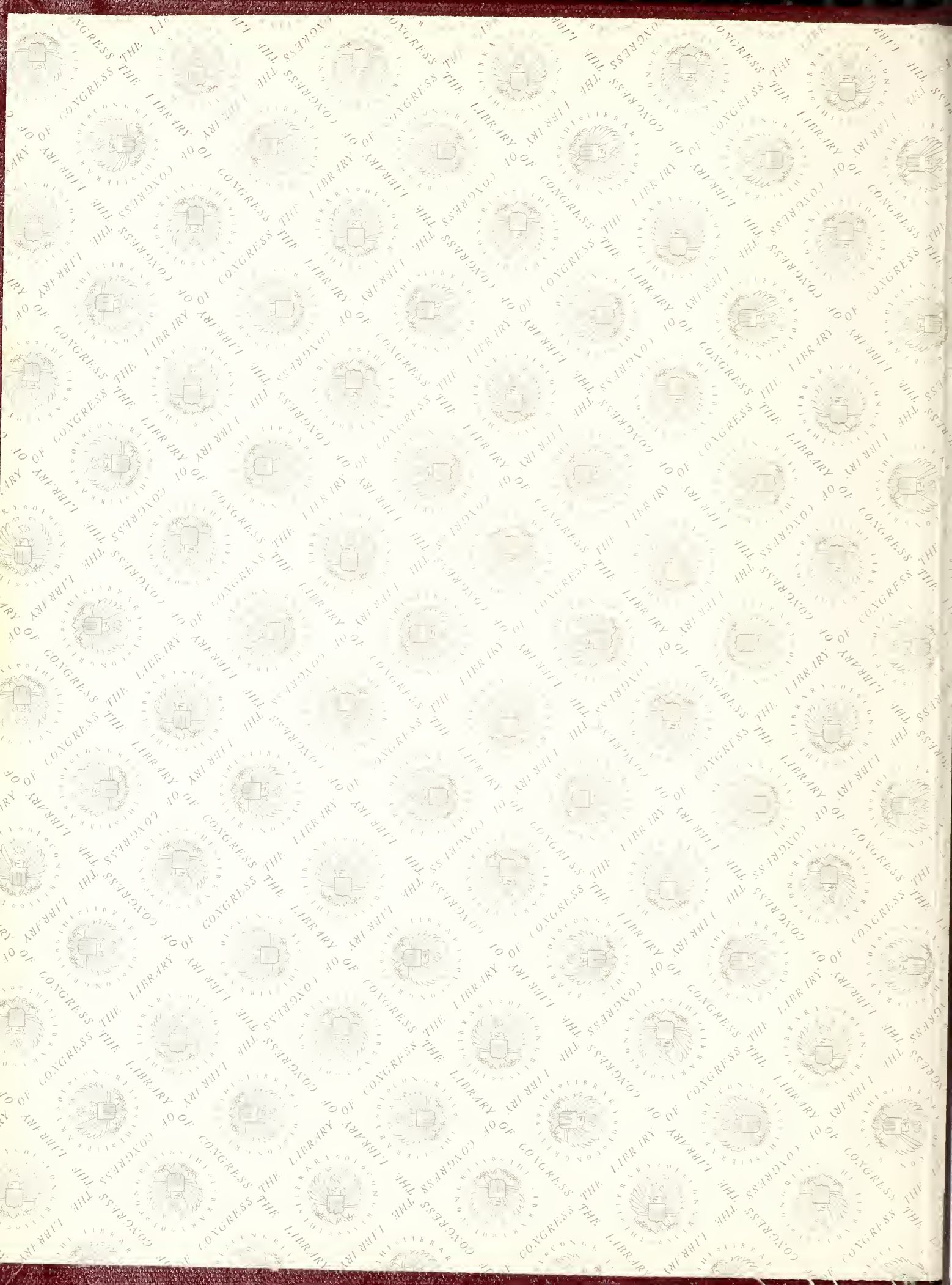


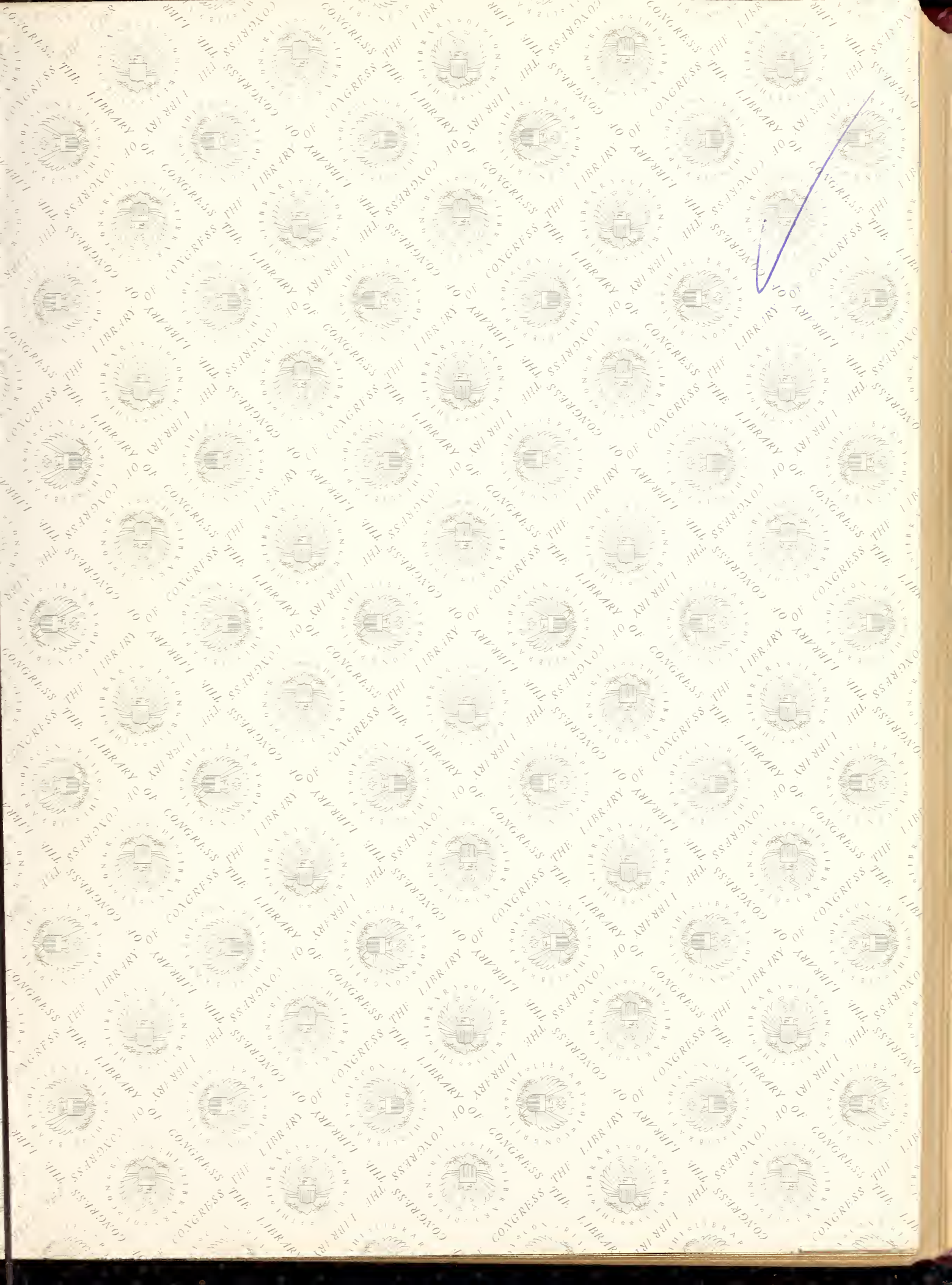
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FEBRUARY, 1957

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*Color portrait of Natalie Wood on the cover by Tom Caffrey of Globe.
Watch for Natalie in the Warner Bros. film *Bombers B-52.*
Other photographers' credits on page 66.

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Will Diana Dors marry Rod Steiger?
—G.K., N.Y.C.

A. *There is much to be settled between Diana, her husband, and Rod Steiger before this comes to pass.*

Q. Liz Taylor says she never wanted to become an actress, that she hopes to retire after she marries Mike Todd. True?
—B.S., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *It's true that she never wanted to become an actress, and was, in fact, spurred on by her mother. Her retirement, if it ever comes to pass, will probably be temporary.*

Q. How much older than his first and second wives is Gregory Peck?
—R.L., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. *Peck is two years younger than his first wife, sixteen years older than his second.*

Q. Does John Wayne really get $650,000 per picture? Doesn't this make him the highest-priced actor in the world?
—G.L., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Wayne gets $650,000 a picture but several actors have received more on a percentage arrangement. Cary Grant, for example, will receive $750,000 for his role in* To Catch A Thief.

Q. I've been told that Michael Rennie dated more than 300 different girls during 1956. Is Rennie a greater lover than Frank Sinatra?
—H.F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Rennie is currently regarded as Hollywood's number one Casanova.*

Q. Does Dana Andrews drink too much? Several whisper magazines say he does. What's the truth?
—F.G., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *Dana is a man of good spirits.*

Q. Is Russell Birdwell, Ann Baxter's ex-beau, in love with Prime Minister Winston Churchill's daughter, Sarah?
—O.P., WINCHESTER, VA.

A. *They have been seeing a good deal of each other.*

Q. Can you settle this argument. My husband says Audrey Hepburn got $350,000 for doing *War And Peace* but had to pay her agent $35,000 commission. I say she didn't have to pay her agent one cent, that Paramount Studios paid the agent's commission of $35,000. Who is right? —R.S., NEWARK, N.J.

A. *You are.*

Q. Is Jayne Mansfield publicity-crazy?
—A.V., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I've read that Marilyn Monroe cannot make a motion picture unless she has a drama coach beside her every minute telling her what to do. What's the truth about this?
—M.R., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Marilyn feels more confident when she has a drama coach nearby.*

Q. My brother, who is stationed in Japan, tells me that Marlon Brando was very disliked by Japanese newspapermen during the production of *The Teahouse Of The August Moon.* What did he do? —F.F., AUGUSTA, GA.

A. *Japanese news photographers say he refused to pose.*

Q. Is it on the level about Ann Sheridan and that Mexican actor? Haven't attempts been made to hush the whole thing up? —D.Y., MEXICO CITY

A. *Yes.*

Q. When Natalie Wood spent some time with Elvis Presley in his Memphis home, weren't the two of them alone?
—E.L., JACKSON, MISS.

A. *No. Mr. and Mrs. Presley and Elvis' grandmother were constant chaperones.*

Q. Is there really a long-term feud between Joan Crawford and Arlene Dahl?
—C.M., SANTA FE, N.M.

A. *Yes.*

Q. The affair between Rita Hayworth and writer Peter Viertel—is this more serious than the affair between Rita Hayworth and Jack Lemmon? Who is Rita's steady beau these days?
—N.I., ITHACA, N.Y.

A. *Rita says she has no steady.*

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CHALLENGE! If you don't believe that this weird and unusual story actually happened, see the records of Queens County Court, N.Y., Apr. 21, 1953 Indictment #271/53, "The Balestrero Case"

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Pier Angeli and Vic Damone are awaiting the second addition to their family.



Frank is no longer an ache in Ava's life. She has a new

IT COMES STRAIGHT as a string that **Ava Gardner** has flipped her heart completely over good looking Italian actor **Walter Chiari** who, among all her suitors, may have discovered just the right way to handle this tempestuous belle.

This young man, it appears, blows hot and cold where *la Gardner* is concerned, kissing her hand one minute and then taking a walk when and if she becomes temperamental.

It must be the right system because if Ava goes through with her present plans she'll head right to Mexico to get a divorce after she arrives in New York sometime in January.

Methinks **Frank Sinatra** will have something to say about that. Now that Frankie is a solid business man with his holdings in California incorporated, he'll want a divorce that will stand up legally in his home state.

IT WAS REALLY A GROUP of glamorous invalids among the movie queens presented to a real queen, lovely **Queen Elizabeth,** at the recent Command Performance in London. Her Highness couldn't help but have received the impression that movie queening is an unhealthy job.

Marilyn Monroe arose from a sick bed and three days off from *The Sleeping Prince* to make her bow. **Anita Ekberg** had a bad cold, and her décolletage wasn't helping it any. And **Brigitte Bardot**, the sex kitten of France, had postponed a Riviera rest trip for jangled nerves in order to be presented to the Queen.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: And certainly the largest, was the *two*-tent winging given by agent **Henry Willson** in honor of the first anniversary of **Phyllis** and **Rock Hudson.**

Henry told me that two hundred guests were invited but it seemed more like five hundred turned out to wish the newlyweds well after their first year.

Wandering musicians presented background music before **Bernie Richards** and his orchestra took over after dinner and cocktails, which were served from four buffet tables and four bars. The garden was decorated with huge urns of red roses, and lights played on the lilies floating in the swimming pool.

The evening reached its most sentimental point when Rock and Phyllis danced "The Anniversary Waltz" with the only other couple on the floor being Rock's parents, the Joe Olsens of Arcadia. Right after the waltz the love birds cut a towering cake of white and pink that stood six feet tall!

Phyllis Hudson really looked lovely in one of the new bouffant hair-dos and wearing a beige satin gown; she really had cause to beam, because Rock hardly left her side all evening.

Rocky (Mrs. Gary) Cooper came with **Prince Henry of Hesse,** grandson of the past King of Italy, because **Gary** is in France on his picture *Love In The A* noon. Her gown was ballerina length in green taffeta.

Another bride, **Dana Wynter (M Greg Bautzer)** looked like something of *My Fair Lady* in a floor length white fon sheath with a long chiffon train.

Jennifer Jones also chose the ne popular floor length style in white lace satin made along Grecian lines.

The only girl wearing an evening hat **Marie Wilson** in a jeweled pill-box chap

Ginger Rogers was a vision on dance floor in a red strapless gown and w she arrived and departed the other girls w *oh-ing* and *ah-ing* over the full-length w satin coat lined in red that went over it.

Other lovelies I saw on the arms of t favorite beaux were **Martha Hyer** in a l pink satin, with **George Nader,** an flame; **Mrs. Keith Andes** in a red strap satin with rosebuds of the same material f ing panels; redheaded **Rhonda Flemi** in cornflower-blue and white chiffon, **Diana Lynn** in a black dress trimmed white satin petals.

Diana Dors was there. It was the n before her departure for home and husb in England, but no one pushed anyone in swimming pool—this time. Her escort **Rad Fulton.**

GOOD NEWS



n Ekberg is caught in the act, pointing those eyebrows 'way up.



Queen Elizabeth meets movie stars Marilyn Monroe and Vic Mature.

was a big, big night for a very nice le and we wish Phyllis and Rock many happy anniversaries.

RIGHT RED DRESSES were all over place at the gay BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL hosted by **Mary** and **Jack Benny** ring **Johnny Green** and his new album xteen hit songs. Red is certainly the hit with the Hollywood gals these days.

ebbie Reynolds, looking like a little te *bundle of joy,* couldn't have been in a red taffeta cocktail dress. **Gracie n,** with her devoted **George Burns,** another belle in red. So were **Janis e** and **Mrs. Bill Holden.**

ardly recognized **Danny Kaye.** He has orty pounds since his recent illness and y was never plump to begin with.

usan Hayward came with her agent **n French**—despite all the talk that her belongs to good looking **Dr. Frederick er,** mentioned elsewhere in this depart-

ne Allyson and **Dick Powell** were ly surrounded by relatives. Dick's er was visiting here from way down and June's mother, Mrs. William Bren- nd her stepfather were making their sit to Hollywood in thirteen years. They so excited about meeting all the movie "Mother just doesn't think of me as a star," laughed June.

WE WERE ALL SO SAD to hear of the tragedy suffered by **Pier Angeli** and **Vic Damone.** They lost their expected baby.

Pier had valiantly tried to save the baby by staying in bed, but even this proved unsuccessful.

Her doctor had to rush Pier to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

They have one baby, fourteen-month-old Perry, named after their close friend Perry Como.

Pier and Vic hadn't picked out any names yet for their expected second child, but they had hoped it would be a daughter to join their son.

Pier and Vic have told me so often how much they wanted a b-i-g family, and all of their many friends join me in wishing a quick recovery for this young wife and mother who wanted her little girl so much.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Carol Ohmart turned down the lead in *The Ninth Wave* and the second femme part in *Peyton Place* on the unusual grounds that the stories were too immoral. This, mind you, with most actresses dying to play shady ladies. . . .

Is it true that **Janet Leigh's** doctor doesn't want her to have another child for several years? Janet suffered much illness before the birth of Kelly Lee. . . .

It won't be **Natalie Wood's** fault if she doesn't get *Marjorie Morningstar.* She walks around the Warner lot with a copy of the book in her hand and flashes it in the face of every executive she meets. . . .

Anita Ekberg dosn't seem as beautiful to me since she started slanting her eyebrows upward, Oriental style, as she was when they were in just their natural line. . . .

Elizabeth Taylor always gains weight when she's happy. She's happy these days....

How do you like this? **Pat Boone,** the singin' rival of Elvis Presley, held off signing his movie contract with 20TH until he found out he could transfer from COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY in New York to either USC or UCLA in Los Angeles and complete his education!...

You can't beat **Alan Ladd** for being a smart business man. It was written in his *Boy On A Dolphin* contract that if he didn't finish the picture in Greece by Christmas, his children would be sent to Athens at the expense of 20TH CENTURY-FOX!

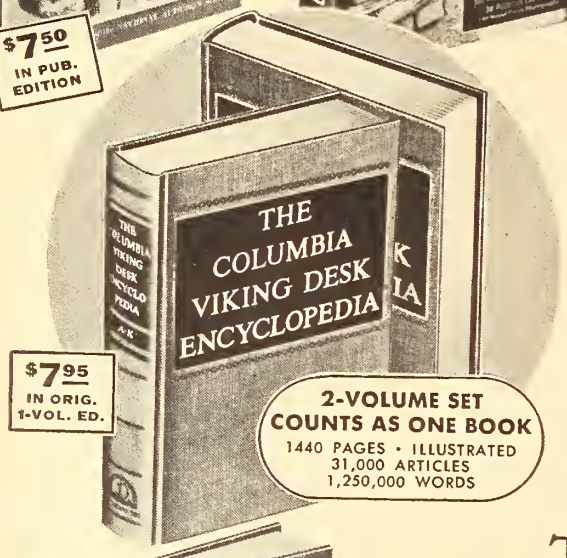
OH, LET'S GIVE Diana Dors and **Dennis Hamilton** the benefit of the doubt and say they reconciled in England because they are still in love! Several columnists came right out in print and said that Diana couldn't afford to divorce Dennis after that property settlement that gave him so much of what they own.

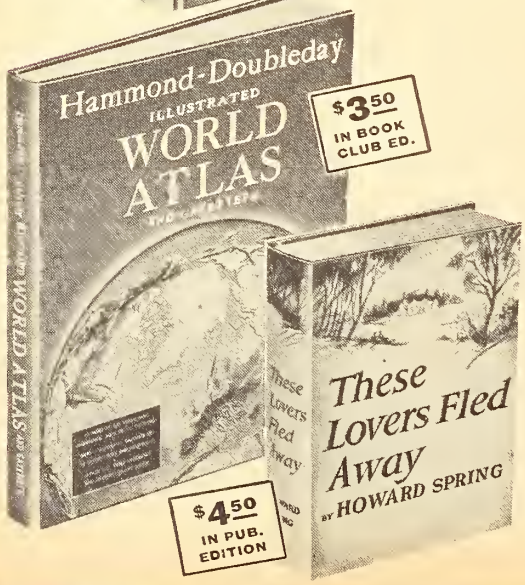
The London papers reported that they appeared ecstatically happy after the kiss-and-make-up bit—and I like that version better.

Continued on page 10

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TONY PERKINS ANSWERS L.O.P.: Recently in this department I wrote an Open Letter to **Tony Perkins** accusing him of careless dress. So eager was he to answer that he tore out a page of the script of *Lonely Man* and penned the following on the back:

Dear Miss Parsons,

I read with interest your critical, but friendly, Open Letter *to me in* Modern Screen. *To come to the point, I never arrived in Chicago wearing blue jeans and dirty tennis shoes with a bandanna around my neck.*

My wardrobe is limited enough so that I remember quite easily what I did have on. Specifically—slacks and loafers, a sports shirt and, because it was hot, my sweater over my shoulder. I don't own a bandanna. I think you wouldn't have disapproved of this outfit.

Seriously, I guess I have gone barefoot in Hollywood on occasion—as you said. But the Chicago description was kind of irritating!

However, as long as I'm writing, many thanks for all the nice things you have said about me and I honestly hope I don't disappoint you often.

It was nice having lunch with you that day at the Brown Derby *and sharing your melon. By the way, I looked pretty neat that day, didn't I?*

Hoping to see you again real soon,

Sincerely,
TONY PERKINS

HAS SUSAN HAYWARD FOUND the love of her life at last? That's the talk all over town about my lovely redheaded friend Susie and young **Dr. Frederick Mayer,** thirty-five-year-old professor of philosophy at the University of Redlands. Dr. Mayer is also an editor of the very high-brow magazine Wisdom.

There's little doubt but that the charming Doctor has fallen hard for Susan. When he was asked by a mutual friend if their romance was serious, he replied, "From the bottom of my heart, I hope so."

Well, I've known Susan a long time and I know her to be a girl who reads avidly and who is always seeking the answers to the real and important meanings of life. She's always had great respect for intellectual men.

On many occasions recently, she has accompanied Dr. Mayer to his lectures. Can't you just see her cutting a swath in the professorial living rooms of Redlands?

ELVIS PRESLEY, VISITING IN LAS VEGAS, dropped backstage to visit **Liberace** after one of *Mr. Piano's* shows at the Riviera. Said Elvis to Liberace, "May I call you 'Lee?'"

"Certainly," replied Lee, who has much more humor than he's credited with, "if I may call you 'Pres.'"

WHEN I CALLED JEANNE CRAIN to check the happy gossip that she and **Paul Brinkman** were on the verge of a reconciliation, which I certainly *hoped* to be true, she hedged, "Oh, Paul and I have taken the children out to dinner on several occasions and he frequently comes for Sunday brunch with the family. For the sake of the children, I think it is best for us to be friendly. But that's all there is to it."

I don't quite believe her. One of Paul's best friends, a young socialite bachelor of Los Angeles with whom Brinkman made his home for a short time following his bitter parting from Jeanne, told me: "No matter what they say, Jeanne and Paul are still in love and eventually, when their pride isn't involved, they'll get together again. Just mark my words." I'll be glad to!

HEARD A FUNNY ARGUMENT about whether or not **Leslie Nielsen,** the new dreamboat at MGM and leading man of *The Opposite Sex,* is truly a graduate of The Actors Studio, alma mater of **Marlon Brando, James Dean,** etc.

First Voice: *"He can't be."*
Second Voice: *"Why?"*
First Voice: *"He wears clean shirts!"*

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—Felicia Farr: And, I can't resist adding—this lovely, independent-minded Miss will go Farr! Already, she's beginning to give **Kim Novak** a run for *top doll* honors at Columbia, where both are under contract.

Where Kim is blonde and reserved, Felicia is brunette—not *too* dark—and forthright. She's been called a female **Marlon Brando.** "If by comparing me to Brando, they mean my acting talent, I'm flattered. But if they mean that I deliberately try to be different, that isn't true. I just have a mind of my own," snaps Felicia.

At one time, when things were very bleak financially for Felicia, her sick mother and younger sister, the pretty Farr girl took a job as a waitress at DuPar's restaurant in Los Angeles. She served a late night snack to a famous agent who gave her his card. And she knew he wasn't a wolf because she recognized his name. Result of that meeting was that she did two or three bit roles in movies, but nothing important.

Her real break didn't come until an executive at Columbia went to the Player's Ring, a local amateur theatre, to see it's version of *Picnic,* which Columbia was making into a movie. He came away deeply impressed by Felicia's performance as *Madge.* After an interview and a test at the studio she was put under contract, and within a year was cast opposite Glenn Ford in *Jubal.*

After several important loanouts—to 20th for *The Last Wagon,* for one—she was recalled to the home base to co-star with Glenn, this time in *Three-Ten To Yuma.* The order is out to the publicity department to build her fast.

A native of Pennsylvania, she majored in



Leslie Nielsen is MGM's new dreamboat.



A Felicia Farr admirer is Cliff Robertson.

"LEAVE THEM ALONE, SON!
Your sister's got to have her minute of happiness—with him talkin' quiet and his hand touchin' her face! And if you go out there and shorten the time they have together—I swear I'll come after you with a whip!"



BURT LANCASTER · KATHARINE HEPBURN

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Directed by Joseph Anthony · Screenplay by N. Richard Nash Based on his play produced on the New York stage · Music Score by Alex North · A Paramount Picture

Hollywood's stars were all on hand to welcome a great drama—*The Ten Commandments.*



Debbie and Eddie Fisher tore themselves from baby Carrie.



Gable and so-healthy-again wife Kay got the fright of their lives when they arrived.



Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner congratulate each other. That's Charlton's wife.

drama at PENN STATE before going to New York to try her luck on the stage. But her mother's illness brought her to California—and movie fame.

NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE to see the day, or night, when **Clark Gable,** that big he-man, would literally look scared out of his wits because of a mere female. But that's exactly what happened at the Hollywood première of *The Ten Commandments.*

Clark and his beautiful **Kay** were about the last to arrive, probably hoping they might slip into the theatre without a lot of fanfare. That's what they *hoped!*

Instead, just as he stepped from his limousine, a large middle-aged woman ducked under the restraining rope and literally tackled Gable! She flung herself at him headlong, grabbing his knees, pawing and clawing him —and if the police hadn't dashed up post haste, poor Clark might have wound up prone in the street! Never in his long career has The King been so flustered, and understandably so.

It was the only unseemly action to mar an otherwise big, big night for **C. B. DeMille** and the showing of his $13,000,000 Biblical spectacle.

Yul Brynner, one of the stars, *really* persists in keeping his family in the background. He created a minor stir when he arrived in solitary splendor in a chauffeur-driven car all by his lonesome.

As usual, **Debbie Reynolds** seemed to let **Eddie Fisher** take most of the bows



because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

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dries away perspiration worries!



This is the scene from Baby Doll *that will be plastered on billboards across the nation. In my opinion, good talent was wasted in this picture.*

That Princess makes the news once more, and it's so very nice to hear about her again.

and do most of the talking on the TV interviews. Isn't Debbie a little too self-effacing?

The girl who, to me, gave the best of the feminine performances, **Yvonne De Carlo,** slipped in hurriedly with real modesty.

When all is said and done, perhaps the most nervous gentleman of all was the beloved De Mille, who, although his masterpiece is nearly four hours long, entered the theatre an hour and a half ahead of time "because it's better to wait here than to pace the floor at home!"

I'M ON MY SOAP BOX TO SAY that I think the movie *Baby Doll* should never have been made, that it's a complete waste of **Elia Kazan's** great directing talent—the acting talent of **Karl Malden**—and that the fine young actress **Carroll Baker** is unfortunate in making her starring debut in such an unsavory story.

The picture has been banned in Memphis, Tennessee, the stamping ground of that former most ferocious censor of all time, Lloyd Binford. And now, even without Binford's hawk eye, *Baby Doll* comes up too raw for even the more lenient censors to pass.

I believe I have a far-flung reputation as a defender of Hollywood and Hollywood pictures, and I'm proud of it. But this time I'm on the side of the censors.

To me, the story by **Tennessee Williams**—and he's a local Tennessee boy, too—is just beyond the pale. What surprised me most, after seeing the picture, is that it had been accorded so much 'arty' praise. If this is *art*, just give me sentiment or corn or whatever you want to call wholesome entertainment.

Obviously, it was an attempt to pattern after some of the morally loose and objectionable films made in Europe. If this is the sort of thing favored in Europe, I say let them have *Baby Doll* and let us keep our fine, high, moral standards in American movies.

As for Carroll Baker, hailed as the discovery of the 1956 year, she was delightful as the wilful daughter in *Giant*. But I hope she soon gets another movie which will make us forget the mud she's surrounded with in *Baby Doll*.

THE ONLY PERSON IN HOLLYWOOD Princess Grace Kelly Rainier contacted during her recent visit to her family in Philadelphia, President Eisenhower in Washington, and friends in New York—was MGM publicity man, **Morgan Hudgins.**

It was Morgan who just last April escorted plain Miss Kelly on her boat trip aboard the SS CONSTITUTION to Monaco where she became the bride of Prince Rainier.

Let it be said for the Princess that she does not forget her old friends. Soon after her arrival in New York she called Morgan long distance and they talked a fortune's worth.

But he prizes most a note Grace wrote him as she once again sailed on the CONSTITUTION headed for her tiny monarchy—this time as an expectant mother:

"I am writing this from the ship's bar 'n' bottle club where we spent so many gay hours on our crossing last Spring," Grace wrote. *"Now my cup of happiness runneth over. I am supremely happy. It is late as I write this and not many people are here. Just a few little 'ghosts' of that first crossing smiling at me from a familiar nook or cranny. Does it seem strange that I can hardly remember that girl who used to be? It seems that life really started for me with my marriage."* And the name she signed was just Grace.

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Princess Grace took time out during her homeward voyage to write a letter to an old friend. There were many memories on board ship for the lovely actress-turned-Princess.



One of the nicest sights around Hollywood these days is the happiness that lights up Jack Webb and his wife. They decided they loved each other enough to try once more.



No, that isn't a turkey stuffing that Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger are cooking up. They've yet to manage Thanksgiving together in their six years of marriage to each other!

For some, marriage has brought joy—And for others, there's little but tears.

GOOD FOR JACK WEBB and **Dorothy Towne,** who are starting the New Year right by calling off their divorce. At least as this is written, the love birds are again billing and cooing.

Dorothy and Jack have never said they weren't in love. She's just complained that he works so hard and is so absorbed in his career that he doesn't have the time to be a good husband. You can't blame a girl for wanting a little social life. On the other hand, a successful career is a hard taskmaster.

Anyway, everybody's glad that the Webbs have called off their third attempt at a divorce.

POOR JEAN SIMMONS and **Stewart Granger** were married six years December 20—and have never yet spent the holidays together! By some perverseness of production schedules, Granger is either in Europe or on location at Thanksgiving and Christmas time while Jean is parked in Hollywood making a picture.

This year was no exception. Stewart spent six weeks in Northern California shooting *Gun Glory*, and Jean couldn't leave the baby or her own picture *This Could Be The Night* at MGM to fly up to join him.

Jean told me, "Looks like we'll be eating our Turkey dinners together around Valentine's Day."

THE LETTER BOX: *I want to thank you many fans who wrote me how much you enjoyed my articles on Ingrid Bergman both in* MODERN SCREEN *and in my newspapers. Not all of you agreed that Ingrid should be welcomed back to the American screen. But there was little malice in your comments. I'm extremely grateful for your comments about the way I handled the Bergman question, just as a reporter. Thank you, again.*

"Isn't Elizabeth Taylor being a little silly rushing from the arms of one man she says is too old for her, Michael Wilding age forty-seven, into the arms of a man she's now passionately in love with, Mike Todd age forty-eight?" *asks* MARIA DOUGHERTY, DETROIT. *Not a bad question, Maria. I don't know how Liz would answer that.*

Lots of mail about Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis this month, but not as a team! CATHY RIVES, PEMBROKE, KENTUCKY, *opines:* "Dean Martin is the best looking, best singing and best acting man in show business. He can more than stand on his own!"

From COLUMBUS, OHIO, *'Vivian' writes:* "I hope Jerry Lewis isn't worried about losing Dean Martin. Jerry is the greatest comedian since Chaplin. He has a better chance to show off his talents without Dean Martin." *So there.*

Sixteen-year-old JANIS RIPLEY, BROOKLYN, *is disappointed in* Love Me Tender *as Elvis Presley's screen debut:* "He should be cast in lover roles," *wails this Miss. Oh me, oh my —here we go on Elvis again. Now it's the movie producers doin' him wrong!*

That's all for now. See you next month.

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"Lullaby In Blue"

"Worry About Tomorrow, Tomorrow"

"All About Love"

"Some Day Soon"

"I Never Felt This Way Before"

"Bundle Of Joy"

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WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
Anastasia
Three Brave Men

FOR LOVE
The Barretts Of Wimpole Street

FOR SUSPENSE
Love Me Tender

FOR LAUGHS
Everything But The Truth
The Great American Pastime

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Elvis' brother (Richard Egan) doesn't know it yet, but that gal (Debra Paget) just isn't his for carrying away—on account of she done married Elvis while Richard was off fighting the war.



Elvis is real happy during this scene, just singin' and playin' all over the place.



Then Elvis finds out that there's more than met the eye between his brother and his wife.

LOVE ME TENDER

Elvis Presley's first

■ Elvis is here, and to say anything else is probably superfluous. But he's here, and of course he sings—four songs. And his guitar is here. Elvis has been home on the farm these several years while his big brothers (Richard Egan, William Campbell, James Drury) have been fighting for the South. On their last fight they divested some Union soldiers of 12,000 dollars cash. Unknown to them, the war was over. The brothers and their buddies—Neville Brand among them—sit down and decide to split the loot since the General they were going to deliver it to doesn't have an army to spend it on. Richard Egan can use the money because also home on the farm are his mother (Mildred Dunnock) and his intended (Debra Paget). Unknown to Egan they think he has been killed in the war and Debra has married Elvis. "Love Me Tender," Elvis sings on the front porch the first night the family is all together, and Richard can hardly stand it. He decides he must go away or his love for Debra will eat at him. But there's the money which the Union has come to claim. Hand it over, the U.S. Marshal (Russ Conway) tells Egan, and we'll drop all charges. He's willing to hand it over, so are his brothers, but their buddies—mainly Neville Brand—refuse. It's while Debra is helping Richard collect the money that Neville turns Elvis against them. Elvis becomes insanely jealous. He nearly shakes Debra to death and shoots, but does not kill, the brother he always loved. Then he comes to see that he was wrong. His acting—in this, his first picture—is as good as anyone else's. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.



THREE VIOLENT PEOPLE

passion in Texas

■ Anne Baxter has a talent for seeming to be a southern lady, but Ruby La Salle (Elaine Stritch) and the men who frequented Ruby's saloon in New Orleans know better. Only one who doesn't know is violent Charlton Heston, proud son of Texas who is returning home after the Civil War. He has merely to look at equally violent Anne—oh, three times at most, before he proposes. Better forget about him, Ruby warns her. The minute he finds out what you really are he'll toss you out on your hustle. But Anne has always been dreaming of a better life, and she lives it for a while in Texas. But wouldn't you know that the officers of the Provisional Government (Bruce Bennett, Forrest Tucker) not only plan to take away Heston's ranch, but also have a weasel in their employ who recognizes Anne from way back. They plan to let this weasel insult Anne in front of Charlton hoping that Charlton will reach for his gun, at which time the provisional officers will fill him full of lead. But it doesn't work out that way. The way it works—Charlton tosses Anne out on her hustle. She is pregnant so he generously offers to buy the child at birth. Charlton has a younger brother (Tom Tryon) whom he hates, and vice versa, and Tom plots with Bruce Bennett to take over the ranch by killing everyone on it. But it doesn't work out that way, either. Because, try as he may, Tom can't kill his brother. And his brother, try as *he* may, can't kill his love for Anne. Gilbert Roland is here, too, giving as usual, a fine performance. Vistavision—Para.



ANASTASIA

a drama of identity

■ Beautiful Ingrid Bergman is back in a most satisfying drama. It seems that when the royal old Russians were taken from their palaces and murdered in 1918, a young Grand Duchess named Anastasia survived. At least, that was the rumor. But if she is alive—now, in 1928—only the Empress (Helen Hayes), who is her grandmother, can give her public recognition. The Empress has had several candidates brought before her by a man named Bounine (Yul Brynner), whose motives are a mixture of politics and money, and she is not about to see anyone else. Ingrid, who has spent some time in an asylum and in wandering around Europe, isn't sure she is Anastasia. Brynner doesn't think she is, but he figures he can drum her background and history into her since she looks the part. She doesn't want to play (*Continued on page 20*)

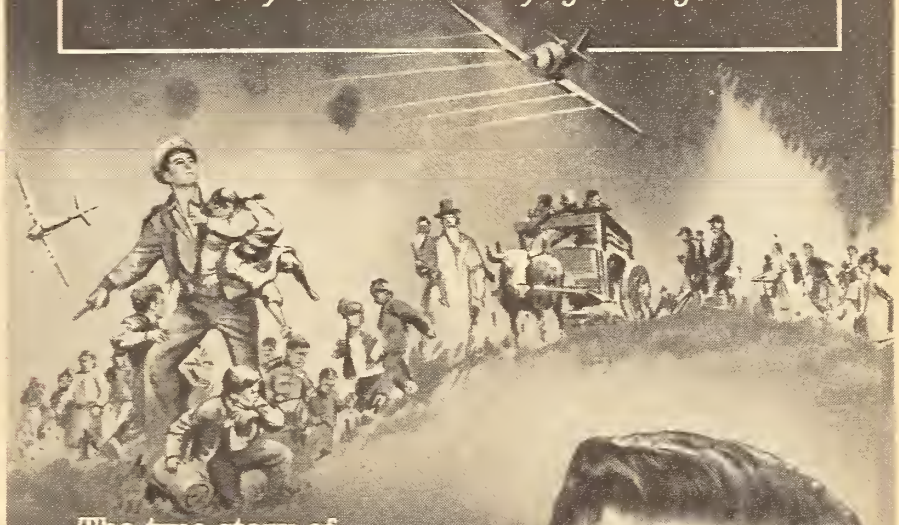
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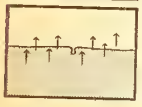
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movie previews (Continued from page 19)

his game, hut she is sick and nearly starving to death, and he is quite forceful. He installs her in rooms, huries her under family portrait albums, fills her head with the memories Anastasia would have had. But she has the memories without his prompting. With it, she becomes in turn more doubtful or more convinced that she is Anastasia. All the while she grows more regal every day in every way. The Empress *does* see her—but does she claim her? CinemaScope—20th-Fox.



REPRISAL!

intolerance out west

■ We're back with frontier justice again, and you know what that is—a rope, a tree and a dangling man. Two dangling Indians, in this case, who were hanged for trespassing on white man's land. The Shipley brothers (Edward Platt, Michael Pate, Wayne Mallory) were responsible for the justice and hardly a citizen in Kendall, Oklahoma, wants to call them guilty of murder. So you know how most folks feel about Indians in Kendall. From the look of Guy Madison who has just come to town to buy a spread—that's property—adjacent to the Shipley spread, you can't tell anything. He doesn't seem to he *for* Indians or *against* them. Felicia Farr, the land agent's daughter, is for Guy, but she's real mad about that lynching and worries at the lack of social conscience in him. If only she'd wait a minute she'd find out that Guy is half Indian himself, can't legally own land, that his Grandpa (in braids and blanket) will try to reclaim him and that she, herself, isn't as democratic as she thinks. Especially when a fiery squaw (Kathryn Grant) comes up with a cosy alibi for Guy the night one of those Shipley brothers is murdered. Technicolor.—Col.



THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

Tab Hunter in the peacetime army

■ Tab Hunter is a rich college boy who wants to marry co-ed Natalie Wood and not be drafted hy the army. If she could, his mother (Jessie Royce Landis) would write a nice letter to the army telling them it was inconvenient for her boy to report, hut there are some things even Mama can't do. Off Tab goes, disgruntled and determined to get the better of that vast organization. He manages very well, succeeding in alienating all his buddies' affections and whatever tender feeling a rather tolerant and amusing southern sergeant (Murray Hamilton) harbors for him. When Tab's assigned to clean grease traps in the kitchen, Mom arrives for a visit and gives all those nasty army officers what for. Tah finds himself with a two-day pass which he spends with Natalie Wood. Way back she'd broken their engagement on the grounds of immaturity—his. Now, without any apparent reason for her to change her mind, she does. Back at the army Tah is offered a dishonorahle discharge which he is only too happy to accept. But something happens to change *everything*—Warners.



THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME

no, it isn't necking . . .

■ It's basehall that makes the world go 'round—and 'round and 'round in Tom Ewell's head. He was a man who liked his beer, his wife (Anne Francis) and his young son (Rudy Lee) hut could never get as close to the latter two as the psychology hooks advised. Opportunity comes in the form of little league hasehall. Basehall in any form hores Anne, hut she reforms. That is, Tom takes over the management of one little team during the summer. Unfortunately, his son gets on a different little team that whacks the stuffings out of Dad's team. But the real problem is Ewell's philosophy of life. The other managers terrify, browbeat and wheedle their teams into winning. Tom always sends his team out with a gentle speech about sportsmanship. The hoys don't mind losing half as much as their parents do. One parent, Ann Miller, in an attempt to solidify her son's position as pitcher, has turned on an amount of charm to enrage Anne and convince Ewell that he's the most wanted man iu suhurbia. It's an amusing, unusual movie with hright dialogue by Nathaniel Benchley.—MGM.

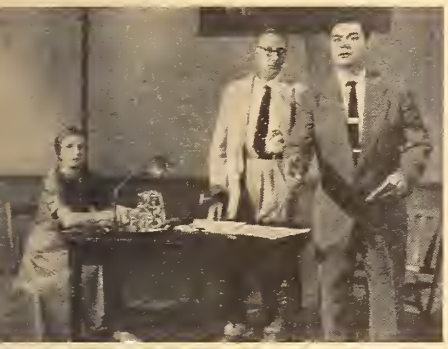


THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET

an unforgettable love story

■ One of the most romantic true love stories, that of the poets Elizaheth Barrett and Robert Browning, has been turned into a tender movie. Imprisoned with two

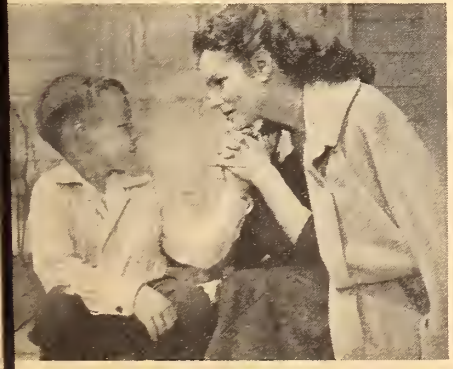
sisters and six brothers in the Victorian home of a tyrannical father (Sir John Gielgud), Elizabeth (Jennifer Jones) finds escape only in writing poetry and in her correspondence with Robert Browning (Bill Travers)—whom she has never met. Bed-ridden, with little hope of recovery, she is never likely to met him. But Browning is an impulsive and active fellow. He finds his way to 50 Wimpole Street; Daddy is out, love is coming in. Elizabeth's startled doctors watch her bloom and encourage her to leave London for the warmer climate of Italy. Browning is elated and wants to elope; Poppa is furious. Elizabeth, in the habit of yielding to him, finds strength when she sees him force another sister (Virginia McKenna) to break off contact with a perfectly innocent and pleasant young man, and when she realizes that Gielgud's love for her is unhealthily possessive.—MGM.



THREE BRAVE MEN

drama of a man's good name

■ This movie is based on some Pulitzer Prize-winning articles by Anthony Lewis, and on actual events. It's the story of a family man (Ernest Borgnine) who was employed by the navy for twenty-two years and suddenly discharged as a security risk. Seems that a few people in his hometown of Riverview, Maryland, had a grudge against him and informed the government that he was a Communist. Many of his neighbors turn from him and his wife (Virginia Christine) and family (Diane Jergens, Warren Berlinger plus two smaller fry) in revulsion. But others—like the mayor (Edward Andrews), the police chief (James Westerfield), a minister (Andrew Duggan) and a sizable amount of intelligent folk want to fight to clear his name. It's quite a fight—with the burden of proof resting on Borgnine and his lawyer (Ray Milland). Seems that Borgnine made a couple of mistakes in the past—unwittingly subscribed to a Communist-packed newsletter, attended a political meeting—but he let his subscription lapse and attended no more meetings when be discovered their politics. However, at a navy hearing presided over by Frank Lovejoy and with cross-examiner Nina Foch, friendly witnesses can't produce real evidence and Borgnine's character is not enough proof. Postman Frank Faylen turns the tide with his knowledge of who's out to get him. And Borgnine is cleared. But he doesn't get back his job because the Secretary of the Navy (Dean Jagger) still considers him a security risk. The fight's not over yet. It isn't over until after another hearing, when the Navy apologizes and Borgnine is reinstated. The three brave men—Borgnine, Milland, Jagger—by their love of truth and justice secure future protection for the innocent. It is a moving and informative drama, although its effect would have been more powerful if it had been produced several years ago. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.



EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH

off-beat comedy

■ What little pitcher with big ears (Tim Hovey), overhears from his uncle and (*Continued on page 22*)



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. **Rub Arrid in**—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. **Arrid protects you** against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. **Arrid, used daily,** keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. **Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection** starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ *plus tax.*

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

BECAUSE
you are a woman,



you owe yourself complete assurance

Protect your beauty? Of course you do—with everything from daily baths to special creams and lotions—just as you play it up with the right dress, the perfect hat, the prettiest shade of lipstick. You'd hardly be a woman if you didn't!

Protect your daintiness, too! Fastidious women make a "Lysol" douche a regular part of their beauty routine. Internal cleanliness is as important to them as any other kind . . . and "Lysol" is their safeguard against even the possibility of "embarrassing odor."

A "Lysol" douche protects your daintiness because it kills bacteria rapidly on contact — the very bacteria that are a primary cause of "embarrassing odor." Its cleansing and deodorizing action spreads into folds and crevices—to give complete internal cleanliness.

Enjoy this lasting sense of security —douche with "Lysol". Get a bottle of new, mild-formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. You owe it to yourself!



Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-572.

"Lysol" ®Brand Disinfectant

Also available in Canada

movie previews (Continued from page 21)

guardian (Barry Atwater) makes a crook out of Unc and the mayor (Walter Abel). What Tim can't dig is that when the truth hurts them, most adult people don't tell it. Only his teacher (Maureen O'Hara) stands by him, even when he's expelled from kindergarten—or possibly, third grade. She plans to take bis case higher up, and on a train meets journalist John Forsythe whose fearless typewriter made him rich and complacent. Using certain female wiles and a doorknob—without the door—for protection, she gets the story of Tim's exposé and subsequent persecution onto the front pages. Forsythe stirs up nation-wide interest, an epidemic of strikes by schoolchildren and quite a hornet's nest in Tim's home town. Fortunately, Tim has total recall and an incorruptible honesty. But when Congress sets up a hearing he also has mumps. It's a delightful movie. Technicolor—U-I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Para.): The film, which is three hours and thirty-nine minutes long, is based on an abundance of historical books and *The Old Testament*. It traces the life of Moses from the time of his birth through his forty years of wandering in the Wilderness to his leave-taking from his people, who enter the Promised Land without him. Charlton Heston gives a fine performance as Moses, the son of Jews who was brought up by an Egyptian princess (Nina Foch), loved by another Princess (Anne Baxter) and envied by Prince Rameses (Yul Brynner) who wanted to be—and became Pharaoh. It is only after Moses grows up that he learns his true identity. And it is only after he has been exiled, cast into the desert and survived this to marry a daughter of the Midians (Yvonne De Carlo) that God sends him to lead the Israelites out of bondage and out of Egypt. Some of the photography is magnificent and the miracles—of the burning bush, the green pestilence spreading through Egypt, the opening of the Red Sea and its subsequent closing over Pharaoh's armies, the finger of God writing The Ten Commandments in flame—are events not left to the imagination. Among the cast are Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, Debra Paget, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Eduard Franz. The film is produced and directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

GIANT (Warner Bros.): This film sprawls over that quarter of a century when cattle gave way to oil, and traces the profound changes this wrought on the lives of Rock Hudson, his wife Elizabeth Taylor, his sister Mercedes McCambridge and James Dean. This movie is based on Edna Ferber's best-seller and also stars Dennis Hopper, Carroll Baker, Sal Mineo, Chill Wills and Jane Withers.

JULIE (MGM): A spine-tingling thriller starring Doris Day as Julie, Louis Jourdan as her mad husband and Barry Sullivan as her friend. It's an unusual thriller that's bound to make you nervous.

WAR AND PEACE (Para.): Brought to the screen in a three-and-a-half-hour adaptation, Tolstoy's novel stars Audrey Hepburn as Natasha, Mel Ferrer as Prince Andrey and Henry Fonda as Pierre. The story of the nobility in Old Russia and of how their lives were changed when Napoleon invades Moscow is done magnificently. The film also stars Anita Ekberg, John Mills, Helmut Dantine, Oscar Homolka and Herbert Lom.

BUS STOP (20th-Fox): Marilyn Monroe is delightful as the 'chantoosie' from the Ozarks who gets caught in the arms of cowboy Don Murray. Arthur O'Connell taught Don everything he knew—which excluded women. In Phoenix for a rodeo, Don falls for Marilyn. She's understanding but has no intention of settling for him. The rest of the movie deals with her frantic efforts to escape the boy who refuses to be refused. Film also stars Eileen Heckart, Betty Field and Robert Bray.

TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON (MGM): Adapted from the play that won all kinds of awards, this movie is about a village in Okinawa occupied by American troops. Glenn Ford and Marlon Brando are superb.

THE OPPOSITE SEX (MGM): There are the women and the men about whom the women revolve. You'll enjoy this happy comedy, with music yet, starring June Allyson, Dolores Gray, Ann Sheridan and dozens of others.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.



Nicola Michaels: LOVE ME, LOVE MY FRECKLES

■ Nicola Michaels, the young actress who made such a favorable impression in her initial screen role as Robert Taylor's fiancée in *The Power And The Prize*, has finally learned to live with her freckles—in fact, now she almost likes them.

Not so many years ago Nicola hated them. So she tried all known remedies.

Her first attempt to get rid of the freckles was with soap and water. She scrubbed and rubbed, but all she got for her trouble were red welts. Facial soap didn't help; laundry soap was worse; scouring powder was awful.

"If I can't wash them off," she thought, "I'll hide them." So Nicola's allowance was spent on a succession of powders and creams and ointments.

Then the miracle happened when she was in high school. She overheard two boys talking in the hall. One of them, a boy on whom she had a secret crush, told the other, "The thing I like best about Nicola is that she's so . . . so natural." That night as she examined her freckles, she smiled. They did make her look . . . natural.

When Nicola first appeared on the set for the screen test that won her a featured role in *The Power And The Prize*, the cameramen burst out laughing when they saw her. "Young lady," one of them said, "You're supposed to go to the make-up department before you show up here."

Actually. Nicola already had been to the make-up department and they had been just as surprised at her as the cameramen were. They didn't believe her hair was naturally red, and warned her that it might fall out if she continued dyeing it. Nicola had to show them the hair roots before they accepted the fact that red was her natural hair color.

They wanted to straighten her hair. She refused.

They wanted to cover her freckles with special make-up. She refused.

Remembering the compliment the boy in high school had paid her years before, Nicola insisted on no changes. She likes looking natural!

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is this month, your flower is a violet and your birthstone is an amethyst! And your birthday might fall on the same day as your favorite movie star.

February 4—**James Craig**
February 6—**Gigi Perreau**
John Lund
February 7—**Keefe Braselle**
February 8—**Jack Lemmon**
February 10—**Robert Wagner**
February 11—**Leslie Nielsen**
February 13—**Kim Novak**
February 16—**Vera-Ellen**
February 17—**Carlos Rivas**
February 18—**Jack Palance**
February 22—**Guy Mitchell**
Robert Young
February 27—**Elizabeth Taylor**
February 29—**Arthur Franz**



Clark Gable
February 1



Zsa Zsa Gabor
February 6



Ronald Reagan
February 6



Lana Turner
February 8



Kathryn Grayson
February 9



Cesar Romero
February 15



Zachary Scott
February 21



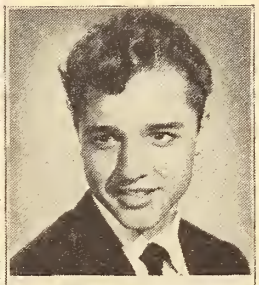
Joan Bennett
February 27

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

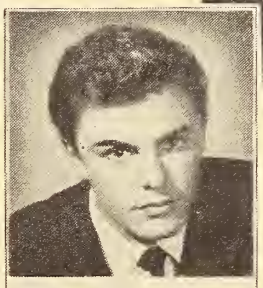
ROCK, PRETTY BABY HOT ROD KOOL KID WHAT'S IT GONNA BE JUKE BOX ROCK LIGHT BLUE DARK BLUE KOOL KID ROCK THE MOST CAN I STEAL A LITTLE LOVE PICNIC BY THE SEA ROCKABY LULLABY BLUES BIG BAND ROCK'N ROLL TEEN AGE BOP ROCK ROCKIN' THE BOOGIE

JUST LIKE THEIR MUSIC... THEIR LIVES ARE THEIR VERY OWN!

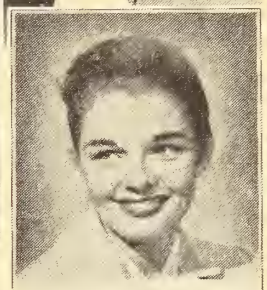




SAL MINEO
...as great as he was in "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant"!



JOHN SAXON
...the sensational new star of "THE UNGUARDED MOMENT"!



LUANA PATTEN
...the year's brightest, most exciting new find!

The whole wonderful story of today's tempestuous teen-agers told the way they want it told... with all the excitement of rock and roll, with all the laughter and heartache of growing up!



ROCK, PRETTY BABY!



A Universal-International Picture starring

SAL MINEO · JOHN SAXON · LUANA PATTEN

with EDWARD C. PLATT · FAY WRAY · ROD McKUEN

Universal International

Directed by RICHARD BARTLETT Written by HERBERT MARGOLIS and WILLIAM RAYNOR Produced by EDMOND CHEVIE

Siobhan McKenna's snood . . . Walter Winchell and the 'quack-quack' ; . . TV's look-alikes . . . the Betty Furness approach . . .

TV TALK



Judy Garland feels best this way . . .



Right at home is lovely Marlene Dietrich.

Siobhan McKenna is one of the most telegenic actresses in town. Although obviously not a raving beauty, as she'd be the first to say, she does look much prettier on the screen than on the street. She spends very little time in private life fixing herself up. She even goes out in the evening without a hint of make-up on her face. And of course she had to spend so many months keeping her hair the way she wore it in *Saint Joan*—it was kind of a soup-bowl cut—that she couldn't have looked glamorous if she'd wanted to. She was forced to wear all-enveloping snoods to hide the hair-do. Most effective on stage, it was a horror off. And she even had to shave some of her hairline. Siobhan, incidentally, does not usually talk with as much of an Irish accent as she did on *Person To Person*. . . . It's perfectly true that **Judy Garland** prefers being fat. She really does feel better when she's hefty—and she doesn't give a hoot what people say. . . . **Kim Stanley** has a new baby—her third—and a new apartment, this one up on Riverside Drive in New York. It's not the chic part of town, but Kim had to have a lot of room for herself and the children. She's separated from her husband, and she just plain couldn't afford seven rooms on the East Side. Not all stars live in splendor. Kim even has to use her oldest child's bathroom basin when she washes her hair because the plumbing in her own is just too old. She had her problems on vacation, too. She had planned for a long time to luxuriate in the New Mexico mountains last summer, and was all settled in a cabin looking forward to two months of DOING NOTHING when her doctor told her the altitude was bad for her and she had to leave immediately. . . . Speaking of babies, the **Walter Cronkites** are expecting their third, and Walter's hoping it will be a third girl. . . . **Jane Froman** is, as you know, very fond of elegant gowns. She also loves satins and laces in her home. Her bedroom, for instance, is just about as feminine as you can get: beautiful antique laces on her sheets and pillowcases even! One surprising thing about Jane that you'd never guess from all her poise in front of the cameras—she stutters, and very badly. She also has a phobia about telephones. She just hates to answer the phone, and stutters more when she's talking on it than at any other time. But the minute she's on stage, she can glide right through every sentence and every song. . . . Don't believe all the innuendoes you read about **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.** being snobbish or just too, too British. He is as pleasant, polite, and unassuming as anyone you'll ever meet. . . . **Pamela Garroway,** Dave's new wife, goes in for the Chinese motif in nearly all of her evening clothes. Her coats are sweeping satins and brocades, often embroidered with Eastern designs. And her dark hair is usually pulled tightly back and up. One night she topped off the effect by a rhinestone cap that hardly covered anything except her center part! Very effective. . . . Some TV writers who work on serials have a cute little trick. If they don't care for a certain actor, they figure out plots and dialogues that leave him with little to do and less to say. They can't cut him out completely, of course—that's the producer's province—but they sure can cut his part down. . . . You remember when **Ed Sullivan** said his old enemy **Walter Winchell** was a "dead duck?" As you may know, Winchell then put ads in the trade press and ended them "Quack Quack"—just to prove he was far from dead, very much alive, and up in his TV ratings. Well, he also goes around town sounding like a live duck. Says "quack quack" all the time! He'll be having a conversation and suddenly he stops and quacks! Winchell, by the way, is very much like his arch rival Sullivan in one way: he, too, is the boss on his show. Neither one leaves much besides details to his staff. . . . Some stars look pretty much the same whenever you see them. **Marlene Dietrich,** for instance, *always* looks marvelous. Guess if she ever has a cold and a red nose, she just stays home and hides it, because she's never been seen out with one. Other personalities are more like you and me. **Buff Cobb,** for instance, looks like one person one day, an entirely different one the next. Some days she's chic and pert, and sometimes she very frankly needs a trip to the beauty parlor. She even bites all her lipstick off and forgets to put more on. . . . It seems strange, but **Terry Moore** and **Gale Storm** are look-alikes . . . **Rosalind Russell** is not only the toast of the town because of her terrific performance in *Auntie Mame,* she's also the envy of every female in the audience. Her clothes are just about the most dramatic ones ever seen on a stage—and there're so many of them! Roz has the figure to carry them off, too—lean and lanky. In person, and up close, she's much too thin—her shoulder blades almost jut out. But up on that stage she's a dress designer's dream. . . . **Noel Coward** nearly always has a fresh carnation in his buttonhole. . . . **Celeste Holm's** hair is now silvered, and some nights she dresses in all-silver outfits. It isn't youthful, but it's quite striking. . . . **Edward R. Murrow** prefers that no one know it, but it is well known in the trade that, when money is needed for an important cause, Ed's the first one to sit down and write a check. And not just for charity that comes off his income tax. . . . **Paul Douglas'** hair is almost red! . . . Some of the people who figure out what kind of commercials to put on the air are dead set against 'the **Betty Furness** approach'—hiring a pretty woman to spiel week after week. It's not that they don't think Betty has done a wonderful job with Westinghouse. She has. It's just that, if they hired a girl and then decided they didn't like her it would be too bad. Imagine the protests if Westinghouse fired Betty! Westinghouse is very happy to be stuck with Betty, but other companies are thinking twice before they let any one person do all their commercials. Betty, you know, also does a lot more for Westinghouse than spiel on TV. She travels all over the country talking to dealers and to customers. She not only tells the customers to buy, she tells the Westinghouse dealers what the customers want to buy. . . . **Barry Sullivan** is surprisingly tall, and almost gaunt-looking. . . . **Arlene Francis'** hair is quite a bit lighter than it was. It's a flattering shade of soft chestnut now, and she has a new stole that matches it exactly.



Under the hot lights, Terry Moore dreams on.



Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is not at all snobbish.



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Michyl Veach's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

You can SEE the difference!
This unretouched photo was taken — so you can see for yourself how well Jergens Lotion cares for hands.

447 women took this test*
They soaked both hands in a detergent three times a day. They applied Jergens to their *right* hands only. In a few days, their untreated left hands were rough and red. Their right hands, treated with Jergens, were soft and white. No other lotion similarly tested proved so effective.

Penetrates deep down!
Jergens doesn't just "glove" hands with a greasy film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That's why it's so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. Stops chapping, weather damage, too!

Creamy—never sticky
Jergens Lotion feels luxurious on the skin... is instantly absorbed. No wonder more people use it than any other hand care in the world! And it's still only 10¢ to $1.



* *Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for a summary of test, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio*

Hollywood's favorite

Lustre-Creme Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Elizabeth Taylor

co-starring in M-G-M's

RAINTREE COUNTY

Filmed in M-G-M Camera 65 and Color

ELVIS WINS!





Dear Voters,

Well, you've done it! And it's Elvis!

The votes flocked in—by the hundreds of thousands—and we all went a little crazy counting them. Things weren't made any easier, as far as the counting goes, by our own staff . . . they kept drifting through the counting room getting in everybody's way, trying to find out the latest in the Pat-Elvis election.

So what's surprising? We've got as many pro-Pat *versus* pro-Elvis fans here at MODERN SCREEN as you'll find gathered 'round any juke box.

On page 41 you'll find that full-page color portrait we promised—a full face and profile at the same time! But just to show you we want to give you what you want, and plenty of it, there's also a story about Elvis that *really* tells you what the guy is like. It's written by one of his closest friends—his number one fan, Judy Spreckels. And that's only the beginning, because next month we'll have the second installment from Judy telling more inside info on that *Memphis Flash*.

Now, frankly, when the votes were in and we gave the go-ahead on the Elvis picture and story, we felt a little funny. There was something bothering us, and we couldn't quite figure out what it was. Till it dawned. We were feeling a little conscience-stricken—because the vote has been so close that it didn't seem quite fair to just write Pat off, not with all the votes he got! So . . . look at our issue a couple of months from now, you Boone enthusiasts; you won't be disappointed!

Sincerely

David Myers

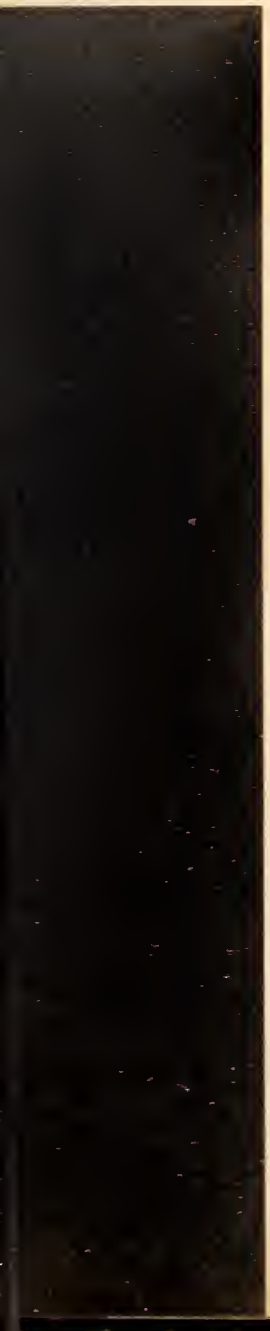
EDITOR

ARE BING AND KATHY SECRETLY WED?

Read this story (which we just receive



rom an inside source) and decide for yourself—



■ One version of the story is that the middle-aged, balding man in the blue jeans and the noisy shirt stood at the window looking out across the lawn of green shrubbery to the silver ripples on the lake beyond, but he didn't see any of it because his mind was on other matters. He was listening to the distant noises in the house—the shuffle of a woman's feet as she moved from room to room and back to a pair of open suitcases on the bed; to the quiet clatter of coat hangers being moved about on a rod and being dropped to the floor—and finally to the sharp snap of the locks on the suitcases as the job was done. Then there was a long period of silence. The sort of silence a woman always indulges in when she has packed as she said she would and she sits and thinks about the finality of what she has done.

The other guests—the chaperone guests—had purposely left the house, so Bing Crosby, the man at the window, and his long-time girl friend, Kathy Grant, were alone to share this parting.

Presently Kathy entered the living room and Bing busied himself banging the ashes from his pipe and refilling it. Kathy stood silently for a moment and then picked up her purse and gloves.

"I'd better be going, I guess," she said, "or I'll miss the plane."

Crosby was casual as always. "Sorry you have to run, honey," he said. "I'll see you in Hollywood."

"Good-bye, Bing," said Kathy.

"So long, honey," said Bing.

The girl left the room swiftly and there were noises again—of baggage being moved and steps on the walk outside and the slamming of a car door and the motor starting and the rubbery crunch of tires on gravel. Then there was silence again. And Crosby went back to the window and stared solemnly at the lake and sighed. It might have been regret, or it might have been relief, or a little of both—but he sighed.

Bing Crosby could look a long way out that window if he wanted to. The career years behind him are many. And they started not far from his Hayden Lake retreat. He was raised in that country and cut his teeth in show business up there. When he started as a college kid Hollywood was just a dream place, a factory town where they made serials and Saturday afternoon westerns. It was no place Harry Crosby would ever go. And when he sang with a group in a Gonzaga College band it was for a couple of bucks, and not with an eye to making phonograph records as a career. Even when he left Washington and drifted through the midwest as the kid on the right in a trio, he never dreamed of anything more than saving up enough to go home and buy a cigar store or something. He knew he didn't have the voice for the wax platters or radio and he was positive he didn't have the face for flickers.

It was all an accident. Bing and his two singing partners got a job with a fellow named Gus Arnheim, who was playing at the *Coconut Grove* in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. And if you (*Continued on page* 60)


SEX

From the time she was jilted by her first beau to the present split-up with her husband, Diana Dors has found that...

Sex can be a handicap!

■ She measures 37½-24-35, the view is magnificent—even right up to the wide-eyed smile and the halo of honey colored hair—and even the conversation is surprisingly interesting . . . to those who let themselves concentrate on what Diana Dors is saying.

But she's like a *'poor little rich girl'* who is rich only in money, not happiness—this woman who has all the attributes that a woman could have . . . all the physical beauty to get her a prince charming and live happily ever after.

Because Diana got her prince charming, but she isn't (at this writing) living happily ever after with him! Why not?

In Diana's own words, "Sex can be a handicap!"

Because—though Diana hasn't looked at any other man twice since she married handsome Dennis Hamilton, Dennis couldn't remember that. Just because no man can keep his eyes off Diana, that did *not* mean she had eyes for anyone but the man she married!

The break-up of her marriage is summed up in those five words—*sex can be a handicap.*

If you didn't know about her heartache over the broken marriage, this statement from shapely Diana Dors would seem startling, considering that her provocatively distributed 124 pounds have caused world-wide headlines ever since that Monroe-like calendar made her England's number one pin-up, earned her a town house in London, a fifteen-acre mansion on the Thames, a big estate in Beverly Hills, a Rolls Royce, a Lincoln Continental and movie contracts that should keep her in jewels and furs for the next ten years.

Which is all very nice, and Diana is the first to admit it: "The public isn't interested in geniuses. Good (*Continued on page 71*)

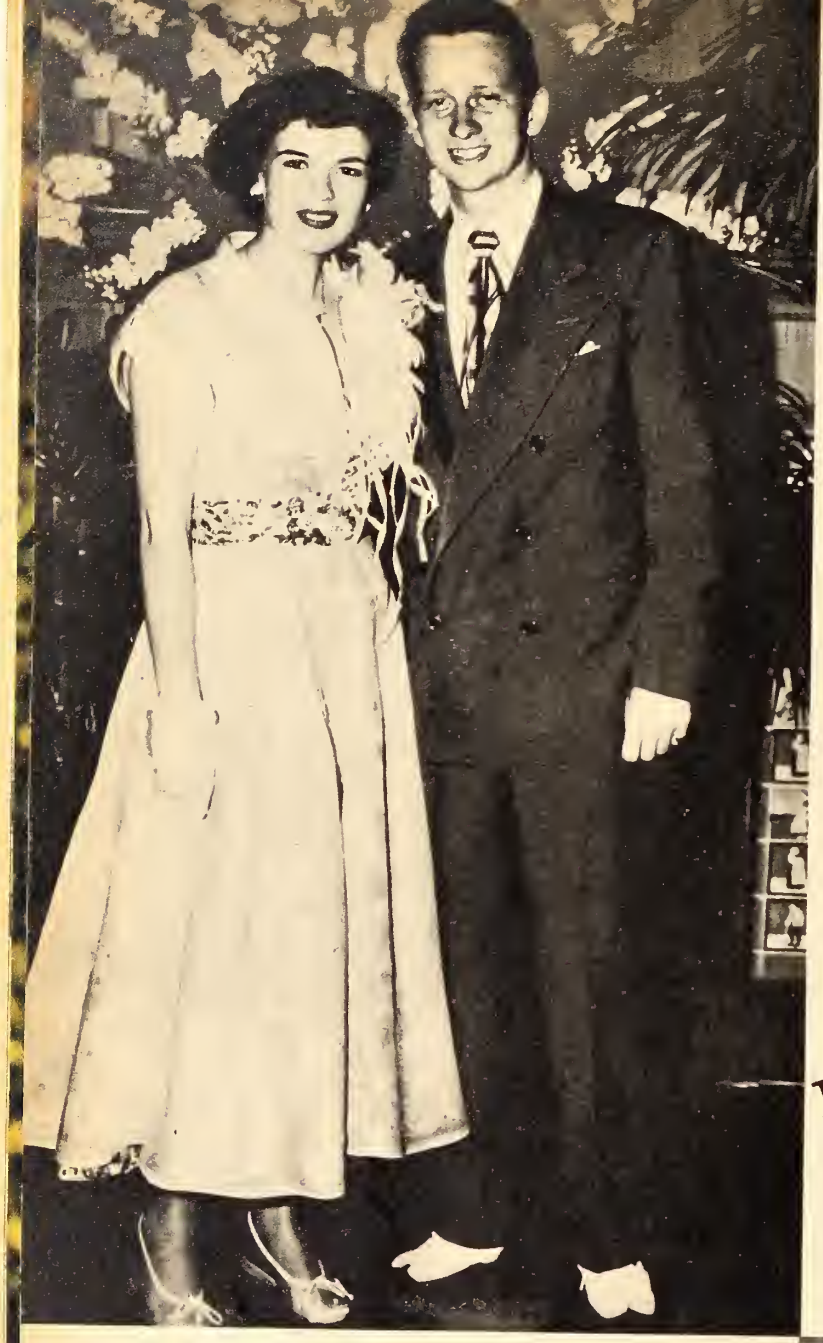


It seemed as if Diana and Dennis should live happily ever after . . .

by PEER J. OPPENHEIMER





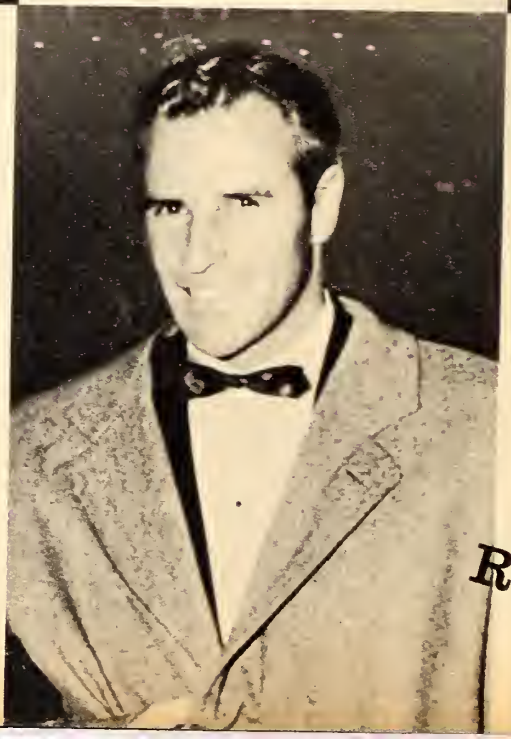


What I went through trying to handle three men! I was dating Robbie. Nick was arriving from the coast on Sunday. And Mickey was due back Monday!

Paul



Nick



Robbie



Mickey

MY LOVE LIFE

by Jayne Mansfield

as told to Dick Williams

■ It's important to any girl to be loved, but it's especially so for a girl with a career. I'm sensitive, affectionate and loving by nature and I just naturally couldn't exist without it.

My mother and stepfather—my father died when I was three—and my grandparents all lavished love on me as a child and since my youngest days I've had dogs and cats on which to lavish my extra affection. I have always loved children and animals.

I'm only twenty-three, but already life has brought me much love and, regrettably, some heart- (*Continued on page 73*)

ELVIS AND ME

PART I

by Judy Spreckels, HIS NO. 1 FAN



Elvis calls me "Sugar"—but there's nothing sweeter than listening to him. From the moment we met, it seemed like we had always known each other.

Through my close friendship with Elvis, I know the truth about him . . . facts that have never been revealed before

Elvis has a personal nickname for me—"Sugar." Of course, when there are strangers around, he always calls me "Mrs. Spreckels." He's ever so proper.

It's hnrd to say what someone else is really like, so I can only say what Elvis is like to me. Elvis and I are friends; we are good friends. We have fun when we're together nnd we understnnd each other, even though our backgrounds are ns different as those of any two young people in the United States today could be.

When people ask Elvis nbout me, he snys, "She's my number one fan. She's just like a sister to me." And that's how it is. I don't have a brother, and Elvis is an only child. If I did hnve a brother, I'd wnnt him to be just like Elvis: handsome, talented, well-mannered and fun.

Not the least bit conceited.

I've followed Elvis' career when almost no one else had ever heard of him. The moment we met, it seemed like we had always known each other. Elvis just shook hands and said, "Hi. Pleased to meet you, ma'am. This here's my Cousin Gene."

Can El do without love?

Once when we were sitting around with a group at a dinner party, he seemed lost in thought, so I said to him, "Elvis, are you going to the movies this afternoon?" He looked up quickly and asked, "What's the matter?" "Nothing," I said. "There must be something," he replied, "you called me 'Elvis.'" My nickname for him is "El," and that's what I usually call him. I assured him that I only called him "Elvis" to attract his attention away from his day dreaming. But I could tell that he was hurt. He wants everyone, young and old, to like him. He is extremely sensitive.

He's nervous when he comes off the stage, more nervous than when he goes on—because he wants so much for people to like him! If they don't absolutely tear down the house he feels like maybe he wasn't a success. That's why it was a difficult time for Elvis, his first days in Las Vegas. Minors are not allowed in the night clubs, naturally, only at the earlier shows. And Elvis had never worked before an entirely adult audience.

It was such a new experience working for people who only clapped enthusiastically instead of yelling and shouting. He kept repeating after he came off stage, "I don't think they like me, I just don't think they like me." I'd tell him it wasn't true. That adults don't show their appreciation in the same way that 'teenagers do. "They applaud the way *ndults* do, instead of jumping. They called out numbers they wanted, and they came back night after night to see you—so they (*Continued on pnge 42*)



Does it bother Elvis when girls go wi





During an afternoon performance, this real gone fan . . . got carried away by the Memphis Flash. She swooned into an officer's arm

must like you—and not a 'teenager among them! And they ask for autographs for their children, and lots of people tell you they are from your home state. They like you, Elvis, they like you!" And he'd say, "I guess you're right, but you just don't know how it is when you hear those kids scream. Then I just *know* that they like me! It makes me feel so good!" "El, you might not always be playing for 'teenagers," I answered, "so you must learn how to perform for every type of audience, and do your best *every* time you're on." I don't want to give the idea in any of this that I was giving him advice he couldn't get anywhere else. It's just that we were friends . . . are friends . . . and I'm familiar to an extent with show business.

Every afternoon during his stay in Las Vegas he'd say to me, "Are you going to be at ringside tonight?" And I'd say, "Sure." And he'd answer, "Well, you be sure because it makes me feel good when I see you sitting down there."

I said, "Elvis, you know I'll always be there, because I'm your Number One Fan."

But it wasn't until we'd been in Vegas nearly a week that he said, "You know, I guess they *do* like me, but it still bothers me that they don't show it so much." Every afternoon he'd still say, "Be sure you sit down there so I can see you."

Contact! Elvis and his real-gone fan meet.



Is El car crazy?

When people make cutting remarks about his having so many cars, it's because they don't understand. One of his cars is used by the boys in the group strictly for business, to travel to the show dates around the country. He has a pink and black sedan for family use. He recently bought an ivory *Eldorado* convertible. And a Lincoln Continental. Cars are his hobby and he's a careful driver. You're never nervous driving with him.

The only time Elvis ever drove fast that I know of was when four of us took a ride in the desert one day. We drove down the highway, with Elvis at the wheel. Then Elvis saw a side road, turned on it, and suddenly it was as if we were in another world. There wasn't a living thing as far as the eye could see . . . no houses, no people, nothing but our car racing towards the mountains into the sunset. The four of us were alone, suspended in space. After awhile he began going faster. We all had safety belts on and no one thought about anything. Elvis didn't realize it, but he began to push the car faster and faster until we were really sailing. I looked at the people in the back and they seemed a bit disturbed, but no one said anything. I wasn't afraid. Elvis kept right on increasing speed until it seemed that we hardly touched the road. Then, after several miles, we saw a little group of houses ahead. Elvis slowed down. He stopped, looked at the houses, and said he wondered who lived there. "We don't have time to find out," someone replied, and so he turned around and we drove back at a leisurely pace, breathing in the desert air. It was a beautiful day.

As we approached the town of Las Vegas our way was blocked by a long freight train and we began to kid about whether or not it would pass in time for Elvis to get to the show. I don't think any of us will ever forget that day. I can't explain it, but this day seems like a dream that keeps

ver him?





n decided better she should look and listen—or maybe . . .



get up on that stage and join her real-gone dreamy king of rock 'n' roll . . .

eating itself. It is something the four us will never forget, the time when we re young, happy, unafraid, racing to meet sunset.

hat makes El happy?

l remembers what it was like not being to have what he wanted. Sometimes ink he's too generous. He doesn't real- the value of money because it's so new im.

t an amusement park where we often t, Elvis and some of his friends would ride in the bumper cars. And when he empty cars he'd look out and see the s of kids who couldn't afford every le ride. He'd say to the man, "Let 'em ." He'd pay for all the tickets—not to a big man, but because that's the way s. He'd make friends of the kids and form teams, crashing into each other he'd yell, "Hold it, man, here I come!" n he'd smack into somebody. I'd be k and blue. It's a rough sport riding ump cars, and Elvis likes it. He says, a game where everybody can think von."

hen Elvis is at an amusement park he's any twenty-one-year-old fellow who s how to have fun. In the rifle range ves contests. He's a very good shot. I ose for a girl I'm better than average because I've done a lot of shooting, which was why he liked to shoot with me. He also liked the machines that light up when you hit a target. On one machine, the best score was 40,000. He started with 10,000 and he kept at it until he hit forty and all the lights lit up. He spent dozens of nickels getting there!

Some afternoons we'd go to the movies instead of riding the bump cars and shooting. We saw all the different movies. Not just westerns. After the movies we'd be hurrying back so Elvis could get ready for his evening performance. If the movie had one of our favorites, like Rod Steiger, we'd talk a long time about it.

How does El treat his parents?

Somebody said once in my hearing that El was a mama's boy. Well that just isn't true. El is devoted to his parents and I think it is a most admirable quality. He speaks to his parents almost every day by long distance. He tells them what's going on. There's nothing sickly sweet about his parents. He loves them, is proud of them and they're proud of him. And that's the way it should be.

He's done a lot for them, too. Bought them a beautiful home, a swimming pool, sees that they have everything. He feels they have sacrificed a lot to give him opportunities. And I think that any mother could only be proud to have a son like that. Because his love for his parents is sincere and real and not put on, he doesn't rebel against parental authority. He understands his parents and they understand him.

Uninformed people say El is setting a bad example for the youth of America. I feel just the opposite. I think he sets a fine example.

I think people would be better off if they had sons and daughters as fine as El who



Elvis kisses best girl Mrs. Presley; Dad looks on.

MORE >

Does Elvis have to wiggle?

didn't drink or smoke and who get fun out of the simple pleasures.

I've been to many of his shows and all that Elvis' singing has ever evoked is laughter and happiness. The screaming and jumping up and down, that's normal.

I've been to Memphis and Tupelo, Mississippi, and the people he grew up with, those from his home town, all spoke well of him.

He lives in a nice neighborhood in Memphis, near a golf course; his home is set back on a wide lawn; there's a puppy on the front lawn.

It's not a pretentious home, just attractive and comfortable.

Is El vulgar?

El's singing style is not an act with him. He feels the way he sings and sings the way he feels, and he's very hurt if anyone says he's vulgar.

He doesn't feel that he is and he's asked me, "Do you think I'm vulgar? Do you think what I do is bad?"

I told him I don't think so.

I've seen him when there was no audience to perform for, just a group of us, and we all wiggled and jumped around and gyrated because it's that kind of music and it makes you feel good.

I've seen El in some shows where his movements could be interpreted as exaggerated, but I've never heard any 'teenager or any person in the audience say anything pertaining to the idea that the movements might be suggestive.

It surprised me so much to read that some people thought he was vulgar.

When people talk to me I ask if they have ever seen him perform.

Most of them admit that their opinions were formed from what they read.

The people who see him with thoughts in their own minds that don't coincide with the thoughts of the 'teenagers might think he's vulgar, but the 'teenagers have no such thought.

They are not looking for any of the immoral things.

All you have to do is watch the kids—they are happy, smiling, just having a good time and feeling the rhythm of his song. And what kid doesn't jump up and down?

They wouldn't be normal 'teenagers if they didn't, just as Elvis wouldn't be their kind of singer if he didn't rock 'n' roll his songs.



Go, man, go! go! go! go! go!

Elvis and Liberace may trade jackets, but there's no mistaking the one for t'other!



Is El mad for clothes?

Part of my duties was to see that Elvi appeared on time for the dinner show a eight and the late show at twelve. Just be fore the dinner show I'd drive up to the bungalow where Elvis and Cousin Gene were staying, and I'd hear the phonograph blaring. I'd give a toot and call out, "Come on, El, you're gonna be late!" He'd come around the corner all dressed up and say "How do I look?" I'd say, "Fine, but do you think green socks go with a purple coat?" And I'd add, "Come on, El, just for me, some other socks."

"Aw, okay," he'd grumble as he went back to change.

Then he'd ask me in and he'd comb his hair.

He combs his hair a lot, not because he's conceited, but because he has a lot of hair and he likes it to look neat when he starts his performance at least.

One day he said to me, "Do you think I'm good looking?"

I walked around him and looked and said, "Wellllll, yes, *maybe*." He laughed and I told him to hurry up.

People ask why he wears such a large coat and trousers.

The answer to that is quite simple: he needs the room to move around in when he's playing the guitar and getting the rhythm of his songs!

Does Elvis need lots of girls?

ill El marry?

guess that Elvis and I have discovered ost every subject that is open for dis- ion, and not the least of these is girls. ve spent a lot of time talking about s.

o many girls just love Elvis. Elvis just s girls. But sometimes it doesn't work too well. Sometimes El has said to me, hat am I gonna do? I already asked so-and-so, and then I forgot and asked nd-so too." This would be in the after- n and a little later in the evening he'd "Now I'm really in trouble. I've got e girls now." And I'd wonder how he'd the situation.

needn't have worried.

e'd go to each one and talk to them. en it came time to go out I didn't notice one with him. I'd say, "I'm going to go n the street to see a combo." He'd say, ait a minute," and he'd come back with three of the girls and we'd pile in my and away we'd go.

l usually sat next to me because I knew t of the people and celebrities, and d tell him who they were when they e up. If the other girls objected they never said so, so I guess they didn't mind.

The nice-mannered, quiet ones were the ones who were asked back again. Those who thought they were making time by taking over the conversation or moving in, so to speak, weren't. At the end of the evening, after we dropped off his dates, we'd talk about the girls and he'd ask what I thought . . . maybe how one girl had acted. Occasionally I'd volunteer my opinion when I thought one particular girl was extra nice or sincere. Elvis never said anything bad to anyone else about even the worst mannered of the girls. Sometimes he'd say, "Didn't little so-and-so look cute? She always looks so neat and pretty." El never devoted all his time to one girl—he's too busy to think about marriage or girls for any length of time. After all, he's only had one two-week vacation in over a year, and he moves from town to town so fast that about one day is all he gets with a girl. I guess you could call him a natural heartbreaker, although he doesn't try to be.

Between El and me there's never any nonsense like that. We're strictly business and laughs. El knows the boy I'm going to marry. They're both from the South, by the way, and when they get together I can't understand a word out of either of them!

Elvis has said to me, "Sure I'm going to get married, when I find the right girl. But I'm young now. I have to prove myself for the people who have worked so hard for me. When I get married it's going to be forever and I want to be sure that I'm the right fellow for the right girl. In the meantime I'm going to go out with lots of girls. I'm going to play the field for a long time until I'm really sure, and after I've proven myself as an actor and can afford a wife—by that I mean give her a fine home and spend time with her—then I'll get married."

The truth of the matter is that El is not really terribly sure of himself when it comes to the behavior of a young man toward a young lady.

Towards me, I have no complaints. He's a perfect gentleman, although in public he treats me like I'm a hundred, holding out chairs and putting on my wraps. When we're alone with just Cousin Gene around, relaxing, singing, dancing, horse playing, cutting up . . . we're like kids.

JUDY TELLS MORE ABOUT ELVIS NEXT MONTH. DON'T MISS PART II.



times Elvis found himself with more than one date—and everybody has a good time.



Natalie was alone with Elvis to meet his folks.



What dancing can d



"Too many of us use our bodies only as shells within which we crouch and stew, instead of letting them function as they were designed, letting them skip and leap and twirl until we fairly sing inside with the fun of it..."

for you by Cyd Charisse



I can eat what I like, and my figure stays slender! I don't have to point out that life led in such an unhampered manner acquires a much richer flavor!

As any mother would be, I am naturally pleased when I go to a dress shop, or anywhere where I have to be fitted, and people comment about my slimness. And they ask, "How do you do it?"

My answer is always the same. "I just work." There should be no particular credit to me. My work is dancing. When I'm making a picture I start dancing at nine or nine-thirty in the morning and I keep it up until five in the evening. And believe me, that does it!

But, let me also make it clear that it isn't necessary to really dance for seven or eight hours a day to attain all this. When I'm not in a picture I cut my dancing down to an hour or an hour and a half a day—and that's enough to do the trick. Many women, I feel, should give themselves this much time out of their day for dancing. The rewards are tremendous . . . much more important even than just those I have mentioned above.

Dancing lifts a person, emotionally as well as physically, to a new level of well-being . . . up where things flow smoother, and the events of the day don't jar.

Professional dancers know that their personal problems can sometimes be 'danced away.' Why this should be is not clear but it works. It may be because nothing (*Continued on page 76*)

Confessions





by RORY CALHOUN

f an Expectant Father





Until Lita's third month I was sure my kid was avoiding me! He'd stop kicking every time Lita shouted "Rory, feel the baby." But I finally caught him at it. Since then, life for this pop-to-be has consisted of taking care of my favorite one-and-a-half people!

■ The first thing I did when Lita told me she was pregnant was let out a whoop of joy. The second thing I did was I went out and bought a king-size freezer. I decided I wasn't going chasing out in the middle of the night when my wife got a craving for a pickle. So I bought this freezer. Then I filled it. I got pickles, sweet, sour, and in-between. I got Italian peppers and fourteen flavors of ice cream, and two boxes of strawberries and three different shapes of sausages. I asked a guy on the movie set what did his wife like when she was pregnant, and he told me wild boar meat. It took me three weeks, but I located wild boar meat, bought a hunk, and put that in the freezer, too. Then I slept easy.

In her second month, Lita woke up in the middle of the night. "Honey," she whispered in my ear, "I've got a craving!"

I leapt out of bed, my chest swelling with pride. What will it be? Sausage? Pastrami? Maybe wild boar? "Tell me, sweetheart," I begged.

"Oh, Rory," she said. "I would just die for some dried apricots."

My mouth dropped. "Apricots?" I shouted. "Whoever heard of a pregnant woman wanting dried apricots?"

"Me!" she said, pleadingly. "And maybe some dried peaches and some dried pears—if it isn't too much trouble."

"No trouble at all," I muttered. Then I pulled on a pair of pants over my pajamas and drove thirty minutes in the middle of the night to the HOLLYWOOD RANCH MARKET, which stays open twenty-four hours a day, and bought dried peaches and pears and apricots. Then I drove thirty minutes home again, went up to the bedroom where my wife was by now sound asleep. Then I went downstairs with my dried apricots, and kicked that freezer till my big toe said "ouch."

But the next day I was up bright and early to go househunting. The place we've got is big enough for Lita and me—but it isn't big enough for a baby. This kid is going to have *room*.

We've got to expand. First of all, we need three bedrooms. One for us, one for the baby, and one for the junk I've been buying. Toys. Encyclopedias. Bicycles. Lita has a (*Continued on page 79*)

HOW NATALIE





AND OLDER MEN

■ If you're eighteen, and a Hollywood actress, it's not exactly like being eighteen.

Already you've got the Thunderbird, the pool, the ermine jacket. The 'phone rings every minute and the men who call are sometimes old enough to be your father.

In Hollywood, there are temptations kids don't meet other places. Some young stars can't handle them. A Liz Taylor marries at eighteen, divorces at nineteen, cries herself to sleep because the dream ends so soon. But Natalie Wood is still fresh-eyed, with the ball just beginning. She can handle her job, her fun, her men, with grace and judgment. In a way, it's a tribute to her family's teachings, in a way it's a tribute to her own good sense.

This, then, is a story about Natalie and men. Natalie likes men. Young men, and older ones. And men like Natalie. She alters to suit the occasion and the escort; she's sophisticated with a suave gentleman at a plushy première; she's rowdy with fellow 'teenagers at a beach party. And she's *always* alive, friendly, interested.

Now don't misunderstand. It's not that Natalie starts thinking, "He's such-and-such a type, and I'll act thus-and-

HANDLES BOYS



It's just that she's the kind of gal has a dozen different sides to her nality. Being a sometimes-sad some--glad, sometimes-bubbly sometimes-is type of person, she attracts and racted to as wide a range of beaux u could count on a couple hundred rs. And being all these things, she ctively knows just what to do to a wolf from her door—and ringing hone!

at her romantic life so far hasn't entirely bliss is an admitted truth. been hurt, and she's been scared. there was a boy she loved, and he That boy was Jimmy Dean. Once there was a boy she nearly married, but the moment frightened them and they lost it. That was Nick Adams. Once there was "an understanding for the future" with actor Raymond Burr, but her head started talking caution. That romance collapsed under the weight of sheer carefulness: if you can put a love off for five years, you can put it off forever.

The simple fact is that Natalie's not ready for the grand passion yet. "I hate double dates," she'll announce. "What I like is to go out, just me and six men!" The more men, the more attention, the more she loves it. If Elvis Presley and Nick Adams are *both* with her of an afternoon, that's twice as good as if she were alone with either. And as far as what you read about her being serious with either, well, serious is a word for later.

Or maybe serious is too painful to think about.

Recently she wrote an article which was serious, and it was painful to read. It dealt with Jimmy Dean, and it bared a very young heart. "I can't forget him," Natalie said, "and sometimes I wonder if I'll always have this feeling."

She remembered driving with Jimmy in his little (*Continued on page 68*)

Please, Ava, please— Come home— before it's too late!



■ Near the gates of Madrid, toward the northern desert, under the cloudless Spanish sky, is an oasis: there stand some pine trees and scrub trees and a few white houses. There too, hidden from view and surrounded by a huge iron fence, is a deserted house called *La Moraleja.* It can only be reached by going up the gravel road. It is shrouded in mystery. The Spanish call it 'the house of the witch' because the weathervane, a cast-iron witch on her broomstick, swings in the wind.

At first sight, it hardly seems a place of black magic. It is a sort of low hacienda built on the dunes. It looks something like a California ranch house. But inside, the Spanish wrought iron, the huge modern couches, and the details that are of no country and no time speak of great wealth and taste. And something slightly bizarre. Outside there are massive lawns, tiled terraces and French doors. All this belongs to a woman of beauty so extreme that it chills as it excites. Perhaps because of the witch-like weathervane, perhaps because of her strange life, the Spanish have nick-named Ava Gardner *La Sociere*—The Witch!

We remember Ava too well to be mystified by her. We remember her three miserable marriages and explain her wild extravagances not in terms of the supernatural, but as all too human. Three times her world has proved to be illusion. Is it any wonder she went all the way to Spain to search for reality? And how desperately she has searched!

There is no one in Spain who doesn't know of the weird occurrence in Majorca. On that rocky island, on a winding road a thousand feet above the sea, Ava drove her huge Cadillac like the angel of death, and all things living, day after day, fled before it. (*Continued on page 67*)









A familiar figure at Spanish bullfights, Ava was said by many to be in love with Luis Dominguin (top). Others said this famous bullfighter was only her friend and the man she really loved was Mario Cabre (middle), the matador-poet who had written her sonnets and has killed bulls in her honor. Ava, however, says little. Talking with U. S. Ambassador John Davis Lodge (above photo) Ava may well be discussing her plans to return to the country she left in order to forget her sorrows.

What a difference a son makes!

or how  *Fray, the Charmer*

changed  *Chuck, the Quiet One*

by me  *Lydia (who adores them both)*

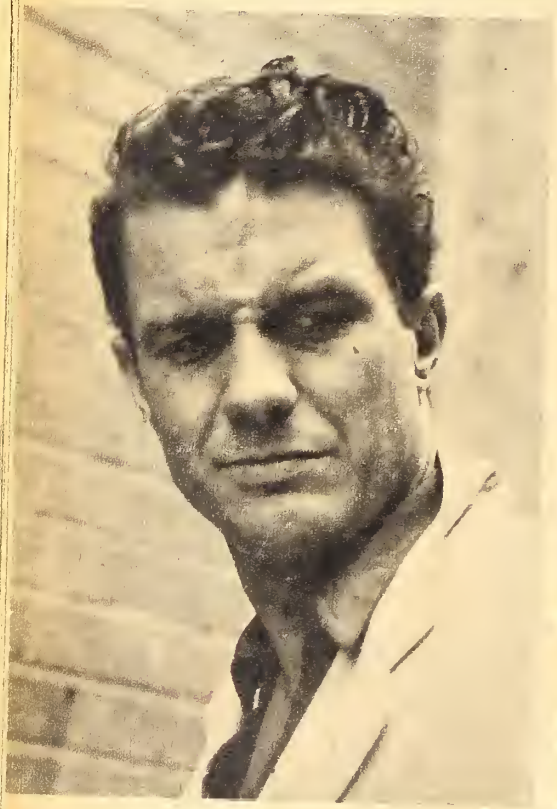


November 8th, 1956, will always an important evening for me. That as the night *The Ten Command-ents* had its world première at the RITERION THEATRE in New York d I know how much the evening ant to Chuck. He'd invested three ole years of his time, his thoughts d his energy playing Moses, and en the congratulations came his y, he accepted them with a lift of eyebrow and a smile, the surprised pression his face wears when he's ased. But his day was made when of our friends teased, "Fraser's at as the infant Moses. And he s screen credit too, no less. Watch out, boy! Competition in the family." Chuck squared his shoulders back the way he does when he's tickled to death, and his eyes lit up the way they always do whenever anyone mentions the baby. "Fraser's a heck of a trouper!"

Chuck and I had been thrilled when Mr. DeMille said, "If the baby gets here in time, I'd like him to play the infant Moses." The baby arrived in February, 1955, and in the picture you'll see the way he looked when he was six weeks old. The comment was enough to start Chuck on his favorite subject these days, Fray. He's always telling our friends what a terrific ham that child of ours is, and how he'll imitate every one he sees—holding a cup the way I do, flipping a cigarette nonchalantly into an ashtray the way a guest might, playing with keys the way Chuck does.

Chuck adores the baby. When he gets home from the studio, his greatest joy is a workout with Fray. "Want to go for a walk, old man?" he'll say, and that's Fray's signal. Chuck holds him by the hands and he steps on Chuck's feet, then up his legs, clambers up his body, and lands on his shoulders. One of our friends was watching Chuck and Fray go through these gym- (*Continued on page 77*)

the man:
CLIFF ROBERTSON



the scene:
GREENWICH VILLAGE
near the WATERFRONT



the plot:

THE STRUGGLE TO GROW UP



■ Cliff Robertson is an actor who wears good flannels and beautifully built jackets and talks the language 'as she was meant to be spoke.' But if you want to reach him in New York the number he answers is in the cheap little pad he keeps in Greenwich Village and calls 'home.' In Hollywood he lives in Jimmy Dean's old, sparsely-furnished place.

Cliff Robertson is the actor everybody started talking about when he played the rich man's son in *Picnic*.

He's the guy who started out at the end of his junior year at High to find his place in the world, and found out why he's the way he is—a man who could afford almost anything, but lives a life dedicated to his work, to his friends, and to being a man.

He was sixteen-and-a-half, and had twenty bucks, his Grandma's permission—he was orphaned at two—and a one-way bus ticket for Dallas' summer theatre. He stopped off in a town in New Mexico for lunch, discovered a gaming table, and lost the twenty dollars. By that time the bus had gone on, so he cashed the rest of his ticket, lost that money, and walked out of the joint with twenty cents to his name, which was mud.

"And I was scared," Cliff said. "Really scared, for the first time in my life. After all Grandma had done for me, and after all my boasting, I *couldn't* appeal to her. And then I remembered Emmett Blake."

Emmett Blake was the boy next door when they were both nine, that age when blood brotherhoods are sealed with triple oaths and sometimes, too, in actual blood. Well, not much of it—a scratch on the wrist, swearing of eternal friendship, and burying the contract deep in the sand.

But when Cliff and Emmett went their separate ways that evening there was a new seriousness about each, an awareness of a lifelong contract entered into and to be abided by, come hell or high water. . . .

"I remembered that day, the day we'd promised to be lifelong buddies and true friends. I had his address in Maryland, where he had a newspaper job. Would he come through for me, after all these years?"

Cliff took the chance. He wired Emmett collect, asking for a loan, then bought a bunch of carrots with the twenty cents and settled down to wait . . . and wait. "I slept in a freight jungle that night, and finished the last carrot the next afternoon. Without much hope left, I dropped by the Western Union office one last time—and the money was there."

He'd grown out of adolescence in a limited way a few weeks before, during one long sleepless night when he knew he couldn't let his grandmother support him anymore, that he must make his own way as a man, starting with Dallas. Now he had learned, through Emmett's action, a second great lesson on the road to adulthood—that a man, however independent, (*Continued on page 82*)



Roger Prigent

PRETTY RESOLUTIONS

■ Beauty care can be full of new excitement even though it is surely a must routine. There are always new tricks of beauty, new creams, lotions and make-up that not only do wonders for that glamour look, but are also fun to experiment with. So top your resolution list with brand new ideas about the care of you—your face, your hair, your body. Yes—even your feet. Lovely Shirley Jones, 20th star says, "I always put my beauty resolutions at the top of my list because a career girl must always put her best foot forward. I believe when a girl looks her best and is perfectly groomed she feels her best and therefore presents herself to the best advantage. Somehow even duties and responsibilities are accomplished more easily. As for date times—well that glamour look is just a must."

"Eye and lip make-up are considered to
e of top importance. True, they really are.
ut eyes and lips should never be stressed
the neglect of skin care and make-up."
"Remember that old adage that a clean
nd healthy skin is a beautiful skin. Make-
p preparations just seem to breeze on
hen your skin is fresh and clean. True
ne make-up will give you even more
diance and beauty—particularly when
ou use a foundation cream or lotion and
owder (or, a combination foundation
nd powder). Be sure your preparations
re not only new and fresh, but also chosen
the smartest fashion colors. The won-
rful blush tones are my favorites—pale
vivid. Eye make-up color should be
osen for your particular eye coloring. I
refer blue mascara and eye shadow.
wear my lipstick lighter for daytime—
rilliant for evening."
"My second resolution! My hair, of
ourse. It should really be included with
ne care of the face because a beautiful
ce and unkempt hair is just no go! First
ule is clean shining hair. Frequent
ashings do the trick with prepared sham-
oos and special rinses, creams and lo-
ons for softening—sprays for taming
rruly locks. A new style for the New
ear. One that is not only becoming but
so feminine."
"The third resolution—my figure. We
als work all the time on diets and ex-
rcise to keep our bodies lithe and slim
ut a new resolution now and then is
eally good business. I use a softening
eam or lotion on my body just as I do
n my hands. Cold weather dries the skin
nd unless you do take care of it regu-
rly it becomes rough and course."
"My fourth and last resolution. My feet!
care for my feet and toenails just as
eticulously as I do my hands and finger-
ails—I always match my toenail (and fin-
rnail) polish to my lipstick color. A
areer girl is on her feet many hours of
ne day and night. She has to wear beau-
ful shoes for dress-up, of course. This
eans that her feet must not only be re-
xed and comfortable for the hours of
ork, but also they must always be as
eautiful as her loveliest shoes and sheer-
t stockings."
Here are a few basic rules on foot care
the famous foot specialist, Dr. Scholl.
ave your shoes fitted properly, wear high
eels for dress-up only, alternate your
oes daily, keep your feet clean, keep
ur toenails trimmed and smoothed.



*rley Jones says "You should groom your
in the wintertime just as carefully as you
in the summer."*



Cleans your skin deeper for a new kind of radiance

New Jergens Deep Cleanser deep cleans your skin—searches out clogging dirt and make-up . . . to reveal the clean, clear sparkle of your true complexion



It starts out with a feeling of instant luxury flowing from your fingertips to your face. Reaching deep . . . deep . . . deep . . . so gently . . . but so insistently.

And suddenly . . . deep, beauty-clogging grime and stubborn make-up are gone. Your face feels as if it had a new kind of clear, clean, almost sparkling radiance. And it does.

Reason: there are 4 times as *many* cleansing ingredients in new Jergens Deep Cleanser as in traditional cleansing creams. And each is a recognized skin softener as well.

Do you wonder that Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women? Try it. *You* love it, too . . . or double your money back. Just **39c** and **69c** plus tax.

are bing and kathy secretly wed?

(*Continued from page 29*) know this territory you're aware that Los Angeles is as far from Hollywood as at least Kansas City. But there was a lad in the trio named Harry Barris who liked to write songs, sort of torch songs, the kind that couldn't be sung by a trio. And Bing began singing them to plug them. Pretty soon the *Grove* began to fill up nights. The café was on the air about fifteen minutes a night and before long wherever you went in Los Angeles you'd hear the radio tuned in to the program. Every woman in town wanted to hear the new young fellow at the *Grove* sing "I Surrender Dear," or "When The Blue Of The Night."

There is no question about Bing Crosby's disregard of fame during those days. He was really as casual then as he appears to be now. He showed up at the club most nights and sang his songs for his miserable pay and then cut out. He got used to the women at the ringside and paid little attention to them. His best friend was his bootlegger. He sang and he laughed and he belted the stuff flavored with the juice of the juniper—and he cared for nothing else. Until the night that Dixie Lee came in.

Blonde, cool and elegant

They tell a story about that meeting. The women were so mad for Crosby that he used to think about getting an iron tuxedo, but he never gave them a tumble. They were customers, good only for stretching out a booking. The night he sang for Dixie Lee it was different. She was doing well at the old Fox Studio and making something of a name for herself. But that didn't matter. The way she looked did. She was blonde and cool and elegant, with a figure that threatened not to quit. Bing saw her at a ringside table and when the show was over he trucked out front for a change and dropped by the table. He got an introduction from her escort. Bing was more than brash. After a few minutes of conversation he took her hand.

"Look, honey," he said, "I've got to run back and do my chores now. Why don't you give me a call some time?"

Dixie took back her hand and looked him over good. "Listen, mister," she said, "as long as I live I'll never give you a call."

And the way the tale goes, they were married for many years and never once did Dixie Lee Crosby ever call Bing Crosby on the telephone.

An outline of faults

But she did give him ambition. He in love with her and couldn't understa why she didn't fall right over in a fa It wasn't because he thought he wa handsome, talented devil; it was just t all women who heard him sing did. Di gave him trouble. When he asked w she didn't care for him she outlined faults. In the first place he drank much. He had no initiative. He seem content with being just a saloon sing And she was soooo busy. Bing began ta ing care of all these matters. He took coffee between shows. He kept Dixie busy on the phone himself that ever body else tore up her phone number account of the busy signals. And he we to his businessman brother, Everett, a suggested they do something about getti him to play the Palace or something

And then Dixie married him. There w a week or so after the wedding wh things were touch and go. Bing slid a Dixie put on her going-away hat—a Bing reversed his field. And never aga did he slide for far or long. He's taken drink since and he's goofed a day or but when Dixie and Everett pointed the road—he travelled it.

In the late twenties fame hit Har Crosby like a bar towel gets a drinki fly. He'd been signed to sing for fifte

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will ge $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; th 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE BING CROSBY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE KATHY GRANT:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE DIANA DORS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE BARBARA STANWYCK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE CYD CHARISSE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completel
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at a

9. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at al
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ non
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completel
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at al

10. I LIKE AVA GARDNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at al
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completel
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at al

11. I LIKE CHARLTON HESTON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at al
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completel
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at al

12. I LIKE CLIFF ROBERTSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completel
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at al

13. I READ
☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood
☐ part ☐ none

14. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE (1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ MALE (2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ MALE (3)_____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN POLL PRIZE WINNERS FOR NOVEMBER

Caroline Bitro, New York City; Maria Donato, New York City; Danny Inman, Fort Worth, Texas; Mrs. Malesa, Buffalo, N. Y.; Bernice Schreoder, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Donald Wastrich, Medford, Wis.; Mrs. I. Oquindo, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Helene Kavetschanky, Chicago, Ill.; Ruby Cockrell, Mission, Tex.; Frances Como, New York City.

minutes a night on the radio for CREMO CIGARS from New York. He made the trek full of misgivings. It was all right with the other lads backing him up but he'd never done a single before and he was scared But from the first night that he wailed the plea for the blue of the night to meet the gold of the day—from the radio towers all across the country—he was a star. The very next morning he had more offers to sing in public than any singer ever had before. Mack Sennett, then a reigning movie mogul, got on the phone to his Manhattan office.

"Get that guy," he said. "I want him for pictures."

"You must be nuts—SIR," said his New York man, "he's got ears like a goose in flight and he looks like a sad, fat mouse."

"Who asked you?" said Sennett. "We got talkies now and he can sing. And he's got such sex appeal that if he was a girl I'd tell you to ask him to marry me."

Dixie and four sons

Bing Crosby came back to Hollywood after his radio season with a couple of suitcases full of misgivings. But the money was fabulous and he could be with Dixie, who was still at Fox. He never left. As a matter of fact, he let his money ride and at this point people will tell you he owns the town. There is no question about his wealth or his fame. He has long ago stopped caring about either.

That was all many years ago. There were four sons. And Dixie died. There were years when you could have gotten bets that Bing and his wife didn't care a big about each other. They were apart a lot, but the family was always pretty much together in heart. And if you saw the photographs of Bing's face at her funeral services you know he never really wavered. And after she died, Bing lived in the big house in Holmby Hills with his sons, until one by one they left for school or the army and he was pretty much alone.

Columnists were always speculating on if or whom the rich widower would marry, on the basis that a man at fifty-odd is in his prime, and only half a man without a woman. But if he looked at women at all it was with the eyes of a man who had been robbed and was not interested in replacing the property.

And then at PARAMOUNT, a couple of years or so ago, he saw Kathy Grant.

Texas beauty

To understand the relationship between Bing Crosby and Kathy Grant you've got to know the girl. She was born Kathryn Grandstaff in Houston, Texas, twenty-four years ago, and she's been a beauty contest winner since she was in rompers. She was a cute kid until she got into high school, and then she began budding in all directions at once and became a *W-O-W* type. Not at heart, though. She had the endowments but not the nature to go with them, and even though she was chosen everything but *Miss Flash Flood* her heart wasn't in the bathing-suit business. But she was sultry in a Texas sort of way . . . and so well qualified for beauty contests that even if she hadn't entered, as long as she was in the county she got the nod. Like a crooner who used to work at the *Coconut Grove* a few decades ago, she didn't care much but she appeared destined for some sort of fame.

Naturally she eventually came to Hollywood and decided she'd like to be a serious actress. In a town where pulchritude was as common as blonde hair Kathy didn't create anything of a stir. Film Town was overstocked with what the Texans liked, which was all right with Kathy. She got a little job here and there—and professionally, that's the way it has been with her ever since. The only thing that happened

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of any consequence was that one day she tested for a part in a picture at PARAMOUNT. She didn't get the role, but she was signed to a term starlet contract.

Stage nine and Kathy Grant

The street that houses the star dressing rooms at PARAMOUNT is a block long and an architectural monstrosity. Each dressing room is a different design, reflecting the taste of stars who have had them built over many years. One looks like a dressing room-office combination. It's belonged to Bing Crosby for twenty years. The facade is plain, with an always-closed Venetian blind covering a large picture window . . . and there's a narrow door that's always open. One of Crosby's favorite relaxations is standing in the doorway watching all the folks go by. And one day Kathy Grant walked by.

She stepped out of the administration building and started across the parking lot and toward the dressing rooms. Bing's eyes picked her up there. He was talking to an agent but he stopped. Kathy maneuvered through the cars and quick-stepped up dressing room row on the opposite side of the street. Bing's head swung in an arc as she passed, but if Kathy saw him she paid no heed. When she was out of sight around the corner of a building, Bing went back to the agent.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"A new kid," said the agent. "Kathy Grant. From Texas."

"She looks it," said Bing. "Where's she going?"

"She's working on Stage Nine."

"She should be," said Bing. "Well, see you later."

He slapped the agent on the back and turned into the dressing room where a couple of men were working at a desk.

"I think I'll take a walk," he said.

"Where will you be if we need you?" asked one of the men.

"Stage Nine," said Crosby.

It was a pretty crowded set. Crosby, pipe in mouth and the hat with a feather in it crooked on his head, strolled over to a vantage point beside the camera. He nodded to a few people and leaned against a platform that was beside a chair in which the girl from Texas was sitting. Neither seemed to pay any attention to the other. There was silence while a take was made and an actor bumped into a chair and spoiled the shot. Talk resumed and Bing turned to the girl.

"This is a dangerous business," he said.

Kathy Grant laughed. "I guess it is."

"By the way," said Bing, "my name's Crosby. I'm an old employee here."

"How do you do," said Kathy. "I'm Kathy Grant."

"Well, that's enough small talk," said Bing. "Now let's decide where we're going to have dinner tonight."

"Tonight?" said Kathy.

"Okay, if you're that eager," Bing smiled, "we'll make it lunch."

Not an average date

If the average man meets a girl and likes her and makes a date with her he trots around to her house about seven o'clock with a corsage under his arm, rings the bell and then takes her to the fanciest restaurant in town and maybe gives the head waiter a couple of bucks for a ringside table. But Bing Crosby reads the newspapers and he knows the score. He knew that the first time he appeared in public with Kathy Grant he'd get the works. He'd be reading how the still grieving widower had fallen in love. (In six hours?) He knew they'd tell again about the money and revive all the legends. So Bing operates differently. He called up a pal of his who had been recently married.

"Hey," he said, "I got me a date. What's for supper?"

And most of the courtship was like that. Bing and Kathy Grant met secretly and in the privacy of friends' homes. His kids liked her right away, so she spent a good deal of time in the Holmby Hills mansion. And when Bing went to Pebble Beach or Hayden Lake or to his ranch in Nevada, Kathy generally went along or showed up. Chaperoning was no problem because Bing always travels with a covey of business and social connections.

And that's the way it was for two years. Who's to say when love came? But it did. It must have. On Bing's part they say it was at first sight, and we believe it, because he was constant with Kathy from that first day on Stage Nine. As for Kathy, it had to be. She gave up a lot for Bing. She never wanted to be a contest cutie but she really did want to be an actress and she gave up a lot of parts and opportunities to be with Bing. When she wasn't by his side she was at the other

What does a guy want his date to be like? **sal mineo** tells all —with pictures— in the march **modern screen,** on sale february 5. Look for luscious **kim novak** on the cover.

end of the telephone with her bag packed. It was love all right—and mutual.

The gap of uncertainty

According to the way they tell it marriage was decided upon within the first six months. But there were problems. The main one was the difference in their religions. Bing has always been a devout Catholic and had raised his children in the faith. Kathy was a Protestant. Bing would not marry out of the church, so for a year Kathy took instructions in the Catholic religion—for a long time secretly. When she had accepted the religion as her own Bing began to worry about the kids. He decided that Kathy was a little too young maybe to bring home to mother a couple of 'teenagers, so he suggested they wait until the kids were on their own. And when that day came there was a gap of uncertainty.

What happened when that uncomfortable period of uncertainty passed no man can prove exactly, except Bing, Kathy and *possibly* a few very intimate friends who won't even discuss the matter. But suddenly there was a rash of press service speculations from Hayden Lake stating that Bing and Kathy had applied for a marriage license. When Bing could be reached for a comment—which was seldom—he replied in typical Crosby double-talk.

"Mr. Crosby," asked a reporter, "is it true that you have applied for a license to marry Kathy Grant?"

"Don't you think I'm a little old fo another round?" Bing replied.

It was like that for several days. Whe the story hit the gossip columns the is sue really became confused. And from source we value there came to us th story of the parting at Hayden Lake. The told us it was because of a quarrel tha couldn't be reconciled. Possibly becaus Kathy didn't want to wait anymore an Bing didn't like to be pushed. And the gave us the details. Kathy packing alon in the silent house with Bing looking ou the big window not wanting to think abou what was happening. And then the step on the walk and the car whisking Kath Grant out of a middle-aged man's life And Bing cracking up in his quiet wa when she was gone.

The happier version

That's one version of the story. Bu some tell it another way—with a happie ending—and we got the other version fron sources as close to Crosby as anyone ca get.

The scene is also Hayden Lake, early this past summer. Early one morning a official came to the door with a brief cas and was ushered inside to where Bing Kathy and a couple of friends were sitting Opening his briefcase, the official bega asking questions and filling in the space on a marriage license. When it wa finished he said, "Sign here, please," an Bing and Kathy signed. He took hi leave and when he got back to his office he buried the copies in a file.

That afternoon, according to our happy ending, Bing dressed and walked into the living room where a priest stood beside Kathy and the witnesses. He took his place at the girl's side. The marriag ceremony of the Catholic Church wa read and in the proper sequence Harry Lillis Crosby and Kathryn Grandstaff said *"I do"* and knelt for a solemn benediction. They rose as Mr. and Mrs. Crosby

Mum's the word

Of course, then, the parting had to b different. The woman sang as she packed and the man sat on the edge of the bed and watched her with happiness in his eyes. Her steps were quick with excitement. And his hands closed the suitcases and carried them to the walk in front of the house.

"It won't be long, Bing," she said. "It will seem long but it really won't be."

"It will be forever," smiled Bing, "but I'll make it."

"Am I doing the right thing?" asked Kathy.

"Go on off and be a movie star like you want," said Bing. "And when the time comes we won't have to keep any more secrets."

"You understand, don't you?" said Kathy.

"I had the same bug myself once," he answered. "Along about your time of life. I understand. See you in Hollywood. Just remember, mum's the word."

The door of the car slammed and then the tires made that rubbery crunch on the gravel in the driveway—and the face of the girl looking back out of the rear window disappeared around a bend in the road and it was quiet—but happy—at the cottage on Hayden Lake.

That's the ending we like best. Not just because it's the happy one, but because it's the one we really believe. **END**

Kathy Grant can currently be seen in Columbia's Reprisal *and will soon be seen in Columbia's* Guns Of Fort Petticoat. *Bing Crosby can currently be seen in MGM's* High Society. *Watch for him in* Man On Fire, *also from MGM.*

his love destroyed him

(Continued from page 33) of fierce machinery, Jim Dean pulled on his heavy crash helmet and dark racing goggles and tested the safety belt around his waist. His car, a compact rear-engined Porsche Super-Speedster, number 23, was capable of zooming to a top speed of just over 100 miles per hour—and Dean expected to reach the car's limit on the long back straight. He had bought the car earlier that same month and had managed to put a thousand miles on it before entering at the Springs.

Behind the narrow snowfencing, which separated the crowd from the track, hundreds of excited motion-picture fans who had thrilled to Dean's great performance in his first film, *East Of Eden*, strained for a closer look at the controversial young star.

88 days to live . . .

But Dean kept his head down and his eyes on starter Al Torres. Nothing existed for him now except the race. This was his first try in open competition, and he knew that in order to win he'd have to defeat a field of race-wise veterans. He knew also that the other drivers didn't think much of his chances, that they figured he was out for some cheap publicity. But that didn't bother Jim Dean. They were wrong. He was here because he *had* to be here, because he wanted to prove that controlled speed, like fine acting, was an art, and that he could do well in both. He was tired of being referred to as *that speed-crazy kid.* After today, Jim vowed, they'd call him a skilled driver. He'd see to that.

Starter Al Torres ran down the line of poised cars, checking to see that all engines were firing properly. Dean nodded to let Torres know he was ready.

Back at the front of the line again, Torres paused, the green flag waiting in his hand. Another suspense-filled second—and he leaped high into the air, the flag out and free!

Dean jammed his right foot down on the gas pedal and roared away to a perfect *Texas start.* That is, he managed to stampede past a number of other cars by cutting wide around the outside the instant the flag fell.

And the drivers knew they had a rough competitor in their midst. Down the first quarter-mile of front straight Dean's sneaking white Porsche was fifth and moving up fast.

Every tire-screaming turn brought him closer to the leaders. The crowds along the snowfence began to shout his name, urging him forward.

Now he was fourth . . . now third. Moving up, up . . . closing the gap between his car and the leaders. He let the Porsche out full down the long back straightaway, and the speedometer needle jumped 105 miles per hour on the dial. Another turn—and he had passed the second-place car and was moving for the leader.

At the end of the first lap, with the crowd half-wild behind the fence, James Dean screamed by his last rival to take the lead past the grandstands.

He did not smile or wave to his crew in the pits; he did not acknowledge the cheering crowd. He drove with his head lowered, his foot hard down on the gas, lost in the bright fever of the race as he often lost himself in the bright fever of a role. No one could catch him now. For five laps he held the lead, finally flashing the checkered flag with almost a full quarter-lap to spare between him and the second-place car racing behind the white Porsche.



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Dean had proven that speed was another art, and that he had mastered it beautifully. It wasn't just the spectators and the Jimmy Dean fans who went wild; the *race* experts did, too!

"He was out there to show that he was one of us," said Big Ed Tomerlin, who later piloted a Porsche to victory at Palm Springs. "After today, I don't think anyone will doubt him!"

Racing journalist Wilson Springer was greatly impressed by Dean's initial performance at the Springs. "Nobody expected Dean to go like he did. He went out and left everybody. He was really blasting . . going like a bomb!"

"The kid fooled us all," admitted one of the veteran drivers Dean had defeated. "He passed me at the most difficult point of the curve, and you have to know what you're doing to get away with *that* kind of passing."

187 days to live . . .

On the following afternoon of the two-day racing meet, Dean lined up his Speedster with twenty other machines for the semi-main event. His Saturday win had qualified him for this big one-hour race. Many highly-modified specially-built cars were also entered, cars which outstripped Dean's Porsche in gearing and over-all speed, but Jim was shooting for another trophy, and that meant he'd have to finish among the top three cars to get it. And this time he was up against the stiffest competition in the west.

Before the race, Jim waved his friends away. He needed to be alone; he needed, in his own words, to "loosen up." He explained it by saying: "Before I can get in there and drive I've got to unlimber. I've got to be right for it."

He proved, to driver and spectator alike, that he was *right for it* that Sunday afternoon by coming in second, after twenty-seven laps, behind the greatest driver on the coast, Ken Miles. Ken in his souped-up MG special came in first, and Jimmy got the second-place trophy.

"I never expected to beat Miles," Jim confessed. "I know that car of his can run circles around mine. Besides, he's a great driver—and I'm just a beginner."

Miles, a polished veteran of some ten years of racing in the United States and Europe, was moved by Dean's attitude on the track. "Dean was unique in the game. He was always careful with other drivers. He didn't seem to worry about his own neck, but he refused to take any risk involving another man."

Leonard Pruyn, recognized as one of the finest Volkswagen pilots on the Coast, found Dean's double win truly remarkable. "I still don't see how he did it," says Pruyn. "I've driven the Springs races on more than one occasion, and I know how tough that circuit is for a beginner. Dean was simply a natural. He was good from the beginning."

The beginning, for James Byron Dean, can be traced back to his home town of Fairmount, Indiana, and the small, dusty motorcycle shop of Marvin Carter. The tousle-haired twelve-year-old with the searching blue eyes would come into the shop after school and spend long, silent hours watching Carter assemble the complex parts of racing cycles.

Later, when he got to know Carter, he would amuse the shop owner by standing in front of a fake mike and calling an imaginary motorcycle race, lap by lap.

He begged his uncle Marcus for a cycle, but his uncle told Jimmy that he was too young to own one. Jim finally settled for a Whizzer motorized bike on his thirteenth birthday. He'd ride through Fairmount, losing his eyeglasses whenever the bike hit a bump in the road. Marcus estimates that he must have bought Jimmy "at least twenty pairs of glasses."

Dean traded in the Whizzer for a real cycle when he was sixteen. During his high school days, he would frighten his relatives and friends by doing dare-devil stunts on the swift two-wheeler. In one of his tricks he lay flat on his stomach across the wide saddle-seat at speeds up to fifty miles an hour.

"If he'd only fallen once, things might have been different," Marcus states. "Trouble is, Jim never got hurt on the cycle. Maybe if he'd had just one fall, he'd have learned to be afraid."

James DeWeerd, pastor of the Baptist Church in Fairmount, first taught Jimmy to drive a car. Dean accompanied the pastor to Indianapolis to watch a race at the famed Brickyard, and met the celebrated Cannonball Baker in the pits. All the way home Jimmy talked of auto racing. They discussed the possibility of sudden death on the track.

"I taught Jimmy to believe in personal immortality," Dr. DeWeerd recalls. "He had no fear of death."

When he broke away from Fairmount, in 1949, in order to try his hand at an acting career in California, Dean traveled across the country on his beloved Czech motorcycle. He could have gone by train or bus, but he refused. To Jimmy, the cycle was a necessity, a thing he treasured.

In California, he joined a little theater group and acted under the stage name, Byron James, in a gaudy musical, *The Romance Of Scarlet Gulch.* He detested the play and did not make many friends among the troupe.

During this period he wrote his aunt and uncle: "I could never get along without my little cycle. I guess I'll never sell it. It's like a brother to me. . . ."

He tried Santa Monica City College for awhile, and then UCLA. In 1951, he managed to snare a couple of bit parts in motion pictures, but he wasn't happy with Hollywood. James Whitmore, who was then conducting a small dramatics class, told Dean to go to New York if he really wanted to learn acting.

That meant selling the cycle, but Jimmy did not hesitate to make this sacrifice for a ticket east.

He struck pay-dirt at last in New York when he was accepted into the exclusive Actors Studio. Several roles in television gave him enough money for a down payment on a new cycle. He bought a Triumph, a British product, and would roar happily around Manhattan from one appointment to another, parking the two-wheeler in doorways and alleys overnight. Jim was always worried that it might be stolen.

The breaks kept coming, and when Elia Kazan decided on Jimmy for the moody role of Cal Trask in his film, *East Of Eden,* Dean knew that this was his big chance, the one he'd been hoping for.

But the week that Kazan signed him for the picture, Dean had a close call with the cycle, and the director told him to "get rid of it." Jimmy had planned on cycling back to California, but Kazan refused to let him take the chance. Jim compromised; he stored the Triumph and flew back west. "I'll send for her later," he told the garageman. "Just keep her shined and ready."

Upon reaching Hollywood, his salary was set at $1,000 a week. This meant that Dean could now fulfill an old ambition: he could buy a sports car. In May of 1954, Jim purchased a used MG roadster and drove the swift-cornering little machine zestfully around the film capital. He also sent for his cycle in New York, and added a Lancia motor scooter to h stable. In those days, his one luxu was speed.

"You'd see him zipping around t Hollywood hills," relates one of Jin friends. "Some people thought he'd bre his neck, but we didn't worry about hi One thing about Jimmy, he possessed amazing set of reflexes and his coordin tion was perfect."

Dean only kept the MG for six month It lacked the *go* he was beginning to d mand in a car and, in March of 1955, decided to buy a Porsche.

Nicholas Ray, who was then directi Jimmy in his second film, *Rebel Witho A Cause,* thought buying the Porsche w a good idea. "Jimmy wanted to race, I encouraged him," says Ray. "I thoug it would be good for him to do somethi on his own with clarity and precisior

Dean began to practice at once with t white car on the winding curves of Mu holland Drive, a mountain road separa ing Hollywood from the valley. Tw weeks later, with 1,000 miles on the ca he entered the Palm Springs race.

Jim's double win at the Springs whett his appetite for more racing. He bega to subscribe to overseas sports car jou nals, and planned to compete in the sa age 2,000-mile Mexican Road Race in la 1955. The race was subsequently call off.

Dean entered his Porsche in the airpo races at Bakersfield set for the first Su day in May. His goggles had been r placed by a helmet visor, which gave hi better vision, since he always wore h glasses when he drove.

Lew Bracker, a very close friend a one of Jim's pit crew, accompanied hi to Bakersfield. Bracker knew how mu sports car racing meant to the you actor, how serious Dean was about "His respect for his machine and the ski required to drive it well was incredible says the expert on car racing. "Th seriousness, his constant study of the t drivers, plus his tremendous competiti spirit combined to launch him on the ro to what unquestionably would have be a great racing career."

152 days to live . . .

Dean's race was the second of the da the six-lap, San Luis Rey Trophy ru This race was for both production cars which means a car which hasn't be changed in any way from all the oth cars that come off the factory productio line—and for souped-up cars. Agai Jim's car was severely outclassed b larger machinery, with at least five the nineteen car field having engines th were 25% larger than Jimmy's Porsch

This time, however, Dean was not take lightly. He was listed as "a seriou threat" in local papers, and much dis cussion went on in the pits about hi chances of finishing among the top thre cars.

When the green starting flag fell, Jimm booted his car through the massed pac driving steadily, passing faster cars o the tight corners, giving the Porsch everything on the straights. By the en of the sixth lap, when nineteen mil had been covered, Dean got the checkere flag! He had won! His car had come i third of all the cars, and first in hi class of car. A pair of highly modifie souped-up cars had beaten his produc tion Porsche home, but Dean's third plac win was considered a major victory b the track experts.

Charles Beaumont, a leading pilot wh has driven his own Porsche Speedste over the Bakersfield course, had this t say: "Dean was not what you'd call spectacular driver from an observer'

andpoint. He wasn't one of those wild
en who are on the ragged edge con-
antly. Like the European greats, he
rove very smoothly, so smoothly he al-
ost seemed to be 'dogging it.' The thing
, he was winning!"
In three races, Jim had won three
ophies which, for a beginner, was al-
ost unheard of. He was very happy
out his success on the track. Dean felt
at he was showing his critics that he
as a fine driver, who understood the art
fast driving as clearly and as genuinely
he understood the art of fine acting.

25 days to live . . .

The Santa Barbara road races came
ext, in late May, and Dean had his entry
early.
"I saw him at technical inspection,"
ys Dave Watson, whose own hot china-
d Jaguar was undergoing a safety
eck. "He was a loner, off to the side by
mself. But, he was very interested in
e other cars. I could tell he didn't miss
thing."
As luck would have it. Dean drew a
ry bad starting position.
Pushing hard from the outset, he snaked
s white Speedster through the field.
assing car after car in his relentless
ive for the leaders.
Then, a near disaster! Without any
arning, another Porsche cut suddenly to
e left, directly in front of Dean's hur-
ng machine. In order to avoid a crash,
m cranked the wheel and sideswiped
o of the packed haybales lining the
urse. His car bounced off the bales,
idded for several feet, and then
raightened. Dean's quick reflexes and
ear thinking had paid off.
Immediately, he resumed his former
ce—and by the fifth lap he had moved
s Porsche into fourth overall! Now even
e drivers in the pits were on their feet
d cheering. Could Dean catch the
ird-place car and snare another trophy
th only a single lap remaining?
Jim never got a chance to answer that
estion. He was closing rapidly when
s straining engine dropped a valve, and
coasted to a halt by the side of the
ack. Grimly, he watched the bright sea
cars he had worked so hard to pass
ar by him. His old rival from the
rings, Dale Johnson, took first place
th another Porsche.
And though he didn't know it at the
ne, this was Jimmy Dean's last race.
Director George Stevens wanted Jim for
ead role in his big production of *Giant*,
d that meant location work in Texas.
missed the Hansen Dam races in June
d the Torrey Pines contest in July. On
e chance that he might be able to run
Santa Barbara over Labor Day, he sent
his entry. But his luck stayed bad.

days to live . . .

He managed to attend the races, but
y as a spectator. His car was still
dergoing repairs in Hollywood; parts
uble had caused the delay.
Dean was gloomy and silent that eve-
g when he met some of his racing
ddies in the TALK OF THE TOWN restau-
t in Santa Barbara.
He didn't have much to say," relates
of them. "Jim wanted to whip his bad
k at this track, but he just couldn't
m to do it. When he spoke of doing
l in a race he told us: 'It's the only
e I feel whole.' "
n location in Texas, Dean talked con-
ntly of his racing plans. They included
ving a variety of cars.
All the time we were in Texas," said
Hinkle, the dialect coach on *Giant*,
kept talking about the big Mexican
d Race that he was going to enter."



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This race, properly called the Carrera Panamericana Mexico, is generally considered to be the most rugged contest for man and car in the world. Five Carreras were run in all, the last in November of 1954, and the greatest drivers of Europe and the U.S. competed. The 2,000-mile race, over the Pan American highway, was run in stages over five days, and simply to finish was an achievement in itself.

Dean had two cars in mind as possible mounts for the race. He would either drive a 550 Porsche Spyder or a modified Lotus with an Offenhouser engine. Before he left for Texas, Jim had made a down payment on the Lotus. He intended buying the engine at a later date.

"Dean's greatest ambition was to drive a Maserati on the Grand Prix circuits of Europe," says Gus Vignolle, the noted editor and sports car authority.

Starlet Lori March, visiting the set of *Giant*, found Dean pre-occupied with future competitive plans. "He told me that within six months he planned to take a minimum of a year off from WARNERS in order to race," she said.

Studio officials were not happy with Dean's love of speed. They saw in him a rich potential, and requested time and again that he give up the sport. Dean met them half-way by agreeing not to race while he was making a motion picture, but that was as far as he would go. During *Giant*, he wanted to bring his Porsche out to Texas and hunt jack-rabbits from the car, but Stevens turned thumbs-down on this idea.

Jim told one friend that he planned to sponsor a special track for 'teenagers who wished to learn sports car racing. He figured that this would be a good way to help combat juvenile delinquency in addition to contributing to the sport.

10 days to live . . .

Lew Bracker met Jimmy when he returned to Hollywood. He was plainly excited. "Listen, Jim," he said, "I spotted a new 550 Spyder in a car dealer's window today. It's for sale."

"How much?" asked Dean.

The next day, when they met again, Jim was smiling broadly and carrying a new Porsche manual. "Follow me," he grinned, "and I'll show you something."

It was the Porsche Spyder. Jimmy had traded in his Speedster and shelled out an extra $3,000 to get it. He told Bracker that he was entering it at the Salinas races set for the first week in October.

Dean's new car, the most advanced and fastest of the famed Porsche line of precision machines, was capable of a top of 150 miles per hour, and could accelerate with the best cars in Europe. Here, at last, was the car Jimmy had dreamed of owning.

Salinas was a long way up the coast, and Dean did not want to drive the Spyder that distance on open highway. "It's too dangerous," he said. The body of the 550 was made of very thin racing aluminum and the car lacked bumpers and a windshield. It had been designed strictly for the track.

Jimmy didn't want to drive the car up . . . he didn't want to be on that road that was destined to be his death-trap . . . but it was as if the fates were conspiring to have Jimmy and Death meet.

5 days to live . . .

The week before the races, Jim arranged to have the Spyder towed up on a trailer behind his Ford station wagon, but the eggshell-thin body was dented accidentally and the 550 was sent to the shop for body repairs. Unless the engine were properly broken in, racing it could cause serious damage. With only 800 miles on the odometer, Dean knew that the only thing to do was drive it up to Salinas.

The decision made, Jim wondered which friend he should ask along. The 550 could only carry one passenger, and Dean decided to ask his mechanic, Rolf Wuetherich, to keep him company. Then, if any trouble developed, Rolf would be around to fix it.

And so, a series of accidents placed Jimmy behind the wheel of his car on a road he never wanted to drive.

1 day to live . . .

He had his racing number, 130, painted in black on the body, and impishly added a nickname on the rear of the car: *The Little Bastard.*

3½ hours to live . . .

They left for Salinas around 2 p.m. on the afternoon of September 30th; Jim hoped to reach the track a day early and get in some pre-race practice with the Spyder. Photographer Sanford Roth and Bill Hickman followed in Dean's station wagon.

"I never saw Jim so happy," says Wuetherich. "He was singing and whistling and asking me question after question about the car."

2½ hours to live . . .

At 3 p.m., near the top of the twisting Ridge Route, they made a brief coffee stop. Dean was too nervous and excited to eat, and he kept talking about how well he thought the Spyder would do that week end.

"I told him not to try to win the first time out," says Rolf. "It was a big jump for him—from the Speedster to the 550, and I told Jim to try for a third. He agreed to follow my pit signals."

2 hours to live . . .

A little later, Dean received a speeding ticket for going 65 in a 45 zone. The Spyder seemed to strain forward under his hands; it was difficult to keep down its speed.

They had planned a dinner stop in Paso Robles just as darkness would be setting in. On the long, silent straights between Bakersfield and Paso Robles, Dean's foot pressed harder on the gas pedal; the silver-gray Spyder leaped ahead, the speedometer climbing up to 100. Jim eased off, smiling, enjoying the raw power of this sleek machine beneath him. Now he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

½ hour to live . . .

At 5 p.m., they stopped for the last time for coffee at Blackwell's Corner, a small roadside cafe. Dean met a fellow-driver there, Lance Reventlow.

"He talked a blue streak about the 550," says Lance. "He sure seemed to love that car."

Back in the Spyder's snug cockpit, Dean waved at Reventlow and accelerated away into the thickening dusk.

Highway 466 was long and straight and empty. Jim let out the Spyder a bit, squinting his eyes against the setting sun. They were headed west, toward the Pacific, and the day's heat was still intense.

Suddenly, at the narrow intersection of highways 466 and 41, a black-and-white 1950 Ford sedan began to turn into Jimmy's path.

Dean saw that the Ford was not going to stop; he cried out and his foot darted for the brake. Too late. The cars met almost head-on at the intersection.

The ripping, tearing impact threw Rolf Wuetherich nineteen feet into the roadside grass, breaking his hip.

The driver of the Ford, Don Turnipseed, received only minor scratches. After the accident, he kept shaking his head and murmuring: "I didn't see him. I swear I just didn't see him."

Time runs out . . .

James Dean, trapped in the low cockpit, was killed instantly.

For the restless twenty-four-year-old boy from Indiana, it was the end of the beginning. Death had come for him at the wheel of the car he loved best; it had robbed him of his future and extinguished his dreams.

"Jim was a very fine driver," says Rolf Wuetherich. "I watched him in all his races and he was one of the best in California. When he drove, he drove with his whole being. He could have been great."

Although films like *East Of Eden* and *Giant* had given Dean a chance to prove his greatness as an actor, the chance to prove his greatness as a driver had been denied him.

On September 30th, at dusk, on a lonely road to Salinas, the final checkered flag had fallen for James Byron Dean. **END**

Jimmy Dean can currently be seen in George Stevens production of Giant, *a Warner Bros. release.*

WAS JIMMY DEAN'S SPORTS CAR JINXED?

Just before Jimmy Dean started on his last drive, he painted his race number on the back of the new Porsche that was the apple of his eye.

Hours later he lay pinned behind the steering wheel, both he and the car mangled wreckages.

But though Jimmy Dean's breath had been stilled forever, the car was destined to continue its wave of destruction. Because parts of the Porsche were salvaged . . .

According to the story revealed by Gil Stratton, sports newscaster for CBS-TV Station KNXT of Los Angeles, the wreck's engine was used by Dr. William Eschrich in his own Porsche, at the Pomona Sports Car Races.

- *Dr. Eschrich's car was completely smashed, and the doctor seriously injured.*

The rear assembly was used in another Porsche in the same race, by Dr. Troy McHenry.

- *Dr. McHenry was killed.*

Was there some fatal jinx or hoodoo following James Byron Dean and his passion for speed . . . even beyond the grave?

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please ava, please—come home!

(*Continued from page 52*) Still, one day, some farmers in a donkey cart blocked the way. There was no hope and the farmers crossed themselves and gave themselves up to God . . . but the auburn-haired witch turned the wheels toward the sea . . . and had those wheels not hit a boulder that the natives insist had not been there before, the farmers are convinced that Cadillac would have flown into the sea.

We Americans are possibly too prosaic. We can only say that the car would *not* have flown . . . that the boulder *was* there and had it not been, Ava would have surely died in the Mediterranean. The Spanish ask, reasonably enough, *"how do you know?"*

We and the Spanish ask different questions. We'd ask not what supernatural force saved her, but what was it she was running away from . . . what is it that she's still running away from that she drives at such a speed . . . lives at such a speed? Ava has answered that question. "I haven't long to live," she has said.

We don't accept it as an answer, even though we're convinced she believes it.

The bull ring

That feeling that death will come soon, that death is in fact an old friend, is what has drawn Ava irresistibly to the home of death itself . . . the bull ring. There she has met others like herself.

With her beautiful red hair flying in the wind, Ava became a familiar sight in the area around Madrid as she sped to the bull farms of the neighborhood to join the matador Chamaco Silveti, or the American matador Harry Whitney. But most often it was Dominguin. . . . Dominguin, whose art it is to draw the empassioned bull closer and closer to his body till it seems theirs is more an act of love than of blood. Dominguin, the senior-ood of the arena, death's closest friend, a man of fiery temperament, who some said he loved, but who, at all events, she followed to all the bullfights of Spain. If he was only a friend, he was one so beautiful, so calm, with a smile so cruel that it hurt to even catch his glance. But he was as a friend less sentimental than Mario Cabre, the matador-poet who has written her almost as many sonnets as he has killed bulls in her honor. Once she loved him too. He wrote, "Your hair is like a golden treasure. Your lips are like the roses of the morning on the arena wall." But we are Americans. We write fewer sonnets, and perhaps it's our shame, for Ava is no less beautiful to us than she is to the men of Spain. But to us she is not a mysterious goddess. We find it no easier to explain her behavior than they do, but we tend to feel that there are real and tangible answers . . . if we could only find them.

The attempts are useless

The attempt to get these answers from Ava herself is useless. When we saw her in Spain, she wouldn't or couldn't answer. She had learned to shake her head in mild defiance. She wouldn't talk of her house or the secrets of her house. She would not talk of Frank Sinatra. She had come to Spain to *avoid* questions, because in Spain people let her alone. But even in Spain the questions kept coming.

Trying not to talk, not to think, she hated life as something to be drained each second. She would often sleep away days in order to spend the nights in secrets with Robert Sicre, or stage de-

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Photographed at New York's Famous Essex House.

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signer Herbert, or Portuguese actor Virgilio Teixeira, and mix with the singers and dancers, and make fun of her own reputation, and end the evenings at the famous *museum of drink* or the ZAMBRA, her favorite bar, where she seemed endlessly to be drowning her past sorrows.

But even though people stopped asking them, the questions were still there and the effort of holding them back showed, not in her beauty or her cat-like grace, but in the tremble of her fingers as she lit a new cigarette from the embers of the old . . . finally Ava would break away and the huge Cadillac would roar back to the 'house of the witch' and the gates would close . . and no one could say what happened inside.

What is truth . . . . what is fiction?

We suspect we know. She removed her shoes as she always did, and paced the floor, part *Barefoot Contessa* and part herself, from mirror to window, back and forth, trying to separate truth from fiction, her life from her acting roles: gypsy . . . witch . . . goddess . . . enchantress . . . little girl from North Carolina . . . public curiosity . . . public scandal. They were all the same . . they were all her, and none of them were her.

Her whole past made so little sense. She had left home a child, angry, unsure of herself . . . her photograph was placed in a store window . . . a movie contract came of it. She couldn't act to save her life, yet suddenly she was a star. As a sequence of events, it had no meaning.

Her marriages made even less sense. First there was Mickey Rooney, who treated her like a child. Then there was Artie Shaw, who treated her like an illiterate. She could almost forgive herself the two of them . . . at least, she could speak of them calmly. But Frank Sinatra was another matter. Not only couldn't she speak of him at all, she couldn't really divorce him from her life. The name on her passport remained *Ava L. G. Sinatra.*

As she paced the rooms of her house, she couldn't forget Frank as he was when she first met him: a youth owned by the world, bored with New York, run down, thin as a rail, nervous, careless about his clothes, one moment tender, the next violent—restless, foolishly sweet, aloof but yet irresistible. It was at a party in Palm Springs, that she said to him, "If I were a man like you I could not love me."

Now it seemed he did not. When he arrived in Madrid he did not call. And Ava remained alone in the house of the witch . . . sick and uneasy, chain smoking, drinking, remembering. When finally she came out again it was with the same old formula on her lips and she cried it on the shoulders of her intimate friends: "one house, one husband, a child."

That this husband would never be Frank . . . nor would the house be shared with him . . . nor the child his, was forever in her mind . the house was a place to mourn, to pretend . . . a tomb where she could be haunted in peace.

The outside world

But life was still strong in Ava. There were films to be made, if for no other reason than to provide money for this false but enormously expensive life.

So she regretfully closed the shutters over the windows of the house and the gray Cadillac roared down the gravel drive taking Ava back into the world.

The film was being made in Rome. It was called *The Little Hut* and was to be a comedy. That was fine with Ava. Life was a joke, wasn't it? So she set to work with a grim determination to be funny. Still, something was wrong. She had learned a sophisticated cynicism over the years and it showed in her work. Life *was* a joke, but an unpleasant one. If she couldn't learn to laugh again, really laugh, the film would be ruined.

And just as death had once been foremost in her mind, just as she had sought out matadors, now she sought out clowns.

Walter Chiari, handsome, charming, and very much *not* Frank Sinatra, is one of the top comedians of Italy. Once he was engaged to Lucia Bose, a young lady who ended up marrying Ava's old hero, Dominguin. But most important to Ava is that his profession is laughter.

That Ava wants him, to a degree, is clear in the fuss she made to get him a part in *The Little Hut.* That she wants him only to a degree is clear in that she still p Frank Sinatra records while on the

Chiari himself was at first wary. A reputation is that she is bad luck. fact, clear enough to all, was that nerves were taut as piano wires. There no way to predict what she might do.

Perhaps a witch . . . hardly a wife

But Chiari grew to like her eccentr ties: the way she kicked off her sh on the dance floor . . . the way she rived at a party in a dress that loo more like a priest's cassock than a thing else. And that received a rep mand from the Roman religious auth ties. To mix sex and religion, it see is the work of a witch. Chiari even li the way she could curse like a steved fight like a demon—once she actually *th* him out of her car onto the hard Ro pavement. This is all grounds for lau ter, but it is also the wild beast Spanish speak of . . . perhaps a witch hardly a wife.

But Chiari has told friends that a v is exactly what she will be, that he take her to the altar and there she be as docile as she was in his pare home the day she met them. Ava does bother to say *yes* or *no.*

But there is good reason for us to h that Ava will leave her strange Spa life and come home. Here, in the Uni States, is where Ava's problems sta and here they still exist.

To return home and face the past— pick up her divorce papers and admit t the old life is dead and begin clea the way for a new one will be the f step in the formula she's dreamed "one house, one husband, a child."

To pour out her witch's brew, and b this new life will be difficult, but if can direct her own strength and emoti she can do it. If she can accept the m lions of friends here in the United St who want to help her, that job of bui ing will be half done, and the house Madrid with the cast-iron witch turn in the wind may some day soon be o an exciting, strange, bad memory.

Ava Gardner can soon be seen in MGM's The Little Hut.

how natalie handles boys

(*Continued from page 51*) white Porsche, on a rainy day when they were working on *Rebel Without A Cause.* "Sit on the hood, Nat, and keep the windshield wipers going," he teased her, "and I'll give you all the castles in my kingdom, and I'll throw in a bucket of jewels." And the rain had come pouring down, but inside the car it was warm and safe and full of laughter. When she was with Jimmy she felt and thought and *was* the kind of girl that Jimmy wanted to be with —and he was what she wanted.

Then there was a night they'd been working late and, afterward, they'd taken off for the Planetarium. "I hope it's clear up there," he'd said. "If it is, we'll be able to see the whole city, it'll be like we're sitting on top of the world."

Like real rebels, they'd broken down the chain with the big sign *Planetarium Closed* that shut off the road ahead, and they'd driven across the fallen chain to the top of the hill. "If I didn't love him before that night," Natalie says, "I certainly did from the moment he started talking there." His voice had been soft, and he'd recited a mile of poetry, and most of the words she's forgotten—but not the night, not his face.

A while ago, she made a sentimental pilgrimage back to the Planetarium. It was another wet day, and she found herself caught by a sudden thought. "I wonder if it's raining in heaven today, and if it is I wonder if Jimmy is getting as wet as I am." And she laughed at herself, and then she started to cry and couldn't stop. "It's the loneliest time," she kept whispering, "it's the loneliest time—"

What might have been . . .

What might have happened between Jimmy and Natalie is no subject for speculation. They weren't a romance in the usual sense of the word, and many girls adored Dean as much as Natalie did. Natalie, however, achieved what many girls did not. A real understanding of a boy who often preferred to be misunderstood, a real friendship with a boy who made few close friends.

Today she carries a snapshot of his headstone in her wallet. To her, it's not macabre; she carries it the way she'd carry a soldier's dog tag or a faded letter, to remind her not to drive too fast, to remind her of a richness, and a loss.

With Jimmy Dean, Natalie was inclined to be reverent, to listen respectfully; with Nick Adams, she's more an equal, and their relationship has been mostly for fun. He calls her *Chort,* which means *little devil* in Ukrainian. They're both of Ukrainian descent. They share a tendency toward moodiness and unp dictability. They've read Thomas Wo together; they've given joint interviews MODERN SCREEN in which they admit they adored each other; they even ca terribly close to getting married.

It happened in Las Vegas. The two them and another couple had driven to the desert, seen Judy Garland's sh at the NEW FRONTIER, posed for innu erable publicity photographs—that was real reason for the trip—and swa danced, laughed. On their last day Las Vegas, Natalie came down from hotel room in a white dress, found N waiting for her strangely spruced up silk jacket and white slacks, and the n thing they knew they were standing i wedding chapel telling a lady with g hair that they wanted to get married.

Only the complications of licenses a witnesses stopped them. Once their hea stopped pounding long enough so th could think about the practical side things, they were suddenly seized w misgivings.

"Maybe—" Nick began, studying face.

"Maybe we'll wait?" she finished it him, and sighed with relief.

The magic moment passed

There's a time and a place for eve thing, and somehow that wasn't th

ıe or their place. Not that they hadn't
›ken of marriage before. Back when
talie was seventeen she'd told Nick,
ou're the only person I could live with!"
d he'd allowed that he'd given the mat-
some thought, and he felt pretty close
her too. The magic moment may have
ssed for Nick and Natalie, but they'll
ways care about each other.
And if you have any doubts that Natalie's
girl who is all things to all men, listen
Nick Adams:
'I don't know any man who has ever
d a bad word to say about Natalie,"
ll tell you. "She's like a little puppy,
t enjoying life and dating so much
ıt you get a lift out of hearing her
about it. You laugh a lot when you
out with Natalie—and you laugh with
:, not at her."
f, for a heartbeat, in Las Vegas, Nick
ams had hoped the prankish puppy
ght suddenly grow up and be all his, he's
longer brooding about it.
Right now, both Nick and Natalie are
lined to deny the whole Las Vegas
sode. They point out that they're
tholic, that if they'd been in a marrying
me of mind they'd have done it up right
h church ceremony and families
sent. It's a perfectly convincing story,
d you're free to believe it. Yet most of
evidence suggests that a Las Vegas
›ulse did indeed carry the couple to the
ge of the altar.
An acquaintance, trying to sum up
talie's attraction, the charm which keeps
es interested, put it this way. "She's
am. She loves to act, off-screen as well
on. So she relishes playing different
es with different men. But she doesn't
t *act* being different types—she feels
She *is* different with different men.
e night she's a bundle of fun with Nick
ams, the next night she's being elegant
d sophisticated with Nick Ray or Ray-
nd Burr."
What about Nick Ray and Raymond
rr? Well, it's like this . . .

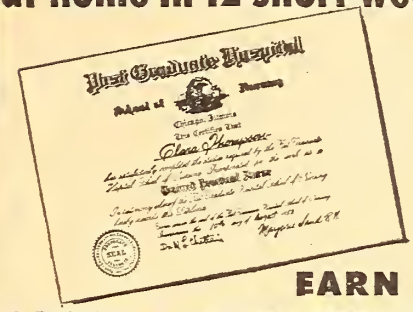
ıot-so-silly story

Tick Ray directed Natalie in *Rebel
thout A Cause*. Her family says her re-
onship with him has been strictly pro-
sional, that he introduced her to
iting acting techniques and that she
rshipped his ability and went to him
advice and encouragement.
She can't be bothered denying every
story that links her name with
k's," says Natalie's mother. But there
those who've thought some of the sto-
weren't quite silly. There were even
ıors that it had taken the full power of
studio to break up the romance be-
en Natalie and Nick, a romance that
considered unsuitable because the di-
›r was a good twenty years older.
Whatever the truth of the situation, Na-
e once more handled the matter skill-
y. She and Ray are good friends, even
ey don't date any more.
ne same goes for Natalie and Raymond
r, another older man. In March of last
:, one reporter announced that Ray-
d and Natalie would marry. Another
rter asked the public to pay no atten-
to talk of Natalie and Tab Hunter be-
e "her real heart is Raymond Burr."
April, Natalie made a not-altogether-
ligible speech. Raymond would visit
when she went to Honolulu with her
ner after she finished *The Burning
*, and she would go to Korea with
mond at Christmas. "We have an un-
tanding for the future, but I don't
to marry before I'm twenty-two."
day later, she amended her story.
been learning a lot from Raymond,
aid—but about acting, not about love.
hat was Raymond's attitude? Nobody
y. He didn't speak for publication,

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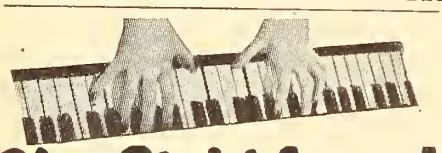
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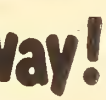


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but he kept right on 'phoning the girl, as if to bear out the theory of one of Natalie's friends. "Because she's growing into adulthood so fast," said this friend, "every man who goes out with her finds himself wanting to guide her and take care of her. This distinctly feminine quality is one reason for Nat's amazing popularity."

An M.D.'s wife?

When you come right down to it, Natalie's still popular with the very first boy she ever had a serious date with. His name is Brett Howard, and he's serving in the army, in Germany. He's handsome, he's a pre-med student, and he's *not* engaged. To Natalie, at any rate.

They first met, Brett and Natalie, when she was fifteen, and she wasn't allowed to go out during the week. Brett took her to the movies on a Friday night; they stopped later to get something to eat, and talked until past twelve. When they got back to Natalie's house, all the lights were blazing, and her parents were in a panic.

The astonished Natalie was impressed. And from that day, she's never gone out on a date without 'phoning home during the evening. Friends, catching the sudden 'phone-booth gleam in her eye, snap to and cry, "Pass the hat, she's off again!"

Although that night was an awful beginning for her friendship with Brett, the friendship endured. Natalie's mother freely discusses Howard and her daughter's future. "He's the kind of boy any mother would choose to have her daughter marry. Nice-looking, intelligent, kind, responsible. But he's going into medicine, and I'm afraid Natalie won't ever consider marrying anyone who isn't working in some phase of the theatre. Brett's also been away for over a year. He writes and sends cute presents, but my daughter is a terrible correspondent."

Advice to Tab

So much for Brett Howard . . . and on to another pal, Tab Hunter. Tab and Natalie first became an item, courtesy of WARNER BROTHERS. They co-starred together, and they liked each other. They became friends. Tab poured out his worries and hopes to Natalie, and she listened. That's a sure way to keep a boy coming back for more, whether or not Nat is aware of it—consciously! What *are* his worries? "He feels his career's in a rut," Natalie says. "He feels he's growing out of those boy-next-door roles, and his studio ought to find a real gutty sort of role for him. I think he ought to fall in love. It's easier to work out your life if there's someone really close to you—someone besides your family."

It's obvious that while Natalie thinks Tab ought to fall in love with someone, she doesn't consider herself a candidate for the honor. Still, she enjoys Tab, and marvels at him. They did a personal appearance tour with *The Burning Hills*, and the screaming fans, the interviews, exhausted Natalie, exhilarated Tab. "He thrives! And do the kids ever mob him. If I didn't like him so much, I'd be jealous!"

Sal Mineo is another boy whose friendship and affection Natalie has won by being a buddy. He says she's the most attractive girl in Hollywood. She's thankful that he thinks so, but roars if you mention romance. "Why, I'm older than he is!"

Lightning strikes with Elvis

But she wasn't older than Elvis Presley when he first appeared on the Hollywood scene, and for about two weeks Natalie and Elvis were inseparable. They went to the première of *The Bad Seed* together.

"He's a pixie," said Nat, "with a wonderful little boy quality," and newspapers predicted that lightning had struck, that this would be another Eddie-Debbie affair. Natalie enjoyed the fuss. If the sh fit, she was going to put it on right in fro of everybody. "Are you in love wi Elvis?" a reporter would ask, and Natal would look cherubic. "All the girls in t country are, why should I be different?"

Opinion varied. Some people vowed th Natalie and Elvis were only fooling. Aft all, they were seldom seen without Ni Adams. Then came the story that Elv had put the question to Nick. "Is she yo girl? If she is, I don't want to date her."

Nick's reported answer: "I *hope* she is

Natalie's next action was to announ that the only thing she was serious abo was her career. Whom did she love? "M mother!" After which, in early Novembe she flew to Memphis. Why? To visit Elv and his parents. A new flock of elope ment rumors, and a final word from Elvi "I'd be crazy to get married now. I lik to play the field."

Since this in general is Natalie's ow view, you can see why they'd get alon

Youth can be grim

"Natalie likes Elvis, but I don't thin she takes him seriously," says Natalie mother, and adds a bit of personal philoso phy. "This easy freedom that young gir have in working and playing with boy gives them an opportunity to know me better than we ever did in my day. Ha ing so many boy friends should help N talie know what she likes in a man, an she should be able to choose the right o for her—" But, the thought of choosi 'the right one' terrifies Natalie.

Take her latest trip to New York. Sh stayed in a hotel room which was crowde with flowers sent by Nick Adams an Scott Marlow, with whom she's also be reported "blazing," "quarreling" an "smoking from the same cigarette." Natal was perplexed. "I love them both," sh wrote in her diary. "Except that you ca love two people at one time, can you? C can you? Sometimes I think being you is pretty grim—"

If you can't love two at once, you sure can't love three, and where does Elvis i in? It doesn't matter. Whatever Natal feels about her various suitors, she'll g on being instinctively right in the way sh treats them. She'll go on being femm fatale, pal, puppy, sophisticate, whichev is right at the time. The proof of the pu ding is in the telephone, which never sto summoning her to this party, that movi a concert, a walk, a talk.

Natalie's secrets

Ask her if she hasn't got one teeny s cret she'd share with other girls, so th too may handle boys brilliantly, and sh says she gave her secret to MODERN SCRE months ago. But in case you missed it

"When I was little, and went to th movies, I noticed the kissing scenes. Eve time the leading lady was kissed, she look shocked, then haul off and slap th leading man. At the age of five, I talke a small boy into kissing me. Then smacked him. *I don't do that any more.*"

Don't smack 'em, don't bore 'em, do marry 'em in a moment of recklessnes Be amused at their jokes, care about the troubles. Read enough books so you' got a conversation of your own, stay clo to your family—Natalie decided again moving into an apartment of her own because a family can furnish advice needed and love enough to keep a girl fro doing anything foolish out of loneline

That's about all there is to the Wo system, and you don't have to be a mov star to make it work. You just have to the kind of girl Natalie is, and it all com naturally. EN

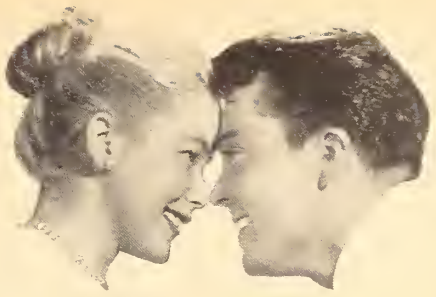
Natalie Wood will soon be seen in th Warner Bros. film Bombers B-52.

ex can be a handicap!

(Continued from page 31) looks is what
ells tickets, and you can't give them
nough of it. . . ."
Diana made the most of hers, and knows
. But she's frank enough to admit that
n appearance like hers can have its
rawbacks—professionally, as well as in
er private life.
This had already become increasingly
vident in school. Diana was born in
windon, a railroad town southwest of
ondon, twenty-four years ago. Contrary
report, she was not raised in a rail-
ad man's attic. Her father was a com-
aratively well-off minor executive for
e GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD, who could
ford to send his daughter to a private
hool. "And that's where my troubles
arted," says Diana.
Any girl who could win a pin-up contest
thirteen, as Diana did when she lied
out her age and enrolled at the annual
eston-Super-Mer Beauty Contest, ob-
ously had an eyeful to offer. Unfortun-
ely, her school grades at the time were
ite poor in everything except reading
d composition. The headmistress and
me of the teachers dismissed it by put-
ng Diana into the general category of
mb blondes who couldn't concentrate on
ything long enough to learn anything.
ctually, her lack of attention, her con-
ant talking in class and prolonged ab-
nces were simply from a lack of interest
school that amazed even her father!
One afternoon when she came home
ith an unusually poor report card—even
r her—he took her into the study, closed
e doors . . . always a sign of an impend-
g, serious talk . . . and demanded to
low why she couldn't do better. Her
nswer frankly floored him. "I think
hool's a waste of precious years," Diana
nswered matter-of-factly.
"And I suppose you know all the an-
vers!" he cried out.
"All that I need!"
Papa gave up. "Everything's been too
sy for you. But mark my words: you'll
ceive all that's coming to you. . . ."
ana agreed. Only her interpretation was
ghtly different. She didn't have the
ghtest doubt that this would include a
imming pool, a Rolls Royce, maids,
auffeurs and acclaim the world over. . . .

"Your good times are over"

Fortunately for Diana, her mother was
her corner—and not just as a passive
stander. While papa turned purple at
me of the goings-on, mama was pushing
r daughter in what she considered 'the
ht direction.' It had been Mother's idea
have Diana enter the *Weston-Super-Mer*
ntest, let her quit school at fourteen
go to London and study at the
ADEMY OF MUSIC AND DRAMATIC ART. In
t her Mother was definitely for every
y and means to get what she wanted as
n as she wanted it. This included going
with fellows "and having a good time
cause once you're married your good
es are over. . . ."
Asked whether it held true in her case,
ana admitted, "Marriage has its ad-
ntages and disadvantages. . . ." She
esn't talk about it much, but it's obvious
t one of the disadvantages of marriage
s based on that *handicap of sex* bit.
Diana's interpretation of mama's advice
make the most out of each opportunity'
her into some pretty tense situations.
at she considered innocent reactions
e interpreted quite differently by mem-
s of the opposite sex. Like the two
who whistled appreciatively as they
ed her on Swindon's main street one
rning. Diana turned around, beaming.
wonder they made a prompt about-



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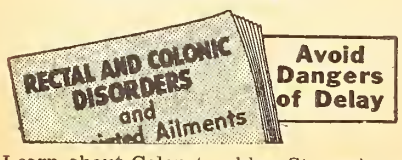
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face and followed her clear to the house!

That was not an isolated case. Her enthusiastic response to such appreciation made her the most whistled-at girl in town! And when her father insisted this was "no way to behave," and she tried to take his advice, it proved next to impossible. A figure like hers—and this was at fourteen, mind you—was an open invitation for wolf calls.

Since Diana was mature beyond her years, it wasn't surprising that boys asked her for dates earlier than they might have otherwise. And it's safe to assume that this was responsible for her becoming engaged at fourteen and finding out the meaning of heartache before most girls that age ever get kissed.

She had met the GI from Texas a few months before the war was over. He was nineteen. Of course he didn't have the faintest idea how old she was. By then she was so used to passing for seventeen, half the time she believed it herself.

Engaged

"We met, dated a few times, and before I knew what had happened, I was engaged to him," Diana recalls.

When the war ended, he was sent back to the United States, discharged, and returned to college.

Diana will never forget the first letter she received after he was out of uniform. As always, she had met the mailman half way down the block, practically torn the letter out of his hand and started to read it before she ever got back to her house.

It was the usual, emotional love note which got her in the usual tizzy. He wanted to marry her more than ever—but first he had to finish pre-medical school. That would take four more years.

"He might as well have said forty!" she recalls today. "At that age, a girl can't wait for years. Sure we wrote one another. But gradually the letters fizzled down to nothing. By the time the four years had elapsed, I was Mrs. Dennis Hamilton."

She failed to add that she'd also been engaged to a director in between.

Her move from Swindon to London to study dramatics helped her forget her first unhappy love affair. It brought her new friends, new interests, new ambitions and the same old problem of having to prove that she was more than a sexpot.

It's easy to see why—as she grew older—fellows took to her more and more like ducks to water. Yet few of them gave her credit for having brains, and fewer cared.

Type casting

Of course, the fellows who got to know her better—particularly her classmates at school—soon found out that she was one of the smartest cookies to get into the Academy. They had no doubt that she'd succeed in anything on which her heart was set, professionally, and that they'd better be on the ball themselves if they wanted to keep up with her, intellectually.

Diana admits that she wasn't really too bothered about what men thought of her privately. If sex was a handicap, it had ample advantages, too. But with her career it was a different story, at least in the beginning.

Once she got into the Academy, she thought, her problems would be over. They had only just begun.

Her first role was that of a vamp. So was her second, third, and all the others. Everytime they wanted a girl to bat her eyelids the director cried out, "This is Dors!" She never got a chance to do anything else. It was the same story after she got into pictures.

A casting director for the J. Arthur Rank Organization saw her in a school performance, gave her a screen test, signed her to a ten-year contract, and promptly assigned her the role of a dumb blonde in a thing called *The Shop At Sly Corner*.

One part followed another in quick succession and they were always the same—hussies. Not till she did *Yield To The Night* a year ago did she get a chance to show that she could act.

Because of the same, eye-filling handicap, Diana also had a tough time with the press. From the day she was first brought to their attention, the questions put to her were remarkably alike. Reporters cared little about her family and dramatic background, less about what she had read and where she had travelled. But they were uniformly interested in her measurements, her opinions on sex, men, anything else that was 'good copy.' But remarks like *"What do you expect from a girl like her?"* were not uncommon.

That pool dunking affair

As a matter of fact, the only smart thing with which she was credited was the incident which, Diana claims, wasn't her doing at all—the famous dunking affair when, at a party at her Beverly Hills estate, she was pushed into the pool by a photographer who was promptly chased and beaten up by husband Dennis Hamilton. "I'd never stage such a cheap trick," Diana insists, but agreed that it certainly hadn't hurt her cause to have her picture on the front page of practically every newspaper in the country the following morning!

She got her first taste of *fame* in London—and found the recognition rather pleasing. But after a while she got her fill of it. "There's a limit to how much attention a girl wants. . ." And after her marriage, her husband's limit was the cause of many a jealous argument.

Wherever she went, male heads swished around in her direction. At restaurants, theaters, on the street, every place, all the time, she was the center of attraction as hordes of admirers closed in on her. And some were more outspoken than others!

The situation didn't change any after she became Mrs. Dennis Hamilton, following a five-week courtship. While her career had temporarily sagged—without Hamilton, she might have chucked it altogether—her fans certainly hadn't forgotten her. They waited for her to leave her tiny apartment in London's Kensington district, followed her on the streets and showed signs of appreciation in all sorts of ways.

Just a hideaway

As could be expected, this became worse as her career picked up again. At least with the money Diana earned, she and Dennis could now afford a hide-away—if there had been such a place.

Dennis, who'd been active in the real estate business for a number of years, surprised her one evening with the announcement that he had found "the perfect place, away from everything."

"Where?" she cried out excitedly.

He wouldn't tell her. "I'll take you there tomorrow morning."

She didn't sleep the better part of the night, dreaming of the little cottage he had picked somewhere in the vicinity of London. Her face lit up in pleasant surprise the following day when they drove through the gates of a fashionable, fifteen-acre estate on the banks of the Thames River. It was so isolated, no one could possibly find it without detailed directions—they thought.

Three days after they moved in, Diana got into her car and headed for the gate. She had planned to get out to open it. It wasn't necessary: two fans who'd been patiently waiting since early morning were happy to oblige.

The next time she left the house, there were more than just a few peering over

ne fence, and the number steadily increased till she couldn't take a walk in the arden without eyes popping up from some antage point.

low to dress

Another problem for a girl with prooctive measurements, says Diana, is the uanner in which she can dress. She solved er problem by acquiring a 'double' perpnality. In private, she goes overboard n simplicity. No tight sweaters, low-cut owns, or other thought-provoking garents that might stimulate hard-to-control motions. That, however, doesn't eliminate complete about-face for 'career situaons'—and it's a calculated move to draw very bit of attention to herself "when the tuation warrants it" says Diana—which neans every time she faces more than two eople who aren't relatives.

When she was invited to the *Venice ilm Festival* last year, for instance, she as "convinced that the press expected me o appear in something startling." After earching all week for a garment that ould do the trick, she came up with a esign all her own: a mink Bikini that ad more than the desired effect: a deachment of his Majesty's Royal Marines n leave in Venice got into a fight to see ho could get closest to her, and three atives got so excited that they fell into he Grand Canal as she floated by on top f a gondola.

Quite often, Diana wails, her actions ave given her a reputation for brainlessess where quite another trait should have een blamed. She was referring to her abit of spending money like a drunken ailor on a three-day pass.

low she has it—now she doesn't

She bought her first car at eighteen—a eek after she'd lost her movie contract. t was a tired, broken-down Ford V8 that noaned and groaned. But Diana thought nat a future movie queen should have ransportation, and she acquired it by way f a time-payment plan.

Somehow she managed to scrape enough ogether for the first and second installents, then the money gave out. And then ayment number three became due.

When she left her flat the morning after he deadline, she noticed that the air had een let out of all four tires of her car, ourtesy of a loan company representative ho wanted to keep her from using it.

If the tires could be fixed, Diana reaoned, she would be able to move the car omeplace where the loan company ouldn't find it, till she managed her payents again. Her idea was promptly put to action with the help of an admiring oung neighbor, who fixed the last of the flats just as the man from the loan company walked up. "Thanks," he said, got into the car, and drove it away.

This taught her a valuable lesson: it's just as easy to owe a lot of money on an expensive car as a small amount on a cheap one. And so she bought a Rolls Royce when she didn't even have enough money to assure the second payment!

The salesman who finalized the deal shook his head in amazement. "Blondes!" he mumbled to a fellow employee.

"What are you worried about?" was the laconic reply. "You still get your commission on the down payment."

The only one who wasn't worried was Diana. So what if other girls became successful first and then lived like stars? Somebody had to be different. . . . Besides, it would bring her luck. And it did. One day after the car was delivered, she was signed to a new contract.

More success—less money

Her financial dealings have by no means become more conservative with success. Last year, Diana and Dennis went to the South of France to try their luck at gambling. Within two days they lost every penny they had. Another twenty-four hours later they lost everything they could borrow. Luckily they met a kind soul who financed their trip home.

Far more amazing than these comparatively isolated spending sprees seems her manner of living, from her Rolls Royce, to her 400 birds, and over a dozen servants—while constantly being in debt! To many of her associates this is further proof that sex and brains seldom go hand in hand. But are they right?

Before making up one's mind, it might be smart to take into consideration that this girl has become a star and world celebrity at twenty-four!

You listen to Diana Dors—and you look at her—and you think, so *what's the beef? So there are men making with the wolf calls all the time. And all they look at is the face—and the* (WHISTLE-WHISTLE) *rest of her—and never think there could be something upstairs that makes it interesting to talk to this dish? Soooooo? So what's so tough about that for a gal to take?*

So sex is a handicap—but hasn't Diana made it pay off over and over again? Sure.

Except in her personal life. There, the sex-queen of them all got what she wanted—but her blonde loveliness did as much to lose it for her as it ever did to get her the man she loves.

Yes, sex *can* be a handicap. **END**

Diana Dors will soon be seen in RKO's I Married A Woman *and* The Lady And The Prowler.

y love life

(*Continued from page 39*) break as well. married young, at sixteen, but unfortuately it didn't work out, and the scars e still with me.

Meanwhile, there's a wonderful man in y life named Mickey Hargitay. He makes e feel that I've never been really cometely loved before and it just seems so ear to me to have someone's love like this. Even with all the talk about it, all the ngs written about it, love is a funny ing when it hits you. If it hasn't happned to you, you just don't know what person is talking about when she says e's fallen in love!

I don't think I'm the fickle type, but always thought Director Nick Ray as *the* man until the night I met Mickey. was during the Broadway run of *Will ccess Spoil Rock Hunter?* Mae West as playing at the LATIN QUARTER. I wanted to see her act, having always been an admirer of hers.

My producer, Julie Styne, took me over to the LATIN QUARTER after the evening performance of the play. Mae came on stage flanked by a line of men with super torsos wearing white shorts.

I saw Mickey standing there at one end of the line. He kept looking and looking at me. Naturally, I reacted. He was a *beautiful* man.

The end for Jane

Turning to Julie I grinned, "Julie, you get me a steak for my dog and that one on the end for me!" I was kidding, of course.

So what happened after the show? There came Mickey down into the audience and right over to our table. He was *so* big—terrific shoulders, broad chest, and just about the slimmest waist. It embarrassed me to have him standing there all of a sudden so close to me. Just to say



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something, I asked, "What do you eat to keep your muscles like that?"

He didn't think that was funny. He's very shy about his physique. "Look, I don't want to talk about it," he cut me off.

A little later we all strolled out of the club together and went our separate ways. Julie and I had scarcely reached my apartment in the Hotel Gorham when the 'phone rang and the maid said, "Miss Mansfield, there's a man on the phone."

It was Mickey. I told him I was saying good night to Julie and asked him to call back in ten minutes.

After Julie left, I changed clothes, got comfortable, and waited for Mickey's call. We talked on and on for what must have been hours. It was like we were old friends and not two people who had met barely an hour before.

"I'm going up to Syracuse in two days with the show," Mickey told me. "Can I see you before I go?" I told him to come over to the apartment in the morning, suggesting that he go with me on a publicity jaunt to Brooklyn.

Mickey was there bright and early and off we went with Philip, my little chihuahua. Something happened to us that day, the kind of spontaneous thrill that catches a couple up to the clouds. It wasn't what we did. Or said. It was just really discovering each other and finding that we were already terribly fond of each other.

Mickey minus Mae

Mickey was gone two weeks and when he came back he was without a job. Mae West and he did not see eye to eye so he decided it would be best to leave her show.

The week end Mickey came back to New York found me in a grand mix-up with men. They'd caused a real crisis in my young life. I thought I'd just die. At this point I was still dating Robbie Robertson, the handsome airlines pilot I'd known all the previous winter.

Before coming to New York I'd seen a lot of Nick Ray and now suddenly came word from Nick that he was arriving Sunday. Mickey was due back Monday. You don't know what I went through trying to figure out how to avoid hurting these three men.

Saturday night I went out with Robbie to El Morocco and told him that I was going to have to see my other friends, too. Sunday night I went out with Nick. It was a very special kind of night and I really wasn't sure that I was not in love with him. I was really mixed up!

But the next morning when I went out to Idlewild Airport to meet Mickey, he was so sweet that my feelings for him rushed back on me. What confusion! Which one was it?

The problem was solved, temporarily at least, when both Nick and Robbie left town. From that point on, Mickey and I went together until my return to Hollywood last fall. It was the longest period I've ever dated steady in my life, almost six months.

To Hollywood and Nick

When I flew back to Hollywood with my six-year-old daughter Jayne Marie, Mickey came along. He's hoping to get into pictures too, or he may open a physical training gym in Hollywood.

The other morning Mickey came by the house about nine. I was choked up and cried when I found what he'd done. He'd taken my record player to get it fixed without even telling me. That to me was so wonderful. He's always doing something for me and thinking of ways to smooth out any little problems that may come along.

Then he began describing how a built-in dresser should be put into the bedroom in my next house. While we were talk about it, he glanced at the clothes in closet and said, "I love every dress, ev sweater, every piece of clothing you ha

Mickey himself had an unhappy marriage, but this, he says, is really first time he's been in love. He thinks perfect. I'm not, but that's love. I th he'd do literally anything for me.

My personal discovery with him been that a younger person can also mature. I always have liked maturity men, which explains Nick, who is fo five, and Robbie, who's thirty-eight. fore Mickey, I'd never considered da anyone younger than that. But Mic is just twenty-six.

Oh, I dated Lance Fuller, Hugh O'Br Race Gentry and boys like that whe first came to Hollywood. But those w ice-cream-parlor sort of dates—noth more than pleasant friendships.

The five year plan

I'm not thinking of marriage anyt soon again. Not for at least five ye I'm working hard to build my career.

I'm aiming for the top in motion pictu There's such a feeling of accomplishm resulting from my work.

I've always followed my heart with men. Before Mickey, Nick Ray alw seemed to be the most important man my life. I had dated him since signing first studio contract at Warner Bros. was making a picture on the lot whe first arrived and we got to know e other over lunch in the commissary.

I went with Nick a lot and liked h tremendously. He is quite a bit ol than I, mature and sensitive. He's su cessful, knows what he is doing and wh he is going.

Old reliable Robbie

Robbie Robertson and I became quainted on a return flight from a Te personal appearance tour. I was sitt in the back of the cabin with three or f other pilots waiting to land as we ca in over the mountains. They called Rob on the intercom system and said, "Yo better get back here Robertson. The something you shouldn't miss." In a minutes he came wandering back and first thing I noticed was his stunning ch coal-gray hair.

We discovered we both drove sp cars. He had a white Thunderbird. I h a pink Jaguar. So we bet a dinner Chasen's that my car would outrun We never did have that race, but out that meeting came a lot of fun for us.

Robbie is a nice, romantic character. used to call him *Old Reliable*, he was sweet. He'd walk my dog in the snow Madison Square Park during my f months in New York when I had jus couple of little rooms in the Madi Square Hotel.

At that time I thought I'd only be st ing in New York for two or three mont then I'd be able to get out of my contr and back to Hollywood. So there we w in this tiny place—Jayne Marie, my m Esther, my great Dane, three cats Philip, the chihuahua, and me.

I thought I loved Robbie pretty mu then, more than I ever did at any oth time. He always wanted to run away get married in Mexico. He offered me six carat diamond ring for my birthd But I turned it down. Robbie knew feeling for Nick. He was always top on the ladder.

The society kick

Many other men hung around me New York but I didn't love any of the One of them—I won't name him—was typical wealthy Manhattan bachelor t with the most fabulous penthouse on P

venue. There were original Renoirs on
ne walls, carpeting about a foot thick and
real live butler just like they have in
ne movies.

For a short while I was on a society
ick and dated Oleg Cassini, who used to
e married to Gene Tierney. Socialites
ve blonde actresses and we are readily
ccepted into the group. We'd all go to
L Morocco for dinner and dancing. Very
nic and très gai. I wore black until it
ame out of my ears.

But it was more the thought of doing
than really going that had the biggest
ppeal.

I followed my heart and went out with
obbie again. He had never seemed so
weet. The real me can't go for the snob
outine. I value a person's friendship for
is personality and his inner being, not for
hat he does or how he makes his living.

he ex-husband, Paul

These men that I've come to know since
eaching Hollywood and New York are
uite different from the Texas boy I
arried when I was sixteen.

I met Paul Mansfield on New Year's Eve
Dallas. My girl friend, Joyce Wheeler,
new Paul and introduced us. We were
emendously attracted to each other at
nce.

He was a student at North Texas
gricultural College in Arlington, a town
ear Dallas. That didn't stop him from
etting in to see me from then on.

We were secretly married a month and
ree days after we met. Because it was
secret marriage, we both went on living
home. It was terribly difficult with my
arents asking me to be in every night by
n and a husband waiting outside for me.

I didn't know a thing about babies or
ys. I began to get morning sickness and,
t knowing what it was, got a medical
ook to help explain my symptoms. When
found out I was pregnant, I told my par-
nts. They were kind and forgiving, but
y mother wanted us to be remarried be-
use she'd always wanted to see her only
aughter wed.

So three months later, on May 6, 1950, we
ent to the same little marriage chapel
Fort Worth where we were married
riginally, and had the ceremony repeated
r our parents' benefit.

college education

Then Paul was ordered to report at
amp Gordon, Georgia, for summer train-
g. He'd been in ROTC in college. My
rents didn't think it was right for me to
along because of my pregnancy. I was
ll pretty much of a child, then. Of
urse, if I had it to do over again, I'd go.

I stayed home with my parents that
mmer while Paul was gone and knitted
oties and quilts for the baby. When
ul returned he enrolled at the Uni-
rsity of Texas in Austin, but I stayed
with my folks until the baby arrived on
vember 8.

She was a perfect little thing. We named
r Jayne Marie.

I came home with the baby, and after
o months I joined Paul at Texas U.
e didn't have any money, so we ar-
nged to have our classes staggered so
t one of us baby-sat while the other
s in class.

In addition to taking care of the baby,
tting our meals, keeping the apartment
asonably clean, and carrying twenty
urs of courses, I held down two jobs at
e same time to bring in a little more
ney.

I modelled in the mornings from eight to
ven at the Texas Federation of Wom-
s Clubs. Jayne Marie went along in her
gy. From eleven to five I attended
sses. Then dinner, making the baby's
mula and folding diapers—and finally

I worked from seven to eleven p.m. as a receptionist in a dancing studio. I lasted for three months before practically falling on my face.

Jayne's stage career begins

On week ends, at every opportunity, I worked on the stage. I played a lady-in-waiting in a Shakespearean production, and Paul and I did some work with the Austin Civic Theater. We did song and dance routines between acts and I played Fanny Morgan, the drunkard's wife, in *Ten Nights In A Bar Room.*

We had an interesting life in those days. We were very much in love, or at least we thought we were.

But Paul and I were striving for two different things. He had his own ambitions and I had mine. He didn't feel my education was necessary. If you're not like I am, it's difficult to understand how necessary it is. Now I have three and a half years of college behind me and a bet for a $5 steak dinner with a New York columnist that I get a degree some day. I will too, by completing that final half year at UCLA one of these days.

After Paul graduated from college, he had two years of army service to fill. He returned to Camp Gordon, and this time I went with him. We lived in the most destitute of places—an old army barracks on the post which was on its last feet.

I had promised Paul I wouldn't work, so he let me take ballet lessons. First thing I knew, this got me in trouble. I used to practice out in the back yard in a black leotard. There were always squads of soldiers marching around the post in drills and they'd stare and stare at me.

The Officer's wife

One afternoon an officer's wife paid me a call. She was all dressed up, even in that humid summer heat. She wore gloves, a hat and smart gown. She explained that I was distracting the soldiers and that the ballet lessons should not be practiced in the yard. Honestly!

The officers' pool on the post was not too attractive, so I used to ride on the bus 'most every afternoon to the enlisted men's pool in town. It was much larger and nicer. Generally I wore my leopard-skin bikini, which made quite a hit.

I might have known it. In a few days, the officer's wife was back again, hat, gloves and all. She explained that it wasn't proper for an officer's wife to swim in the enlisted men's pool. I gave that up too.

One day the order came through that Paul and I had been fearing, ordering him to overseas duty in Japan and Korea.

It wasn't long after Paul came home from the army that we headed for Hollywood. And it wasn't long after that that I knew our marriage was breaking up. One night I came home and told Paul I was going to get a divorce. I knew it was tearing him apart the way we were going and there just didn't seem any sense to continuing it.

My love life . . .

I've dated many men. But the big four who have most affected my life to date have been my ex-husband, Nick Ray, Robbie Robertson and Mickey Hargitay.

I won't get my final divorce decree for a year and don't plan to remarry for at least five years. I'm only twenty-three now and can have babies until I'm forty. Mickey understands all this. He is wonderful. In fact, I guess I could say that I find just about everything in life these days pretty wonderful. But it's been a long hard climb, the road to Mickey and happiness.

END

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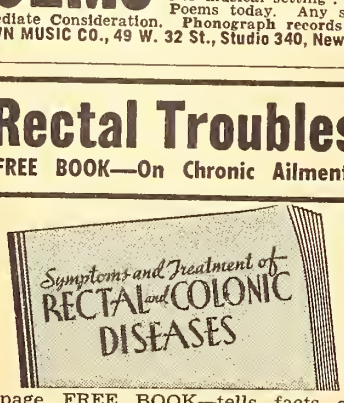
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what dancing can do for you

(*Continued from page 47*) takes you out of yourself as much as dancing does. It isn't just a matter of the exercise which your muscles are getting; there is something to movement in rhythm which is a tremendous source of inner satisfaction.

I have two sons. Nick is fourteen, the other is Tony Jr. and he's six. My husband is always either preparing to leave for one of his tours or has just returned from one. We haven't too large a home and it doesn't take much, as in most households, to disrupt daily routine. There have been mornings when I have hated to get out of bed and face the day, but these, I always know, are the very mornings when I must not miss my practice at any cost.

Five minutes after I have stretched myself about a little I am beginning to feel better. Bit by bit, as my blood begins to circulate and my head clears I start to come alive. A dance teacher once explained this well. "Too many of us use our bodies only as shells within which we crouch and stew, instead of letting them function as they were designed, letting them skip and leap and whirl until we fairly sing inside with the fun of it!"

What he meant is that you don't have to *learn* anything when you dance . . . you gain just in the dancing! You don't dance to become *professional*—you dance for enjoyment only.

Something good happepns

For instance it did wonders for a friend of mine, a mother of two small children, who realized one day that she was coming apart . . . in more ways than one. Her hips were spreading, her flesh softening generally, and her very attitude towards her role as a wife and mother becoming dull and apathetic.

When I suggested dancing class she shrugged her shoulders indifferently. When I actually got her to show up at the studio her muscles fairly creaked as she tried a few steps and she protested that she couldn't possibly continue. But I kept after her, and she came back, and finally it began to mean something to her.

"I don't know how to put it," she told me, "but it's just as if I am sure something good is happening to me."

Something good was. There was a weight reduction and she became sleeker, firmer. "I never thought I'd ever look like this again," she said. And something else . . . she gained in contentment. Periods of boredom which she used to experience came more infrequently, and this resulted in a general contentment with her lot.

Join a class

When I am not working in a picture and have to dance my hour and a half a day for exercise, I never do it just at home and alone. It would work out just as well if I could, but I can't. I plain need company. So I always attend a class, any class. There will be children there, some older girls, and a few professionals who must stay in shape. I also like to attend class because it seems to give the whole idea of my dancing more meaning; I have a place to go and something to do when I get there. I would earnestly suggest that, if possible, anyone turning to dancing for personal help join a class rather than try it alone. It helps to be with a group and it helps to be trying to learn something . . . especially when there has been achievement.

Like when Fred Astaire and I were rehearsing for our routines in *Silk Stockings*. Every so often he'd come in and announce that he planned to stop early came to learn that this never meant thing. "Today we'll stop at three," h say. But at three we would be so involv in some new routine which he was ori inating that there'd be no mention of qu ting! On we'd dance . . . and love because we were accomplishing somethi

Dancing—a matter of spirit

There are many ideas about danci that just aren't true, like the idea th it's a matter of strength and muscles. isn't, of course. It's a matter of the spi —you'll get all the muscles you'll need you have the spirit of dance. And do ever be afraid that dancing will give y misshapen muscles. If your build a leg form is a nice one, dancing will no way enlarge or overdevelop them. I proper training and overwork can do t of course. Sometimes the result is knott calf muscles and thick thighs, but it is r likely. Most important is the fact that you have a good figure to begin wi dancing will enhance it—and if your bu is not as shapely as you'd like it to dancing will help make it so.

The body moves best in dance when streamlined, and this is the direction t wards which dance exercises and mov ments tend to develop you. The musc grow where you need them; they co off where you don't.

Friends of mine who have girls alwa ask if I approve of ballet lessons for the Of course I do. It's the best training youngsters. As in the case of adul the benefits go far beyond the dancin For instance, because they are being e posed to one of the arts the pupils usua become interested in other forms of Interest is aroused in music, painting a literature, because these are so much part of the great classical ballets. Th become fascinated, in many cases, by costumes, their designs, and in gene they become aware for the first time the magnificence of the cultural wo around them.

The secret of beauty through dance

Next, and of course of tremendous i portance, the little girl who starts a b let course learns grace of movement a that great secret of beauty—posture. long ago I saw the renowned danc Ulanova, in a film version of *Romeo A Juliet*. Ulanova, who is forty-seven, play the seventeen-year-old Juliet, and *mov* as if she were seventeen! This is the ma which ballet training had brought her

Sometimes I am asked how old a should be to begin ballet work. Perso ally I think she should not begin un she is at least six, preferably not until s is eight. With the smaller tots the co dination necessary for ballet is lackin they look cute but they are not learni By the time they should be learni they have often lost interest because th hasn't been any progress.

Choose a reputable school. Choose good teacher. Dance magazines list number of fine schools and teachers in parts of the country. It isn't difficult find either. After all, I grew up in wh would seem to be a pretty improba place for a girl who wanted to learn bal —Amarillo, Texas. Yet I found a sup teacher there who could teach me the fi traditions of the dance.

I wish to repeat only one '*rule*' here . the most important: *move and stand o in grace.*

This is what dancing can do for y . . . whether you ever learn to dance not!

Watch for Cyd Charisse in MGM's S Stockings.

hat a difference a son makes

ntinued from page 55) nastics, and she d, "Oh Chuck, you're so uninhibited." hat's not what *every*body thinks," uck replied.

But as a matter of fact, the baby *has* nged Chuck. Once, before the baby he, Chuck didn't like a picture he was king, and people around him called n *God's Angry Man.* I couldn't imagine one saying that about Chuck now. matter what the cares or the tensions the day have been, just a few minutes' nping with Fray when he gets home d he's his old, carefree self again.

And Chuck is much more outgoing and ndly these days—just because the baby We're both not much for the small talk t goes on at parties. We both like peo-, and enjoy small gatherings of about people or so. But big parties, with rdes of a hundred or more, are some-ng else again. Time was when the ng Chuck used to do would be to seek the nearest actor friend of his and off in a corner and talk about Shakes-are. These days, things are different. ny Curtis is a brand new father too, d all someone has to do is mention the rd *baby* and Chuck and Tony are in a corner together, comparing notes. r baby is older: he'll be two in Feb-ary, and of course that makes Chuck ite an expert.

One of the stories Chuck tells could be ed *Fray the hoofer.* While we were stock this summer, we took Fray to a nearsal of Martha Wright in the road-ow company of *South Pacific.* He hasn't en the same since. All we have to do w is turn some popular music on the -fi or tune in on the radio, and he'll go o a song-and-dance routine. "If we en't careful," says Chuck, "we'll have a pfer on our hands."

5 days apart

We've always had a happy marriage—uck and I. I don't think a baby could er help a marriage that wasn't good to rt out with. But on the surface, the by has transformed ours. At least, he's anged our way of living.

Two years ago, before the baby came, uck and I sat down once with a calendar d figured out that according to his arith-tic and my memory we'd spent 205 days art out of 365. While Chuck was making r *Horizons* in Hollywood, I played *The ven Year Itch* on the Chicago stage. hile I took the play on tour, Chuck took rn *Yesterday* and *Macbeth* to Bermuda. And it wasn't too long before that that DERN SCREEN had written a story about commenting on the fact that during years of marriage, we'd never been le to take a vacation together. It was led, *Hi Honey, So Long Dear*—and its e was very *à propos.* But then, Chuck d I had been used to separations.

e early years

We were married in 1944, and were sep-ated by the war till Chuck got back m the Aleutians and I got back from RTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY. We'd met at RTHWESTERN's School of Speech in our shman year—and hadn't had time for ything much aside from school, acting d each other: we were both working our y through, and it took so much time t *being* there. After Chuck got back m the Army Air Corps, we starved to-her in a tiny Hell's Kitchen apartment New York. We could just about support rselves in those days, and a baby was nomically out of the question. Then our eers went into high, and there didn't m time for anything at all.

Before the baby came, Chuck was in the habit of saying, "Sure we want kids, but . . ." But he dropped the *but* from his vocabulary fast. When the baby gave notice that it was on its way, as babies do, Chuck couldn't get over it for days. "Imagine . . ." he'd sigh, "after ten years of marriage . . . I'm going to be a father . . . you're going to be a mother. This is it!"

Fray made a big change, even before he ever got here. I'd been planning to go with Chuck to Egypt while he made *The Ten Commandments* on location. It would have been the first trip we'd made together since we'd both made the grand tour of Europe for *The Greatest Show On Earth.* But the doctor said *"No."*

A baby and a career don't mix

Of course, I've given up my career. Before Fray came along, I had achieved some success as an actress but I haven't been acting since the baby came, simply because I think the most important full-time job in the world is that of being a wife and mother. It's soul-satisfying too—though I must admit that occasionally I miss the lift and outlet that a creative profession like acting gives you.

A friend of ours was running the stock company at the Newport Casino last summer, and asked Chuck to do a play there. Chuck wanted to take *Detective Story* there because it was a play he'd wanted to do for a number of years, and because he wanted to get it out of his system. It happened to be a play I'd starred in on Broadway.

"How'd you like to do it with me, honey?" Chuck asked. "Of course as part of *Heston, Incorporated,*" he smiled, "I won't be able to pay you the salary you were earning in New York. But still . . ."

Fray and I were down on the rug, playing with a set of blocks one of our friends had made for him. It's a huge wooden square with big bold crayon-colored letters that fit into it, spelling out Fray's name. I stopped for a minute and said, "Sure. But you'll have to talk to my agent first: Fray."

Fray started to gurgle and that seemed to settle it. "I guess it will be okay," I said.

Together every minute

I loved getting into greasepaint again for the summer, and Chuck is fond of telling people that doing *Detective Story* was an inspired choice. "We did the best business in the circuit," he says with a grin, and looks at me.

So we 'rented' a new station wagon from ourselves. It was one we'd bought for our own real estate company in Michigan. And with a couple of two-by-fours, some boards, and two air mattresses, Chuck built two berths in the wagon that looked like Pullman sleepers. Chuck has always been handy with tools. He once built all the furniture for our Hell's Kitchen apartment, you know. When he'd finished, I thought the whole idea was smart enough to warrant a patent. Chuck and three actors travelled in the station wagon—two men taking turns at the wheel, and the others sleeping in the bunks when they were off duty.

Mabel, our maid, Dr. Spock, my medical adviser via *Baby And Child Care,* the baby and I travelled by plane or by train, and would meet Chuck and the rest of our troupe in time for the next booking.

Our itinerary sounds like a program for "See America First"—for we got to Newport, Syracuse, Hinsdale (near Chicago) and Sacandaga Park (near Albany) with *Detective Story,* and then returned to Newport, where Chuck did *Mr. Roberts. The Traveling Hestons* did between 300 and 800 miles between stops, and the baby was a trouper about it all. He once fell

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asleep just before the third-act curtain on a Saturday night in Syracuse, and didn't wake up till it was almost time for rehearsals on Sunday afternoon in Hinsdale.

It turned out to be the most marvelous summer we'd ever spent in our lives: Chuck and the baby and I—together every minute of the day and night! To ordinary people in an ordinary marriage that might not seem like very much—but to us, it was a great deal. Chuck played tennis every day. I don't play, but the baby and I would get down to the courts after he'd been playing awhile, and then Chuck would stop the game for a few minutes while Fray picked up all the balls and handed them to his Daddy. Very occasionally, Chuck would get a chance to do some horseback riding or play some polo—it's a game he'd learned to enjoy while he was in Egypt for *The Ten Commandments* —and Fray would follow him down the field, trying to catch a chucker. After that, we'd all go down to the beach.

No shy baby

Since the summer, not a week goes past but that I receive a television offer, sometimes to act with Chuck, but it's fun saying *no*. For the time being at least, Fray needs me much, much more.

Don't misunderstand that *needs me* part. Even as an infant, Fray wasn't a shy baby—turning away from strangers the way some babies do. Whenever I'd take him over to someone new, his face would light up with that eager, bright little smile of his, and he'd reach out to say *"Hello."* Ties on strangers enticed him, and so did buttons on blouses. He'd stretch out his arms and all the person had to do was respond, and they'd be great friends.

Chuck likes to take his time about getting to know people. We have a good many trusted and loyal friends—in Hollywood, New York, Chicago, and points north and south. Some of them are actors, and a good many of them are people we've known from college days. But striking up a conversation with strangers is something that has taken Chuck a little getting used to. Not so with Fray. If you were to come into our house, he'd warm up to you like a little cocker spaniel, handing you an ashtray or a magazine after you'd said *"Hello,"* and if he were to give you one of his toys—well, then you'd know you *really* rate.

Another story about my two men that I love to tell has another character in it: Shakespeare. One day, Chuck took a copy of *Macbeth* and sat down to read it to Fray, complete with waving arms and all the extravagant emotional gestures of 19th Century Shakespearean productions. A few days later, Fray saw that copy of *Macbeth* on the coffee table and picked it up, pretending to be reading from it. Raising his arm toward the ceiling in the lordly gesture of the ill-fated King, he started making all sorts of murmuring, gurgling sounds, raising his voice and flailing his arms about. It was all we could do to keep from doubling up with laughter. I don't know which is funnier, Fray doing an imitation of Chuck reading *Macbeth* aloud —or Chuck doing an imitation of Fray doing an imitation of Chuck!

What true happiness is

The other evening we were out in a rather plush restaurant with a group, and Chuck started to give his impression of the Fraser Clarke Heston version of Shakespeare, complete with gestures. I looked up and saw several people in the restaurant staring at us, wondering what was going on, but Chuck continued, completely oblivious, spontaneous, and happy. And I thought to myself with tremendous pleasure, "This is *my* Chuck? How nice!"

Chuck is a very *real* person: he's kind and honest, thoughtful and decent. I know it—I should, after fourteen years of ma riage—but he reminds me of it all the tim The other evening we were out with group of our friends in show business ar one of them, Anne Marie Gayer, who's radio and TV actress, was bubbling ove "Chuck, I just can't help name-droppin about you. I told a friend of mine, 'I going out this evening with an old frien He's a movie star. Charlton Heston.' Sh screamed 'You mean *you* know Charlto Heston?' I nodded a *yes*—and I tell yo Chuck, I was *made.*"

Chuck smiled and leaned forward, tel ing the rest of our friends, "What Ann Marie doesn't say is that she was the fir person in our group to turn professiona I'll never forget the time she landed h first radio job and came up to our pla in that pink suit. Lydia asked Anne Mar where she got it, and she buried he head in her lapel—like this—and whis pered *Hattie Carnegie.*"

I could see Anne Marie's smile of satis faction, and I thought, "How thoughtf of Chuck to repeat that story." It was little thing—but then, life is made up so many little things.

If our Fray grows up to be a man wi his father's appreciation of other people feelings, and a knowledge of what's real living—then I'll feel we've both done good job.

Right now, as I look at Chuck playin with the baby, and watch the smile pleasure that spreads across his face, an sense the relaxed and happy feeling whic pervades our home, my heart fills to over flowing and I think, "This is what happ ness is. It isn't fame, or glory, or mone or six Cadillacs, or fan letters, or applaus It's love, and the joy and fulfillment tha comes with being a loved wife and a lov ing mother." EN

Charlton Heston can currently be see in Paramount's The Ten Commandment

he kisses and doesn't tell

(*Continued from page 36*) His shrewdness in this respect is the result of a painful education he acquired after he startled the movie town with his portrayal of a shell-shocked soldier in *With A Song In My Heart.* The preview cards weren't half in when 20TH realized they had a new star on their hands. The publicity department shifted its gears into high and prepared to give R. J. the royal headline ride to stardom.

And Wagner, a bewildered but elated eager beaver, cooperated above and beyond the manner called for in his contract.

He was seen with every lush young starlet in town. He toured the nightclubs, ploughed through the premières, granted interviews to any writer who looked his way, posed for pictures until he called the corps of movie photographers by first names—and squired pretties until he knew every shade of lipstick on the market.

But the interviews are what taught him the real lesson in the romance department.

"I remember the first time it happened," Bob said wistfully. "She was a doll. Terrific figure, sparkling eyes, a wonderful laugh that made you feel good and a sense of complete understanding about the male animal.

"She was career-conscious, too. It was the day after our third date. I had an interview that morning with a columnist from one of the local papers. The lady writer, eager for something newsy, asked me how I felt about her.

"I said, 'I think she's wonderful.'

"The lady writer's eyes brightened. Then: 'Is she the kind of a girl you'd like to marry?' I should have known better, but I didn't. So I said, 'Of course. A man would be lucky to have her for a wife.'

"The next morning one of the studio executives called me in and a sterner look on the face of a man I've yet to see. He threw the early edition of a newspaper in front of me and said, 'I hope you can explain *this*!'

Front page news

"'*This*' was a front page story announcing my engagement and impending marriage to the girl I had so casually discussed the day before. 'She's wonderful,' I was quoted, 'I want to marry her.'

"I told the front office I'd take care of it. When I got back to my dressing room the phone was ringing. It was the doll. She crackled in that receiver like a short circuit. What did I mean we were engaged? The nerve of me saying we were going to be married. Did I know that I had practically alienated the guy she really wanted to marry, a man I didn't know. And besides, she added with a quiver, 'You didn't even *ask* me to marry you.'

"It took nearly a half hour to assure her that the story was all a mistake, the result of an over-enthusiastic reporter and a not-so-sharp young actor named Wagner. No, we didn't date any more."

Wagner, incidentally, possesses a peculiar reverse-action kind of appeal for women of any age. For instance, there's an exceedingly beautiful and aloof young actress, who shall be nameless. She is unmarried and something of an attraction herself. The conversation got around to Hollywood's eligible bachelors.

She mentioned a few she thought were dream-boat material. Bob was mentioned to her as a possible marital candidat

At the sound of his name she threw u her hands and said, "For heavens' sak don't mention him when you write abou me! I can't stand him."

Asked if she had ever met him, she sai "No, but from his pictures and what I'v read, my instincts tell me he's the la man in the world I want to date. He's to darn handsome and I've never met a good looking man yet who didn't suffer fro conceit."

A few weeks later, of course, th couldn't-stand-him girl had a date wit Bob.

The secret code

When she was asked about it, she gav a dreamy smile, her eyes went a little lim and she said, "I wish I had met him a lon time ago. We've been out together thre times in the last ten days and I can't wa for him to ask me again. He's wonderful"

"How is he wonderful?"

To that one all she'd say, with a co and slightly impish smile, was, "Pleas Those are things a girl never tells any body."

Wagner won't tell either. It's a cod with him now.

Sources of the limited revelations o R. J.'s love life are, oddly enough, a num ber of girls who are just a little bitter be cause of Wagner's nimble exit from th wedding-date situation.

One of them:

"It isn't fair. He doesn't say anything o fib about his intentions. But what the dev can a girl think when Robert Wagner arms are around her? He told me I wa beautiful, a lot of fun and intelligent. An honestly, if you could have heard him yo

uld have known he meant it. Most of time I was with him I kept trying to h my breath. He overwhelms a girl. d if she's not careful that's disastrous."
nother:
It was our second date. I wanted to go Ciro's and the Mocambo, but Bob looked me and shook his head sadly. 'Honey,' said, 'those are *public* places! How can have any fun there? And you look so ely tonight that I'd be afraid to take to a night club. Everybody would stare ou.'
So instead we went to a small restau- t that I'd never heard of before. We had most sumptuous dinner. He knew all continental entrées, the vintage years all the wines. Later we drove up the ific Coast. It was beautiful. The moon s full and Bob made me feel as though ere a princess. And when he told me I irresistible—well, I believed him. He's ery persuasive person. But I guess I st have been resistable!"

ls are too emotional

ut Bob's got the answers to such state- nts.
I always make it clear that we're dating laughs. I like the girls I date and I want m to like me. But that's as far as it s. Of course I avoid discussing my dates ublic. And for the very reasons I ex- ined a few minutes ago. Everyone thinks t marriage is important to me. It is, but now. If it gets around that I'm seeing particular girl, people assume we're nming *Here Comes The Bride*. I don't d the stories myself. I'm used to them. it's always embarrassing for the girl and I usually lose the girl as a friend."

Wagner engagement stories have not always lost him friends, however. At times R. J. has been reported betrothed to Debbie Reynolds, Terry Moore, Susan Zanuck, Debra Paget, Mona Freeman, Natalie Wood. All are still his friends principally because as actresses they understand how false romantic rumors originate with gossip columnists.

But girls in Detroit, Phoenix, New York, Chicago and San Francisco are still sighing over the memory of a *Wagner Whirl*. Their attitudes can be summed up in the remark of one. "He's a man in boy's clothing and when he tells you what a beautiful figure you have, you could be shaped like a broomstick and still believe him."

Pressed for further details on any of his girls R. J. will raise his eyebrows in mock astonishment, shake his head and say: "Who? Me?"

But he'll add, "I'm not trying to rationalize or justify or complain or explain. It's just that when R. J. Wagner and the girl he loves decide to make it double harness *we'll* announce it together. That's a promise!

"It may be true, as the song says, that 'Married I Can Always Get,' but don't you think I ought to meet as many girls as possible before I decide?"

R. J. asks the question with an expression of perfect innocence. Or was there just the bare trace of a smile in the corner of his mouth? END

Watch for Bob Wagner in the 20th Century-Fox film The True Story Of Jesse James.

nfessions of an expectant father

ntinued from page 49) fit every time I he home with a package—or a deliv- truck—but I just can't help it. I see stuff, and I remember how much of it *idn't* have, and I buy it. If the kid sn't like it, I'll play with it. Some of the ks I didn't pick myself, I must admit; can hold Debbie Reynolds directly onsible. Debbie buttonholed me one on the street and I never heard such eady stream of talk about how she was rand-new mother, and Eddie hadn't e to fatherhood school!
Fatherhood school?" I asked.
Of course." she said impatiently. here they teach you how to hold the y and bathe it and comfort your wife en she gets new-mother blues, and at to do when the baby cries—and rything. You *have* to go."
m an easy mark; everyone knows that. hy didn't Eddie go?" I asked weakly.
ebbie stamped her foot. "Don't ask I talked and talked and practically down on my knees and begged, but -he thought he knew instinctively what o when the time came. But he's sorry ," she added.
Why?"
Because *I* get to bathe the baby. *I* w how!" She smiled at me encour- gly. "Go, Rory. Everybody—except ie—goes."
o the following week I enrolled in herhood school.

e's going to be a boy"

ll be honest. I'd like a boy. Everyone s they don't care, but I do. I'd like n to put in jeans and take hunting. talk to frankly and honestly about rything. You talk to a kid and that kid sn't turn into a juvenile delinquent.
ut if it's a girl I'll love her just as h. By the way, her name would be on, only of course she's going to be a boy and his name will be Rory. And he'll have to learn to rough it. A kid shouldn't grow up in a city. A kid should get out in the air and the woods. You don't get into trouble if you're fishing or hunting—because you don't want to. You've got something better.

Well, I don't know where I get all the time for this analyzing of what the kid will do and get and be. So far I haven't got a kid. I've got a pregnant wife, and if that isn't enough to keep a guy occupied, I don't know what is. For instance, one night Lita grabbed me excitedly. I woke with a start, at three in the morning, all ready to drive to Beverly Hills for dried pomegranates or whatever.

"Rory," she shrieked, "it's the baby!"

"My God." I gasped, "it can't be. You're only three months pregnant!"

"No, Rory, I mean he's *moving!*" She took my hand and placed it on her stomach. "See? Feel?"

So I looked. I felt. And there was nothing! "You're imagining things," I told her. "Go back to sleep."

Five minutes later she shook me again. "He's doing it, Rory, really. Hurry up, you'll miss it!"

I missed it, all right. All night long, up and down, waiting for my son to kick. And nothing.

"Meet your son, Mr. Calhoun"

By the third month I was convinced the boy didn't like me, that he was avoiding me. Then one day after I drove her to the doctor and was sitting in the waiting room till she got through, the nurse came out and called me. I went inside and there was Lita, draped in a sheet with her tummy sticking out, and the doctor with a stethoscope on it. He stood up, took the earplugs out, smiled at me. "Mr. Calhoun." he said, "I would like you to make the acquaintance of your son." He put the



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ear plugs in my ears and placed the stethoscope on Lita's tummy. I listened. Silence. "What am I supposed to hear?" I ask.

The doctor looked puzzled. "Heartbeats," he said.

Heartbeats? Ok, I listened some more. "But I don't hear anything," I said.

The doctor gave me a funny look.

He took the stethoscope from me and listened. "They're there," he said finally. "Try again."

I tried again. After a few minutes I started moving the stethoscope around, Lita watching anxiously, the doc very puzzled. Then I heard it. *Thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump!* "I hear it!" I cried.

"Don't move!" said the doctor, all excited. He took the instrument, keeping it in exactly the same place, and listened. Then his face broke into a wide grin. "That's not your baby, Rory," he laughed. "That's Lita."

So now I know. My own kid, and when I come near him, not only does he not kick, but he has to hold his breath too!

It went on like that till the sixth month, I want you to know. Then one day Lita hollered and I came running, and darned if the kid didn't practically kick my hand off. It was great. *Great!* Now at least I know we're on good terms. Kickin' cousins, you might say.

A woman can't tackle it alone

Besides getting his fair share of the kicks, I think a father-to-be should go through about as much of the pregnancy as he can along with his wife. Like the diet bit. I've been eating the same things as Lita and not eating the rest. Lots of milk. No candy. Calcium pills. If I grow an extra set of teeth, who cares? A guy's got to do his bit. This pregnancy business is no job for a woman to tackle alone. Not only is it too much for them, but if you don't keep after them, they don't do it right.

Take the long walks for instance. Now with my own ears I heard the doctor tell Lita she was supposed to walk. Every day I'd come home from the set and my wife would be sitting in a chair, eating something. "Did you walk?" I'd ask.

"Sure, dear."

"Where?"

"Oh," she'd say vaguely, "around."

I finally figured out where "around" was. It was around to the kitchen to get something to eat. So I took over. I started coming home early, and we went for walks. Up hills, down valleys, to visit friends—distant friends. Lita gripes that she's not supposed to be doing road work, but the doctor and I know better. When the time comes for the birth, that baby'll stand up and walk out, from months of practice. Then Lita will be grateful.

Minks have babies

But there are limits to what a husband can do. Where I draw the line is shopping for maternity clothes. The couple of times I got dragged into going along with Lita it was all a bunch of women chattering at each other, "Feel this material," or "How do you like the color?" or "Isn't the line divine!" I don't know which was worse, sitting by and listening to it all, or having to do some talking myself. What do I know about material? I'd feel a dress and say, "Great, take it," and Lita would give me this look that meant, "You idiot, that's burlap, I wouldn't be caught dead in it!" And there I'd be, with egg on my face. Colorwise I don't know mink from champagne from ecru—I didn't even know there were such colors, so how am I supposed to pick one? They all look like brown to me.

The only time I ever really had something to say it didn't go over so well, either. That was the time Lita came parading home with this swatch of white all over her and a price tag you never saw the likes of dangling off it. "What is it?" I gasped.

"This is a white mink maternity stole!"

Well, I hit the ceiling. A white mink maternity stole—whoever heard of anything like that? When I came down from the ceiling, Lita was still wearing it, looking like the Queen of England. So I tried tactics. First I explained to her about finances, which had no result. Then I told her I don't like white, which just made h giggle. Finally I told her it was she cruelty to go chopping up innocent litt minks for fur scarves. It was pretty inco sistent, considering I go hunting all t time, but by the time I got to the pa where that mink probably had babies her own, she was sniffling. The next d the mink went back. Not to her babies— was kind of late for that—but to the sto which was all I wanted. To make up Lita I went out and bought her a pair earrings. That's good economy. I mea earrings are practical. If you get tired them you can give them to your gran children or sell them or make buttons o of them. But just try getting rid of second-hand white mink maternity st sometime, boy. That's a horse of a diffe ent color.

A well-ordered pregnancy

Anyway, I've got no complaints. So women spend their nine months lying bed complaining. Lita and I spend ours e joying them. We're going to get a kick o of the kid when it comes, and we're getti an early start liking him before he's he too. I guess most people haven't got a re ord of adoptions that fell through a pregnancies that didn't finish, the way have. And I don't recommend it, eith but it does make you appreciate wh you've got when things are going rig

And the next time Lita gets pregna I'm going to be even better at this wh business. The first thing I'm going to (besides whooping, of course) is I'm goi to go out and buy this big crate, see. A then I'm going to fill it full of dried ap cots and peaches and pears. And then I going to spend nine months sitting ba and laughing while Guy Madison and To Curtis and Eddie Fisher and the rest them are chasing around in the middle the night after pickles and strawberri Pickles, indeed! When you want to kn how to run a well-ordered pregnancy, y just come to the Calhouns!

Rory Calhoun can currently be seen U.A.'s Flight To Hong Kong. *Watch him in U.A.'s* The Big Caper *and Colu bia's* Utah Blaine.

how to be more beautiful at 49

(*Continued from page 34*) day after day—under the sustained tension of depicting mounting terror.

This is the *fact* of her hair silvering. It was an impressive example of the depth of reality Barbara puts into her work.

When she had time to look at herself in the mirror, she found to her delight and surprise that she liked her hair . . . turning into a silver cap, on her small neat head. That's when all her business associates moved in on her en masse. They insisted she must dye or be dead, box-office wise.

Defiance doesn't come easily to Barbara, as it doesn't to most very feminine women. So she started by doing the most feminine of things: she compromised. She consented to wear a wig, a wonderful wig, auburn as an autumn maple leaf.

She wore the wig, but it made her feel hot and uncomfortable, unclean and completely artificial. Her next picture was for the same producer. She went to the producer. "Let me wear my own hair," she begged. "Let me test for it. I know it'll photograph more flatteringly than the wig. False hair, that's all that is. I can't believe the public will reject me for honesty. The public reacts to honesty in a performance, in speech. Why not to honesty in my shade of hair? *Please* let me test it?"

"Okay," her producer answered, "test it! But only for black-and-white. For color pictures, the wig!"

Stany agreed, fast.

She tested—and won. She won more than she counted on, for her fan mail started rising in volume, grateful letters from mature women who thanked her for this particular type of beauty courage.

Well does she know that her un-tinted hair puts her at the opposite pole of mature beauty from many another mature Hollywood charmer who has cheated the calendar . . . whose hair color may change with the seasons and whose gowns remain as revealing as they were twenty years ago.

However, this isn't Barbara's beauty scheme. She has developed herself into a woman of the smart, sophisticated world. Her clothes are very chic, but not spectacular. Her make-up she can pack in her smallest evening purse. Still, she doesn't carry her naturalness to an extreme. The curl in her hair is there strictly by grace of three permanents a year. The perfection of her figure is no accident, either. A long time ago, Barbara made up her mind about the type of beauty she intended to be today, and therein lies the first of her beauty rules.

No secrets to beauty

With Barbara, you can't call them beauty secrets. There's nothing secret about them, nothing that any girl can't do if s will. But beauty facts they are, and a pretty 'teenster of today who wants to a truly beautiful woman in, let's say, 19 will be a very smart doll if she starts li ing according to the rules right no Nineteen-seventy isn't nearly as far you think.

Or, better, flash back for a moment. T year is 1932 and Stany was just getting e tablished as a star. Garbo was the personality of Hollywood then. Dietri had just been introduced. Mary Pickfo was the social leader, Norma Shearer w the most influential girl, and the reigni beauty was Dolores del Rio.

So today—with the exception of Ma lene, who's on the night club circuit they're all in retirement, while Sta keeps hitting the top box-office brack and the top ten on magazine polls, m vivid than she was at the beginning. R cently, the news came out of South Ame ica—where the native-born del Rio h retired, a rich and wealthy woman just she was born a rich and wealthy girl—t Dolores was still very, very beautiful. T only thing was, the news story added, s never went out in the sun . . . or even daylight. She spends her days in bed, preserve her beauty; eats virtually nothi but chicken; never drinks, never smok Only at night, magnificently gowned a jeweled, does she appear.

The night that yarn was printed, Mis Barbara was at a party, dancing a jitte

, her cheeks glowing, her eyes shining. had brought along her own bottle of light, dry wine that is all she ever ks (she doesn't like to make special ands on hostesses), and she was hav- a ball! "I'd rather look like a baked le than have to live without having fun," Barbara will tell you.

bara in 1932

arbara has always lived completely, there has been many a time it wasn't r. Back there in 1932 I wrote of her, *'e couldn't begin to tell you what it is ut Stanwyck that fascinates us so. She t exotic, and she isn't foreign. There's mystery in her dark, blue eyes. Maybe 's it. She's so natural. Born in a ement in Brooklyn, an orphan when was four years old, boarded out with ous families, she has risen above rything, the greater actress, the great- woman for it all. Ruby Stevens is her name but Frank Fay, her husband, s her* Red. *She is five feet five inches weighs 120, has auburn hair, doesn't rouge, and has a mole on the back of neck.*

ou'll please notice I didn't say she was utiful, for she wasn't. Not then. She cute, young and pretty.

bara in 1957

oday Barbara weighs 114, still doesn't rouge. Mr. Fay has long since departed n her life, her hair is silver and she has the tiny mole on the back of her k. But she *is* beautiful. When she ers a room, she really enters. When walks, she looks like a panther, and is no accident. She never has a hair of place, even if this means three times reek at the hair-dresser. She works, n shooting, twelve hours a day and lies another two or three hours in the ning. But she's never tired, because eats a steak for breakfast. She wears pearls. Her fur coats are fabulous, don't call her *lucky*. Luck has noth- to do with it. None of this just hap- ed. Stanwyck planned it all this way, he long, hard, beautiful way.

ow did she get this way and how does stay this way? By exercise, by diet, rooming and by squarely facing up to with a humor and a tolerance that she learned, as everyone else does, through ering and growing up, and through an lligence diligently cultivated.

n an eye on the scale

er first rule of beauty has always been to put on extra weight, for well she ws nothing is as aging; the skin, on and figure, has never been stretched dieted back, stretched out again, d back until it has lost its natural icity. Stany is no recluse. She doesn't y when she is making a picture— h is three, sometimes four times a —but the rest of the time she's a t-owl, watching TV, reading, seeing es. And she's been known, when in York on a visit, to stay out all night dancing. Yet there isn't a line in her nor the faintest shadow of a circle r her eyes. And her figure is taut as hlete's.

is is the reward of her menu and her ming. She swims every day the year d. She loves the ocean, but doesn't she's a vigorous enough swimmer to y master it so she has a pool at home. loves swimming not only for its own but also because she is a fanatic t personal cleanliness. She loves to baths, just for bath's sake, and often wo or three a day. She brushes her four or five times a day. She likes ting of a cold shower, and she knows every swimmer soon learns—that you swim and stay tense.

What to eat—and why

She eats for energy, health and a clear skin. She's naturally a meat-and-vegetables girl and has never liked desserts or sauces, so staying at her preferred weight is no hardship for her. But the matter of steak for breakfast is her own idea, particularly when she is working and wants to keep her energy high. She usually loses three or four pounds on a picture. If her weight ever should edge up a quarter of a pound—it hasn't in seventeen years—she'd trust her protein and meat diet. Steak for breakfast. Lunch time, raw hamburger. She believes that a great energy-diet item is a package of unflavored gelatin whipped into a glass of skim milk or orange juice, since gelatin keeps nails long, too. She eats all vegetables, and masses of salad, with any sort of dressing she immediately desires. She adores shrimp and lobster cocktails with 1,000-Island sauce. At the pace she keeps, she can consume 2,000 calories a day without adding an unwanted ounce. For midnight supper, after parties, she'll go for steak Tartar, which is no more nor less than raw hamburger. Stany goes the whole way on it, with onions and loads of salt and pepper.

Staying on a happy mental keel, however, is something else again. Naturally a woman of temperament and passion, Barbara has had to learn this the hard way. For she did grow up in a poor section of Brooklyn, quite literally with no mother to guide her. She fought her way up on Broadway, first as a chorus girl, then the overnight sensation of the hit plays, *The Noose* and *Burlesque*. She was still in her 'teens when she fell in love with Frank Fay, and married this man with the most fatal charm. He was then a very great star, and had always had a complete lack of responsibility.

No worries, no wrinkles

Nothing so ages the face, nothing so ravages a soul, as bitterness, heartbreak and suffering. Today Barbara never mentions her nearly fatal love for Frank Fay, since not so much as one hour does she live in the past.

A child who has grown up lacking the love of a mother and a father is often too generous with love when it finally comes. This was true with Barbara. Frank Fay was her first love, her great love. She didn't stop to think that he could charm the birds out of the trees, when he chose to. It was enough for her that she should be permitted to adore him, and so she did.

It must have been brutal. Oddly enough, very great stage actor though he was, Frank Fay never clicked in pictures, and his career was going downhill as Barbara's rose. Maybe it was because of this that he choose so often to humiliate her and make her suffer. I remember once seeing her on a Hollywood street corner as I was going for lunch. She said she was waiting for Frank. I had my lunch and came back, two hours later, and Barbara was still standing there, still waiting.

You can multiply that incident with a hundred more serious. Like the time Barbara made a $125,000 investment of her own money in a play on Broadway for Frank—and he just walked out on it. Barbara lost the $125,000.

Now many a lesser woman would have let that break her spirit, line her face, and corrode her heart. Barbara took it. She rose above it, and finally she got over it. Then she fell in love again, with handsome Bob Taylor, and married him

Barbara talks even less about Bob than she will about Frank.

But the evolution of her chic, her personal style, her maturing beauty—which had started after she left Frank Fay and married Bob—came into full flower after the Taylor divorce.

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Beauty at 49

The fundamental difference between mature beauty and kid beauty is the mental and spiritual quality involved. It's enough for a sixteen-year-old to have wonderful glowing skin. For mature beauty, the glowing skin must be combined with a glowing mind and personality, very outwardly expressed.

For example, in Barbara's creed, while a 'teenager can get by with being sloppy, a smart woman never can. Neither can a smart woman ever look dated. This important fact was practically hurled in Bab's face by the great, smart designer, Irene, when Missy Stanwyck reported for *B.F.'s Daughter*.

Like many of us who fall in love with some special *look* we have created for ourselves, Babs had long been in love with her seventeen-inch bob, a *first* in Hollywood. Originally, it had been very lovely. But by the time *B.F.'s Daughter* came along, the high-style women of the world were abandoning hair worn below shoulder length.

Irene, however, in her own charming way, is a bit of a dictator—as well as a superb designer. When Stany came for her fittings on *B.F.'s Daughter,* Irene casually asked her when she was having her hair cut short. Missy said she wasn't. Irene just said "Oh?" Then she got out her block of paper and starting sketching.

"What are you doing?" asked Barbara.

New clothes for a 'new' Stany

"Designing your new outfits," said sly Irene. For she knew that Stany had gone into raves over the Irene suits and evening gowns, the sketches of which had already been submitted to her. Now, by implication, Irene would throw them out.

Like all of us, caught in any sort of a jam, Barbara started justifying herself. She explained how a make-up man a few years back had explained to her that since her eyes slant faintly upward, she needed the long downward line of her bob to counteract this.

"Oh," said Irene again when Stany finished. Then she waited and said, "But eyes slanting upward a bit are very distinctive. The short hair would emphasize it. In Paris . . ." She let the idea drift, while she busily sketched an outfit that looked just like every other outfit Barbara had been wearing too long.

There are turning points in personal beauty, just as much as there are turning points in life, and Barbara's curiosity wouldn't let her resist this turning. Two hours later she was wildly happy with her new very short hair-do. It was so chic!

With her short locks, she got Irene's new, tight-skirted line. With her short locks, she got a wider mouth make-up. She had always needed this, for her lips are a bit on the thin side. But she hadn't noticed the need for the lower part of her face balancing the upper half so much until her hair was so perky. Actually what had happened to Stany was what happens to smart women the world over, once they get a real comprehension of chic dressing. Style is always personal and the more highly personal, the more chic it is. To be personal, with polish, means a certain deliberate emphasis—which in a sort of way is a deliberate artificiali Like real cleanliness. Nobody gets clean staying perfectly natural; teeth don't scr themselves, nor nails nor hair glisten.

'Natural' beauty—no such thing!

But for Barbara, who had had such fetish about being perfectly natural, th was an important realization. It was mature realization, and one that very fe young girls ever comprehend . . . whi is why the French insist no woman u der thirty can be smart. Actually *sma* in the French sense, does mean bei smart in the brainy sense, too, for ho can you wear your clothes and your mak up faultlessly if you are a dope?

This is another of the reasons why Ba bara let her hair stay silver when it ha pened. It was actually a smart thing do in both meanings of the word. It al meant that in contrast to her undyed ha she could wear startling colors—pinks, ye lows which she had never worn before.

Any young girl can let herself grow i to such future beauty. Or any matu beauty can copy this, if she has th strength to diet, exercise, and never l a hair get out of place.

P.S. About that panther walk of Sta wyck's. She learned it. Where? From panther in the zoo? Who knows—but sh learned it, and that's the way the c swings. Simple, isn't it—simple if yo are *smart.* EN

Barbara Stanwyck will soon be seen i U.A.'s Trooper Hook *and* Crime Of Pas sion.

---

the struggle to grow up

(*Continued from page* 57) sometimes *must* depend on friendship; and that when the chips are down he will usually find it.

With Emmett's loan, he got to Dallas and got his job with the playhouse. By the end of the summer he had enough for train fare home. So when the train stopped off in Denver, he found a working slot machine, and this time lost everything he had but *fifteen* cents.

He wired Emmett again, but this time he didn't pout around Denver working up a good case of despair while waiting for the money. He hitch-hiked to the foot of Pike's Peak, climbed it to the top, and then hitch-hiked back to pick up Emmett's loan. "I had a friend; I knew it; I didn't have to worry about it."

During his senior year at High School, he became a lobster fisherman to make enough money to go to Ohio's Antioch College—Emmett was going there—but by the time commencement rolled around he was too restless to think of college for awhile.

By now he was old enough, with Grandma's permission, to get a seaman's ticket and a job on a beat-up can of a freighter out of 'Frisco, for the Philippines.

"One December night," Cliff remembers, "I came off my watch and looked up to see a plane come along and start to drop bombs on us. That was in 1941, of course. The plane thought we were done for, but we managed to scrunch along until we hit Australia."

Months later, he got back to the States. "And now, for a time at least, I was ready for a little peace and quiet and study.

"But a year at Antioch and again I was jumpy with energy and the old restlessness." He enlisted in the Navy.

A man must have his work

It was a long and exciting experience, for what was left of the war: the South Pacific, the North Atlantic, the invasion of Italy, and, after VJ day, nearly another year on a cargo passenger boat. As much as he loved the sea, the more abiding siren song of the stage was still with him, and it was time to make a change. That was when Cliff learned another important fact—that fun and adventure and exotic ports are only fun and adventure. But a man must have his work, and he must do his work. Cliff's work was acting, to be the best actor he knows how. His life became learning his job.

New York had to be the place. The scene, a room in the Village near the waterfront; the time, 1946; and the plot: struggle. "That was when I served my five-day stint as a waiter, finally got fed up with a boor of a captain, and threw a tray of loaded dishes around the place as my swan song to *that* profession."

He became a stevedore. He worked as a private eye and as a bodyguard. He played in a revival of *The Drunkard* with Jack Lemmon, and did the summer theaters, and got a few bits in radio and television. He spent two years eating decently and living in an aura of security in the road company of *Mister Roberts.* And finally, when he was twenty-five years old, he got up enough courage to apply at the Actors Studio in New York, where they allow hundreds of earnest aspirants to try out—and eventually accept two or three.

He made it.

He made it in spades.

"It gets relaxing"

Cliff began to smile. "It gets relaxing from here on in," he said. "There were about a hundred good television roles. Then the *Wisteria Tree* with Helen Hayes. And while I was doing that Columbia thought I might be right for the rich boy in *Picnic.*" But he was supposed to replace Ben Gazzarra in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof.* Elia Kazan gave him two months to make up his mind—a lead role in a top play on *Broadway*—or should he risk tha plum on a try at Hollywood?

"In the end I chose *Picnic,* and you kno the rest." The rest was *Autumn Leave* in which Joan Crawford worked so har and with such unselfish zeal to help hi do the job he did so well.

Cliff's contract with Columbia calls fo two pictures a year, their option on third, his choice of an outside movie eac year, and his freedom in other media—a such salaries as you wouldn't believ So when he could afford penthouses an Jaguars and housemen in starched whit coats, why was he living very much a he had lived for years—in Jimmy Dean sparsely-furnished efficiency near Holly wood, and the tiny place in New York Greenwich Village?

Why boil his own shrimps and char chicken pie for supper when he coul have it catered from The Colony? Wh wasn't he in a dinner jacket doing th clubs with a starlet?

"For the same reason," Cliff explain "that I'll spend most of tomorrow a Actors Studio trying to find out why loused up the role in *Picnic.*"

The critics loved him in *Picnic!*

"I didn't like me in *Picnic,*" Cliff say looking at you—while you know that th only things he is seeing are the rushes o his performance, weighing and analyzin and criticizing.

"I'm comfortable the way I am. When get married and have kids, I'll get a goo house and live it up. But now, I've g a job to learn."

And that's it, the way Cliff thinks: b a *man* . . . have the courage to let thos who love you, help you . . . find you place in the world . . . *and have the in tegrity to work at doing your work righ*

"Go Hollywood?" smiles Cliff, "not me I haven't got the time to spare for tha bit of nonsense!" EN

Cliff Robertson will soon be seen i RKO's The Girl Most Likely.

venue. There were original Renoirs on e walls, carpeting about a foot thick and real live butler just like they have in e movies.

For a short while I was on a society ck and dated Oleg Cassini, who used to married to Gene Tierney. Socialites ve blonde actresses and we are readily cepted into the group. We'd all go to Morocco for dinner and dancing. Very ic and très gai. I wore black until it me out of my ears.

But it was more the thought of doing than really going that had the biggest peal.

I followed my heart and went out with bbie again. He had never seemed so eet. The real me can't go for the snob utine. I value a person's friendship for s personality and his inner being, not for at he does or how he makes his living.

e ex-husband, Paul

These men that I've come to know since aching Hollywood and New York are ite different from the Texas boy I arried when I was sixteen.

I met Paul Mansfield on New Year's Eve Dallas. My girl friend, Joyce Wheeler, ew Paul and introduced us. We were mendously attracted to each other at ce.

He was a student at North Texas gricultural College in Arlington, a town ar Dallas. That didn't stop him from tting in to see me from then on.

We were secretly married a month and ee days after we met. Because it was secret marriage, we both went on living home. It was terribly difficult with my rents asking me to be in every night by and a husband waiting outside for me. I didn't know a thing about babies or ys. I began to get morning sickness and, t knowing what it was, got a medical ok to help explain my symptoms. When ound out I was pregnant, I told my par- ts. They were kind and forgiving, but mother wanted us to be remarried be- use she'd always wanted to see her only ughter wed.

So three months later, on May 6, 1950, we nt to the same little marriage chapel Fort Worth where we were married ginally, and had the ceremony repeated our parents' benefit.

college education

Then Paul was ordered to report at mp Gordon, Georgia, for summer train- . He'd been in ROTC in college. My ents didn't think it was right for me to along because of my pregnancy. I was pretty much of a child, then. Of rse, if I had it to do over again, I'd go. stayed home with my parents that mmer while Paul was gone and knitted ties and quilts for the baby. When l returned he enrolled at the Uni- sity of Texas in Austin, but I stayed with my folks until the baby arrived on ember 8.

he was a perfect little thing. We named Jayne Marie.

came home with the baby, and after months I joined Paul at Texas U. didn't have any money, so we ar- ged to have our classes staggered so one of us baby-sat while the other in class.

addition to taking care of the baby, ng our meals, keeping the apartment onably clean, and carrying twenty rs of courses, I held down two jobs at same time to bring in a little more ey.

modelled in the mornings from eight to en at the Texas Federation of Wom- Clubs. Jayne Marie went along in her gy. From eleven to five I attended es. Then dinner, making the baby's ula and folding diapers—and finally I worked from seven to eleven p.m. as a receptionist in a dancing studio. I lasted for three months before practically falling on my face.

Jayne's stage career begins

On week ends, at every opportunity, I worked on the stage. I played a lady-in-waiting in a Shakespearean production, and Paul and I did some work with the Austin Civic Theater. We did song and dance routines between acts and I played Fanny Morgan, the drunkard's wife, in *Ten Nights In A Bar Room.*

We had an interesting life in those days. We were very much in love, or at least we thought we were.

But Paul and I were striving for two different things. He had his own ambitions and I had mine. He didn't feel my education was necessary. If you're not like I am, it's difficult to understand how necessary it is. Now I have three and a half years of college behind me and a bet for a $5 steak dinner with a New York columnist that I get a degree some day. I will too, by completing that final half year at UCLA one of these days.

After Paul graduated from college, he had two years of army service to fill. He returned to Camp Gordon, and this time I went with him. We lived in the most destitute of places—an old army barracks on the post which was on its last feet.

I had promised Paul I wouldn't work, so he let me take ballet lessons. First thing I knew, this got me in trouble. I used to practice out in the back yard in a black leotard. There were always squads of soldiers marching around the post in drills and they'd stare and stare at me.

The Officer's wife

One afternoon an officer's wife paid me a call. She was all dressed up, even in that humid summer heat. She wore gloves, a hat and smart gown. She explained that I was distracting the soldiers and that the ballet lessons should not be practiced in the yard. Honestly!

The officers' pool on the post was not too attractive, so I used to ride on the bus 'most every afternoon to the enlisted men's pool in town. It was much larger and nicer. Generally I wore my leopard-skin bikini, which made quite a hit.

I might have known it. In a few days, the officer's wife was back again, hat, gloves and all. She explained that it wasn't proper for an officer's wife to swim in the enlisted men's pool. I gave that up too.

One day the order came through that Paul and I had been fearing, ordering him to overseas duty in Japan and Korea.

It wasn't long after Paul came home from the army that we headed for Hollywood. And it wasn't long after that that I knew our marriage was breaking up. One night I came home and told Paul I was going to get a divorce. I knew it was tearing him apart the way we were going and there just didn't seem any sense to continuing it.

My love life . . .

I've dated many men. But the big four who have most affected my life to date have been my ex-husband, Nick Ray, Robbie Robertson and Mickey Hargitay.

I won't get my final divorce decree for a year and don't plan to remarry for at least five years. I'm only twenty-three now and can have babies until I'm forty. Mickey understands all this. He is wonderful. In fact, I guess I could say that I find just about everything in life these days pretty wonderful. But it's been a long hard climb, the road to Mickey and happiness.

END

Jayne Mansfield can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film, The Girl Can't Help It.



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what dancing can do for you

(*Continued from page 47*) takes you out of yourself as much as dancing does. It isn't just a matter of the exercise which your muscles are getting; there is something to movement in rhythm which is a tremendous source of inner satisfaction.

I have two sons. Nick is fourteen, the other is Tony Jr. and he's six. My husband is always either preparing to leave for one of his tours or has just returned from one. We haven't too large a home and it doesn't take much, as in most households, to disrupt daily routine. There have been mornings when I have hated to get out of bed and face the day, but these, I always know, are the very mornings when I must not miss my practice at any cost.

Five minutes after I have stretched myself about a little I am beginning to feel better. Bit by bit, as my blood begins to circulate and my head clears I start to come alive. A dance teacher once explained this well. "Too many of us use our bodies only as shells within which we crouch and stew, instead of letting them function as they were designed, letting them skip and leap and whirl until we fairly sing inside with the fun of it!"

What he meant is that you don't have to *learn* anything when you dance . . . you gain just in the dancing! You don't dance to become *professional*—you dance for enjoyment only.

Something good happepns

For instance it did wonders for a friend of mine, a mother of two small children, who realized one day that she was coming apart . . . in more ways than one. Her hips were spreading, her flesh softening generally, and her very attitude towards her role as a wife and mother becoming dull and apathetic.

When I suggested dancing class she shrugged her shoulders indifferently. When I actually got her to show up at the studio her muscles fairly creaked as she tried a few steps and she protested that she couldn't possibly continue. But I kept after her, and she came back, and finally it began to mean something to her.

"I don't know how to put it," she told me, "but it's just as if I am sure something good is happening to me."

Something good was. There was a weight reduction and she became sleeker, firmer. "I never thought I'd ever look like this again," she said. And something else . . . she gained in contentment. Periods of boredom which she used to experience came more infrequently, and this resulted in a general contentment with her lot.

Join a class

When I am not working in a picture and have to dance my hour and a half a day for exercise, I never do it just at home and alone. It would work out just as well if I could, but I can't. I plain need company. So I always attend a class, any class. There will be children there, some older girls, and a few professionals who must stay in shape. I also like to attend class because it seems to give the whole idea of my dancing more meaning; I have a place to go and something to do when I get there. I would earnestly suggest that, if possible, anyone turning to dancing for personal help join a class rather than try it alone. It helps to be with a group and it helps to be trying to learn something . . . especially when there has been achievement.

Like when Fred Astaire and I were rehearsing for our routines in *Silk Stockings*. Every so often he'd come in and announce that he planned to stop early. came to learn that this never meant thing. "Today we'll stop at three," he' say. But at three we would be so involve in some new routine which he was orig inating that there'd be no mention of quit ting! On we'd dance . . . and love because we were accomplishing somethin

Dancing—a matter of spirit

There are many ideas about dancin that just aren't true, like the idea tha it's a matter of strength and muscles. isn't, of course. It's a matter of the spir —you'll get all the muscles you'll need you have the spirit of dance. And don ever be afraid that dancing will give yo misshapen muscles. If your build an leg form is a nice one, dancing will i no way enlarge or overdevelop them. Im proper training and overwork can do th of course. Sometimes the result is knotte calf muscles and thick thighs, but it is n likely. Most important is the fact that you have a good figure to begin wit dancing will enhance it—and if your buil is not as shapely as you'd like it to b dancing will help make it so.

The body moves best in dance when it streamlined, and this is the direction to wards which dance exercises and move ments tend to develop you. The muscl grow where you need them; they com off where you don't.

Friends of mine who have girls alwa ask if I approve of ballet lessons for the Of course I do. It's the best training f youngsters. As in the case of adult the benefits go far beyond the dancin For instance, because they are being ex posed to one of the arts the pupils usual become interested in other forms of a Interest is aroused in music, painting a literature, because these are so much part of the great classical ballets. The become fascinated, in many cases, by th costumes, their designs, and in gener they become aware for the first time the magnificence of the cultural wor around them.

The secret of beauty through dance

Next, and of course of tremendous im portance, the little girl who starts a ba let course learns grace of movement a that great secret of beauty—posture. N long ago I saw the renowned dance Ulanova, in a film version of *Romeo An Juliet*. Ulanova, who is forty-seven, play the seventeen-year-old Juliet, and *move* as if she were seventeen! This is the ma which ballet training had brought her.

Sometimes I am asked how old a g should be to begin ballet work. Perso ally I think she should not begin un she is at least six, preferably not until s is eight. With the smaller tots the coo dination necessary for ballet is lackin they look cute but they are not learnin By the time they should be learnin they have often lost interest because the hasn't been any progress.

Choose a reputable school. Choose good teacher. Dance magazines list number of fine schools and teachers in parts of the country. It isn't difficult find either. After all, I grew up in wh would seem to be a pretty improbab place for a girl who wanted to learn ball —Amarillo, Texas. Yet I found a supe teacher there who could teach me the fi traditions of the dance.

I wish to repeat only one *'rule'* here . the most important: *move and stand on in grace.*

This is what dancing can do for y . . . whether you ever learn to dance not!

Watch for Cyd Charisse in MGM's Si Stockings.

hat a difference a son makes

ontinued from page 55) nastics, and she d, "Oh Chuck, you're so uninhibited." hat's not what *every*body thinks," uck replied.

But as a matter of fact, the baby *has* nged Chuck. Once, before the baby he, Chuck didn't like a picture he was king, and people around him called *God's Angry Man.* I couldn't imagine one saying that about Chuck now. matter what the cares or the tensions the day have been, just a few minutes' nping with Fray when he gets home l he's his old, carefree self again.

And Chuck is much more outgoing and ndly these days—just because the baby We're both not much for the small talk t goes on at parties. We both like peo- , and enjoy small gatherings of about people or so. But big parties, with des of a hundred or more, are some- ng else again. Time was when the ng Chuck used to do would be to seek the nearest actor friend of his and off in a corner and talk about Shakes- re. These days, things are different. ny Curtis is a brand new father too, l all someone has to do is mention the rd *baby* and Chuck and Tony are in a corner together, comparing notes. r baby is older: he'll be two in Feb- ry, and of course that makes Chuck te an expert.

One of the stories Chuck tells could be ed *Fray the hoofer.* While we were stock this summer, we took Fray to a earsal of Martha Wright in the road- w company of *South Pacific.* He hasn't n the same since. All we have to do w is turn some popular music on the fi or tune in on the radio, and he'll go o a song-and-dance routine. "If we n't careful," says Chuck, "we'll have a fer on our hands."

days apart

We've always had a happy marriage— uck and I. I don't think a baby could r help a marriage that wasn't good to rt out with. But on the surface, the y has transformed ours. At least, he's nged our way of living.

Two years ago, before the baby came, uck and I sat down once with a calendar figured out that according to his arith- ic and my memory we'd spent 205 days rt out of 365. While Chuck was making *Horizons* in Hollywood, I played *The en Year Itch* on the Chicago stage. ile I took the play on tour, Chuck took *n Yesterday* and *Macbeth* to Bermuda. nd it wasn't too long before that that DERN SCREEN had written a story about commenting on the fact that during years of marriage, we'd never been e to take a vacation together. It was ed, *Hi Honey, So Long Dear*—and its e was very *à propos.* But then, Chuck I had been used to separations.

early years

We were married in 1944, and were sep- ted by the war till Chuck got back n the Aleutians and I got back from THWESTERN UNIVERSITY. We'd met at THWESTERN's School of Speech in our hman year—and hadn't had time for thing much aside from school, acting each other: we were both working our through, and it took so much time *being* there. After Chuck got back n the Army Air Corps, we starved to- her in a tiny Hell's Kitchen apartment New York. We could just about support selves in those days, and a baby was nomically out of the question. Then our ers went into high, and there didn't n time for anything at all.

Before the baby came, Chuck was in the habit of saying, "Sure we want kids, but . . ." But he dropped the *but* from his vocabulary fast. When the baby gave notice that it was on its way, as babies do, Chuck couldn't get over it for days. "Imagine . . ." he'd sigh, "after ten years of marriage . . . I'm going to be a father . . . you're going to be a mother. This is it!"

Fray made a big change, even before he ever got here. I'd been planning to go with Chuck to Egypt while he made *The Ten Commandments* on location. It would have been the first trip we'd made together since we'd both made the grand tour of Europe for *The Greatest Show On Earth.* But the doctor said "No."

A baby and a career don't mix

Of course, I've given up my career. Before Fray came along, I had achieved some success as an actress but I haven't been acting since the baby came, simply because I think the most important full-time job in the world is that of being a wife and mother. It's soul-satisfying too—though I must admit that occasionally I miss the lift and outlet that a creative profession like acting gives you.

A friend of ours was running the stock company at the Newport Casino last summer, and asked Chuck to do a play there. Chuck wanted to take *Detective Story* there because it was a play he'd wanted to do for a number of years, and because he wanted to get it out of his system. It happened to be a play I'd starred in on Broadway.

"How'd you like to do it with me, honey?" Chuck asked. "Of course as part of *Heston, Incorporated,*" he smiled, "I won't be able to pay you the salary you were earning in New York. But still . . ."

Fray and I were down on the rug, playing with a set of blocks one of our friends had made for him. It's a huge wooden square with big bold crayon-colored letters that fit into it, spelling out Fray's name. I stopped for a minute and said, "Sure. But you'll have to talk to my agent first: Fray."

Fray started to gurgle and that seemed to settle it. "I guess it will be okay," I said.

Together every minute

I loved getting into greasepaint again for the summer, and Chuck is fond of telling people that doing *Detective Story* was an inspired choice. "We did the best business in the circuit," he says with a grin, and looks at me.

So we 'rented' a new station wagon from ourselves. It was one we'd bought for our own real estate company in Michigan. And with a couple of two-by-fours, some boards, and two air mattresses, Chuck built two berths in the wagon that looked like Pullman sleepers. Chuck has always been handy with tools. He once built all the furniture for our Hell's Kitchen apartment, you know. When he'd finished, I thought the whole idea was smart enough to warrant a patent. Chuck and three actors travelled in the station wagon—two men taking turns at the wheel, and the others sleeping in the bunks when they were off duty.

Mabel, our maid, Dr. Spock, my medical adviser via *Baby And Child Care,* the baby and I travelled by plane or by train, and would meet Chuck and the rest of our troupe in time for the next booking.

Our itinerary sounds like a program for "See America First"—for we got to Newport, Syracuse, Hinsdale (near Chicago) and Sacandaga Park (near Albany) with *Detective Story,* and then returned to Newport, where Chuck did *Mr. Roberts. The Traveling Hestons* did between 300 and 800 miles between stops, and the baby was a trouper about it all. He once fell

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asleep just before the third-act curtain on a Saturday night in Syracuse, and didn't wake up till it was almost time for rehearsals on Sunday afternoon in Hinsdale.

It turned out to be the most marvelous summer we'd ever spent in our lives: Chuck and the baby and I—together every minute of the day and night! To ordinary people in an ordinary marriage that might not seem like very much—but to us, it was a great deal. Chuck played tennis every day. I don't play, but the baby and I would get down to the courts after he'd been playing awhile, and then Chuck would stop the game for a few minutes while Fray picked up all the balls and handed them to his Daddy. Very occasionally, Chuck would get a chance to do some horseback riding or play some polo—it's a game he'd learned to enjoy while he was in Egypt for *The Ten Commandments*—and Fray would follow him down the field, trying to catch a chucker. After that, we'd all go down to the beach.

No shy baby

Since the summer, not a week goes past but that I receive a television offer, sometimes to act with Chuck, but it's fun saying *no*. For the time being at least, Fray needs me much, much more.

Don't misunderstand that *needs me* part. Even as an infant, Fray wasn't a shy baby—turning away from strangers the way some babies do. Whenever I'd take him over to someone new, his face would light up with that eager, bright little smile of his, and he'd reach out to say "*Hello.*" Ties on strangers enticed him, and so did buttons on blouses. He'd stretch out his arms and all the person had to do was respond, and they'd be great friends.

Chuck likes to take his time about getting to know people. We have a good many trusted and loyal friends—in Hollywood, New York, Chicago, and points north and south. Some of them are actors, and a good many of them are people we've known from college days. But striking up a conversation with strangers is something that has taken Chuck a little getting used to. Not so with Fray. If you were to come into our house, he'd warm up to you like a little cocker spaniel, handing you an ashtray or a magazine after you'd said "*Hello,*" and if he were to give you one of his toys—well, then you'd know you *really* rate.

Another story about my two men that I love to tell has another character in it: Shakespeare. One day, Chuck took a copy of *Macbeth* and sat down to read it to Fray, complete with waving arms and all the extravagant emotional gestures of 19th Century Shakespearean productions. A few days later, Fray saw that copy of *Macbeth* on the coffee table and picked it up, pretending to be reading from it. Raising his arm toward the ceiling in the lordly gesture of the ill-fated King, he started making all sorts of murmuring, gurgling sounds, raising his voice and flailing his arms about. It was all we could do to keep from doubling up with laughter. I don't know which is funnier, Fray doing an imitation of Chuck reading *Macbeth* aloud—or Chuck doing an imitation of Fray doing an imitation of Chuck!

What true happiness is

The other evening we were out in a rather plush restaurant with a group, and Chuck started to give his impression of the Fraser Clarke Heston version of Shakespeare, complete with gestures. I looked up and saw several people in the restaurant staring at us, wondering what was going on, but Chuck continued, completely oblivious, spontaneous, and happy. And I thought to myself with tremendous pleasure, "This is *my* Chuck? How nice!"

Chuck is a very *real* person: he's kind and honest, thoughtful and decent. I know it—I should, after fourteen years of ma
riage—but he reminds me of it all the tim
The other evening we were out with
group of our friends in show business a
one of them, Anne Marie Gayer, who's
radio and TV actress, was bubbling ov
"Chuck, I just can't help name-droppi
about you. I told a friend of mine, 'I'
going out this evening with an old frien
He's a movie star. Charlton Heston.' S
screamed 'You mean *you* know Charlt
Heston?' I nodded a *yes*—and I tell y
Chuck, I was *made.*"

Chuck smiled and leaned forward, tel
ing the rest of our friends. "What An
Marie doesn't say is that she was the fi
person in our group to turn professiona
I'll never forget the time she landed h
first radio job and came up to our pla
in that pink suit. Lydia asked Anne Mar
where she got it, and she buried h
head in her lapel—like this—and whi
pered *Hattie Carnegie.*"

I could see Anne Marie's smile of sati
faction, and I thought, "How thoughtf
of Chuck to repeat that story." It was
little thing—but then, life is made up
so many little things.

If our Fray grows up to be a man wi
his father's appreciation of other people
feelings, and a knowledge of what's real
living—then I'll feel we've both done
good job.

Right now, as I look at Chuck playi
with the baby, and watch the smile
pleasure that spreads across his face, a
sense the relaxed and happy feeling whi
pervades our home, my heart fills to ove
flowing and I think, "This is what happ
ness is. It isn't fame, or glory, or mone
or six Cadillacs, or fan letters, or applaus
It's love, and the joy and fulfillment th
comes with being a loved wife and a lo
ing mother." EN

*Charlton Heston can currently be see
in Paramount's* The Ten Commandment

---

he kisses and doesn't tell

(*Continued from page 36*) His shrewdness in this respect is the result of a painful education he acquired after he startled the movie town with his portrayal of a shell-shocked soldier in *With A Song In My Heart.* The preview cards weren't half in when 20TH realized they had a new star on their hands. The publicity department shifted its gears into high and prepared to give R. J. the royal headline ride to stardom.

And Wagner, a bewildered but elated eager beaver, cooperated above and beyond the manner called for in his contract.

He was seen with every lush young starlet in town. He toured the nightclubs, ploughed through the premières, granted interviews to any writer who looked his way, posed for pictures until he called the corps of movie photographers by first names—and squired pretties until he knew every shade of lipstick on the market.

But the interviews are what taught him the real lesson in the romance department.

"I remember the first time it happened," Bob said wistfully. "She was a doll. Terrific figure, sparkling eyes, a wonderful laugh that made you feel good and a sense of complete understanding about the male animal.

"She was career-conscious, too. It was the day after our third date. I had an interview that morning with a columnist from one of the local papers. The lady writer, eager for something newsy, asked me how I felt about her.

"I said, 'I think she's wonderful.'

"The lady writer's eyes brightened. Then: 'Is she the kind of a girl you'd like to marry?' I should have known better, but I didn't. So I said, 'Of course. A man would be lucky to have her for a wife.'

"The next morning one of the studio executives called me in and a sterner look on the face of a man I've yet to see. He threw the early edition of a newspaper in front of me and said, 'I hope you can explain this!'

Front page news

"'*This*' was a front page story announcing my engagement and impending marriage to the girl I had so casually discussed the day before. 'She's wonderful,' I was quoted, 'I want to marry her.'

"I told the front office I'd take care of it. When I got back to my dressing room the phone was ringing. It was the doll. She crackled in that receiver like a short circuit. What did I mean we were engaged? The nerve of me saying we were going to be married. Did I know that I had practically alienated the guy she really wanted to marry, a man I didn't know. And besides, she added with a quiver, 'You didn't even *ask* me to marry you.'

"It took nearly a half hour to assure her that the story was all a mistake, the result of an over-enthusiastic reporter and a not-so-sharp young actor named Wagner. No, we didn't date any more."

Wagner, incidentally, possesses a peculiar reverse-action kind of appeal for women of any age. For instance, there's an exceedingly beautiful and aloof young actress, who shall be nameless. She is unmarried and something of an attraction herself. The conversation got around to Hollywood's eligible bachelors.

She mentioned a few she thought were dream-boat material. Bob was mentioned to her as a possible marital candidat

At the sound of his name she threw u
her hands and said, "For heavens' sak
don't mention him when you write abo
me! I can't stand him."

Asked if she had ever met him, she sai
"No, but from his pictures and what I'
read, my instincts tell me he's the la
man in the world I want to date. He's t
darn handsome and I've never met a goo
looking man yet who didn't suffer fro
conceit."

A few weeks later, of course, th
couldn't-stand-him girl had a date wit
Bob.

The secret code

When she was asked about it, she ga
a dreamy smile, her eyes went a little lim
and she said, "I wish I had met him a lo
time ago. We've been out together thre
times in the last ten days and I can't wa
for him to ask me again. He's wonderful
"How is he wonderful?"

To that one all she'd say, with a co
and slightly impish smile, was, "Pleas
Those are things a girl never tells any
body."

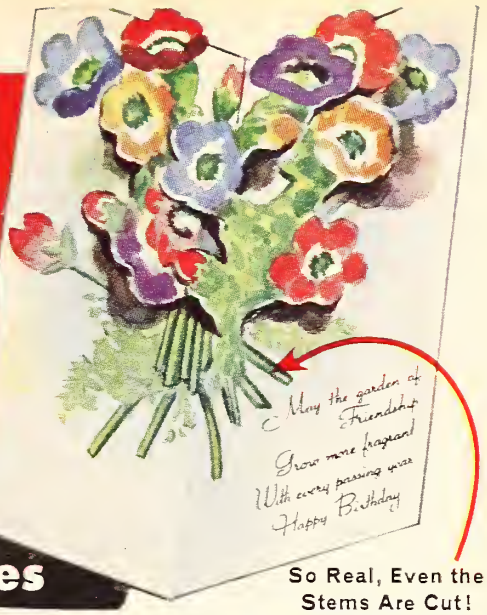
Wagner won't tell either. It's a co
with him now.

Sources of the limited revelations o
R. J.'s love life are, oddly enough, a num
ber of girls who are just a little bitter be
cause of Wagner's nimble exit from th
wedding-date situation.

One of them:

"It isn't fair. He doesn't say anything
fib about his intentions. But what the dev
can a girl think when Robert Wagner
arms are around her? He told me I w
beautiful, a lot of fun and intelligent. An
honestly, if you could have heard him yo

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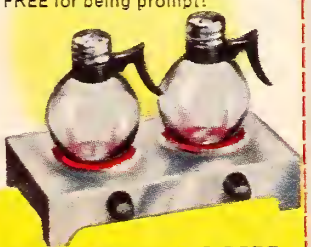


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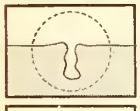
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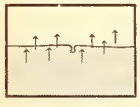
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*Color portrait of Kim Novak on the cover by Roger Prigent.
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WHAT A GUY WAYNE!

It's understandable that the
fans vote John Wayne top
favorite of the screen.
He's great in this new
picture based upon the
colorful career of
Commander "Spig" Wead...
the daredevil who actually
parlayed fourteen dollars,
a pair of crutches and
a redhead's love
into world fame!

M-G-M presents in METROCOLOR

JOHN WAYNE
DAN DAILEY
MAUREEN O'HARA

in

"THE WINGS OF EAGLES"

co-starring

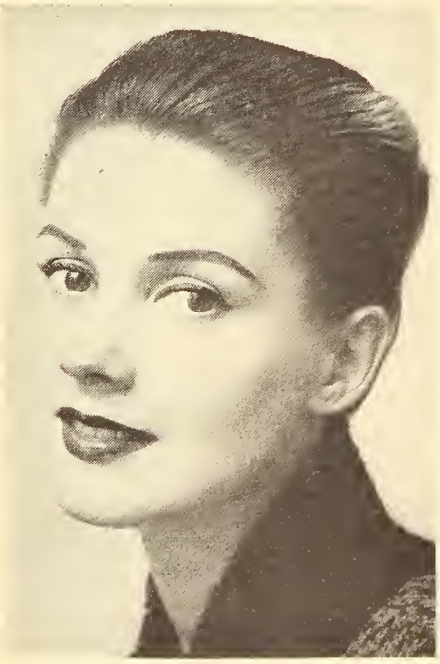
WARD BOND

Screen Play by FRANK FENTON and
WILLIAM WISTER HAINES
Based on the Life and Writings of
Commander Frank W. "Spig" Wead
Directed by JOHN FORD
Produced by CHARLES SCHNEE
An M-G-M Picture



This is the redhead!

Wouldn't you

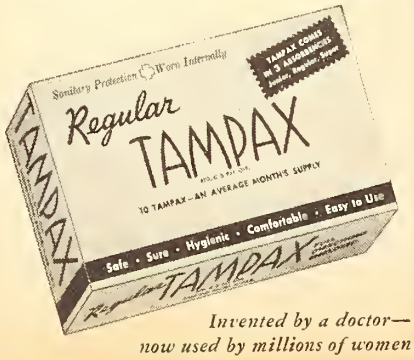


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What are the features of Tampax that generate such enthusiasm? Complete comfort. Invisible when in place. No odor. No chafing. No irritation. Does away with cumbersome belts, pins, pads. No disposal problems. No carrying problems. No tub or shower problems.

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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is Bob Wagner trying to take Natalie Wood away from Elvis Presley? —H.R., N.Y.C.

A. *He's moving in all right.*

Q. Tony Perkins and Gary Cooper's daughter, Maria—is this for real? —K.F., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Perkins is currently playing the field.*

Q. Has any Hollywood studio signed Pat Boone yet? Isn't he better than Elvis? —D.L., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Boone reports to 20th Century-Fox in February; his fans claim he is superior to Presley.*

Q. How old is Katharine Hepburn? Has she ever been married? —J.H., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *Hepburn is forty-seven; has been married once.*

Q. I've been told that Sal Mineo can't date a girl without first getting his mother's permission. Is this true? —G.H., Boston, Mass.

A. *Mrs. Mineo guides Sal's career, but his private life is his own.*

Q. Did Marilyn Monroe and Laurence Olivier fight during the filming of *The Sleeping Prince* in London? —A.L., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. *No fighting; Olivier's patience, however was exhausted at the end.*

Q. Will Tyrone Power marry Mai Zetterling? —F.G., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Power is temporarily soured on marriage.*

Q. Who in heaven's name picks Janet Leigh's clothes? —G.G., Stockton, Cal.

A. *Janet Leigh.*

Q. Wasn't the Tab Hunter-Natalie Wood romance a publicity build-up? —E.H., Miami, Fla.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Was Diana Dors ever arrested in England? —E. L., London, England

A. *It was a misdemeanor.*

Q. Can you tell me why Ernest Borgnine is fighting with his employers? —D.J., Columbus, Ohio

A. *He wants out of what he considers an unfair contract with Hecht-Hill-Lancaster.*

Q. Aren't Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa secretly married? —F.L., N.Y.C.

A. *Both say no.*

Q. Henry Fonda and Affreda Franchetti —is this serious? —B.L., Atlanta, Ga.

A. *Definitely.*

Q. Was Robert Mitchum ever on a chain gang? —Y.R., Durham, N.C.

A. *Yes, in his youth.*

Q. Who is the brightest young actor in Hollywood? —H.G., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Toss-up between Tony Perkins and Earl Holliman.*

Q. During the filming of *Pride And Passion* in Spain. didn't Frank Sinatra give both Sofia Loren and her sister a twirl? —E.C., Cleveland, Ohio

A. *Frank was attentive to both.*

Q. Who is more disliked by the press in Hollywood—Steve Cochran or Katharine Hepburn? —A.M., Boston, Mass.

A. *Hepburn.*

Q. Whatever became of Piper Laurie? —I.G., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Gone to television.*

Q. Is Peggy Ann Garner's mother really in jail? —S.H., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *No; she is residing in Los Angeles.*



THIS IS THE TOUGHEST YOUNG GENERAL IN THE U.S. ARMY!



Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas are having a "Top Secret Affair" and it's the laughiest war-of-the-sexes since comedies grew up!

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Written by ROLAND KIBBEE and ALLAN SCOTT • Produced by MARTIN RACKIN • MILTON SPERLING Supervising Producer • Directed by H.C. POTTER

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

All of Hollywood's greats showed up for Modern Screen's award party. It was such fun!



I was ever so thrilled when George Delacorte, publisher of MODERN SCREEN, *gave me this beautiful silver cup for my years of writing for the magazine.*



Janet and Tony didn't have to share any honors—each of them did very, very well.



Natalie Wood and Kirk Douglas shared a laugh together during the exciting festivities.



Tony Curtis stops a minute to congratulate Doris Day, on the Star of Stars award she won.



And here we all are, the Modern Screen *family of award winners for 1956. Did you ever see such a line-up of talent?*

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Seldom has there been such a turn-out of stars as came to Modern Screen's award party, either to appear on **Ed Sullivan's** TV show as one of the winners, or else to attend the gala cocktail party held on stage 41 at CBS immediately following the broadcast.

Publisher **George Delacorte,** our genial host, and I were pretty excited about our own performances as actors making the Silver Cup presentations to **Debbie Reynolds** and **Tony Curtis,** The Most Popular Actress and Actor; **Kirk Douglas,** Best Actor for *Lust For Life*; **Audrey Hepburn,** Best Actress for *War And Peace*. Audrey was in Paris so Director **King Vidor** accepted for her.

Doris Day and **Frank Sinatra**—he was ill—won The Star of Stars trophies. **Tony Perkins** and **Victoria Shaw** came up winners as The Most Promising Young Star. **Elvis Presley** and **Natalie Wood** were voted as The Most Important New Personality. **Janet Leigh** was The Year's Top Cover Girl. And producer-director **George Stevens** was very much on hand to accept his award for *Giant* as the Best Picture of '56.

We were all as nervous as wet hens during the TV rehearsals with Tony and Janet and I, and even the self-possessed Kirk Douglas, flowing up in our lines. But came broadcast time and we think we came off all right.

Imagine my surprise when we left the studio for the big stage where the party was being held to find waiting for me that utterly charming **Rossano Brazzi,** who had just arrived in Hollywood three hours before. What a perfectly delightful person he is—and, believe it or not, he speaks English much more perfectly than he does on the screen.

A bit later I saw Brazzi and Doris Day having a quiet chat, and I wouldn't be surprised in the least if it was about *South Pacific*. Brazzi is set to play the role made famous by **Ezio Pinza** on the stage—and there's a lot of talk that Doris will get the **Mary Martin** part. She'd be great if you ask me. More and more I get a kick out of **Tony Perkins.** Tony's date was **Maria Cooper**—this seems to be getting steady—and **Gary's** lovely daughter was at his side when he sailed up to me and said, "I wrote you a letter. And you never answered it."

I laughed, "Did it call for an answer, Tony? Anyway, you may be interested to know that your letter is going to be reprinted in my *Good News department in* Modern Screen." You fans read it last month, the letter in which Tony defends himself as a careless dresser. I must say he looked sartorially sharp on this occasion.

Everyone took a good look at **Jayne Mansfield** when she walked in with director **Nick Ray,** and she didn't disappoint the onlookers. She was in a very décolleté white dress with a white mink stole, looking every inch the movie queen. Is that bad?

Natalie Wood and **Bob Wagner** met for the first time, believe it or not, and if you ask me I think a spark struck. Particularly since I heard several days later that they had been lunching together several times.

Rock Hudson and his **Phyllis** are always so gracious. The good-looking Rock was Most Popular Actor last year and he was on hand this time to extend his congratulations to **Tony Curtis.**

Tony Franciosa came stag, which caused me to ask this attractive young actor from Broadway—who is making his movie debut in *This Could Be The Night*—if he came alone because his heart **Shelley Winters,** who is in New York, might be jealous. "Ask Shelley," he laughed.

Ann Blyth simply beamed her happiness and excitement. She had just learned that she is to get the coveted *Helen Morgan* story—and if you ask me her devoted husband Dr. Jim McNulty is just as excited over Ann's great prize as she is. Ann spent much of her time discussing the songs with **Jimmy McHugh,** a great friend of the late Helen.

Bob Wagner told me, "Just three more days and I shave off these darn Jesse James sideburns. I'm beginning to feel more like Elvis than Presley himself." Even to those luncheon dates with Natalie, Bob?

Looking very glamorous in a cloth-of-gold cocktail coat was **Yvonne De Carlo** who is paying much more attention to clothes since her clicks in *Ten Commandments* and *Death Of A Scoundrel*. It was so nice, too, to see such good friends as **Lew Ayres,** the **Ken Murrays,** the **Edgar Bergens** and so many others who helped make Modern Screen's big night, bigger and brighter!

MIKE TODD HAD HIS DANDER UP when he called me from **Liz Taylor's** hospital room before she underwent a five-hour operation on her spine. "I wish these people who have been saying (Continued on page 8)

New Spray-Set
by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!

See lovely MAUREEN O'HARA in M-G-M's "THE WINGS OF EAGLES" in Color.



SUPER-SOFT
LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

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because it's non-drying...
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Editor David Myers and his lovely Astrid were Ed Sullivan's guests at the New York broadcast David couldn't take the time to come to L.A

that Elizabeth's illness was imaginary coul see the X-rays the doctor has just shown me, Mike said indignantly. "This girl has suffere unbearable pain from time to time over period of years—and then had to listen t people say she was a hypochondriac an that her illness was psychosomatic!" All thos fancy words meaning that poor Liz just though she was sick!

Mike himself had moved into the hospita HARKNESS PAVILLION, supposedly for a check up—but really because he wanted to be nea Elizabeth.

The five-hour ordeal she underwent was t correct a crushed disc which was pressing o another disc and pinching a nerve, causin her great pain in the pelvic region.

The operation caused all sorts of majo upsets in the plans of Mike and Liz, as th doctors said she would have to remain patient for about six weeks. Any plans th Taylor and the Todd might have had for hurried marriage had to be postponed. An Liz was not able to accompany the man sh loves to California for the opening of his h *Around The World In 80 Days.*

Meanwhile, her ex-husband **Mike Wild ing** was spending much time at Elizabeth hilltop home keeping an eye on their littl boys.

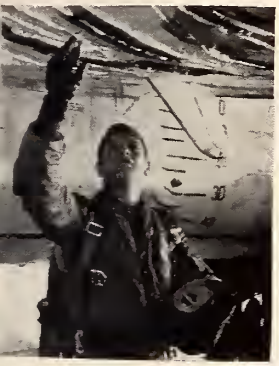
OPEN LETTER TO FRANK SINA TRA: Look out, boy. You're driving yourse awfully hard. Oh, yes I know—your care has never been brighter and now is the tim to "make hay," as you recently said. I happe to know that the big amount you owe Unc Sam in back taxes has long worried you an that you are eager to get out from under th load.

Even so, it gives me a dizzy headache think of your present schedule. When yo finished *The Joker* at PARAMOUNT you had tw days before the start of a three-week nightclu engagement at the SANDS in Las Vegas. Wit no intervening time off, you signed for return engagement of personal appearances Australia. Upon your return there's *Pal Joe* with **Rita Hayworth** and your former flam **Kim Novak,** followed by *What Mak Sammy Run*—scheduled for a Spring startin date. Now *really!*

"I'm a healthy boy and I can take it," yo insist. But I think (*Continued on page 1*

BILL HOLDEN GETS HYPOXIA

■ Hypoxia is a fancy term for lack of oxygen, and recently Bill Holden had a fancy case of hypoxia. Self induced, you might say. And all because on a dare,



Bill Holden will do almost anything. Like dive into a swimming pool with an Aqua - Lung, just to prove he *could* stay underwater for half an hour—or ride a bike standing on the handlebars to see how far he can lean without falling—or get his new Ferrari racing car up to 136 miles an hour on the salt flats, because, "otherwise, when old man Ferrari tells you this car will do 175, how are you going to deny it?"

So, turn Bill loose around the fabulous Bell X-2, the incredible jet which is slated to be the Air Force plane of the future—and what do you expect? Naturally, a case of hypoxia for Holden.

The Bell X-2 has just reached a speed of 1900 miles an hour, passing the fabulous X-1A, rated at 1600 miles an hour at 90,000 feet. It figures that Holden's first picture for his own TOLUCA PRODUCTIONS, *Toward The Unknown*, is about the Bell X-2. It was made at Edwards Air Force Base, Air Force Flight Test Center for experimental jets. The film takes its name from the base's own motto: *Ad Inexplorata* (travel the unknown).

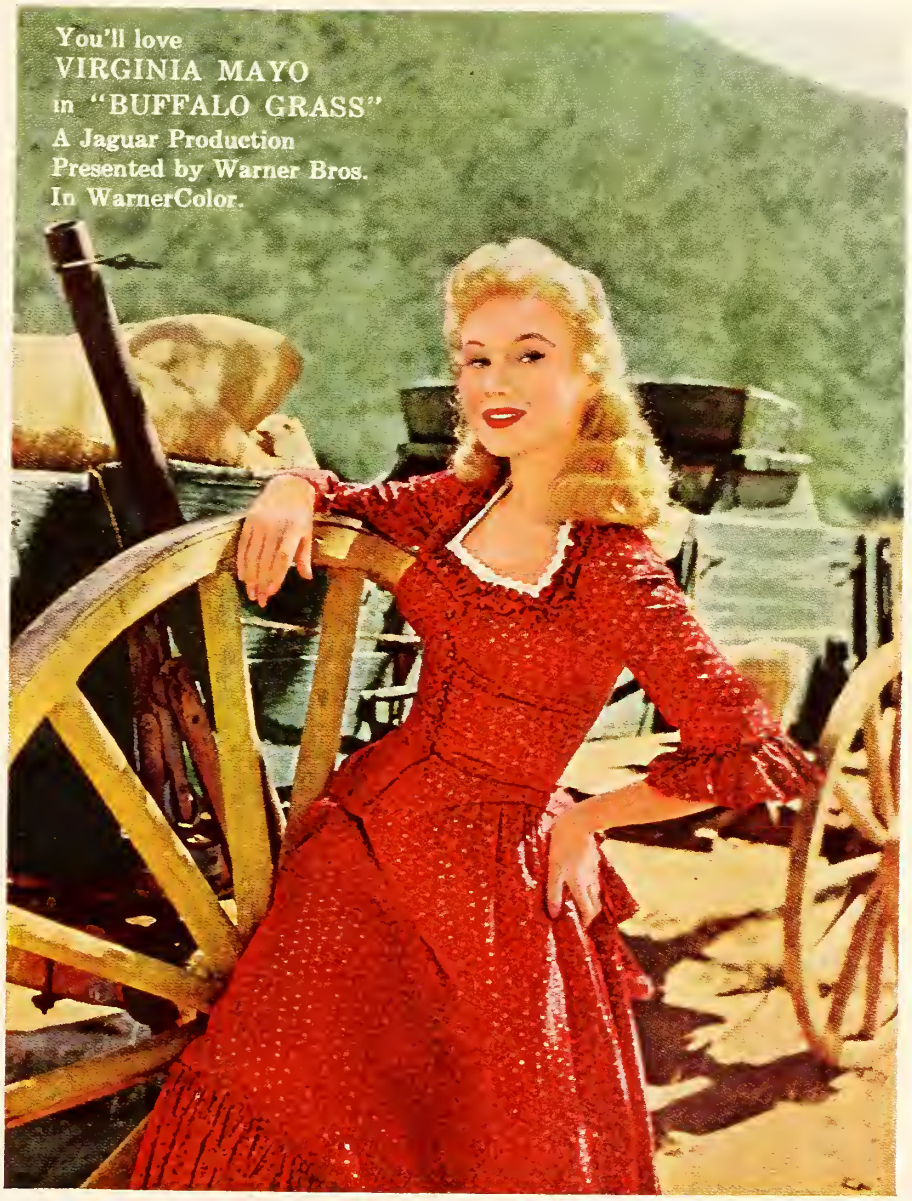
Of course, Holden has done all his own stunts in pictures. But this was different. It was a real coup to even get the Air Force to allow the supersonic marvel photographed.

Naturally, the inevitable took place. It's never been told before, and what happened won't be on film, but . . .

He finagled a trip. There's a 30,000 foot pressure chamber. Bill admits, "We went up to 40,000 feet. You think you're all right. But then they tell you to hold out your hand. You can't make your fingers do what you're told. You can't even write '*Mary had a little lamb.*'" Squinching his eyes as if to shake off the memory of what loss of oxygen does to you, he adds, "That's hypoxia."

He's still filled with awe at the experience. But with Holden, things just don't stop there. Recently he started flying lessons—and expects to solo in a T-33, a jet trainer, in three months.

Naturally, someone has already tagged him. "With Bill up there," remarked a friend, "the Wild Blue Yonder better make room." *Watch for Bill Holden in Columbia's* The Bridge On The River Kwai.



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never dries—it beautifies

thick and creamy...
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needs no after-rinse!

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Trust to "Lysol" and relax! Discover the marvelous freedom that comes when you're sure of yourself! Be happier, more confident—ready for the new people and pleasant, gay happenings that you want in your life!

Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching with new, mild-formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-573.



"Lysol" ®
Brand Disinfectant

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Norma Moore talks about her favorite subject: TONY PERKINS

■ Norma Moore's favorite subject of conversation is Tony Perkins. When son one merely mentions his name, she starts talking a blue streak.

What impresses Norma most about Tony? Not his naturalness, his eccentricitie and his blunt honesty—all of which have made Hollywood sit up and take notic No, what has left an indelible mark on Norma is the fierce dedication and treme dous skill Tony brings to the business of acting.

When Tony was cast to play the title role of Jimmy Piersall in *Fear Strikes O* in which Norma plays opposite him as his wife, the Hollywood rumor mi labeled this a classic example of miscasting. Jim Piersall, the real-life star centr fielder of the BOSTON RED SOX, is strong and powerful. Tony Perkins, the actor, plagued by ill health. During the filming of *Fear Strikes Out*, for instance, he spe a week in the hospital with a temperature of 104, caused by bad tonsils. Wh Norma visited him, she suggested he have them taken out. He refused. Now Norm is president of the 'Get the Tonsils Out of Tony Perkins' Club.

Piersall has sharp eyesight that enables him to get his fair share of base hits ea season. Perkins can hardly see without glasses. When Norma first met him in N York—before she ever knew she would one day play in a picture with him— wore regular glasses. When he first hit Hollywood, he decided not to wear the . . . a painful mistake, he found, as he bumped into trees and doors and peop Then he discovered that his lenses could be fitted into pilot-goggle frames. Unusu perhaps, but they stay on well and on Tony look good.

Piersall hits and throws righthanded. Perkins is strictly a southpaw.

Piersall is a great natural athlete. Perkins' exercise is walking his dog.

In January, almost six months before shooting on the film was to begin, t process of transforming Tony Perkins, actor, into Jimmy Piersall, big-leaguer, bega First he was fitted with contact lenses. Then he made a daily trip to GILMORE STADIU and worked out with semi-professional and professional ballplayers.

In the beginning it was murder. His hands blistered badly. His back ached. H just couldn't get the knack of switching from left to right hand. But as the wee went by he began to get the hang of it. At the end of a day on the diamond would no longer feel like he had been battered for hours in a malted milk shak

By July he had shed ten pounds but he batted and fielded like a real pro.

Norma Moore never will forget the day Tony played his big scene, the one which Jimmy Piersall cracks up at FENWAY PARK in front of the Boston fans w love him. Just before this big scene, Tony strode to the plate and, as called in the script, hit a screaming line drive over second base. A little later, Tony beg to go through the crazy antics that marked Piersall's nervous breakdown.

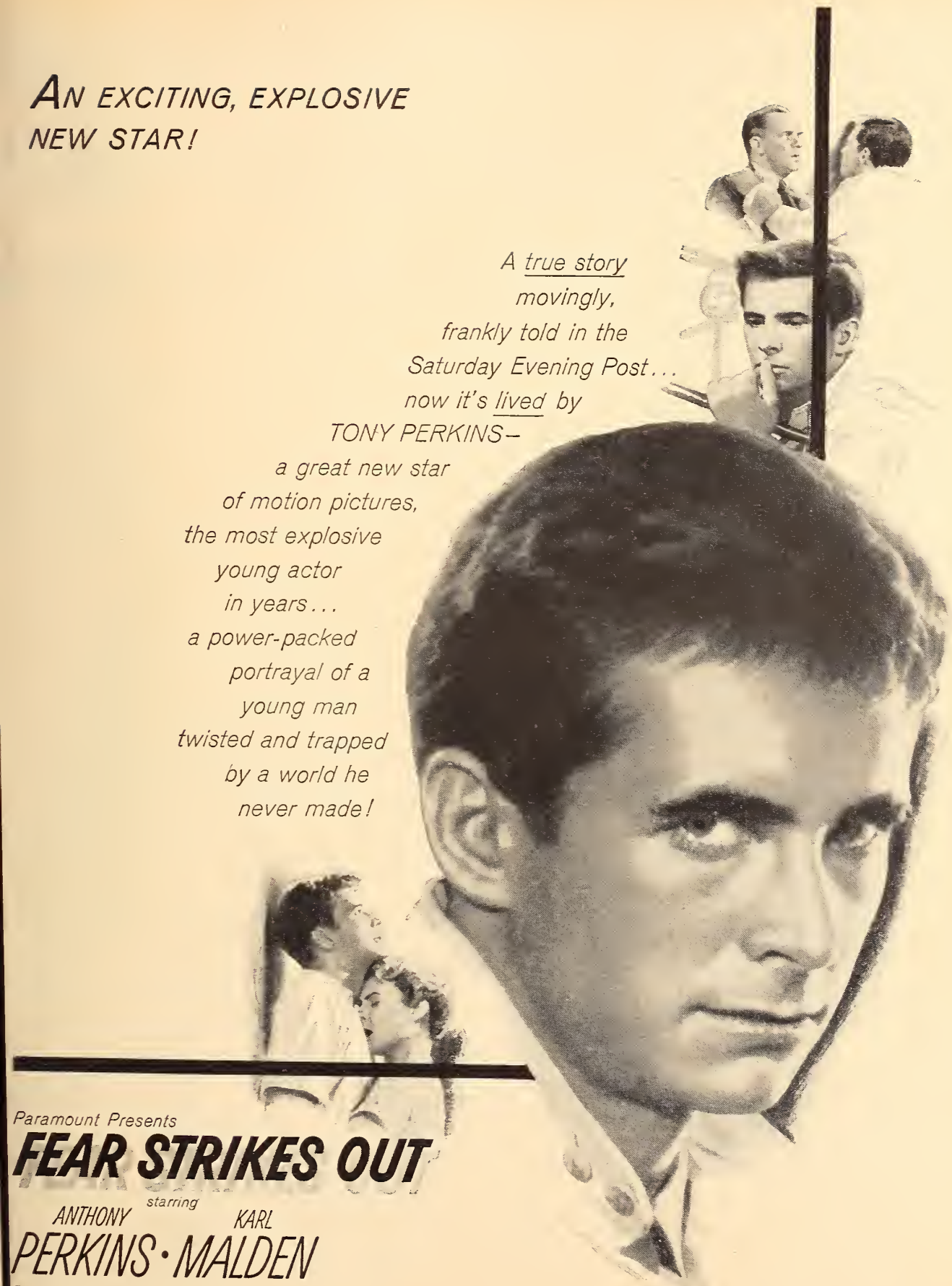
As Norma says: "It was the most tremendous, terrible and terrifying thing I ever seen. Wonderfully real. Everyone watching was tremendously moved. T cameramen and crew—the most hardened audience in the world—applauded th times when he was finished. To hear their cheers, you would have thought Piers had made a sensational catch instead of cracking up. Tony was wonderful, for y see—he had really become Jimmy Piersall."

Tony Perkins and Norma Moore will soon be seen in Paramount's Fear Strikes O *Also watch for Tony in Paramount's* The Lonely Man *and* The Tin Star.



AN EXCITING, EXPLOSIVE NEW STAR!

A true story movingly, frankly told in the Saturday Evening Post... now it's lived by TONY PERKINS— a great new star of motion pictures, the most explosive young actor in years... a power-packed portrayal of a young man twisted and trapped by a world he never made!



Paramount Presents

FEAR STRIKES OUT

starring

ANTHONY PERKINS · KARL MALDEN

Produced by Alan Pakula
Directed by Robert Mulligan
Screenplay by Ted Berkman and Raphael Blau
Based on a Story by James A. Piersall and Albert S. Hirshberg

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Now! The loveliest wave i
takes ½ the time

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Only New QUICK by Richard Hudnut has this Crystal Clear penetrating lotion. And it's lanolized!

Quicker, gentler penetration! New Quick Home Permanent's Crystal Clear Lotion has none of the cloudy, sticky ingredients that hinder penetration and slow down waving action in ordinary permanents. So it penetrates *all through* your hair more quickly, yet gently. Gives you the surest, safest wave ever.

Lanolin-care for your hair! N Crystal Clear Lotion is lanolized give you smoother, springier cu with a healthy shine. Lanolin-s Quick curls never have that fri "new perm" look, even the first d And yet they won't go limp in dar ness or humidity. Last beautifu till you cut them off.



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the time—½ the work! New ystal Clear Lotion's fast penetrat- g action lets you roll more hair on ch curler and still get a firm, last- g curl to the very tips of your ir. So just 20 curlers—½ the nding time—½ the waving work give you a complete, full-bodied w-style wave.



2 new-style waves for the price of 1

Only Quick has Crystal Clear Lotion—*a lotion so pure,* you can use half, recap, and safely save half for another wave. Only Quick gives you two new-style waves for the price of one ordinary wave. Better get Quick, quick!

2-wave size, $2.00 plus tax
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New Home Permanent by Richard Hudnut

Debbie comes out



A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.

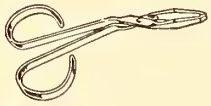


KURLENE® tube **50c*** jar **$1.00***

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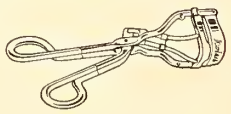
Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coif flatters eyes and face.)



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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*





A cup of coffee isn't enough, Frankie. You need rest. *Earl Holliman was a pleasant surprise to*

that many of your good friends, people who have your real interest at heart, are worried about you. Two of your pals, Jack Entratter and Jimmy Van Heusen, have both told me, "Frank is sometimes so exhausted at the end of the day he falls asleep over his dinner."

Yet you often rouse yourself from these catnaps and go right down to the recording studio where you work until the wee small hours making new albums!

My personal diagnosis for this self beating is that you are restless, at odds with life, with no serious romantic interest—and you are content to settle for work, work, work. But *no* one can keep up this blistering pace you've set for yourself and not suffer in health and nerves. Think it over, Mr. Thin Singer.

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM, EARL HOLLIMAN: With his angular face, high cheek bones and fiercely determined eyes, he doesn't look like an actor. But as **Burt Lancaster, Katharine Hepburn** and **Wendell Corey** can tell you they had to do their tip-top best to keep this young man from stealing *The Rainmaker* from them. I've seldom seen a finer supporting performance from a newcomer.

While he is not a product of the ACTORS STUDIO, Earl is just as dedicated as though he were **Marlon Brando** and **Tony Perkins** combined.

Born in Tennassas Swamp, ("That's correct," he laughed) Louisiana, he began his acting career in high school, later studied drama on the G.I. Bill at the UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA and the PASADENA PLAYHOUSE. "Then I just started hounding the PARAMOUNT casting directors until I got a bit in *The Girls Of Pleasure Island.*" After this, young Holliman was off to the races. He appeared in succession in *Gunfight At The OK Corral, The Burning Hills* and *Giant.*

He loves to dance and in high school was quite a jitterbug. "Now I'm slowed down to a rhumba and a samba," he grins. Despite his terpsichorean talents he doesn't go out much. **"Richard Widmark** told me when I first came here not to become a nightclub actor," he explains.

So he sticks close to his fireside surrounded by stray dogs of all breeds— "Can't resist a mongrel," he explains. He's very serious about being on a self-improvement kick, saying, taking courses in music appreciation literature—so when I'm important enou be interviewed by say, Louella Parso can talk about something besides my picture." Well, thank you, Earl—I'll reme and brush up on my own music appreci

WHEN GINGER ROGERS ADMIT that she and **Jacques Bergerac** had quarreling and that there were problem their marriage, the unkind smarties in midst were quick to say, "What does an woman expect from a marriage to su young man?" Bergerac was twenty-four he and Ginger were married in Palm Sp three years ago.

But the gossips had to eat those w almost immediately. Jacques himself told "It's true that Ginger and I have had rough moments. But don't all married cou

"I love my wife very much, and spe for myself I can say that nothing will b up our marriage." Those are strong, de words and Jacques sounded very sincer

What a change in this handsome y Frenchman since I dined with him and G soon after their marriage! At that tim couldn't speak a word of English.

He is very ambitious for a career, how and during the past years he has studied studied to perfect his English. He made first hit on **Ann Sothern's** TV show *Pr Secretary,* followed by an even more im sive appearance in a *Playhouse 90* pro Now Jacques is hitting the top in movies a very important role in the MGM mu *Les Girls.*

It may be that Jacques' new success help solve his and Ginger's matrimonial lems. It often happens that Hollywood riages where the woman is a star an husband a lesser light suffer a great s I could name dozens of examples; for **Susan Hayward** and **Jess Barker.**

I really hope that Ginger and Jacques a go of it.

LAS VEGAS RAMBLINGS: Fle Las Vegas for the fourth anniversary o SANDS HOTEL, for which **Jerry Le Danny Thomas** and **Frank Sinatra** appeared on the same bill at the mid show!

(Continued on page 6



A Universal International Picture starring

TONY CURTIS · MARTHA HYER
CHARLES BICKFORD · KATHRYN GRANT

with RUSS MORGAN Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS Screenplay by BLAKE EDWARDS Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

Universal International







Radiant Mitzi Gaynor and hubby Jack Bean. Loretta Young chats with Jerry Lewis' missus. Mickey Hargitay's muscles support Jayne.

All their Hollywood pals planed up to see this show of shows with all three stars absolutely at their peak in performance. Jerry was officially the star at the SANDS, playing his first nightclub engagement minus his old sidekick, **Dean Martin.** Danny and Frank flew up from Los Angeles for the big night.

The audience was as star-studded as the bill. All the ladies had been asked to wear their most beautiful gowns, and the gentlemen black ties.

Sitting ringside in all their glory were **Esther Williams** and **Ben Gage; Mitzi Gaynor**—she's Frank's leading lady in *The Joker*—and **Jack Bean; Marlene Dietrich,** arrayed in a white mink stole; blonde **Joan Caulfield** and **Frank Ross; Lucille Ball** with a party of friends. **Desi** didn't arrive until the next morning. Also, **Loretta Young,** the **Charles Vidors, Peter Lorre, J. C. Flippen** and **Michael Curtiz.**

Jayne Mansfield, by this time looking like a doll, laughed harder than anyone else at the superb comedy of Danny and Jerry and was as enthralled as a bobby-soxer over Frankie's singing. The next night, Jayne, **Mickey Hargitay** and I went with **Jimmy McHugh** to see **Lisa Kirk's** show and I felt I really got to know Jayne better. She is really a nice, unspoiled girl—and a lot of fun in the bargain.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I walked out to the swimming pool the next day at the SANDS and saw Jayne wearing a leopard skin bathing suit—it was tight to start with, but after she'd been dunked in the pool by Jerry Lewis it clung even tighter. It was all a part of the act: she pushed Jerry in the pool and he retaliated.

Dripping wet as she was, Mickey Hargitay, who will marry Jayne sometime next summer, wrapped her in her expensive mink coat. But then, with the way she's going, she can afford to buy another.

SUCH IS FAME DEPARTMENT: When luscious **Anita Ekberg** went down to the West Los Angeles Police Department to bail out husband Tony Steel, who was being held on a drunken driving charge, none of the policemen recognized her! Which irritated Miss Ekberg no end.

"I'm Anita Ekberg," she said, icily drawing herself to her full height, "the screen star!"

"We can't help that, Miss Ekberg," said the desk Sarge, "All we need to know about you is if you have $265 dollars to bail t man out."

Both Anita and Tony finally got around admitting that they had had a quarrel—whi brought on his taking the family car *plus* few too many nips.

"NOW I'M IN THE diamonds-are girl's-best-friend class" laughed **Debb Reynolds** as she proudly showed me t five-carat diamond on a slender chain arou her neck which **Eddie Fisher** had just giv her for their first anniversary. It's really sparkler, almost as shining as Debbie's ey

Had dinner with my young pals at ROMA OFF'S the night before the Fishers left Florida.

Sitting at a nearby table was **Robe Wagner** and during the course of dinn he came over to speak to us all.

Said Eddie, wtih a mischievous glint in eye as Bob left, "Wasn't he your boy-frie at one time?"

"He sure *was*!" replied the sassy M Debbie.

I think one reason these kids get alo so well is because they have a wonder sense of humor about everything, includi themselves.

THE LETTER BOX: *"I'm disgusted with Hollywood producers for not giving Tab Hunter the breaks he deserves,"* writes PAMELA PATTERSON, JERSEY CITY. *"Last year Tab won the Audience Award Poll as The Most Promising Young Star. But thanks to the short-sighted men who control destinies in movietown, he won't have a chance at that honor this year!"* Other letter writers who think Tab should get bigger material are PATRICIA ANNE DOHERTY and EVELYN KAY . . .

MRS. R. E. ANDERSON, TACOMA, WASHINGTON, decries fickle fans and critics *"who forget Tyrone Power and how wonderful he was in* The Eddy Duchin Story, *my favorite picture of the year."* Don't be so sure Ty is forgotten, MRS. R. E., although the male contenders for Oscars this year are many . . .

There were more letters about Elizabeth Taylor this month than any other actress. Most of them carry the same train of thought. They are sorry about her illness, but many want to spank her for her "immature behavior."

Some excerpts from the Liz-mail are: *"It is impossible to be off with one great love, Mike Wilding, and on with another, Mike Todd, as fast as Liz is doing it,"* writes ANNE PARKER, DETROIT. FROM TAMPA, FLORIDA, REGGIE BURLING warns: *"Her beauty and talent go just so far. Liz, personally, is going way past the bounds of good taste. Please tell Liz we're rooting for her and please, don't let us down!"* . . .

KELLY KOMORTON, BALTIMORE, wails: *"Why, oh why did that perfect doll, Marlon Brando, insist on appearing as an Oriental in* Teahouse Of The August Moon? *I couldn't understand half of what he said."* Some of the critics had the same trouble, Kelly.

"You can have Rock, Tab, Bob, Tony and all the rest" postcards GERALDINE DIAS, LIHU HAWAII, *"give me Leslie Nielsen, the you actor who REALLY sends me!"* Your favor is coming up and up, Geraldine . . .

Interesting, indeed, to receive a letter fr HAIG MESSERLIAN, BEIRUT, LEBANON, who h words of praise for MODERN SCREEN. *"W our part of the world so disturbed and t easy,"* he types in perfect English. *"it is a j to read M.S., which brings each month wa intimate and happy news about your wo derful country and the beautiful stars"* . . .

"If Hollywood is going to tame Elvis Pr ley down to where he isn't himself at all, a I mean in Love Me Tender—I do care if he never makes another movie," explodes MARIE TALERICO and MARY SACC who say they're writing for thirty Presl fans in UTICA, NEW YORK.

That's all for now. See you next mont

No Other Leading Toothpaste

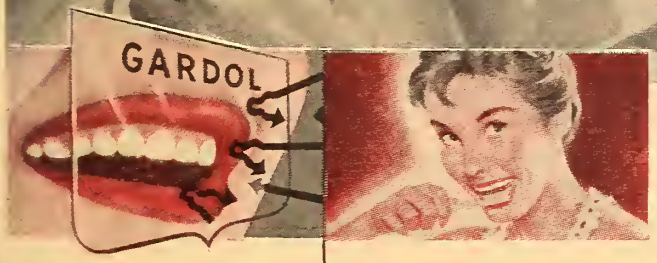
CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!



Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains GARDOL TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ...With Just One Brushing!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours —or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER—CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

It's easy to care for Baby with Port-a-crib

THE DROP-SIDE PORTABLE CRIB THAT'S A PLAY PEN TOO!



Port-a-crib, the original portable crib, makes baby care so much easier. Port-a-crib is a comfortable baby bed with a special adjustment to make it 6½" higher than normal cribs, thus taking the "back-break" out of caring for baby. Port-a-crib converts quickly into a play pen, sets up in autos . . . makes it fun to travel with baby, rolls through doorways without folding, folds to 6" width for easy storage.

Grandmothers: Have a Port-a-crib ready when little visitors call.

Port-a-cribs make wonderful gifts, too!

As low as $32.95 Including mattress . . . At Better Stores Everywhere. Write for free folder and name of your nearest dealer.

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WERE YOU A BLONDE BABY— What Happened?





Were you once a gorgeous blonde? Did you neglect your hair—letting it slip, shade-by-shade, into o dull, dark color? Now, at lost, you can bring back the sporkling beauty of blonde hair with BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home lotion shampoo. Made fresh, as you need it, BLONDEX whips into a rich, billowy lather... rinses away the dingy film that makes blonde hair dark and old-looking...reveals the lustrous highlights that men love! Contains ANDIUM to lighten and shine as it shampoos. Absolutely safe—use it for children's delicate hair. Get BLONDEX today at 10¢, drug or department stores.

Will You Wear A Pair Of Glamorous New Sandals To Make $65 IN SPARE TIME



Step into big extra money wearing FLEXICLOGS! Patented ***flex with your foot*** FLEXICLOGS are the latest fashion rage. When friends see this smart new footwear on ***your*** feet, they'll give you orders. Make up to **$10** a sale on our amazing ***Triple Profit Plan!*** In attractive styles for women and men. Write now for a complete selling outfit including a pair of your own comfortable FLEXICLOGS *on approval!*

FLEXICLOGS, Dept. 9X-C, New Holstein, Wis.
Please send pair of FLEXICLOGS. My shoe size is_____
Name_____
Full Address_____

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
Battle Hymn
Baby Doll

FOR SUSPENSE
The Wrong Man

FOR LAUGHS
The Iron Petticoat

FOR MUSIC AND COMEDY
The Girl Can't Help It

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



A tense scene from Hitchcock's The Wrong Man *is this one in which Henry Fonda and his wife (Vera Miles) find themselves trapped in the tragedy of circumstantial evidence*

THE WRONG MAN

another Hitchcock production

■ It's a Hitchcock film, and from the minute it starts suspense nearly kills you. There's a pleasant, mild-mannered man (Henry Fonda) who plays bass at the STORK CLUB and lives with his wife (Vera Miles) and two children in Jackson Heights. His wife has a couple of impacted wisdom teeth that have to be removed, and while helping with the dishes Fonda decides to go down to the insurance company and borrow money on a policy to pay the dentist. A somewhat hysterical office clerk is convinced that Fonda is the man who robbed the company a few months before, and all at once he is trapped in a nightmare. Other robberies have occurred in the neighborhood and Fonda obviously bears an uncanny resemblance to the thief. Of course Fonda is innocent, but what he goes through to prove it! In fact, he doesn't prove it; it just happens that the real thief shows up in time to attempt another burglary. But what happens to Fonda's wife is a tragedy that later apologies can't help. This is based on an actual story and it is a powerful film. With tremendous restraint, moving quietly from scene to scene, Hitchcock and his actors build an atmosphere of horror—the horror of an innocent, hapless man whose dignity as a private citizen is ripped from him, a man who feels the terror of isolation as his life is mauled by the cold machinery of the law.—Warners.

THE HAPPY ROAD

and a child shall lead them . . .

■ The *Happy Road* is produced, directed and starred in by Gene Kelly. He plays a high-pressure American businessman in Paris—his wife is dead—who's sent his boy to an expensive school in Switzerland. Not to get rid of him, just to give him all the advantages. When Bobby runs away from school, Gene is understandably upset, especially since he has to leave his business to find him. And French divorcee Barbara Laage is upset because her daughter (Brigitte Fossey) is apparently with Bobby. The kids are about ten years old, but as you shall see they are ten times wiser and more adventurous than their elders. Bobby hasn't really run away; he's running to Paris to be with his father. Ditto Brigitte. They figure that if they can make it to Paris on their own their folks will consider them old enough to take care of themselves and let them stay. A veritable underground of children help Bobby and Brigitte into one town and out of the other while the police make fools of themselves. Gene and Barbara in hot pursuit are caught in farcical situations that remind you of French movies. Michael Redgrave, a general conducting military maneuvers, orders all his forces to close in on the children when they're reported in his area. And they sure are in his area—they're having tea in the headquarters' kitchen. Bobby and Brigitte get to Paris all right, and on their own. Their parents get to Paris all right, too. In fact they've learned a little about love.—MGM.

BATTLE HYMN

a special kind of heroism

■ Based on the true story of Colonel Dean Hess, this is a movie to touch your heart. Dean Hess (Rock Hudson) was a minister who left the pulpit to become a fighter pilot in World War II. When the Korean War comes around he feels he must leave the pulpit again. In Korea he is struck by the children, the pitiful, appealing waifs who must wander without parents, shelter or even food. By his efforts a now-famous airlift was established which flew the orphans to safety on Cheju Island where a permanent home was set up for them. Miss Yang (*Continued on page*









Your dreams are getting better all the time!

NOW YOU CAN

WIN $20,000

maidenform dream contest

Dreams were *never* this good before! What's the dream *you'd* most like to see in one of Maidenform's fabulous ads? *Quick*—write it down, send it in! If your entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* cut from the cardboard tag attached to each bra, or cut from the bra package. *your winnings are doubled!* Yes, your dreams are worth more than ever! Imagine! You can win up to $20,000 for dreaming up a new Maidenform dream. Don't wait...enter today!

242 Prizes! Each can be doubled! First Prize $10,000 cash! Second Prize $3,000 cash! Third Prize $1,000 cash! 4 prizes of $250 each; 10 prizes of $100 each! 25 prizes of $50 each and 200 prizes of $20 each!

Remember, each prize is DOUBLED if you follow rules carefully!

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.





Chansonette*... *the all-time favorite—the bra featured in the now-classic dream ads "I dreamed I was a toreador...", "I dreamed I played Cleopatra...", "I dreamed I was voted best dressed woman..."! You, too, can dream up a dream for this bra! Then look like a dream—wear it!*

$2.00, $2.50

1957 MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST—OFFICIAL RULES

1. Send in as many entries as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform retailer. Each entry must be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because...".
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor, and all rights are given by the contestant, without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Prize awards will be doubled providing the prize winning entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* in its characteristic script cut from the wash tag on a Maidenform brassiere or from any other paper material accompanying the brassiere. This means, any printed trademark *maidenform* on the individual bra package. A sales slip also will qualify if it specifies a Maidenform bra.
4. Any person may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
5. Send all entries to: Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 59A, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 13, 1957, and received by April 25, 1957.
6. All winners will be notified by mail within six weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Official Entry Blank

MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST
P. O. Box 59A
Mt. Vernon 10, New York

"I dreamed I _____

_____ in my Maidenform bra."

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because

_____

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1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use **Arrid** —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. **Rub Arrid in**—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. **Arrid protects you** against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. **Arrid, used daily,** keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. **Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection** starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ *plus tax.*

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

movie previews (Continued from page

(Anna Kashfi), whose own family was destroyed, i
tender and lovely temporary mother. Sgt. Hern
(Dan Duryea) lends a light touch. Others in the c
are Martha Hyer, Don DeFore. CinemaScope—U



ZARAK

a western in Afghanistan

■ Zarak is one of the longest shortest pictures
ever seen. Takes place in the wilds of Afghani
where the British (Michael Wilding) are havin
devil of a time with the natives (Victor Matu
Zarak (that's Mature) was the son of a Khan u
the Khan caught him kissing the Khan's favorite
(Anita Ekberg) and would have had him flogge
death if the holy man (Finlay Currie) hadn't a
for his life. Zarak becomes a handit and keeps s
ing at Michael Wilding's army. The Khan would l
killed the lovely Anita too, hut some pasha or o
asked for her life. In the midst of all this Wildi
wife arrives for a holiday. And Mature marries A
Anita is not one to sit around while hubby's off
dering troops, so she doesn't give up her ca
dancing. This offends Mature's sense of mod
and he throws a hag of coins at her, signifying div
Back to the hills and the sweet smell of hlood. At
point Mature has Wilding on a hridge that sw
perilously over the rapids. He's about to cut down
hridge when the holy man appears from arou
cliff and asks for Wilding's life. So it goes—
Mature finally kills the holy man and his consci
makes a better, if dead, Zarak out of him. Cin
Scope—Col.



BABY DOLL

nightmare in the South

■ You can find frustrated, confused, small
everywhere. But they show up best against the d
tion of a small southern town where the whites
their past around them with pathetic arrogance
the older Negroes play the game with passive der
Director Elia Kazan has captured this heautiful
the visual sense, hut writer Tennessee Williams'
real half-dream characters whose ohsessions
them into hysteria, left me with a pain in my
and none of the emotional relief that one looks
perhaps pathetically, in this sort of drama. Baby
(Carroll Baker) is the infantile wife of Archi
(Karl Malden). They live in an empty, crun
mansion; she sleeps in a crib and torments her
erally inadequate hushand hy her refusal to be
wife until her twentieth hirthday. Silva Vacarr
Wallach) is another thorn in Archie's side.
getter with a sense of direction, he's become ow
a syndicate cotton gin and has taken all of Ar
customers. One night Archie Lee burns down V
ro's gin and the next day Vacarro proceeds t
justice for himself in the form of a confession.
the confession he spends a long summer's day t
to seduce Baby Doll and he precipitates the tot
integration of Archie Lee. What started as a
mare ends as one. With Mildred Dunnock.—Wa



HE IRON PETTICOAT

Hepburn and Hope live it up

Once it was *Ninotchka* with Greta Garbo; now it's atharine Hepburn romping through this comedy ith careless, captivating charm. She plays one of the oviet's top women flyers and heroines. When she nds her plane in England it is assumed by the RAF at she has escaped from her homeland. No such ing. A more fervent comrade you've never seen. ie's flown away because she refuses to take orders om a male superior or vice versa. Bob Hope is nded the pleasant, but seemingly impossible job of eaking down her politics. She succeeds in breaking his romance with an heiress, and while love is ossoming between Hope and Hepburn, a group of sorted and hilarious Russians try to abduct her. nocently, she walks right into their hands and is arged with treason, sentenced to die. Hope saves r. Well, no, he doesn't. He only plans to marry r. What saves her is the sudden switch in Moscow's titude on international cooperation. VistaVision—GM.



HE WILD PARTY

a lot of cats let out of a bag

Cats, if you dig this one you're dingy. But I mean ntic, boy. This is a wild charge . . . all about a iatic on the loose. Once he was a champion football yer and now he's trying to throw himself over an aginary goal post but he can't get up that high. I'm king about Anthony Quinn who is a no-money man, he has high dreams and every once in a while y come out of his head. He also has a small, freak- bundle of admirers (Kathryn Grant, Nehemiah rsoff, Jay Robinson) who are so sick I am sorry to it's funny. They bob around in their lost dream rld and Quinn keeps promising to help them out. e night when he is pretty down, he lets Jay Robin- turn his high soprano accent on a couple of classy ple—naval officer Arthur Franz and his fiancée rol Ohmart. Carol is looking for some safe excite- nt and follows Robinson to the haunt of Quinn Company. She's sorry too late. Quinn and Com- y take her and Artie for a ride. The purpose, of things, is matrimony. Quinn's decided he's mad ut this girl and must, must, must have her. At cost. Artie puts up a good fight, but what finally es them is Nehemiah Persoff's sudden collision the light—I mean the light of truth. In case you don't know what this movie is about, it says on cast sheet that the characters live mostly in a ld of jazz remote from reality. That's the truth.—.

LL OF LIFE

Judy Holliday's 'expecting'

ere's a movie about a pregnant woman that's all n and humorous and modern. Judy Holliday is the nant lady, writer Richard Conte is her husband her father-in-law is played by Salvatore Bacca- a big, lovable baby who must have his own way. a bricklayer of the old school who laid bricks to and he's appalled by the stucco home the Contes bt. They're appalled too when the kitchen floor pses under Judy's *(Continued on page 22)*

PINK-ORANGE



Not just another lipstick shade, but a new blending of fashion's most exciting colors. Available at leading variety and drug stores: 59c* large swivel case, 29c standard case.

WESTMORE

THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC. New York, Hollywood

Creator of the make-up of the stars

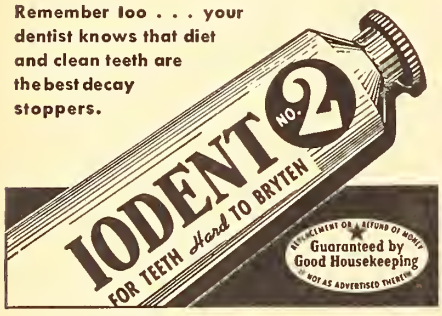
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passing you by?

DON'T RUIN YOUR CHANCES because of unsightly teeth. Give your teeth the Hollywood glamour look . . . with Iodent No. 2. Smoke Smudge and Surface Stains disappear after only a few brushings. See your teeth glow with radiant whiteness. Iodent No. 2 is made by a Dentist. It is guaranteed to be safe and effective by Good Housekeeping. *Get a tube today . . .* and start smiling with confidence.

Remember too . . . your dentist knows that diet and clean teeth are the best decay stoppers.



MOTHERS FRIEND

The SKIN CONDITIONER for EXPECTANT MOTHERS



The soothing, refreshing skin conditioner that penetrates and brings relief to numbing, tingling muscles in back and legs . . . ends the discomfort of tight, dry skin.

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE

At Drug Stores Everywhere.

22 **THE S.S.S. COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.**

movie previews

(*Continued from page 21*)

increased poundage. The whole house was at a tilt to hegin with. So Papa comes to repair the floor and stays to construct an enormous fireplace in the living room in bonor of his coming grandcbild.—Col.



THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT

rock 'n roll comedy

■ The girl is Jayne Mansfield and what she can't help becomes astoundingly obvious the minute you see her. This is a clever and delightful film. Jayne is engaged to Fats Murdock (Edmond O'Brien) who was once a slot machine kid, and now pines for the old days of notoriety. He'd like to marry Jayne but he feels she has to become a celebrity, a successful singer, so that she'll be his equal. To this end he hires a liquor soaked agent (Tom Ewell) to put her across. But Jayne doesn't want to be put anywhere but in a kitchen surrounded hy pots and children—and if it were up to her the children's father would not he Fats Murdock. However, she and Ewell are a little afraid of Fats and so they do his bidding up to a point. It seems that the only sound Jayne can produce is an ear-shattering screech. It's apparently enough to make her famous. This leaves Fats free to marry her. But it isn't as simple as all that. The complications are funny, aided and ahetted hy Henry Jones, John Emery and a host of rock 'n roll outfits. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.



BUNDLE OF JOY

Debbie and Eddie

■ Here's a cream puff of a film, hut Debbie and Eddie are in it together which is the whole point. She's a salesgirl in his father's department store and about to be fired hecause she sells too hard. Walking past a foundling home she sees a baby on the steps and picks it up, at which time the door opens and Dehbie hecomes a mother. Oh she protests, hut those people at the foundling home are pretty shrewd cookies and they know a mother when they see one. Now Eddie undertsands why Dehbie sold so hard and his heart goes out to her. She keeps her job. Can't get rid of the baby, though. Eddie's fatber (Adolphe Menjou) spots Eddie, Debbie and the haby in the park one day and his heart goes out to her. He's convinced the haby's his grandchild and orders his son to make it legal. Now, no son likes to he pushed around, and Debbie doesn't like to he pushed around. Only one who likes it is the haby, so things are at a stalemate for about two minutes. There's singing; there's Una Merkel, Tommy Noonan, Nita Talhot and all the gaiety Technicolor adds.—RKO.

THE NIGHT RUNNER

a psychotic episode

■ Emotionally-ill people keep pouring into the state hospital, but there aren't enough heds to go around. Something's got to give. Ray Danton's psychiatrist doesn't want to release him yet—a year and a half before, he'd tried to murder an ahsolute stranger. But Ray has to go. Remember, no stress and no strain, his doctor warns him. Remembering that isn't easy when the simple challenges of life throw bim into a panic. Ray tries, though. He finds a peaceful little town on the West Coast and checks in at a motel owned hy Willis Bouchey and supervised hy his daughter Colleen Miller. Bouchey's suspicious of Danton—he doesn't know where he came from or where he's going, and it's ohvious that be's going after Colleen. Ray has made marked improvement: he's more relaxed, he's able to withstand and pass an interview for a joh, he's in love with Colleen. But Bouchey makes the mistake of ordering him out of the motel and calling him a lunatic. Ray kills him, and carefully prepares evidence of his innocence. Colleen doesn't suspect him, but she's a little too anxious to track down the murderer for Ray's peace of mind.—U-I.

ISTANBUL

Errol's still swashbuckling

■ Ob, strange things happen in those far-off places. The still adventurous Errol Flynn can fall in love with Cornell Borchers and be up to his ears in trouhle. All hecause when he huys her an engagement present, a chunky bracelet, a fortune in diamonds falls out of it. Smuggled goods. Errol didn't smuggle them into the country, hut since they've practically walked up and put themselves in his hands, he's reluctant to part with them. Instead, he hides them in an overhead fan in his hotel room and proceeds to defy the customs inspector (John Bentley) and the real smugglers, who don't take defiance easy. Worst of all, Cornell gets hit on the head when she enters her apartment to pack for her honeymoon in Paris, and the house hurns down. Five years later, Flynn is hack in Istanhul, the diamonds are still in the overhead fan, the smugglers are still trading, the customs officer is still suspicious and Cornell is married to Torin Thatcher. It appears that she has lost her memory. Well, it was a shock that made her hlack out and it's a shock that hrings her hack. To placate the gods Flynn lawfully forks over the diamonds. It's kind of silly, but romantic with a song or two by Nat King Cole. CinemaScope—U-I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

ANASTASIA (20th-Fox): Ingrid Bergman plays Anastasia, and Yul Brynner plays Bounine—the man who is trying to prove to Russian Empress Helen Hayes that Ingrid is the young Grand Duchess. Rumor has it that Anastasia may *not* have died in the mass assassination of the Royal family in 1918.

TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON (MGM): Adapted from the play that won all kinds of awards, this movie is about a village in Okinawa occupied by American troops. Glenn Ford and Marlon Brando are superb.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Para.): The film traces the life of Moses from the time of his birth through his forty years of wandering in the Wilderness to his leave-taking from his people, who enter the promised land without him. Charlton Heston gives a fine performance as Moses, the son of Jews who was brought up by an Egyptian princess. Among the cast are Yvonne De Carlo, Anne Baxter, Nina Foch, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, Debra Paget, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Eduard Franz. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

LOVE ME TENDER (20th-Fox): Elvis sings and acts well in his first film, which also stars Debra Paget, Richard Egan and William Campbell.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS: David Niven bets that he can go around the world in eighty days and proceeds to do so with his valet, Cantinflas. They have many exciting adventures, which include rescuing Indian Princess Shirley MacLaine, a battle with the Indians in America, and an exciting bull fight in Spain. Filmed in Todd-AO process, this movie has fifty stars, is two hours and fifty-five minutes long and is a grand, unique extravaganza.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported hy Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.

GIANT (Warner Bros.): This film sprawls over that quarter of a century when cattle gave way to oil, and traces the profound changes tbis wrought on the lives of Rock Hudson, his wife Elizabeth Taylor, his sister Mercedes McCamhridge and James Dean. This movie is based on Edna Ferber's best-seller and also stars Dennis Hopper, Carroll Baker, Sal Mineo, Chill Wills and Jane Withers.

my father know me?

big laugh...

the only time I see him

is at the

dinner table—

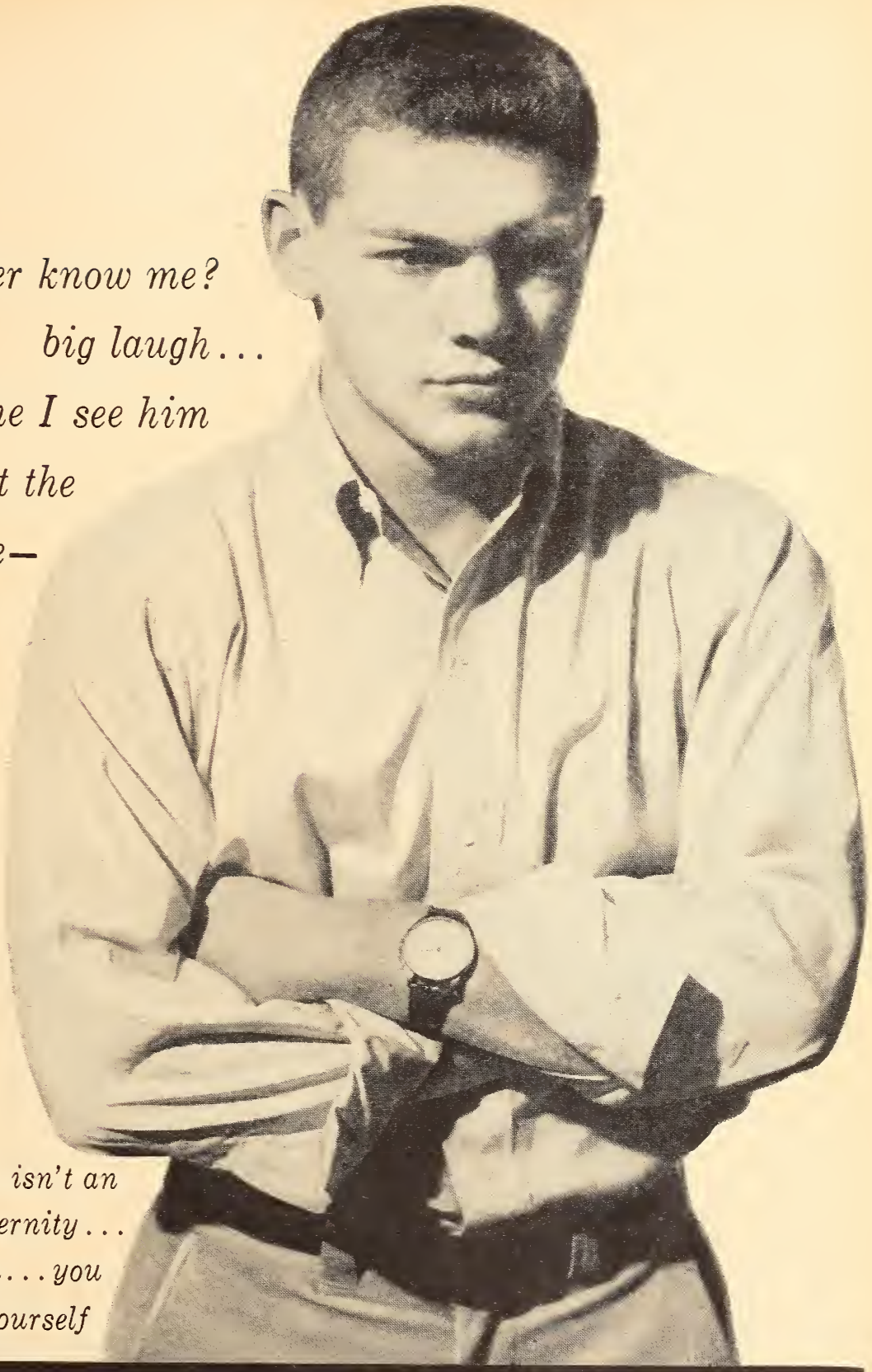
or when

he wants

to

bawl me

out



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TV TALK

Danny Kaye's first TV appearance . . . Merle Oberon's 'Tragedy' . .

You know how **Mary Martin's** husband **Richard Halliday** devotes his entire life to Mary's career, even rising at six or seven a.m. to tend to her business correspondence? Well, his mother also takes care of Mary. Mrs. Halliday hires the servants, oversees the grocery shopping, plans the menus, keeps the house in working order—all at the age of eighty-two. When Mary and Dick decided that Mary's NBC contract would require them to be in New York City a lot of the time, they decided to sublet a town house for two or three years instead of staying in a hotel on Central Park South, which they used to do, or commuting from their Connecticut home. They found just what they wanted, a small brownstone near **Katharine Hepburn's** close by the United Nations—but decided it needed a paint job before they could move in. Mrs. Halliday hired the painters, superintended all the work, and even chose all the colors! Both the Hallidays agree that Mary's career is the most important thing in their lives, and that they should do everything they can to relieve her of any chores or distractions. And they do . . . The power of television was never proved more dramatically than in the case of **Paddy Chayevsky's** Broadway play, *Middle Of The Night*. A few months ago it was playing to more than a few empty seats. Then **Edward G. Robinson** started making the TV rounds; he starred in a scene from it on the *Ed Sullivan Show*—and competed with **Vincent Price** on *The $64,000 Challenge*. Result: *Middle Of The Night* started playing to packed houses and standees, and kept it up. Robinson, incidentally, is heartbroken at the thought of his famous and fabulous art collection being dispersed. For many years it was his main interest, and the thought of losing it or part of it grieves him terribly. He says that he knew it would have to be broken up som day, say at his death, but he can't believe will happen before then. Unfortunately, probably will because of the property settle ment between him and his wife. It's not lo ing the monetary value of the pictures tha upsets Robinson—they're worth a co $3,000,000—but losing possessions he collecte and loved. . . . Very few people knew it, bu **Danny Kaye** was a very uncomfortable ma when he talked to **Ed Murrow** on TV afte the showing of *The Secret Life Of Danny Kay* Just a few days before his much-heralde formal television debut, Danny had been giv ing an interview in a hotel and had perche himself on a glass-topped cocktail table. Muc to his surprise and pain the table cracked, fell, and a few hundred slivers of glass ha to be plucked out of Danny. . . . We wish weren't true, but **Ezio Pinza's** second attac not nearly as publicized as his first one Italy last summer, was more serious than th first one. . . . **Geraldine Page** proved herse both modest and generous in a gesture s made during the run of the Broadway versio of *The Rainmaker*. She was running late o day, and asked her cab driver if he cou hurry to get her to the theater before curta time. Instead of explaining that she was th star of the production, as almost any oth actress would have done automatically, s merely murmured that she was "in it." got her there before her substitute had to on, and in return Miss Page had the box offi hold two aisle seats for the cab driver and wife for the next night. It's still the on play they've ever seen! . . . **Leo Genn** cur **Jan Sterling** of a lifelong bad habit wi just one glance. While rehearsing for *Sm War On Murray Hill,* there was one sce where he kissed her (*Continued on page 2*



Edward G. Robinson is losing his art collection.



Husband Paul didn't cure Jan's bad ha



Mildred Natwick's memory amazes everyone.



Model Nancy Berg studying at Actors Stu

what wonderful effrontery...the padded bra you've longed for, with a foam curve so cloud-soft, so deftly shaped, that it might as well be you! As you like it—in nylons and cottons, whites, blacks, colors, straps, strapless. Ask for Her Secret by...



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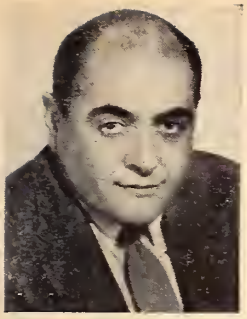
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TV TALK (Continued from page 24)

hand. He did, and the look on his face told quite clearly how he felt about women who bite their fingernails down to the quick. Jan saw it and was so mortified that she ran right out, bought false fingernails to hide her ragged ones, and vowed to let her own grow from then on. . . . **Gloria Vanderbilt** is quite likely to turn to a stranger seated next to her at dinner and inquire if he thinks there is a Purpose in Life. She is terribly intense, and not always good with the small talk you expect during the salad course. . . . **Tyrone Power's** and **Linda Christian's** two little girls have the most beautiful manners this side of an English nursery. They speak when spoken to, curtsy, say *sir* and *ma'am,* and generally act the way little girls used to. No Eloises they. . . . **Mildred Natwick** has one of the most fantastic memories in the business. She never writes anything down, but never forgets. Her friends, even other actresses, are amazed, but she shrugs it off. Memorizing is her business she says, and it applies to her lines in a TV show and to the details of her life. . . . **Merle Oberon,** who has one of the loveliest homes in Hollywood, is taking most of her prized antiques to London. She has rented a house there for the next year. Miss Oberon is a very wise businesswoman, and doesn't have to work at all if she doesn't want to. She is not at all interested in working hard for the sake of working, either. She would never, for instance, agree to a thirty-nine-week TV series. Ten or twelve half-hour shows, or a part in a movie or two, are enough for her. One of the great tragedies of her life, incidentally is her complexion. Her skin used to be lovely until, at the very height of her career, an unsuspected allergy to a medicine marred it. She has been to every big skin doctor here and in Europe for treatments—to New York, to London, to Vienna, to Paris—and is still hopeful that one will be able to smoothe it out completely again. . . . **Nancy Kelly** certainly didn't hide her delicate condition under black or navy blue butcher boy jackets. She appeared one night in a striking gold lamé that caught everyone's eye! . . . **Tony Perkins** really does walk around Hollywood in bare feet some of the time. . . . **Kim Stanley** is crazy about hotly spiced food which aren't good for her, and gives in to her craving for them without a qualm. . . . Although **Herman Hickman** does a lot of work and speech-making in New York City he still lives in New Haven, where he coached the Yale football team for so long. He arranges his day around two big meals—a hearty brunch late in the morning and a very late dinner. In between, he has his chauffeur drive him into the big city for his chores. He seldom gets back to New Haven until eight or nine—and then he often heads straight for the kitchen and cooks dinner. He's a magnificent cook, and his guests are quite willing to wait until ten or so for him to whip up a few of his specialties. . . . **Siobhan McKenna** is a very warm and affectionate woman. She often meets people for just a few minutes, decides she likes them, and kisses them when she has to leave. Especially theatre people. She is just plain crazy about people connected with the theatre. . . . **Dennis King** advised **Nancy Berg** at great length not to join the Actors Studio. But Miss Berg is determined to be an actress, and determined that Marlon's and Marilyn's school is the school for her. . . . **Roberta Peters** looks much more fragile close up than she does when she's singing on TV



bob middleton: TOUGH GUY

■ The average fan letter is a pleasurable thing to an actor, but Robert Middleton recently received a letter that frightened him more than he has ever managed to scare an audience.

It would seem that Middleton's portrayal of villains, Kobish in *Desperate Hours* and the jailer in *Trial*, has a warped appeal for some movie-goers. The letter in question read:

Dear Mr. Middleton:

You've got real guts, instead of being like most actors who just act as though they're tough. You can tell you're not the kind of guy who goes around playing up to the cops. You act sincere about hating them, so I know you do. Why do movies always wind up making them such heroes instead of the rats they are? When you want to mess somebody up you do a real job of it. The guys in my gang don't go for all this goody goody stuff with everybody acting so high and mighty like a bunch of mamas' boys. We sure won't miss any of your movies if you keep on dishing it out like a real man.

Up to now, Middleton has happily earned his daily bread, assuming that audiences realized his villains were unreal. "A heavy is a characterization that isn't perfectly true," says Bob. "it's more a caricature. An actor has to project the role beyond normalcy. I always felt I was overdrawing the character to a point where anyone with half a brain could see it wasn't true." Middleton sighs. "Now I'm not so sure I want to play any more heavies."

Answering the boy's letter was no easy task; he didn't want to preach, he didn't feel it advisable to attempt psychology on a stranger, and he didn't want to start a feud. The sum and substance of Middleton's letter advised the young man that there are two ways of living: by realism and by theory. If you're going to live in a civilization, he wrote, you must live with rules and laws, whether or not you agree with them. Otherwise you bump into the arm of the law sooner or later. Anyone who violates the rules of society, who pursues this type of life, is going to wind up a problem to himself as well as to everyone else. "All I can do is hope that people who see me in such roles realize I don't approve of such characters any more than the average movie-goer."

Watch for Bob in Paramount's The Lonely Man.



Unretouched photo of Lois Gunas, Red Bank, N. J. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example: Left side of pretty Lois Gunas' hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, turned out springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER



THE TIME YOUR FAVORITE STAR ALMOST BLEW HIS TOP!

By Jack Shafer

"My first attempts to get places in Hollywood got nowhere at all, so I went back home to Missouri and started singing on radio there under the name *Jane Durrell.* I finally got a screen test with WARNERS that led to a contract and a new name.
"So right away quick I sent all the Missouri newspaper columnists a letter mentioning my movie contract and expressing the hope they'd wish me luck in my new career. Things got very busy for awhile and I didn't pay much attention to the Missouri newspapers—except, of course, to keep sending them news about Jane Wyman. Six months later, when I sat down with a St. Louis paper and decided to read it straight through, something caught my eye at once. It was a photo of me at a microphone, and underneath appeared the question: *'Whatever happened to promising singer Jane Durrell?'* "—JANE WYMAN



"I'd have blown my top very young in life, if I'd been old enough to get angry about the matter. I was born right in the middle of a winter flu epidemic. The doctor who brought me into this world was so busy answering sick calls that when he got around to filling out the maternity visit details on me he registered me on the records as a FEMALE!"—CLARK GABLE



"In 1954, 20TH CENTURY-FOX signed me—$125 a week, and for the first time in my life I was *rich!* First thing I did was buy a tape recording set for $120 down and the rest in *easy monthly payments*—plus a lovely used car for $400 down and ditto.
"The monthly payments weren't as 'easy' as the credit people had said they'd be, but I told them how well I was doing in pictures and that I'd soon be a big star. The recording people believed me, but the auto company said they had to be realistic . . . and back went the car!
"What got me angry wasn't losing the car but realizing they didn't believe I'd make good in movies."—MARILYN MONROE



"I was captain of the football team in my senior year at high school; and that was the year our English teacher decided to do a musical as the class play. It was *The Mikado* and I got the part of Ko-Ko because I had a pretty fair voice as high school voices go.
"Well, we gave the play on Friday and Saturday nights, and we had an important football game that Saturday afternoon. So right after I'd missed a tackle on the opposing fullback and he gained eight yards, he sneered at me, as he walked back toward the huddle and said, 'What are you doing in a football line, bud? You belong in a CHORUS LINE!'
"That did it! Two plays later he carried the ball again—but not very far. I hit him the hardest knee-high tackle I ever made—and we recovered the fumble!"—ALAN LADD



"We shot most of *The Last Frontier* on location in Mexico. There was a scene in the film where I fall in a bear pit and plead with Vic Mature to help me out. Anthony Mann was directing this scene and he stopped the cameras after I made my tumble into the pit, head-first. Peering down at me, Tony yelled at the make-up man, 'His face isn't smeared up enough for the scene. Put some dirt on it!'
"One of the Mexicans who had helped dig the pit was curiously looking on. He didn't understand English too well and before any of us knew what was happening, he scooped up a shovel full of dirt and threw it right in my kisser!
"My first reaction was to crawl out of the pit, without Vic's help and murder the guy. But I must say he did a swell make-up job with that shovel!"—ROBERT PRESTON

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T FORGET

There's a saying that an elephant
er forgets, but we know one *human*
o doesn't forget either. His name is
die Murphy. Recently, he had as his
se guest one John Cawthorn of
est, Texas. John Cawthorn is the
d of Texan who could easily get
e-cast in a picture playing a Texan:
, gaunt, rangy, with the brown
ina of the out-of-doors a part of
. He also happens to be a barber
Celest. Been barbering for quite a
le, because when Audie Murphy was
arefoot, share-cropping kid in Texas,
was Cawthorn who used to cut his
r. For free. Anybody acquainted
the early Audie knows very well
couldn't afford such a luxury as hair-
s. And not only did John Cawthorn
Audie's barbering, he used to take
fishing as well.

o Audie thought it would be nice
invite his old friend to Hollywood
reciprocate for past favors. He paid
expenses, and had him for a house
st for a week. Four days of that
k they went fishing again. But it
in a different style, this time.

nstead of the old creek out of town,
went fishing on the ocean in
die's yacht—the *Petrel*. And the
gave Cawthorn a chance to be-
e a favorite of Audie's sons. Terry
hael, four and a half, and James
nnon, otherwise *Skipper* who's two
a half. The family hated to see
leave, but after a week, he de-
d it was time he got back home.

here hasn't been much said about
whole enjoyable incident because
ide of the family. Audie didn't
think anyone had heard about it.
first he refused to talk about it
ll. Pressed, he finally said in a re-
ed tone, "It was just a friendly
g, something I wanted to do be-
e he's been so nice to me through
years. You don't want him to think
d it for publicity, do you?"



Hair with the fresh young HALO look

is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean



—for clear, liquid Halo
. . . unlike most shampoos . . . contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film. Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter . . . whistle clean!





Unretouched photo of Mrs. Virginia Lawson's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

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* *Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for a summary of this test, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio*

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Dear readers:

You know as well as I do that prices on everything have skyrocketed.

A chocolate soda costs more.

You pay more for lunch.

Train fares and bus fares have more than doubled.

When you go to buy groceries, you're lucky to get change of a five dollar bill.

Despite rising costs all along the line, MODERN SCREEN struggled not to raise its price. You have paid much more for everything else; but you paid the same as always for our magazine.

Now we are forced to add a nickel on to our price.

If we didn't do this, we couldn't continue to give you the best stories and finest pictures possible.

If after reading this issue—which we think is one of our best—you have any suggestions for making MODERN SCREEN even better, please write to me personally. I'd be delighted to hear from you.

David Myers



Anita Ekberg:

HOW TO LIVE WITH TEMPTATION

by Earl Wilson

■ All the guys ogle Anita Ekberg—and most of the gals flash little smiles at her handsome husband Anthony Steel.

What's going to happen? Has something—or *somebody*—got to give?

"I started being jealous of Tony (in the picture at left) the very first day of our honeymoon" the super-shapely Anita confessed to me when the three of us talked over the problem of their mutual temptations. "What a scare I had!"

Her tall slim-waisted mate smiled through the smoke from his cigarette as she bared her soul to tell about it.

"I'm jealous of her too," Tony spoke up. "Don't forget I've punched a few noses when chaps have looked at her the wrong way!"

Anita said, "Sssh darling! Now, about our honeymoon," she continued, "we'd just got on the ship. He came back to the cabin and he said, 'I've seen the most fascinating woman I've ever seen in my life! And she has the cabin next to ours.'

"I was livid. I thought, 'Is this the way it's going to be all my married life?' This was the first day out and we were going to be on the ship for five days. Furthermore, she was right in the next cabin. It was going on right under my nose!

"I tried to be calm about it.

"So I said, 'In what way, or ways, is she fascinating, darling?' And he said, 'Well she's at least 104—and has the sweetest smile.' "

Tony, who's lean, six feet tall and smartly tailored, doesn't strike you at first as a man who would be fast with his fists—but he's already demonstrated his willingness to belt any fresh guys.

"I don't mind men looking at you," he told Anita as we talked. "I'm flattered that they do. It's when they look at you the wrong way!"

In Italy, where the wolves sometimes go so far as to make a grab at a pretty girl, Tony flattened some of Anita's admirers.

And in New York when both were leaving a TV show one night, they had their most remarkable experience yet.

"I was just bending over to get into a taxi." Anita said, "when I felt a hand grabbing at me.

(*Continued on page 79*)



Tony Perkins' Own Photo Album

with notes by Tony's mother



A born ham



■ Tony's second summer of life was spent on the beach, learning to walk. He'd stand up, and be so entertained by the idea that he'd begin to laugh—and then fall right down again! He'd totter up to a group of people talking—and 'listen.' How little he understood you'd never guess from the attentive expression on his face. When the people ended the conversation, Tony would give them a great big smile . . . and crawl away until he found another group deep in conversation—and do the same thing! That's me sitting with Tony during one of the few moments he ever sat still.



A boy's best friend

■ Here's Tony with his Boston terrier, Medor. Medor never barked until he was ten, but he 'sang' to the record "Home On The Range." Aside from the live Medor, there were always half a dozen stuffed Medors around—because whenever Tony got a toy dog he'd name it Medor. And confusion or no, that was it. Incidentally, Tony had a mad passion for animals, and was always bringing home stray cats and dogs. Life wasn't easy!

more →



Lover Boy →



the young artiste ↑

Tony's Album *continued*

■ The little girl in the picture with Tony was his first girl friend. She was about five or six, and it looked like a big romance. But it didn't last. She was just one of the many girls, big and little, who had a crush on our son—but she had the distinction of being the only one of Tony's 'girls' that Tony ever let us meet! So far, that is. But with all the stories of the wide swath Tony's cutting out in Hollywood—we're not so sure but that he may be bringing some one around soon!

■ When Tony was a child he played the piano very well. His musical talent came to light for the first time when he was four. We sent him to a nursery school run by a woman whose secret ambition was to teach the piano. Dealing with such young children, she had very few voluntary pupils! She felt Tony would have a knack for it though, and sat him down at the piano one day. He loved it. He's just naturally musical, my son. Aside from the piano, he's also excellent on the guitar. But we couldn't get him to go to dancing school to save our souls!

■ Tony's father always took Tony with him when he went out golfing. Tony was only four, but he had his own set of miniature clubs, and he'd play the game right along with Dad. But he didn't grow up with the same athletic interests. Today, just about his only exercise is walking his dog.





← the sports men ↓

■ Tony's Dad passed away when Tony was five. But that last summer of his life he and the boy did everything together, and Tony has a vivid memory of his father. He always talked about his father, and he has seen him any number of times in his old movies. The first time was when Tony was eight or nine. Tony always kept his eye on the newspaper for a revival of *Scarface*, one of his father's best-known films. One day he found it. Tony was very impressed; if the truth be told, not just because it was his father but also because Tony was at the gangster-picture age—and *Scarface* was one of the best. I think subconsciously Tony always wanted to measure up to his dad—both as a man and as an actor. And I know how proud of Tony his father would be if he could see Tony today—as a man and as an actor.

■ Maybe that's one of the reasons he was so anxious to learn to read. Tony was just four and a half and still in nursery school when he startled his teacher one day by exclaiming, "I just *got* to learn to read." He was an excellent reader by the time he was five. One evening—just about when this picture was taken—he came into my room and asked me to read to him. "I'm awfully tired, Tony," I answered, "why don't you read to me instead?" He picked up a book of poems and started reading just beautifully. Matter of fact, as he exhausted his own reading material, he'd go to work on mine! Whenever I brought home a new book, and suddenly found it had disappeared, I'd go to Tony's room; sure enough it would be there! Tony was very young indeed when he learned to love literature and the theatre.

Tony Perkins will soon be seen in Paramount's Fear Strikes Out, The Lonely Man *and* The Tin Star.



the bookworm ↑



Following in Dad's footsteps →

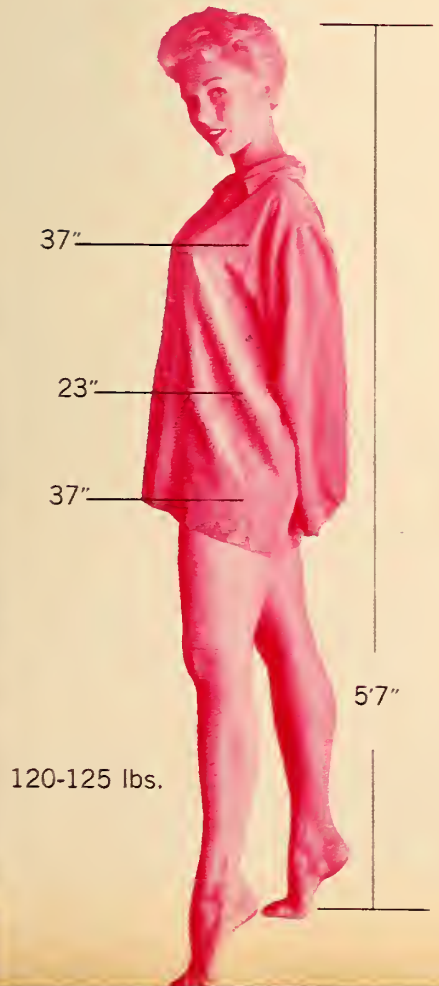


DON'T LET HOLLYWOOD MAKE YOU SKINNY!

"Kim Novak has to shed 20 pounds . . ." MIKE CONNOLLY, HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

"Kim has been given the word. Shed a few pounds . . ." DOROTHY KILGALLEN, JOURNAL-AMERICAN

"Kim is trying to take off 15 pounds . . ." SIDNEY SKOLSKY, NEW YORK POST



Dear Kim:

This is an open letter because I haven't got the nerve to write a closed one. I'm newly married, and my wife understands me, but if she ever found out that I was sending private love notes to a lady with lavender hair—

Anyhow, I'm fresh out of purple ink, and I figure you wouldn't bother reading words in any other color. If I'm wrong, I'll eat my hat. Okay, now down to business. The sentence about my hat was thrown in just to introduce the topic of the day, namely eating.

It's come to my ears that you're about to quit same, because some base persons are spreading rumors that, lately, there's too much Novak. You know this isn't possible. There isn't enough Novak to go around. Ask Mac Krim, Count Mario, Frankie-boy. Ask your fans. Ask *anybody*. Every ounce of you is loved, and cherished. (This reminds me of a song in which Louis Prima used to carry on about his girl and how the bigger her figger the better he liked her because there was more of her to adore.)

The columnists, those hardened characters, are fighting me tooth and nail in an effort to shave you down to a slat. Starting in September, the papers began to run squibs. From Mike Connolly in THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER: "Kim Novak has to shed twenty pounds before *Jeanne Eagels* rolls. It's that Eyetalian food Sinatra's been shoveling into her." From Dorothy Kilgallen in the JOURNAL-AMERICAN: "Kim Novak has been given the word. Shed a few pounds before it's camera-time again. You're getting zoftic." From Sidney Skolsky in the NEW YORK POST: "Kim Novak is trying to take off fifteen pounds before she faces the camera for the *Jeanne Eagels* story."

Well, there you are. Sidney's not as dangerous as Mike. He advocates the loss of five fewer pounds. But I'm (*Continued on page 90*)

WHAT A FRENCH GIRL TAUGHT TAB HUNTER ABOUT LOVE



by LOU LARKIN

■ "All I have to do is look into her eyes and she knows what I'm thinking," Tab Hunter said. There was a hint of amazement on his tanned face.

"I've been making love to Etchika for two weeks, every day. But conversation is pretty difficult between us. I speak very little French. She speaks very little English. But we found that the language barrier won't stop a guy and a gal from having fun.

"Yet every time I asked her for a real date she was busy studying English. Three days ago, however, I got a little inside information. Yesterday was her birthday. So I said, 'Etchika, you are going out wizz me? Non? Vous êtes vingt-trois aujord'hui.' She laughed at my fractured French which tried to say you are twenty-three today. But this time she said, 'Oui, Tab, oui.'

"Well, when I arrived last night she opened the door, looked very surprised for a moment or two and then said, 'Bon, Tab, bon. For a mo-ment I deed not re-cog-nize you. For zhee firs' time I see you wizz clothes.'

"It's a good thing there weren't any gossip columnists around to hear that!" Tab said shaking his head. "I don't know what they would have made of it.

"The explanation is very simple. For the last four days Etchika and I have been playing a long love scene together in *Lafayette Escadrille.* The action takes place in the Parisian apartment of the girl played by Etchika, and all of the time I've been bare to the waist."

While Tab was talking, Etchika had finished her eggs and was sipping coffee. Her young eyes watched Tab as though she were a little hypnotized by his voice and his words. I asked her what impressed her about American girls.

"Oh, American women are really and truly *American.* They have such a strong spirit of independence. A Frenchman would be afraid of most American girls. She would stand up to him and he would not like that very much. In my country the man must not only be the boss, but the woman must let her man know she accepts his rulership.

"In France, contrary to what most Americans think, the man is *not* so interested in a woman's physical beauty. He wants something deeper. A feminine elegance and particularly, good taste. A woman of good taste is a very special thing to a Frenchman. And he wants faithfulness. All these are most important to him. No Frenchman would ever marry, as I've heard some American men do, for beauty alone. He would be considered very weak as a man and his (*Continued on page 89*)



by SUSAN WENDER

ONE MIKE'S SWEET IS



the tragic result of Liz Taylor's love affair

ANOTHER MIKE'S POISON

■ The day he phoned Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger to tell them about the break-up of his marriage, Mike Wilding neither felt nor sounded like a beaten man. "Look," he said brightly to Stewart, while Jean on the extension phone in the bedroom made little noises of shock and sympathy, "we're old friends—you know this has been coming on for quite a while. But it isn't as bad as it looks. It's just a separation, really. I'm going to Sweden alone instead of with Liz, that's all it really amounts to."

Stewart cleared his throat. "Then why are you making an announcement to the papers?"

"Oh, that," Mike said. "Well, you know Liz . . . Besides, I thought as long as I'm going to be away so long—and everything being so tense right now—it would be a good idea for Liz to—to get out a little, see other men, *compare* you know . . ." His voice trailed off, then became flip. "This way no one will send me anonymous letters about my wife."

"Mike," Stewart said.

Jean's voice broke in. "Mike, I want you to do me one favor. When you get back from Sweden, come stay with us. We have plenty of room and we'd love to have you, wouldn't we honey?"

"Oh, absolutely," Stewart said. "You must come, old man, we'll be—"

"Well, thanks," Mike said. "It's good of you both, I'm most grateful. But by the time I get back, I'll probably be ready to move home again, you know. Probably a little taste of being apart is all we need. Anyway, my father will still be at the house. Have to keep an eye on him. I'll be going right home, I expect."

There was a pause. Then Jean said brightly, "Of course. But if—by any chance—you don't want to, Michael, you will come to us?"

"Sure. Sure, I'll keep it in mind. And thanks again. I'll drop you a line from Sweden."

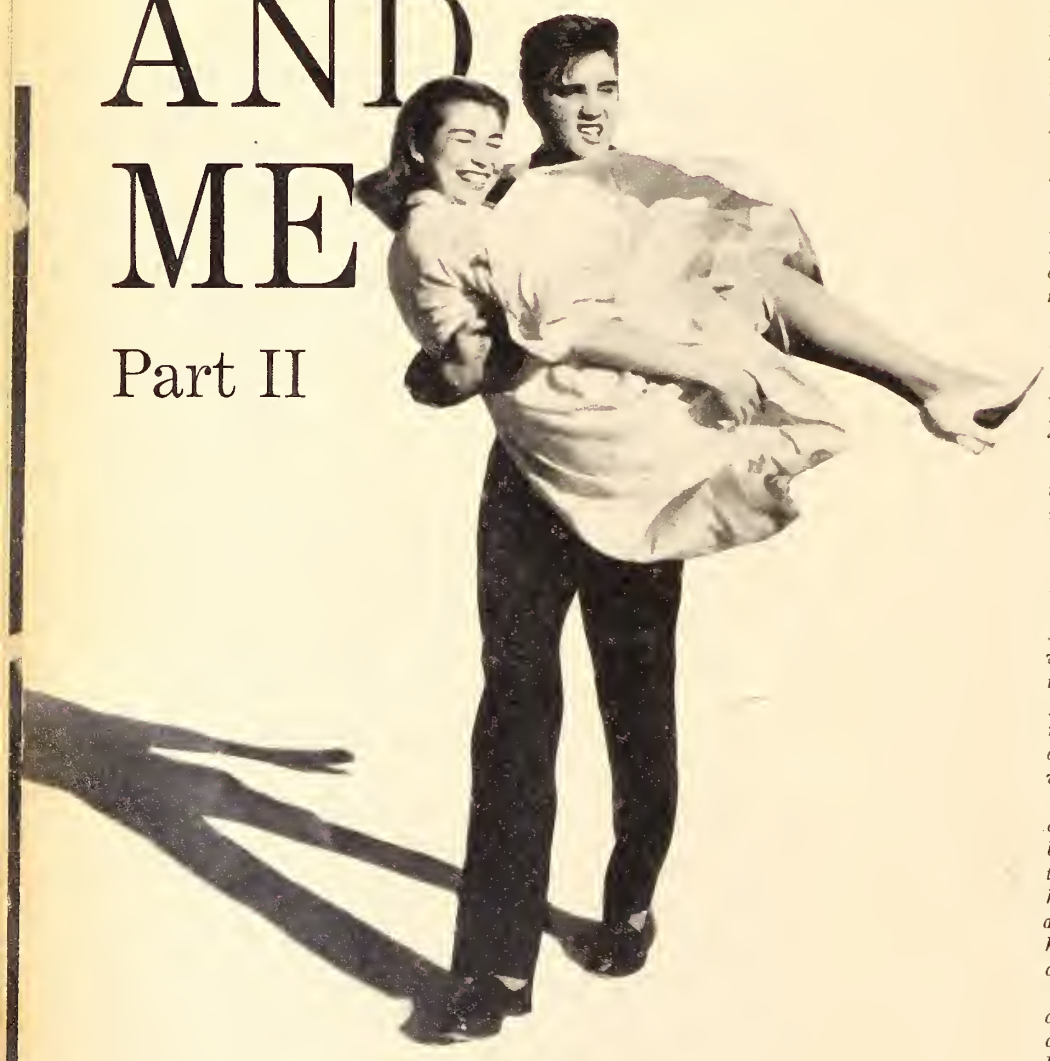
And a few days later at the airport, he put an arm tentatively around his wife's rigid shoulders and tried to manage a smile for the photographers before he stepped on the plane.

But when Mike Wilding came back from Sweden, he didn't go home. He took a taxi alone from the airport and checked (*Continued on page 86*)



MORE ABOUT ELVIS AND ME

Part II



by Judy Spreckels

HIS NO. 1 FAN

■ *My thanks to all of you who have written in after reading Part I of my story about Elvis, wanting to know more about* me. *Here are my answers to your questions.*

I have lived all my twenty-four years in Beverly Hills, California. I have blue eyes and long dark blonde hair. I'm 5 foot 3½ inches tall, weigh ninety-eight pounds, and I look younger than I am. My education includes Beverly Hills High School, Stephens College, *Columbia, Mo. and U.C.L.A. I would rather ride horseback than eat, and have some nice horses of my own in the San Fernando Valley. I enjoy most other warm weather sports, too.*

I am engaged to a wonderful guy. His name is Jim Cauthen, he's 6 foot 4½ inches tall, and he is a business executive. Like Elvis, he is from the South, and they know and understand each other. Jim enjoys Elvis' records and shows just as much as I do, even though he is far from being a teen-ager. He's thirty-two.

I met Elvis quite a while ago, before he became so world famous. We just always seemed to get along. Just like El, I like cars and sometimes I go overboard. When we haven't seen each other for a while, we always ask, "What are you driving now?" We get into long discussions about the merits of our current chariots, as opposed to the bombs we just unloaded.

Everywhere I go now, El's fans recognize me and they come up and talk to me about Elvis. I like to talk to them because I know the shyness that you feel at first. I was very shy, but I managed to overcome it. I realized when I was in my teens that I wasn't going to be a raving beauty—but not many other people are either, so the best thing to do was make the most of it by looking neat and clean, and concentrating on my personality. It worked out fine.

I'm for all types of popular music, but I don't dig opera. I can't sing one note on key, but that doesn't stop me. I like almost everything El sings because his music makes me happy. I have every record he has ever made and a tape recording of every TV *program he has been on. Sometimes we play back his old* TV *appearances and talk about them.*

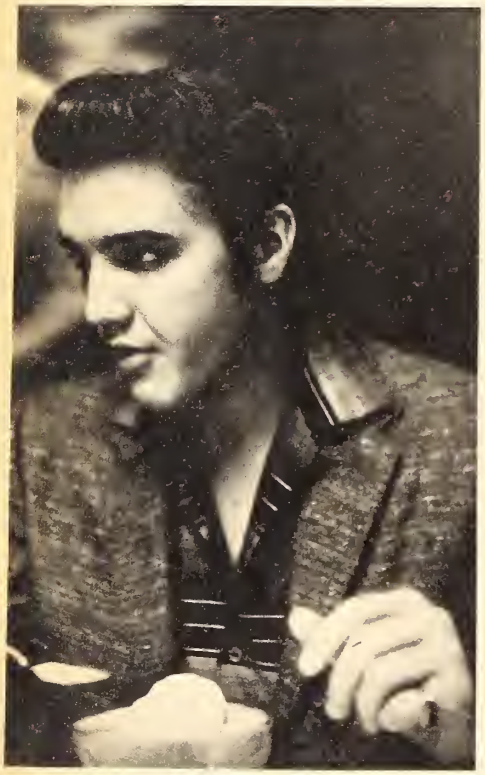
My favorite hobby, which is rapidly becoming a profession, is drawing. As a matter of fact, I recently completed a portrait of Elvis. He really flipped when he saw it, said it is the best likeness of himself that he has ever seen. Everyone likes it so much, that Modern Screen *is going to print it in a forthcoming issue, so watch for it.*

If you have any further questions about me, or if you want to hear more about Elvis as I know him, write to me in care of Modern Screen *and I'll do my best to answer.*

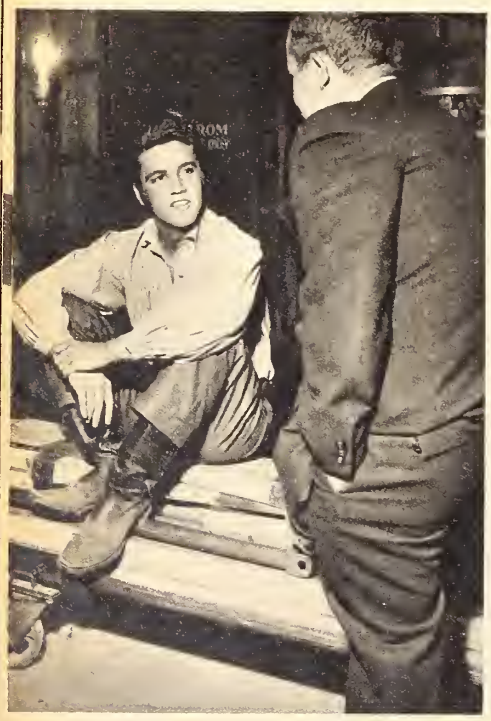
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What really bugs Elvis:



El's got his own ideas about food.



He refuses to imitate other actors.

those soft fried eggs

It seems funny, hut it was usually about four o'clock before we'd go out to the hotel dining room for hreakfast. I've seen people do a double take as we walked along and they'd bear Elvis talk ahout what we'd do "after we eat *breakfast*"—and it was already late afternoon!

Lots of people think that Elvis just eats pork chops at every meal. All the time we had meals together, I've never seen him eat them once! But he'd order fried eggs hard as a rock, lots of toast, milk, lots of bacon. When the waitress had all that written down and was walking away he'd stop her and say, "Ma'am, hefore you hring that, could I have half a cantaloupe with ice cream in it?"

Then Elvis would sit and stare off into space. Sometimes when the eggs came they wouldn't be cooked hard enough. and Elvis would apologetically ask the waitress if she couldn't take them back and get them cooked rock hard. When she was gone he'd say, not complaining hut just wondering, "I can't figure it out, why the cook can't cook those eggs the way I want 'em. It may sound crazy to him, but I'm the one whose eating them. Not him."

After awhile the eggs would come hack like granite, and he'd beam all over. Then he'd order another cantaloupe with ice cream!

When Elvis eats, he listens. Not that he's concentrating on himself. I got tbe feeling that he's listening for a reason. It's the way he soaks up knowledge. He'd lean over to me and whisper, asking what someone meant. Maybe other people thought he was being romantic; he was only finding out things he didn't know about!

those Dean comparisons

In the back of his mind all that Elvis thinks about is being a really good actor. Not a big star, hecause in the entertainment field he's already a big star—and he'd be foolish if he didn't know it. He's used to public demonstrations and displays of affection, and they don't go to his head.

He doesn't want to be typed, to he a second anybody else. Although they don't look alike, people have compared him to Jimmy Dean in his popularity and his naturalness. He doesn't want to act like somebody else acts, but the way he feels. And he's said: "I don't want people to say I'm a second anybody. I don't try to act like or copy anybody. I'm just me and I think when people see me in pictures they'll know I'm not trying to copy anybody. I really want to be a good actor." He studies his script, figures out the part and knows how he wants to play it. He just acts himself.

I've had to take a lot of abuse and rihbing from people around Hollywood for heing friends with El, people saying he had no talent . . . people saying he wouldn't get anywhere and was just a flash in the pan. But I've always stuck up for him. I predicted in the beginning he'd be a big hit. No one can really be happier than I am to see him come out here to Hollywood, make his first movie, see the way the kids love him, the crowds at the airport. It justifies all my faith in him.

I'd heard Elvis sing for the first time on a trip through the south and when I came hack to Hollywood I told everyhody about him. Everyhody just laughed and said, "What's an Elvis Presley?"

But I guess I'm going to have the last laugh!

And I know how happy the people in Memphis are about his success. No one who knows him ever speaks badly of him. Everybody asks me, "Do you think he'll change? Like all the rest of them do?" I think the answer is *no.*

people who hold grudges

Only once since I've known Elvis did we have a real disagreement. I was disappointed and hurt, sort of, at something he had done. When he called me on the 'phone to ask me if I'd pick him up at the usual time, since we hadn't talked that day, I snapped back, "No, you can walk!" and hung up. I later found out that he confided to a mutual friend that he was very upset . . . and hurt . . . that we had had this disagreement. I felt so badly. Of course I did pick him up, but we rode along in silence. When I let him out I whispered to him what I always say before he goes on. That night I didn't sit at ringside but stood in the back. When he came out he went to his table and sat down for dinner. I was seated next to him and Cousin Gene was on the other side with other people. But to Elvis and me it seemed like there was no one else at the tahle. This harrier was hetween us like a wall of ice.

We went through the ritual of ordering, talked to other people and we were hoth hurt inside. I knew that I had forgiven him —and he had forgiven me for exploding— and I felt that since I was the older, and presumably the wiser, that it was my place to make the overture that would set everything to rights. I put my hand on the arm of his chair and he reached out and put his hand on mine and we looked at each other. I excused myself from the table. He came after and gave me sort of a sullen look. We found a table and the corners of his eyes

began to twinkle and he smiled at me. Then he whispered in my ear and suddenly everything was all right again. Then the whole incident was completely erased.

What I whispered was, "I understand El, it's okay—I forgive you—you didn't mean it." What he whispered to me was, "I'm sorry; I didn't mean it. I'm truly sorry." After that everything was all right. It seemed we were closer friends than ever.

But deep down inside we both remember the pain that comes when someone you are fond of does something to hurt you. And the pain that comes with trying to right the wrong. Most of all, El and I dislike people who can't forgive.

unnecessary phone calls

I remember one time when Elvis heard his name blare out over the hotel loudspeaker and he got up and went to the hotel 'phone. It wasn't in a booth, and I overheard Elvis talking, saying, "Yes ma'am. No ma'am. Where did you say you were calling from, ma'am?" I didn't listen any more. When it was over I said, "What was all that about?" He said, "It was some lady said she was from Los Angeles and maybe I would remember her in the green dress. But I don't remember a green dress. My goodness, there were so many people." It was then that we decided that I would take over for the time being as El's unofficial private secretary, because of the great number of calls. I kept track, and the calls from all over the country averaged one every five minutes. Mostly the people were very understanding, but now and then it was hard to explain to someone who had spent money on a long distance call just why it was that Elvis, who was rehearsing or something, couldn't drop everything and come and talk on the 'phone. I know how it is—after you've heard a record, or perhaps someone who's made a fine speech over TV, the urge is to get right on the 'phone and call them up. Usually, if you think about it, it's better if you sit down and write a letter.

going to bed late

After shows in places like Las Vegas, where the last performances wind up at two o'clock, Elvis is like any other performer. He has a late supper: then he relaxes . . . talks to friends. He doesn't finally get to bed until about four or four-thirty in the morning. This seems a little crazy to us who live more regulated lives, but that's show business. And while I was in Vegas, I was living half my day while Elvis and his group were still sleeping!

I'd have a late lunch and then as Colonel



MORE ➤

What really sends Elvis:



El loves getting writer's cramp for his fans.



"That's some motorcycle . . . yes sir, some bike!"

Parker suggested, I'd start thinking about getting Elvis acquainted with the world.

For instance, if he had an interview appointment over the phone—from Canada at three o'clock, say—I'll go over to his bungalow, toot on the horn or hammer on the door and Cousin would stick his head out. I'd ask about Elvis and he'd say, "He's still sleeping." I'd say, "Okay, do you wake him or do I make noise?"

"Never mind, I'll wake him," he'd answer. Then Elvis would call out, "What sort of a day is it?" I'd tell him and he'd ask, "Did you get my guitar strings like I asked?" and I'd say, "Yup." And I'd hear him mumble, "It's funny about those strings, why I break so many. I guess I'm just enthusiastic!"

After a while Elvis would come out dressed in frontier pants, no socks, no shirt and point at me and say, "You ain't nothing but a houn' dog!"

Then we'd sing and fool around, getting the day off to a good start. And I'd press him for the interview.

Right on schedule the 'phone would ring.

Once, I remember, Elvis picked up the phone, listened for a minute and said, "Yes, I heard that rumor that I was dead. And because of my folks and everything I felt badly about it. I don't know why people would start things like that." Then he'd answer more questions. Always polite, he'd say, "Thanks very much for being interested in me, taking the trouble to call."

And he meant it.

actin' real natural

Elvis is fiercely loyal. I've often seen it. For instance, once a girl at a nearby table loudly made fun of the way I had said "*please pass the toast*," trying to make me seem ridiculous. El turned to her and said, "I don't want to hear another word out of you."

He may not be sophisticated, but he knew that her lack of manners was wrong . . . even though he might not know what fork to use himself!

He hates slighting remarks, even though they are not about people he knows. I've heard him say, "That's not a nice way to talk." I've seen him really shame thoughtless people, and it's made me proud to know him. Of the girls who have been around him, I have noticed that he likes those with good manners. I've heard him say, "Man, did you ever hear a girl so loud and noisy?" And again: "I don't mind people being happy, but I don't like people trying to attract attention by being loud!"



I get mad when people say things about El that aren't true. I guess the best way is just to have the truth made known about Elvis.

El gets along well wherever he is. He never demands fancy accommodations or asks for special services. In fact he seems quite amazed at all the services available in hotels. He's a smart boy and people who think he isn't are sadly mistaken. If a person's intelligence is to be determined by his grammar, that's a poor standard to judge by.

laughing and cutting up

El is extremely polite. Around strangers he is very shy and quiet. When he knows you well—as he knows me and his cousin Gene—he can talk and laugh and cut up and say exactly what he feels like saying. He thinks so rapidly that he sometimes stammers when his thoughts get ahead of his words.

For instance, one afternoon Cousin Gene, Elvis and I were walking down the street when El saw a boy about our age getting on his motorcycle. We walked over to him and he looked at El and El said, "That's some motorcycle." They got into a discussion and El told him about the one he had at home. The boy got on his 'cycle and El yelled after him, "Yes sir, that's sure some bike!" The boy went off with a roar. Two seconds after Elvis said, "It's really a lousy motorcycle, but look how good he feels!"

El doesn't drink, smoke or care for night clubs, except to perform in. He's generous and ambitious. He's not sophisticated. Not jaded. He loves life.

El is like someone who found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Once when we had known each other for only a little while a group of us decided to go to the movies and we were talking about how we'd get there. I suggested taking my car, which was just outside the hotel. When we walked out he asked which car was mine. I pointed to my Cadillac coup de ville. He asked if that was the first Cadillac I ever had and I said, "No." He lapsed into silence as we drove away. It was only in a later discussion that it came out what he was thinking—he found it hard to realize that there are some people who have always had the things that he is just now becoming accustomed to . . . that there is nothing wrong about having or not having. It's the way of the world.

Very often, while he was having dinner after his show, a lot of people would come over and ask for autographs—or just to talk. He'd let his food get cold.

And sometimes in the middle of signing an autograph, he'd look over at his cousin and say, "*Goolytwash.*" The people wouldn't know what he was saying, but it was a name that Sheky Green had made up for an aria in an Italian Opera. *Goolytwash* was sort of a favorite secret password which we'd pass around at odd moments.

Seems ridiculous, I suppose, but it made us happy. **END**

Elvis Presley can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film Love Me Tender.



FOR SHORT GIRLS ONLY

Ann Blyth's experiences

texts by RUTH WATERBURY

■ When Ann Blyth was in the fourth grade of ST. PATRICK'S grammar school in New York, she was very proud of the fact that the Sisters always let her head the class from one room to the other. A tiny, appealing little thing with her dark hair and her big blue eyes, she walked proudly as she led the children down the corridors, carefully getting them to the next room right on time. She was still proud of this honor when she was promoted to the fifth grade, and also to the sixth. Until the shocking morning that she realized she was not leading the class through the halls because of any merit. She was merely up in front because she was the littlest.

Ann was a dreamer then. Ann is a dreamer now. The big difference between Ann and many dreamers is that she makes her dreams come true. At the age of twelve in New York City, she was just a tiny bit of a girl who dreamed of becoming a great actress. She was also a very poor girl, she and her mother being alone in the world. She knew that the necessity of earning not only her own living but one for her mother faced her. She couldn't conceive of making money except by acting. But at the age of twelve, for a few brief weeks, when she comprehended that she wasn't growing tall she was overwhelmed by doubt and fear. For a girl of Ann's faith, this was a terrible feeling. She looked about her at the really important actresses—at the statuesque Lynn Fontanne and Katherine Cornell on stage, at Ethel Merman in musical comedy, at Joan Crawford and Ingrid Bergman in movies. Tall, all of them. Then, just as Ann was thirteen, and barely the size of a girl of eight, came the opportunity for her to be in the hit play, *The Watch On The Rhine*. It meant she would have to leave ST. PATRICK'S and go to a professional children's school; it meant parting from all the playmates she had made at ST. PATRICK'S and the Sisters whom she loved so much. It meant work, and long hours, and the tension of being the youngest actress on Broadway that season. It also meant Ann's dream beginning to come true. None of that meant anything to her in comparison to her recovering her faith. *For it was the very fact that she was so small for her age that had given her this first opportunity.*

"I didn't know," Ann says, "that I was entering into a very special world when I went into that show. Where my friends at ST. PATRICK'S were turning into teen-agers, thinking about dates and dances, I was turning into an actress thinking of engagements. My girl friends were going to parties while my life was crammed with six evening shows a week and two matinees, plus my regular school work and lessons in singing, in dancing, in diction. I didn't have time to miss boy friends—I was having a career. I didn't think about clothes. I had my stage costumes, and whatever little dresses I wore off-stage, my mother made for me. That way I didn't realize until I came to Hollywood and U-I that it was impossible for me to walk into a shop and buy anything ready made. And can that be a headache! I didn't know about beauty salons. I knew only make-up men. I certainly didn't know about necking. I didn't smoke or drink. I look back upon myself (*Continued on page 84*)

FOR TALL GIRLS ONLY

Esther Williams' confessions



■ She was fourteen years old, typical, pretty, bright and sloppy; she was five feet two, in the top ten of her class, popular with girls and beginning to get the eye from the boys. That was Esther Williams at fourteen—*before* the summer started.

Then, wham, it happened. Summer vacation came. She swam, played volley ball on the beach, ran races, danced and generally had a great athletic time of it. And began shooting up.

At first she barely noticed it. All the girls in her group were shooting up, even faster than the boys of their crowd. Esther put on an inch, which was fine. And then another, which was all right. And then another. And then a fourth. She was scared and bewildered. She grew out of every dress she owned, every old beat-up bathing suit. Since she didn't put on an extra pound with those added inches she began to look like a pink string bean, walking.

In May she had been five feet two; by August she was five feet six—and still growing. When she went back to school in September she towered over every one of her class-mates, with five feet seven and a half inches. Her height had come on her so suddenly that she felt awkward, not certain how to use her hands or feet, or what to do with her lean, lanky body.

Such prominence was unwanted but the worst was yet to come. Her best girl chum walked out on her—"I don't want to be your best friend any more," said her closest pal, "why, you're a freak. You're not going to be popular at all. Boys will hate you, and as for the other girls. . ."

Today in her beautiful home, with her devoted husband and her three children around her, her fame secure and her carefully-handled money in the bank, Esther can laugh. But when she was fourteen it wasn't easy to lose a friend . . . and to lose all her personal security, just because she had changed into being conspicuous. She was then emotionally what no teen-ager wants to be. She was *different*. She was different at an age when all kids want to be just like all other kids.

"I know now," Esther says, "that I was simply going through the suffering of any teen-ager who grows too tall too soon. But right then I wanted to die. Companionship was so important to me, largely because I had always had it. There were five of us Williams kids and I was the baby, so I was used to having fun and laughter and playmates always around me. But this was my first contact with the hard, cold world. Yes, I definitely wanted to die.

"Then another blow hit me. I discovered I had to wear glasses. I'd always had A's on my report card so when I brought one home with a D in mathematics my mother asked me why. Until then I didn't honestly know why. I sat in the back of the classroom, of course, because my last name began with a W. What I used to do unconsciously was go up to the blackboard, memorize the questions, and go back to my seat to work out the answers. On things like geography or history this was easy. In math I just couldn't absorb the figures fast enough to get away with this. And I didn't realize that I wasn't seeing as well as everyone else was! But my mother and I found out about my near-sightedness one evening right after I got that bad report card. Mom had asked me what the headlines were in the paper that had just been tossed on our porch. I was half way across the room before I could read them—and then I was half way (*Continued on page 92*)

I kissed him on the cheek, wished him well, and watched him walk down the street. He kicked at some stones like a little boy scuffling down the street, and he stopped under a lamppost to light a cigarette. Then he squared his shoulders, turned the corner, and was gone . . .

I almost



married Jimmy Dean

by Beverly Wills *as told to Helen Weller*



■ I was Jimmy Dean's girl friend. We went steady for seven months, and at one time we talked about getting married. I loved Jimmy at that time and I understood him as few people did.

We met on a blind date about five years ago. He was a bashful boy behind big horn-rimmed glasses and his hair looked as though it hadn't been combed in weeks. When we were introduced he merely said, "Hi," and stared at the floor.

Finally we got into his car and drove to a shore picnic—and he hardly said a word. He was a little self-conscious about his car, not because it was beat-up looking, but because he couldn't whip any speed out of it. "Good old Elsie," he said with a wry kind of smile, stroking the wheel. "I call her Elsie because she's slow as a cow. I hate anything slow. I wish I could trade this in for a fast job." After that little speech, he clammed up and didn't say another word.

I thought he was pretty much of a creep until we got to the picnic, and then all of a sudden he came to life. We began to talk about acting and Jimmy lit up. He told me how interested he was in the Stanislavsky method, where you not only act out people, but things too.

"Look," said Jimmy, "I'm a palm tree in a storm." He held his arms out and waved wildly. To feel more free, he impatiently tossed off his cheap, tight blue jacket. He looked better as soon as he did, because you could see his broad shoulders and powerful build. Then he got wilder and pretended he was a monkey. He climbed a big tree and swung from a high branch. Dropping from the branch he landed on his hands like a little kid who was suddenly turned loose. He even laughed like a little boy, chuckling uproariously at every little thing. Once in the spotlight, he ate it up and had us all in stitches all afternoon. The 'creep' turned into the hit of the picnic.

I learned that it was nothing for Jimmy to run through a whole alphabet of emotions in one evening, alternating sharply from low to high and back again, and no one could ever tell what mood would hit him. A couple of nights later, we went to a movie and during the picture Jimmy sat hunched forward, his chin cupped in his hands, looking something like that statue of the thinker. When I tried to whisper something to him, he shushed me up. He was so completely absorbed in the performance on the screen! (*Continued on page* 82)



by DENA REED

■ *One evening last October Eddie Fisher put in a long-distance call from Hollywood to a small suburb of Philadelphia.*

"Hello, Mom," he said, "hold on for a minute, our daughter wants to sing for you."

His mom, scarcely breathing, glued her ear to the receiver.

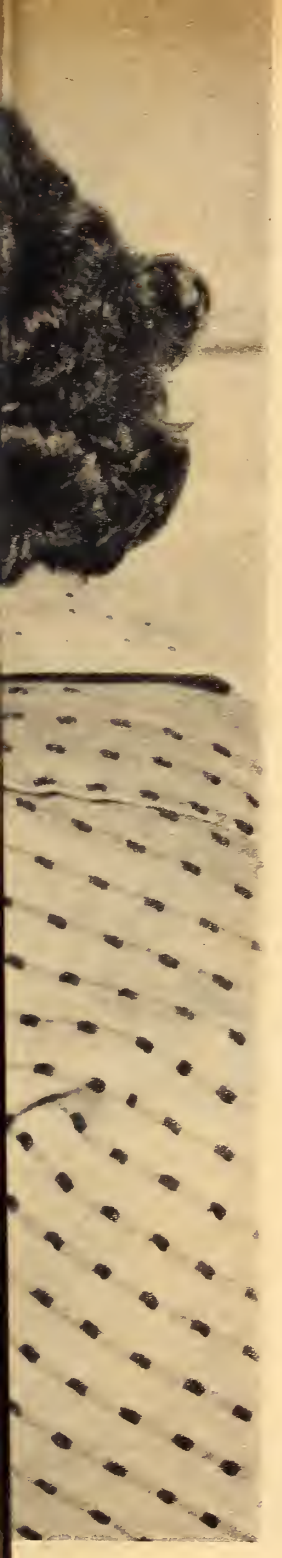
"Yahh . . . yahhhhhh," cooed Carrie Frances, loudly and with much feeling.

When Mom hung up, her eyes were just a bit wet with the happiness of love . . . love for a new grandchild, love for the daughter-in-law she adored.

How different from the tears of fear and worry she had shed such a short time ago! How she had worried about Eddie! And the girl she was so afraid would break his heart, a movie actress, yet, for her Sonny . . .

Debbie Reynolds . . . a laughing face on a big screen—what kind of a wife was that for her boy?

Mom had figured on a nice homebody like her own girls—someone who could keep his socks in order, cook lima bean soup and make blintzes that would match her own.



Eddie's mother
thought:
A movie actress!
Will she
be the right wife
for my boy?

How Debbie won her mother-in-law's love

s sister Janet knew that such a girl d her brother would be in *two ferent worlds* but still it was nice dream of Sonny settling down. een, the baby of the family, had a vate dream all her own about ich she told no one. Because she lized her brother, any girl he ked would be all right with her, vided she met one specification: Eileen wanted the girl her brother would marry to look like her favorite movie star, Debbie Reynolds! She could dream, couldn't she?

It was only a facsimile she had dared hope for. But when Eileen read that Eddie had met Debbie and invited her to his opening at the COCONUT GROVE, she was sure her brother had added mind-reading to his many accomplishments! The gossip columns worked overtime making Eddie and Debbie a twosome but the Fishers, accustomed to the ways of publicity, agreed that they made cute pictures together but they wouldn't dare take it seriously unless Eddie told it to them himself. And Mom fell asleep nights worrying about a stranger who didn't (*Continued on page 62*)

*John Smith:

"Marlon Brando saved me from suicide"

**EDITOR'S NOTE:*
Some people get embarrassed when nice things are said about them—and Marlon Brando is such a guy. The fellow who wrote the following story about Brando (we'll call him 'John Smith') knows this very well. "You can use my story but please don't use my right name," he told us, "I haven't seen Marlon for years. He has a bad memory and I hope he's forgotten my name. But if he does remember it, I'm in trouble. He'll probably come and punch me in the nose. He's a great guy—after all he saved my life—but he just can't stand compliments."

■ The first time I met Marlon Brando he was knee-deep in girls. Pretty ones, ugly ones, tall, short—swarming all over him. Why not? He was on top of the world. He'd just finished *The Men* and *Streetcar* and he was back in New York, tossing a party for a few friends—especially female.

Me, on the other hand, I was about as low as you can get. I was twenty-six years old, I'd just been fired from my job, and my girl was leaving me—hard and fast. To put it bluntly and get it over with, I'd spent the night before thinking about killing myself. That's no joke. I meant it. I couldn't think of any reason why I shouldn't, and there was one good reason why I should: I was too sick with misery to go on living. Believe that—I wasn't playing with the idea. It was just a matter of working up the nerve to do it fast, and I hadn't gotten quite to that point yet. But I was getting there.

This party wasn't helping, either. A friend of mine dragged me there—he was worried about me and he wouldn't leave me alone. So he made me come along by telling me my girl might be there. I didn't know if he really thought she might or not, but anyway I came and she never showed, and now he was off in a corner talking to a bunch of actors and giving me a nervous glance every now and then. For twenty minutes I'd been standing with my back against a wall, wondering if she might still show up, or if I'd be better off ducking out before my pal got hold of me again. If she didn't come in ten minutes, I decided, I'd get out. Maybe this was the night I'd find the guts to put a (*Continued on page 65*)



BOYS DISLIKE SILLY GIRLS. CLAIRE LEONARD, SAL'S DATE, SHOWS HOW *NOT* TO ACT. (Photos by Jack Manning.)

Sal Mineo tells:



What Boys expect from Girls on a Date!



Q *How Should A Girl Dress When She Doesn't Know Where She's Going?*

DON'T

She should never dress up but, rather, dress *down*. I called a girl for a date and told her we had to make an appearance at a première but we weren't going to stay for the movie. Instead we'd go dancing. I had a suit on, but she wore a gown and a mink stole.

DO

I told the girl that the people we were going with weren't all dressed up and I suggested she change. She did, and we were happy and comfortable the rest of the evening.





Q *What Should A Girl Do If Her Date Asks Her Where She'd Like To Go?*





DON'T

She shouldn't shrug her shoulders and say "I don't know." Any girl who does that makes me feel like a kid for having even asked her.

DO

Have a place in mind! If I'm gentleman enough to ask, you should tell me. In fact, I'd rather have you tell me. Then if we have a good time, it's fine. I'd have so much more fun knowing my date is happy. If not, we're both partly responsible and I won't feel badly when I suggest we go somewhere else.

MORE ➤

Sal Mineo tells:

What Boys expect from Girls on a Date!

continued





Luchow's Restaurant—New York City

Q *If They're Going Dutch, Should The Girl Give Her Money To Her Date?*

DO

Definitely. A girl should be smart enough to understand the circumstances. And if she is, she'll give the guy the money *before* they go out. This way, there's a much more relaxed feeling between the two of them. It's the feeling that they're sharing things together. And he'll like her so much more for being so considerate.

DON'T

Whatever you do, don't embarrass the boy. And believe me, it's so embarrassing for a boy to have to ask his date for money. It's hard enough to date if the guy works or goes to school and is on an allowance. And it's twice as hard on him when *she* insists on giving the waiter her half of the money in front of the boy. She's making a big mistake by doing this.

Q *What If the Girl Plans a More Expensive Evening Than Her Date Can Afford?*

DON'T

First of all, she shouldn't think of going to a place he can't afford. I remember going to a première with a girl. Afterwards she suggested going to the COPACABANA nightclub. I wasn't in a position to take her there. Sure I had a tuxedo and I came in a Cadillac. But I had rented them. So all I said was, "It's getting kind of late." It was sort of a hint, but it worked.

DO

A girl should suggest a place she knows the boy can afford. I once took out a girl and we were really dressed to go on the town. But quite different from the other girl, she wanted to go to a quiet, inexpensive place she knew about. We went there and had a ball. And I never forgot her for taking into consideration what I could and couldn't afford.









Q *Do You Expect Your Date to Ask You Up For A Snack?*

DON'T

I don't even think about it or expect it. And neither do most fellows. Things have changed and a fellow doesn't get such a big kick out of going to the gal's home for a snack. It's not a sign that she doesn't like me if she doesn't invite me up. She may not be allowed to because of the hour. Also a guy gets uneasy about meeting her parents. Her dad might want to know what I do for a living.

DO

If you're allowed to bring up your date or a few friends, there's no harm in asking them up. But don't be disappointed if they don't come up. Probably, you'll all have had something to eat before you get home anyway.

Q *Do Most Boys Expect A Kiss On the First Date, No Matter What the Circumstances?*



DON'T

I've met girls I couldn't possibly kiss even if I wanted to, simply because they said *no*. You know, I walk them to the door and we say *good night*. And that's all. With me, as with most fellows, I couldn't force it. It's up to the girl whether or not we'll kiss good night, whether it's on the first or the fifth date.

DO

A girl's kiss doesn't mean what it used to. Years ago, it meant two people liked each other even on the first date. Now some kids kiss good night instead of shaking hands. I never think a girl is 'bad' if she kisses on the first date. But it differs with everyone, and I still say, it's up to the girl.



Sal's in Warner's Giant, *U-I's* Rock Pretty Baby. *Watch for him in Columbia's* The Young Don't Cry.

MARCH BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in March, you'll be sharing it with—

March 3—**Bobby Driscoll**
March 8—**Cyd Charisse**
March 12—**Gordon MacRae**
March 16—**Jerry Lewis**
March 17—**Mike O'Shea**
March 22—**Karl Malden**
March 23—**Joan Crawford**
March 24—**Gene Nelson**
March 26—**Sterling Hayden**
March 27—**David Janssen**
March 29—**Dennis O'Keefe**
March 31—**Shirley Jones**



David Niven
March 1



Jennifer Jones
March 2



Desi Arnaz
March 2



Lou Costello
March 7



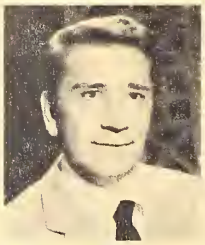
Claire Trevor
March 8



MacDonald Carey
March 15



Wendell Corey
March 20



Richard Conte
March 24

Your flower is a jonquil and your birthstone is a bloodstone!

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card and are not certain which studios they are with, write them c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

how debbie won her mother-in-law's love

(*Continued from page 55*) seem to fit the picture at all. A light-hearted girl who came from a different background than her Sonny, a girl brought up in a different religion—a glamorous actress. For her Sonny? How could such a girl make her son happy? Then one night, in the early Fall, the 'phone rang and Sonny asked Mom, "Can you come to New York for the week end? There's a girl I want you to meet. Name of Reynolds. You'll love her. She's flying to New York with her mother just to shake your hand."

Mom is not easily thrown but this time she was in a tizzy. It would have been serious enough if Eddie had invited her to come home with him but for their mothers to dash into town to get together —well! She couldn't sort out her feelings. She had wanted nothing more than for Eddie to find his girl. But somehow a girl named Debbie Reynolds didn't fit into the picture of the little wife in the big apron.

But Mom's policy had always been hands off with her children. Eddie would be no exception. She had taught her children to take marriage seriously, as the most important step in their lives and she knew that's the way he would take it. She could only pray. Maybe it wasn't so serious after all...

What's she like?

For the trip to New York, Mom felt the need of reinforcements. So it was decided that level-headed Janet should accompany her to New York. The only drawback to this was that the usually level-headed Janet had been thrown into a tizzy herself. She didn't sleep all night, thinking of the impending meeting. They were up at five, confiding their hopes and fears.

"The one thing I won't be able to take is if she high-hats us," Janet said.

"But she can't be that kind of girl," Mom insisted.

"Why not?"

"She reminds me of our Eileen, little and sweet," was Mom's answer. And she started thinking. It was true, Debbie's pictures did remind her of Eileen.

"How can we tell what she's like. She's been a star for quite a while. How could she help being the center of attraction and expecting to be?"

"I don't think Sonny would fall in love with a girl like that," said Mom stoutly. How could a girl who looked like Eileen be bad for her Sonny? Let's hope already he had found someone to take care of him! Someone to come home to. A good wife.

Now Mom was sure. She was a nice girl if Sonny loved her.

But her hands trembled as she packed a bag. . . .

The meeting in New York

The girl Sonny introduced her to was not a film star. Her mind kept insisting that she was, but her eyes refused to believe it. She was a shy, smiling child who bit her lips nervously and whose serious eyes met Mom's and pleaded to be liked. When they turned to Sonny's laughing brown ones, they grew soft and starry. That song Sonny sang—*Your eyes are the eyes of a woman in love.* Yes, with his arm around her, with his eyes on hers, this child was a woman. It was the look Mom had waited for, for a long time. And Mom knew this slip of a girl carried her son's happiness in the palm of her little hand. What's more, she knew it would be safe there. She opened her arms and heart to her future daughter.

The mothers got on famously together. Each discovered the other was very like herself. Each had come from a middle-class background, had worked hard and weathered bad times. Each had raised her child not to be spoiled by success but to take only the best of it.

And it was enough for Mom when Eddie said, "It's all been wonderful, Mom. There aren't any problems that we can't work out. I've known her only two months but I feel as if I knew her all my life."

It was a hectic and memorable week end, jammed to the brim with fun, family confidences, personal appearances, dreams and plans. Ed and Deb took their mothers each day to fancy restaurants—the STORK CLUB, 21, LINDY'S. In between they managed to go on shopping sprees buying gifts for each other and their mothers. Debbie appeared briefly on Eddie's TV program and met Ed's fans. In between the lunch dates, the shopping tours, the rehearsals and appearances, the sweethearts managed to get to one ball game, to hold hands over dinner at the STONEHENGE at twilight, to attend a reception at the WALDORF for Mrs. Grossinger and to ride home together at dawn in a hansom cab.

It was a week end to live over and over again in memory. And when they got back to Philadelphia, this is what Mom and Janet did.

Eileen listened with big round eyes to her usually calm and contained sister Janet raving: "Debbie's a doll, an absolute doll. She's like one of us. And they're head over heels in love."

Floating dizzily on Cloud 9, delirious with happiness, Eileen didn't dare breathe for fear she'd wake up! Debbie for a sister-in-law!

The great day arrives

The formal engagement took place in October in Hollywood. But the family celebration would be Thanksgiving when Eddie would bring her home. For weeks the house bustled with preparations. Mom, their part-time maid, the girls, every one pitched in to have a finger in the doings.

At last the great day arrived. The shiny mahogany table was opened to its full length and set for eighteen. Mom made Eddie's favorite dishes: lima bean soup, turkey and the fixin's. Suppressed excitement and the luscious smells from the kitchen made everyone a little giddy.

And then there they were—Miriam and Harry from Baltimore with their three cherubs, Stevie, Bradley and Mindy. Sis and his wife, Marty and their youngster Penny and Debbie—the *original* the called her. Nettie, Janet and Lou, Bunny —the other bachelor son—and Eileen and Beau, who had started out as Bunny's pal and was ending Eileen's *young man*. And last, the guests of honor, Sonny and Debbie. They were in high spirits, happy to be home, determined to make the most of every minute of it. They clowned with the family, were crazy-happy together like a pair of carefree puppies.

But when the meal was ended and Mom got up to do the dishes, Debbie was ahead of her, led her back to the living room and made her sit down. "Mom," she said, serious for the first time, "you worked hard to cook this lovely dinner for us. Now it's your turn to take it easy. I'm going to wash the dishes and the girls can dry if they want to."

Mom resisted, but Debbie insisted. Eddie laughed, "You haven't got a chance, Mom."

The jig-saw puzzle fits

Debbie, swimming in one of Mom's big aprons, attacked the stacks of dishes. The sisters formed an (*Continued on page 6*

"thy fair hair my heart enchained"



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"IT TAKES MUSCLES" SAYS KIRK DOUGLAS



Looks like a nice romantic clinch?



Well, it's not that much of a cinch. Kirk had to land Susan right on the mat—after a double-triple flip over his head.

■ Don't tell Kirk Douglas that making a romantic comedy is easy. That's what he thought—before he began *Top Secret Affair* with Susan Hayward at WARNERS.

Douglas, who did some vigorous boxing in *Champion*, drove a racing car expertly in *The Racers* and fearlessly battled Indians in *The Indian Fighter*, was certain he wouldn't be called on to display his athletic prowess in *Top Secret Affair*, a comedy with a New York and Washington setting.

A partial listing of Douglas' activities in the film proves how wrong he was.

● During the first week of production he was required to do thirty consecutive pushups. Since the scene was photographed several times from different angles, Douglas executed a few hundred pushups.

● Another day was spent balancing on a bongo board.

● The same evening he had to plunge into a pool to rescue Miss Hayward.

● In another lively sequence he had to throw the beautiful redhead into the air while imparting the art of judo to her.

● Douglas does a vigorous samba with Susan and ends up crashing into a table.

Douglas wonders whether acting in a comedy written by a non-athletic writer might be less strenuous. The picture was written by Allan Scott, winner of the 200-meter event in the 1932 Olympic Games!

how debbie won her mother-in-law's love

(*Continued from page 62*) assembly line to dry. He wanted to go out to the kitchen, hug his girl and tell her how much he—and all of them—loved her. He tried it once but was shooed back to the men. He played pinochle, kibitzed with his sisters' kids but his ear was cocked to the woman-talk coming from the kitchen: clothes, dates, babies; Deb wanted Mom's recipe for the lima bean soup.

He was proud and happy. His girl fitted in, warm and snug like the right piece in the jig-saw puzzle of The Family. They wouldn't hold her being an actress against her. How could they when, before anything, she was a warm, loving, outgoing gal! What a lucky guy he was!

In the kitchen, Debbie and Eileen were comparing notes. "Who shall I get to date you when you visit us in Hollywood?" Deb was asking Eileen. "I'll find you someone nice like your brother. Not that I think there are two of them!"

When the dishes were done and put away, Eileen took Debbie up to her room to freshen up. For the first time, she had Debbie all to herself, up there in the room where she had dreamed about her so often. If anyone had told her that one day her favorite movie star would be brushing her brown curls at Eileen's dressing table, she would have said: "You're crazy!"

And yet the glow that she felt was not from having a star there. She had to remind herself that this girl her brother loved *was* a star. Dressed simply in a skirt and sweater with her hair pulled back the way Eddie loved it, she seemed like one of Eileen's pals. And she even talked like them—girl-talk about clothes and dates and school and back to clothes.

When they talked school, Eileen, almost before she realized it, found herself admitting that she had flunked geometry. It was a thorn in her side and usually she couldn't talk about it. But here she was telling Debbie, "I have to take the regents over too."

"Don't worry about it," Debbie answered. "I flunked myself—I was never good at it. Confidentially, at sixteen, it doesn't matter much if you repeat. The main thing is not to worry about it and you'll find yourself breezing through it this time."

Eileen agreed that this was the way to go at it. She felt warm and comforted. It was going to be wonderful having Debbie for a sister.

"I want to make a toast"

The wedding was planned for June but it didn't take place till September. Through all the bad time with the papers screaming about a broken engagement and half the world asking the other half *Will they ever make up?*—Mom maintained stoutly that all was well with them. True, Mom wasn't half so sure as she sounded.

And now her heart would be broken if Sonny *didn't* marry the movie star!

It was a fine wedding. Mom held her new daughter close and gave her the advice she gave to all her girls: "Give a little, take a little and you'll have a happy life." And Deb promised breathlessly, "Oh I will, Mom, I will!" . . .

It was April. They were coming home for Passover, for the first holiday Seder.

In their own home, Eddie and Debbie celebrated all the holidays—his and hers. At Christmas they had a tree, but they also had a Menorah for Chanukah with more candles burning each night till all were lit. When they had children, they thought, the kids would be taught the principles of both religions and be allowed to choose their own. Or perhaps they would keep the holy days of both and learn love and tolerance where they are best learned—in their own home.

Debbie listened to the Seder ceremony and prayers with interest. On the table, the Seder dish was set with the foods commemorating the day—the bitter herbs, the roasted egg, the mixture of apples, nuts and cinnamon—everything was a symbol. The family read the Haggadah recounting the Jews' deliverance from Egyptian slavery and the Seder ended with prayers and thanksgiving.

When the long ceremony was over, Eddie went to the kitchen and brought out a bottle of champagne. "I want to make a toast," he said, "a toast to our son who will be born in November!"

And they were all talking at once—kissing Debbie and pounding Eddie on the back.

Mom dabbed at her eyes and thought what a silly woman she had been ever to have worried about these two.

A bracelet from 'Bubba'

The "son in November" turned out to be a daughter in October. A few hours after Carrie Frances Fisher arrived, Ed called Mom from Deb's hospital room and reported, "She's beautiful—looks just like her mother."

But Debbie wouldn't let that stand. Worn as she was, she took the 'phone to say, "Don't you believe it, Mom. She's beautiful and she's the picture of Eddie—she's got a lot of black fuzz on her head."

"And a button of a nose like her mother," put in Ed.

"Kiss her for me," said Mom. "I'm sending her a bracelet. Can I inscribe it *Love, Bubba?* Or shall I say *Grandmother?*"

"Say *Bubba,*" Ed told her. "You'll be Bubba to her."

"I can't wait to hold her! Take care of them both, Sonny."

Mom realized that Sonny was not quite the proper name for him now that he was a father. But the Fishers couldn't get used to *Eddie* either. Mom tried "the baby's father" once or twice but when they had to stop and think who she meant, they laughed, gave up and went back to Sonny again.

He called often during the next two weeks to assure Bubba that Carrie Frances was the most beautiful child ever born and he sent on a picture of her, aged one day, to prove it. Mom called Deb at the hospital every day or so to see how she felt. She was a happy and devoted mother, dedicated to doing the very best for Carrie Frances. "What's best for her is best for me," she told Mom.

Then one evening, Eddie called and told her, "Hold on for a minute, Mom, our daughter wants to sing for you."

"Yahh-yahhhh," sang Carrie Frances.

When Mom hung up, her eyes were gleaming. She'd rather be Bubba, an old grandmother, than anything else in the world. Now if only Eddie's brother, Bunny, the last bachelor in the family, could find a girl and settle down—a nice, home girl like Debbie Fisher—! **END**

Debbie and Eddie can currently be seen in RKO's Bundle Of Joy. *Debbie will soon be seen in MGM's* The Reluctant Debutante *and U-I's* Tammy.

how marlon brando saved me

(*Continued from page 57*) finish to the whole messy business. I had sleeping pills at my place, plenty of them. Then Marlon looked up and saw me. It took quite a look, too, to plow its way through the smoke and past those girls and across the room, especially considering that he was playing the piano with two fingers all the while. But he saw me. The piano slowed down and he stood up slowly and edged his way off the bench. The next second he was standing in front of me, holding out a cigarette. "You look like you need one," he said.

I took the cigarette without a word. When I tried to light it I saw my hands were shaking. Marlon saw, too. He jerked his head to the side. "C'mon in here," he said. He reached out and shoved a door open. I followed him into a little room, and when he turned on the light I saw there was no furniture, just a pile of mattresses along one side wall. Marlon yanked one down and threw himself down on it. "Sit down," he said. "Relax. No one's coming in here."

I sat down. Finally I found my voice. "They'll all be hollering for you," I said. "Don't you want to go on out?"

"Ah, them," Marlon said. He shrugged. "What do they need me for? They're happy." He studied me for a minute. "But you—" he went on. "You could use a friend."

Trouble to spare

Oh, man, was he right. Mind you, we hadn't been introduced. He didn't know my name—he didn't even know what I was doing at his party. But he didn't care. I was there, and I looked miserable. That was enough for him.

I tried a smile. "Listen," I said, "if you're looking for misery, I got it. Enough and to spare. Take all you want."

Marlon shook his head. "Don't make a joke out of it," he said.

He leaned forward and looked at me. "I suppose everyone's been telling you to cheer up and act happy," he said.

Surprised, I nodded.

"Well, listen to me," he said softly. "Forget that advice. I don't know what's eating you, but you're feeling it deep. That's good, not bad. That's what we're here for—to feel things. You got something big—don't fight it. Take it and live through it and make something good out of it. It's the only way."

I sat there on the mattress and stared at him. In that crazy minute I began to feel better—just like that. Not only because of what he said, though I found out for myself that that was true enough, but because somebody bothered to say it to me. Because a guy named Brando, with the world at his feet, wanted to be my friend. I grinned at him. "I'm Johnny Smith," I said.

Brando stuck out his hand. "Marlon Brando," he said. "Though I suppose you know."

"What's the matter? Don't you like being known?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "Most of the time. But when I'm in my own house—it would be nice not to have to bother. Never mind. Let's get back out there."

Open house

I spent the rest of the evening in a kind of daze. Marlon pulled me around like a pet toy. I met everybody, I ate everything, I had a beer shoved in my hand every ten minutes. I even got to talk to the girls on the fringe of the jam around Marlon. I won't say I exactly forgot being out of a job and jilted besides, but I felt enough better not to notice what

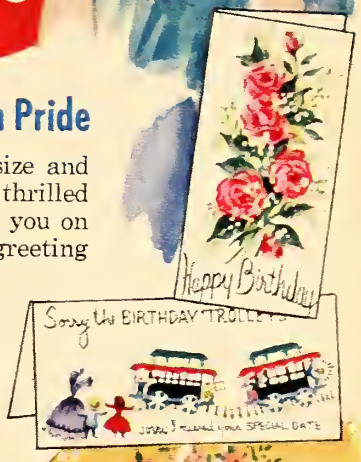
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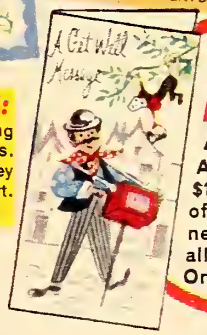
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WHEN MY DAUGHTER PIER FACED DEATH

■ Pier was alone, but she wasn't afraid.

Vic had to finish a nightclub engagement in New York, and I was leaving for South America with my other daughter, Marisa Pavan. I was worried—but Pier told me I was being silly and that she felt fine. "By the time you get back," she laughed, "you're going to be a grandmother all over again!"

I phoned Pier from the airport just before the plane was going to take off.

"Are you sure," I said, "that you don't want me to stay with you?"

"Oh Mom, will you *please* stop worrying!" my daughter answered. "I'm OK and Vic will be here tomorrow. The way you fret, you'd imagine there was some danger. Remember, this isn't the first time I've had a baby! I'm a grown woman now." Yet as Marisa and I flew south, I couldn't think of Pier as a woman. She has always been my little one, my *bambina*. I knew she was receiving the best of care. I knew my son-in-law would soon be at her bedside, but I couldn't help it: I was frightened. And I prayed. It was only a few hours after we landed that Marisa and I received the news. Pier had lost the baby. And she had lived for it!

Marisa and I took the first plane back to Los Angeles. When we arrived, Vic was already there. "Oh, my darling, I'm so sorry!" sobbed Pier.

"Please, honey, please . . ." was all that Vic could say. Then, after a moment, he added, "It's all my fault. I should have been here. I never should have gone to New York. You were alone, and—" His voice trailed off.

Of course, it wasn't Vic's fault at all, and in a way Pier hadn't been alone. Not really. In her heart, Vic had always been with her. I know.

The doctors explained that Pier's airplane accident months before made motherhood extremely hazardous. In fact they warned her not to have a baby—but my daughter was willing to risk it. That's how much she wanted another child.

I know that Pier and Vic have courage. But more important, they have faith—both in themselves and in the future. I'm sure their marriage will be as happy as ever, even after what has happened. But only time will erase the memory of that tragic night when fate robbed Pier of every woman's dream to have her baby.

Mrs. Enrica Pierangeli

Pier Angeli will soon be seen in MGM's motion picture, The Vintage.

time it was till all of a sudden the party thinned out by half and Marlon dropped down on the studio couch near me and said, "It's almost five in the morning, you know?"

"I sure didn't!" I said. "I got to get home."

"Stay the night if you want to."

"Oh, no—I wouldn't do that. You don't have room."

Marlon started to laugh. "Take a look."

I swiveled my head around, and my jaw dropped. Two boys were emerging from the little side room, dragging a mattress. When they got clear of the door another guy headed in. "Who are they?" I asked. "Your roommates?"

"Nah. One of them, the guy that just went in, he's an actor—you met him. Hasn't had a job in nearly six months and he got thrown out of his place. So he's staying here for a while. The other two guys live in Jersey—it's too late for them to go home. I don't know who else is staying—probably half a dozen. I never throw a party without finding half of the guys sleeping on the floor the next morning."

At this point the front door opened, and a girl walked into the apartment—with a child in her arms. She glanced around the room, smiled briefly and said, " 'Allo, Marlon." Then she walked through the living room and disappeared into the back of the apartment. I heard a door shut.

Marlon turned to me. "That's Louise," he said. "She lives here."

"She does?" I was slightly shocked.

"Almost two months now."

I tried to be delicate. "Is she—uh—your finacée?"

Marlon looked horrified. "Louise? Good Lord, no. I wouldn't have a girl friend of mine living here." He grinned. "You think I'm some crazy Bohemian? No, Louise just got divorced and she didn't have anywhere to take her kid—the little boy she was holding. He's around six. Nice kid. So I told her she could have the bedroom till she gets settled. It's rough on her."

I stared at him. "Where did you find her?"

"I don't know. Ran into her somewhere."

"And she looked unhappy," I said, "so you took her in."

Marlon looked thoughtful. "Yeah," he said finally. "I guess you could say that."

"I guess you could," I said.

Glad to be wrong

I didn't stay there that night. I only lived a block and a half away—which gives you an idea of what kind of neighborhood it was. Marlon's apartment was in a tenement building over a delicatessen, and you climbed up narrow, smelly stairs to get to his place. But that's where he lived before he got famous, and that's where he stayed. He liked the place.

I went home and stared at the bottle of sleeping pills for ten minutes. I thought, I never dreamed I'd get this bad hurt over anything. I used to figure I wasn't set up for a big romance. I was wrong. And then to my surprise I thought, I'm glad I was wrong. And then—I wonder if Brando would mind if I gave him a ring in the morning and told him he was right.

I figured he wouldn't mind. I flushed the whole bottle of pills down the toilet and went to sleep. Just like that.

Two nights later, I was sound asleep—it must have been about two—when Brando parked himself under my window and started hollering. "He-ey John! Johnny! Hey Johnny—"

I got out of bed in one jump and stuck my head out the window. A year later when I saw the opening scenes of *Waterfront*, it wasn't new to me. We'd played it in real life a dozen times. "Wadda ye want?" I hollered down.

Marlon grinned up at me. "I thought maybe you couldn't sleep. Figured you might want to take in a movie."

I got dressed and went. We walked over to an all-night movie.

On the way over we passed a woman standing near the ticket booth who had frozen the minute she saw Marlon. When we were ready to go in she was still standing there, her hand half closed around a package and her mouth half open with a cigarette dangling from it, staring at Marlon. As we went past, Marlon pulled a lighter out of his jeans, flicked it, and held the flame up to the cigarette. Not taking her eyes off him for a second, the woman inhaled and the cigarette caught. "You're welcome," Marlon said politely. He flicked the lighter and I followed him out the door.

"You," I said, "are nuts."

"Always have been," he said sadly. "But now instead of calling the police, they let me get away with it."

We sat in the movie towards the back. It was a good picture. I turned around in the middle to tell Marlon that I was glad he made me come, but I couldn't. He was sound asleep.

Marlon never advised

I saw quite a bit of him after that. I had a lot of time on my hands while I was job hunting. His roommate Sam Gilman was a great guy, and Wally Cox was usually around the apartment somewhere, so we always had a lot of laughs and a good time. Nights Marlon would drop over to my place—after a holler or two to be sure I was up—and we'd gab.

Sometimes it was the other way 'round. I'd wake up in the middle of the night with that sick feeling in the pit of my stomach that meant I was scared and lonesome—I'd lie there remembering that I had no girl and no money and I didn't much care whether tomorrow came or not. I'd remember the night I wanted to kill myself—and how Brando had made me think differently. Then I'd be the one to walk to Marlon's (*Continued on page 68*)

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Tony Curtis says 'thank you' to George T. Delacorte Jr., publisher of MODERN SCREEN, *who has just wished Tony and his wife Janet Leigh congratulations on their new baby girl.*



Old friends at MODERN SCREEN'S *party include: Chele Graham, Nita Talbott, Tony Curtis, Joyce Holden—who's on Disney's* TV Mickey Mouse Club—*Rae Allen and Norma Moore. Norma is asking Tony about his newest film,* Sweet Smell Of Success.

"Hello Tony . . . will you come to our party?"

■ And he did. At about 7:15 that evening Tony Curtis and his wife, Janet Leigh, came through the glass doors of the RAINBOW GRILL, a private club in New York City's Rockefeller Center. As a publicity man for MODERN SCREEN I get a chance to meet many stars of motion pictures, TV and the New York stage. But I'm thrilled each time—they're warm people, with big smiles and big hearts.

I met Tony and Janet at the door and introduced myself as the fellow who invited them to the party. We chatted a while with a pretty blonde girl who turned out to be Lee Remick. Lee was so excited about her role in Elia Kazan's *A Face In The Crowd.* Then, while Tony and Janet talked to George Delacorte, publisher of MODERN SCREEN, we got ourselves introduced to Maureen Arthur of Ernie Kovacks' *Tonight* show.

And then it was time to say *good night* and a wonderful party was over.

Gene Pavey

how marlon brando saved me

(*Continued from page 66*) place. I couldn't do that with my other friends; they told me to cheer up, and even when I felt like walking death, I had to put on an act for them. Marlon never told me to act happy. Sometimes he didn't say a word. What he said was good, but it wasn't his advice I wanted. It was his listening. He listened with his eyes. They didn't miss a thing. And they had all the sympathy and understanding in the world in them. They let you know that he'd been through it too and knew how it felt. They let you know he was feeling it with you now. That's what I call being a friend.

An embarrassing situation

Then I didn't see him for a while; he was out on the road. He and Wally and some other guys had formed a package deal to sell to summer stock companies. Marlon was pulling down thousands in Hollywood, but working that summer for $125 per week. He needed that dough like a hole in the head, and I figured he was in on the deal because otherwise they couldn't have sold it. Wally hadn't hit the big time yet, and their only selling point was having Brando in the crew. He never admitted it, but I knew that was why he went.

When he got back, naturally he threw a party to celebrate. I brought a guy I knew, a young actor who said he'd like to meet Brando, and we went stag together. It turned out to be quite a party. I introduced my friend Steve to Marlon, and to my surprise Steve acted like he wasn't interested in meeting him in the slightest. Not that I expected him to fawn over Marlon, but Steve had said he wanted to talk to him, and I thought he meant it. Marlon didn't notice, just said "*hi*," and dragged us off to meet someone else. We talked for a while, and Steve kept glancing at Marlon and drinking too much and not talking to anyone. Then Marlon disappeared and Steve turned to me. "Big shot movie shtar," he muttered. "Who's he think he ish?"

"You drunk?" I asked, unnecessarily.

"No, just mad," Steve said. "I walk the streets, months. I don't get a job, he's got producersh falling all over him—for what?"

"He's good," I said.

"Fooey. No better'n me. Or a dozen others. No better'n—"

"Hey, look," I said.

Marlon had plunked himself down in the middle of the floor with a jar between his legs. I gave Steve a yank and dragged him with me over to Brando. I was scared to leave Steve alone; one of Marlon's pals might have socked him if he shot off his mouth any louder. "What's that?" I asked.

"Skippy peanut butter jar," Marlon grinned. "You never heard anything like it." He poured half a glass of water into the jar, balanced it carefully, fit a cover onto it, and began to drum on it with his fingers. It made a clear, sharp tone.

"Whassa matter," Steve muttered in my ear, "can't he afford a drum?"

"Shut up," I said.

Marlon was tipping the jar carefully from side to side as he tapped it with his fingers. With every change in the water level the tone changed. The rhythm got faster and more complicated. I don't say it would exactly replace Gene Krupa, but it was exciting. Someone started clapping in time, and my foot started tapping, too. It was building up to a real jam session—on a peanut butter jar. "Great, isn't it?" I said to Steve, still mad at the wor

"Ah, the heck with it," Steve sa "Everybody acting like he's some kind king or something." His voice rose. "*So* actor. Gets a break and makes like a sl and all of a sudden he's big stuff. Y know what I think of him? I think h lousy. That's right. LOUSY!"

"Shut up, you idiot!" I said. But it w too late. Steve pushed passed me into t cleared space where Marlon was s pinging away. "You!" Steve said. "Y stink. Hear that? You—"

Marlon takes it

The tapping and clapping came to dead stop. In the silence Steve sound louder than a cannon going off. "I'm good as you, you bum. You listening me? Go out to Hollywood and get a lot dopes to call you good, see? Boy, I cou act you under the table."

Marlon stopped drumming. His fa clouded over. Oh, Lord, I thought. Th is going to be a brawl. "Steve—" I sa

He whirled on me. "Keep out. I got few things to say to this here—" and th as he flung his arm out, pointing back Marlon, the glass in his hand hit a tab and smashed to pieces. The next insta Steve was staring down at his drench clothes—and blood was flowing from h hand where the glass had cut him. B before I could get to him, Marlon w there. He had his handkerchief out. "Her fella," he said "Gimme that hand."

"Lay off," Steve muttered. "All yo fault. Told you you were no good—"

"Sure," Marlon said. "You're right, a solutely right. Gimme the hand. That's Now hold still while I get this on tigh That's it. That's fine. You're doing fine

"Fine. . ." Steve muttered. His face w white and he looked dazed. "Go 'wa Bum, that's what . . ."

Marlon straightened up. "I think that hold," he said. "Come on, pal, I'm gon get you some coffee."

All the way to the kitchen we hea Steve calling him a bum—and a numb of other things as well. Marlon didn't co out for half an hour. Then he called m over. "I think you better get him hom Johnny. He's pretty shaky. I'd let hi bunk here for the night only—" grinned—"I don't think he wants to."

I was too embarrassed to do muc "Thanks, friend," I said. I collected Ste and got him out as best I could, and l him at his place in the hands of his roo mates. Then I went home to bed and p a pillow over my head.

A dream?

The next morning the phone rang. picked it up and it was Steve. "Johnny he said, "tell me it was all a dream. didn't—did I?"

"You did, brother," I said.

"Oh, my God," Steve said. "What got into me? I never laid eyes on the g before in my life. I'm going to go find hole and crawl in."

"Sounds like a logical idea," I said.

"Oh, don't," he groaned. "Help m What do I do now? Apologize? What's t phone number."

"Don't call," I said. "Go over."

"Johnny—would you come with me—h any chance? I hate to ask you, but if throws me down the stairs I'll need som one to carry me home." So I went.

We climbed the two flights of stairs wi Steve looking like he was walking the l mile, his bandaged hand flopping at h side. I knocked. Marlon opened it. H had a towel wrapped around his wai and I guess he'd been cleaning up la night's mess. "Hi," he said cheerfully. started to open my mouth, but Ste spoke first.

"Listen," he said. "I came to apologi I got drunk and made a fool of myself.

don't remember much of what I said, but I didn't mean it, whatever it was." He paused for breath.

"Oh, forget it," Marlon said.

"Look, you don't have to be nice about it," Steve said. "I'm not a wounded hero anymore. The only thing I can say is I haven't had even an audition in eight months, and I'm getting sour and jealous. That's no excuse. So—"

"Oh, drop it," Marlon said. "You should see me on an off-day; how's the hand? Want to come in?"

So we went in and helped around. We had a nice morning. At lunch—raw hamburger, onion, and ginger-ale—I got a chance to tell Marlon that things were going pretty good for me now. He nodded. "I can tell," he said. "You look it."

I wanted to tell him that he had actually saved my life; that if it hadn't been for him and the things he had said to me that night a few years back, the sleeping pills wouldn't have gone down the drain—that I'd have swallowed them. But looking at him—I couldn't. I figured he knew.

We meet again

That was the last time I saw him for a long, long time. He was in New York for a week or two more, but I didn't hear from him. He probably was helping some other lame duck over a stile by then. Then he went back to Hollywood.

Two years later, I got married. We decided to keep my old apartment and fix it up, and one Sunday morning, a couple of weeks after we got married, we walked over to the Sixth Avenue Delicatessen for breakfast. On the way, I heard a shout. "Hey, Johnny!" and Brando came dashing across the street. The same Marlon, blue jeans and T-shirt slightly cleaner. He pounded me on the back and then turned to Anna, my wife, who was standing stock-still with her mouth open, staring. Marlon grinned at her, and put his hand on her arm. I introduced them, and told him where we were going. "Can I walk you over?" he asked Anna. "Of course," she said. "We'd be pleased."

Marlon grinned at me. "See?" he said. "I told you it was worth it to suffer a while. You come out better in the end." He hadn't forgotten.

He told us he wasn't in town for long. "Just a week," he said. "Then I got to get back to the coast. I got to make a stinker. Boy, how I dread it."

"Why are you doing it?" Anna asked.

"I'll tell you," he said slowly. "My mother just died, see? And before she went she asked me to try to be nice to people. She'd been reading all the junk they print in the papers about me. Well, I suppose some of it's true. Anyway, I figure the people who are maddest at me now are all at the studio and the only thing I can do for them is make this thing. So I'll do it. It won't kill me. And it would please Mom a kick."

"Still picking up the pieces," I said, not laughing.

"Yeah," he said. "I guess I got a lifetime of that."

He walked us to the deli and then said good-by—he was off somewhere, to see someone. When he had gone, loping down the street, hardly noticing all the people who stopped to stare at him, Anna turned to me. "He reminds me of something in the Bible," she said. "A quote. Something like—'a man of sorrows, aquainted with grief.' You know?"

I know. I think she was pretty right.

END

Marlon Brando can currently be seen in MGM's Teahouse Of The August Moon. He'll soon be seen in the Warner Bros. film Desirée.



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SNEAK PREVIEW OF NEW THINGS FOR YOU Is a New and Exclusive Modern Screen Feature
see page 77



Softly curled hair is essential to Debbie's hair-do as it is to all the newest Spring styles.

SPRING BRAS PROMISE NEW FIGURE BEAUTY



The fabulous moulded Sweater Bra. Lovable

All photos by Roger Prigent



Deep plunge padded lace. Hollywood-Maxwell



New figure beauty at a thrifty one-fifty.



Front-zip, girdle-length back, six-way full length new Pre-Lude. Maidenform

OPPOSITE PAGE, FAR LEFT: Nylon lace fashions this Whirlpool bra with glamour features galore. The bra cups are padded and the lace on them is under-lined with satin. The bra has a dainty lace edging. It is called Her Secret—make it yours, too. White, mauve pink, hyacinth blue or peachbloom. $5.95. By Hollywood V-ette. Slip, Florell. The sweet music—Traveler's new Porta-Console radio. Honeybugs slippers. Chaise, Gallo. LEFT, TOP: Here is a bra to wear with sweaters. Called Seam-Free Sweater Bra—it promises smoothness for the bra cups are lined with foam and covered with Helenca knit. Pink, blue, black, or white broadcloth. A love of a bra you'll love. $1.50. By Lovable. Use new Wool-N-Wash for your sweaters —gives new beauty and brightness. LEFT, BOTTOM: New circular stitched wonder bra called Cymbal for the budget minded gal. White broadcloth. $1.50. By Maidenform. THIS PAGE. ABOVE: This Pre-Lude Once-Over bra is one you must own. It is of white embroidered nylon marquisette panelled with Leno elastic. The cups, lined with thin foam rubber, give a grand figure. It features the famous six-way straps. White only. $16.50. By Maidenform. Pearls by Duchess—bridal bouquet, Irene Hayes of N.Y.

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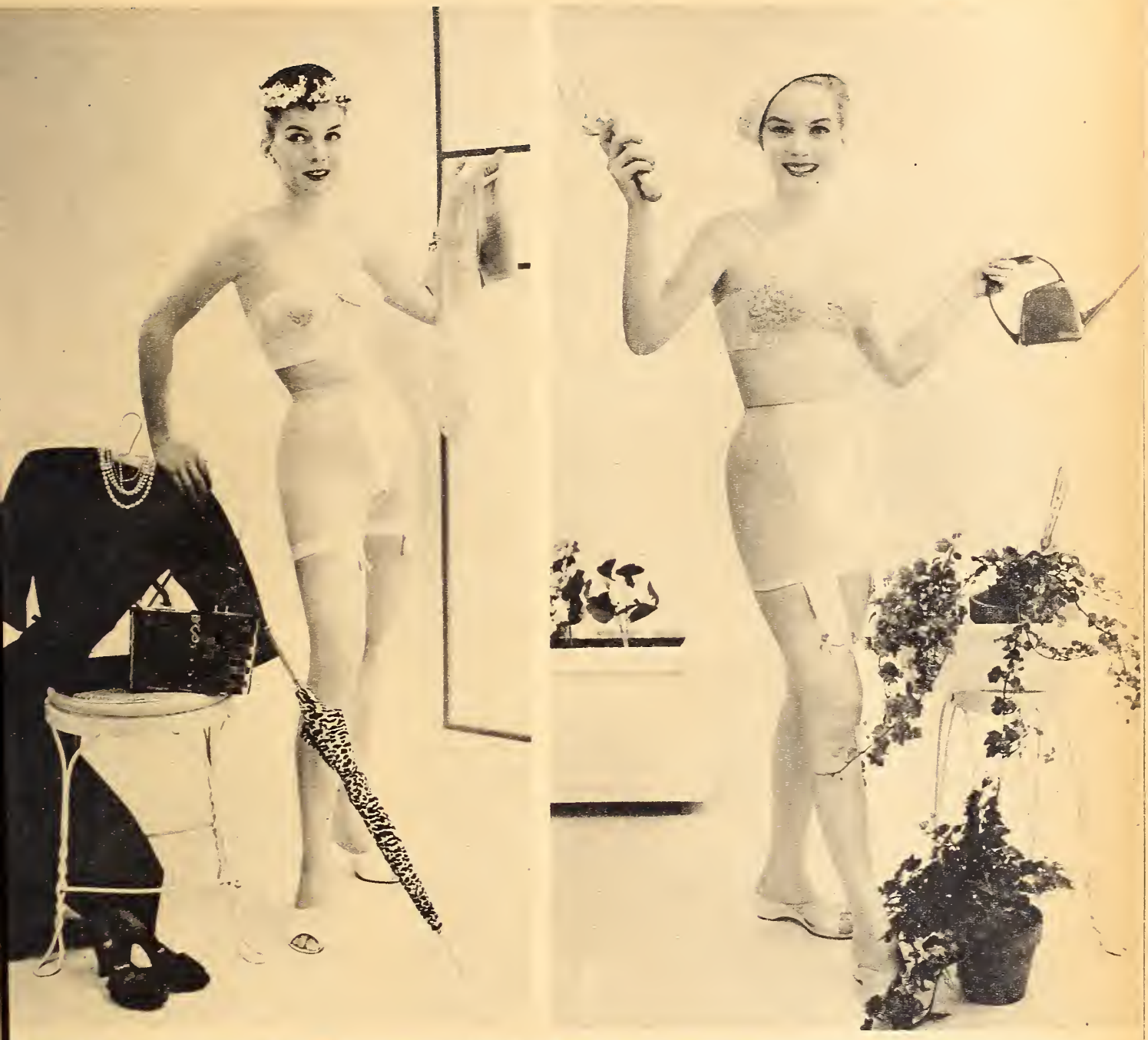


Gossard's new front-hook bra, Sta-lo back

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All photos by Roger Prigent



trapless front-hook bra—can't-ride-up girdle **Bare-Bac bra—tissuelight girdle. Pink or blue**

n is by Trifari. LEFT, CENTER: oneless pull-on panty girdle of nylon et elastic with a firming front panel f embroidered nylon sheer. White. 5.95. For bare back fashions try this autiful nylon lace (over nylon eer) bra that fastens center front! plift in front is balanced by Sta-lo ack. White, $3.50; black, $3.95. irdle and bra by Gossard. Honey-gs wedgies. Wrought iron furni-re by Gallo, N. Y. The cooling drink—Orange Crush. RIGHT, CENTER: Newest Magic Oval Perma.lift Pantie. This nylon power net garment can't ride-up—Ever! Guaranteed never to bind, chafe or irritate. Pink, maize, blue, champagne, or white. $5. The Perma.lift wired strapless bra of nylon lace has the famous Magic insets for firm, lasting uplift. Bra hooks—in front! White or black. $5.95. Foil-a-Run Parisian Nude nylons by Holeproof. FAR RIGHT: Flexees makes this trim Corsees "petit-point" waistline girdle with "petit-point" nylon elastic sides, nylon satin panels, front and back. Pink, blue or white. $5.95. Flexees Figurama Slip-Loop bra. The nylon lace cups are lined with nylon marquisette—nylon power net balanced back. Pink, blue, black or white. $3.95. Honeybugs leather slippers. Whimsy golden garden tools with jewels—Rose Merry Manor, N. Y.

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Is your hair curled and just right for your new Spring hair-do, see page 71

All-elastic panty girdle for 2.95—new type "Floating Action" bra

Roger Prigent



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modern screen exclusives

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5

3. Something brand new—a beauty and deodorant soap—and at an ordinary soap price. New Woodbury soap with antiseptic XL-7 actually ends odor worries, helps prevent skin blemishes.

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6



7



8

6. Treat for your feet—new double electric foot massager. The vibrator caps are placed at a 30 degree angle so tbe massager can be used while sitting. $16.95. by Dr. Scholl.

7. New panty girdle that is treated witb Dur-A-Septic—to make it odor proof; and Lanolized for softness. Of tissue power net with Tummy Tucker panel. $5. By Lewella. Vanity Fair peignoir.

8. Your skirts will be longer this season. Leave it to Vanity Fair to hurry and make you a longer nylon and lace "pettislip" to keep your lingerie in fashion, too. White. $7.95.

it's easy to make your own curls

(*Continued from page 71*) the products you use are constantly being perfected—not only to give you more beautiful curls but also to help you complete a perfect, easy, speedy job. Frizzy perms are a thing of the past. Today permanent wave products, if directions are followed carefully, are designed to give your hair a soft, natural and beautiful wave. There are even home perms that never need re-setting. After-shampoo rinses add softness to your hair and make it more manageable, so don't overlook using them.

Before you start to give yourself a perm always be sure that your hair is in excellent condition. If you have mistreated it or neglected it—you should start a routine of hair care right now. Be sure that it has not become dry and brittle because of rushed, careless treatment or by indifferent jobs of bleaching or color rinsing. If either of these hair imperfections plague you, set about correcting them at once with regular prepared shampoos, lotions and creams—very soon your hair will be in proper condition for you to give yourself a perm. One word of caution. If your hair is in very bad condition it is suggested that you wait for a re-growth of hair before you tackle a home perm job.

Always start your home perm with a freshly shampooed head of hair—just slightly damp. Be sure that you part your hair neatly and smooth the strands. Carelessly prepared sectionings and tangled hair strands are some of the real causes of home perm failures. For a really finished and professional looking job start from the back. Curl front section last. Remember the perfection of a perm is just what you make it.

There are other things you should remember, too. Be sure and have your hair trimmed regularly and give it a great deal of between-perm care so that it will be in perfect condition when you are ready for your next perm. In between your whole head perms you may need a few little end curls re-done. And, last but most surely just as important as your perm—your hair style! The girl with naturally curly hair wouldn't look wonderful unless she had her hair properly styled and cared for. A home perm is the important beginning. It is up to you to be sure that you keep it looking at it's best all of the time.

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$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE ANITA EKBERG:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE MIKE WILDING:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE ANN BLYTH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ both their stories ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE SAL MINEO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I READ
☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood ☐ part ☐ none

12. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE
(2)_____ MALE
(3)_____ MALE

(1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN POLL PRIZE WINNERS FOR DECEMBER

Karen Kirkwood, Kansas City, Kansas; Joan Cerkleski, Chicago, Illinois; Dorothy E. Reynolds, Watauga, Tennessee; Violet Bannon, Elwood, Indiana; Dottie Champagne, New York City; Erena La Barck, Paterson, New Jersey; Neatsa Alexander, Jackson, Michigan; Frances Petrie, East Orange, New Jersey; William Sombrotto, New York City; Mrs. Opal Bonacquisti, Rockford, Illinois.

ow to live with temptation

Continued from page 33) "I brought my ndbag around—WHAM—right in some-dy's face!"

Tony clutched at somebody's throat and nita began scratching.

Then both saw that the molester was a en-age boy in a leather jacket.

"With fuss on his face," Anita said, that ing her Swedish pronunciation of the ord *fuzz*.

"A juvenile delinquent," shrugged Tony. said to him, 'If you were a little older, break your jaw and then this officer' there was a cop nearby—'would take you to jail.'"

Then they both rode away, amazed at e boldness of American teen-agers. In ly, where Anita is on as many covers she has been in America, the men are rdly as forward as the teen-ager was. e Italians only tried to touch her as e was passing by.

But here's a little warning to all wolves. nita considers that an insult, *not* a com-iment—and Tony can punch.

"What about the nice guys, though, that ght try to flirt with you?" I asked Anita. ood-looking movie actors?"

"Yes," nodded Tony. "What about em?"

"There aren't any I'd look at—and you ow it too darned well, darling!" ex-imed Anita.

And as I watched them closely, I could lieve that they of all people might be le to live with their temptations. Per-ps because of a mutual jealousy they ght be able to accomplish that which so many picture people seems to be possible.

Was Anita ready yet to cement their re-ionship with a baby?

"No! I don't think I'm ready to be a ther yet." Her reply was frank and ndid as it usually is.

"When she's ready I'm all for it," Tony erjected.

"I'd rather delay it for a while," Anita d.

First, there was the problem of Tony ting well established in American mo-n pictures. He was very well known in native Britain before he knew Anita—t he hasn't had the time yet to build up same reputation here.

"I would become an American citizen if y would have me here," he said. "But s is only my third visit."

"'Visit!'" echoed Anita. "It's not a visit longer, darling. You live here—with —and don't you get that wrong!"

Lucky Tony, who captured Anita when llions of red-blooded men would have en almost anything for her, patted her nd affectionately.

"How will you work it out when you re to be apart?" I asked.

was trying to return to the temptation blem.

"Who says we'll have to be apart?" Anita t at me. "We haven't been apart yet!"

"Not even for one hour," Tony backed up.

"But there is a problem," Tony admitted. r a husband, if the wife is more suc-sful, it can create a lot of problems for , a lot of unhappiness."

"They get a terrible complex," Anita .

"And so I would be very glad if Anita w the whole thing up," Tony an-nced.

"What, *what!*" shrieked Anita. "Throw my career just when it's starting?"

"And let me take care of you. Then you ldn't have to do anything," Tony mur-red.

"'ve been waiting for you to say that," ta smiled. "But I'm not ready for that



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now. For now I've got show business in my blood!" There was a flash of excitement on her face as she said it.

"But what about your own temptations?" I asked Tony. "These wolfish babes with wealth who would like to steal you away from Anita and make life easy for you?

"I happen to know that a few of these rather tempting morsels have had their eye on you," I added. "Wonderful-looking girls, too."

"Yes, what about them?" Anita flung across the table at her husband.

Tony lit a cigaret casually and addressed his answer to me.

"I don't even notice any wonderful-looking girls but my wife since I'm married," he said. "I'm conscious, of course, that there are some."

"*You are!*" snapped Anita.

"Just happen to be," he laughed. "But they mean nothing, of course."

And Anita, who in her pre-honeymoon days flitted from man to man, evidently never satisfied fully with any of them, showed with a possessive little smile that she was very, very glad that he'd said it that way.

"Isn't he cute!" she said, with a sigh.

Cute is hardly the word for Tony. Anita herself says their romance was quite tempestuous. One would expect it to continue that way, with temptation piled upon temptation. Anita, acclaimed by some experts to be one of the great sex-bombs of this generation, maintains that he captivated her before he'd ever met her, when her name was already known around the world, merely by projecting his own sex appeal across a television screen.

Watching a program in London, Anita saw Tony, and gasped out to some friends, "That's the most attractive man I've seen in a long time."

A few nights later, she attended a party and . . .

"In walked Tony Steel!" remembers Anita.

"That night we closed up every bar in London. We walked two miles at least. I was so tired, I was holding my shoes in my hands as we walked out of the last club. I was tired from so much dancing. He's such a wonderful dancer.

"We walked to his place. It was light and his housekeeper was already there.

"I had breakfast there and we talked and talked."

Tony fell just as hard for her.

Anita was busy emoting in *Back From Eternity*. Happily, she found him always sitting at the studio, in her dressing room, on the sidelines, or in the pub across the street, waiting for her to finish work.

"Just to make sure we didn't lose any time," she says.

It wasn't entirely his build, declares Anita, who has been called *The Build* herself.

"It was his eyes and his smile. Plus the fact that when he opened his mouth, he said something. Some of these beautiful men are such *bores!*

"When he looked at me, he had something in his eyes!"

And so Tony became her *No. 1 Tempta-*

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below, page by page:

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WHEN DIETRICH FLUNG THE GLOVES



■ Last August 15th the story brok in the gossip columns that Marlen Dietrich had tossed her gloves in th face of a sixteen-year-old actress at press party in Rome. Marlene and th young actress, Natalie Trundy, had jus finished making *The Monte Carlo Stor* on the Riviera and in Rome.

Under the freckles, there is still pink flush when Natalie talks of the ir cident. But for the first time, she di give her version of what happened t MODERN SCREEN. According to Natali "I don't know why, but she didn't see to like me. At the beginning of the pi ture I would say *Good morning* an never got an answer—so I gave up. The one day I had to play an emotiona scene with Miss Dietrich. Vittorio d Sica called her over to introduce us. Sh said, "Oh, yes, I've seen you around.

"Later, when we got to Rome, ther was a party for the Italian press. Th photographers wanted a picture of u together. She came over, but instead o posing, she threw her beige kid glove at me!"

So what happened then? Natali who has great natural poise for her six teen years, recalls, "I am ashamed t say it, but I just went away and cried That's about it, except for all the storie that were printed in the Italian pres and then over here.

"I did not," wails Natalie, "call he a cold fish, nor did my mother. An mother did *not* say Miss Dietrich shoul get out of the movies and grow ol gracefully. The incident was ba enough, but worst of all, I hated thos stories."

If it had been two men, it might hav been settled with an old-fashioned duel As it is, that's all Natalie claims t know about why she had the gloves flun into her face. Maybe some day Marlen will give *her* version of the intriguin event.

on, and while you're supposed to resist emptation, Anita found Tony irresistible.

"Clark Gable, back when he was a achelor, didn't do anything to me, and ost of the others didn't either," she says. But Tony was for me.

"I didn't go out with anybody else. I idn't think of anybody else. I wasn't ware of anybody else.

"We'd run into somebody and have a dis-ussion. Days later I'd see the people e'd been with and they'd say, 'Remember hen we were talking the other night?'

"I'd say 'What other night? I don't re-ember it.'

"I didn't, either. I was on a cloud."

Probably it was about this time that nita learned Tony could fight, and pretty apably, too. And he has a couple of roken fingers that he got in a slugfest Africa to prove it. He was in Kenya the time, making *The Ivory Hunter*. he Mau Mau riots and murders were on nd everybody was tense. A man in a ar remarked to Tony, "I've been told ou're an actor."

"That's correct," replied Tony.

"You should be out there fighting the Iau Mau," the man said. "Instead of act-ng."

Though Tony got indignant, he didn't ay anything. It just so happens that he'd een a parachutist, in the British Grena-ier Guards from 1939 to 1945, serving in frica.

"I just crawled in," he said, but the an in the bar got more and more insult-ng. Tony finally said, "Why don't we step utside?"

"I didn't know how much of a gang he ight have with him," Tony said, recount-ng it. "I took no chances." As soon as ey got outdoors, Tony threw a punch that nocked the man down. "He wasn't very uch opposition," Tony said. "But I was so mad that I kept banging away like that until I broke my two little fingers. You can see how my fingers are still broken even now."

And Tony held out his hands to show me how he had broken his pinkies walloping somebody.

"That's what I wanted to do with some of those fresh guys who bothered Anita in Rome and Genoa," he added, "but Anita kept making me quit!"

A major temptation of Anita's at the moment is the steady appeal to her to pose for revealing pictures.

Now that she's married and making good as an actress, Anita wants no more cheesecake, but there are always photographers pleading with her.

Public relations people will be begging, too. They'll be recalling how willingly she once posed.

"I quit as soon as I knew that I could," Anita says.

"Modeling," she adds, "is something I always hated. If I should fail as an actress, I'd rather go to work as a secretary than go back to modeling. I would rather be stone-broke than model again."

It's strange that one of the most-photographed girls in the world should be so violently opposed to modeling.

"No, it isn't so strange," Anita corrected me quickly. "Men always seem to feel that models are on the low side.

"I think that is why men make cracks about actresses. It's because some of them have been models. My father never wanted me to be a model. But when I was a little girl in Sweden, I never dreamed of being able to become an actress. A model seemed the highest I could hope for.

"Fashion modeling I don't like either," she added heatedly.

"You walk around like a dummy. How can you possibly express yourself acting like a dummy in a window?"

Out of her modeling experience came another problem that one must discuss delicately with Tony and Anita, that of the famous nude statue.

A Cuban sculptor exhibits this statue, or bust, that's supposed to be of Anita—and pictures of it have been widely printed.

And Tony Steel gets inflamed every time he thinks of it.

"I think this is one of the worst pieces of sculpture I have ever seen in my life," declares Tony angrily. "He did this statue a number of years ago and waited for Anita to become famous to display it. Evidently it was done with nothing more than some photographs which he in some way managed to get hold of back in the days when Anita needed money. I think it is a terrible thing to do, and I hope I get to meet that sculptor personally some day. I will not only tell him what I think of his work, but . . ."

Even in motion pictures, this problem of revealing pictures is with Anita.

In her film, *Zarak*, she did some scenes that were too much for the censors—although every male would have adored to see them. And it will probably always be that way as long as Anita is so beautifully healthy and so healthily beautiful.

It would appear that Anita and Tony have a lot of temptations to worry about in the months and years ahead. But this observer noticed one very good symptom.

A fan whom Anita had never met addressed her as *"Anita"* and she bristled.

"My name is *Mrs. Anthony Steel,"* she said, "and that's what I like to be called!"

END

Anita Ekberg can currently be seen in Columbia's Zarak. *She'll soon be seen in Columbia's* The Most Wanted Woman, *RKO's* Man In The Vault *and U.A.'s* Valerie.

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I almost married jimmy dean

(*Continued from page 53*) Jimmy was still in this somber mood when we left, and when we got into his car he didn't say a word. Suddenly he said, "I feel like some music." He started to sing "Roll, Roll, Roll Your Boat."

I was beginning to see Jimmy every day now and I noticed that he always wore the same clothes, a blue jacket and gray slacks. Either that or a pair of jeans. That was all he owned.

Once he spilled coffee on himself and it left a stain on the slacks. He jumped up and was so mad at himself. I couldn't understand it, because Jimmy didn't seem to give a hoot about clothes.

"It's only a pair of pants," I said, "send it to the cleaners."

"That's just it," he said. "I can't even pay the cleaners, and I wanted to go to the studio tomorrow and see about a job."

Jimmy wanted more than anything else in the world to become an actor. But he couldn't get a job. It would almost kill him when he'd go out to see the casting directors and return with nothing. He never lost confidence in himself, but he was angry because no one else shared that confidence. He would come by and see me after a fruitless interview, and he'd be in a black mood. "The director said I was too short," he once mumbled savagely. "How can you measure acting in inches? They're crazy!"

They also told him he wasn't good-looking enough, and always that he wasn't the type. Usually, when the casting heads told him this, Jimmy would get so mad he'd insult the men right back!

A charmer as well

I was doing a part in the radio version of *Junior Miss,* and Jimmy would sit in on the rehearsals and watch. One day, they needed a young man for one of the roles and Hank Garson, the director, asked me if my boy friend could handle it. "Of course," I said happily.

I introduced Jimmy to Mr. Garson. "Have you ever done anything in radio?" asked the director. Any other actor, faced with such an opportunity, would have said *yes,* but not Jimmy. I think he was a little angry at the director for having let him sit around for so many weeks before offering him a job, and he wanted to show off. Anyway, Jimmy looked defiantly at Mr. Garson and said, "No." "Sorry," said the director, and walked away.

I ran after Jimmy. "Why did you say that?" I asked. "Why didn't you tell him you could do it? If you'd only been nice he'd have given you a chance."

Jimmy was still stubborn. "I don't have to lie to get a job in radio. Either he can give me a chance because he thinks I can act, or he can take his old job."

But although he used to rub many people—unfortunately, important people—the wrong way because of his hurts and resentment, he could charm the birds off the trees when he wanted to.

My mother didn't share my enthusiasm for Jimmy, nor was my mother to blame. Jimmy had the knack of putting his worst foot forward when he was in the mood.

Morose and moody

I think it was the rebel in him. My mother—she's Joan Davis—was a success; he wasn't. Inside, Jimmy felt a little antagonistic toward many of the people who had achieved success in a profession where he couldn't stick his foot in the door.

He'd walk into our living room and promptly slump down in my mother's favorite arm chair, his foot dangling over the side, and sit like that for hours without saying a word. The only action we'd see out of him was when he'd reach out for the fruit bowl and eat one piece of fruit after another until the bowl was empty. When my mother would walk in, Jimmy never stood up, never said *hello.* He just remained slouched in the chair, munching on the fruit and staring moodily into space.

At the dinner table, his behavior was usually the same. Jimmy was always hungry. He loved pot roast, so I tried to have it for him whenever he was over. He'd wolf down two helpings of the meat with that same morose expression on his face, and mother would squirm.

It was more than his manners that disturbed my mother. She was afraid we were becoming serious. By this time I was wearing Jimmy's gold football on a chain around my neck. We were going steady and my mother couldn't think of any boy who had a more uncertain future than Jimmy! She thought he was too wild and would never settle down.

"Mom was flabbergasted"

My high school senior prom was coming up and, of course, I was going to take Jimmy. He was working as an usher at the time, and although he was in debt, he managed to put aside a few dollars every week so that he could rent a tuxedo. He asked me to go with him to the place where you rent these things, and when he saw all the dinner suits on racks he acted like a little boy in a candy store. He tried on one after another, and finally settled on a white jacket, black pants, dress shirt and bow tie. The rental on the whole works amounted to five dollars, and I don't think I ever saw Jimmy look happier.

"Imagine me in one of these things," he crowed, posing in front of a long mirror.

Although we sat out most of the dances —Jimmy didn't rhumba or jitterbug—he was in wonderful spirits the night of the prom. Some of the kids at school joined us and he laughed a lot and told funny stories. My mother stopped by with some friends for a few minutes, and even she was fascinated by Jimmy's personality that night. He jumped out of his chair when she came to our table and even helped her off with her stole. "Good heavens, I've never seen him like this before," said mother, flabbergasted but charmed.

The only other times I saw Jimmy that happy was when he was racing his motorcycle furiously. No matter how depressed he was, if Jimmy had a chance to get behind something that had terrific speed, he would laugh and come alive again.

When Jimmy learned that I had a little boat with an outboard motor, he was eager to try it out. Jimmy drove it around the cove, the salt spray making his face and his glasses glisten. I thought he enjoyed it, but he was disappointed because he couldn't get my little boat with its ten horsepower motor to whip up any great amount of speed. After that little ride, which I thought would turn out to be such fun, Jimmy was in the dumps again.

We wanted to get married

I soon discovered that his moods of happiness were now far outweighed by his moods of deep despair. He was almost constantly in a blue funk. He still couldn't get an acting job and he was growing increasingly bitter. I hated to see Jimmy become so blue. When he was happy, there was no one more lovable. When he was depressed, he wanted to die.

These low moods became so violent that he began to tell me that he was having strange nightmares in which he dreamed he was dying. The nightmares began to give him a certain phobia about death.

"If only I could accomplish something before I die," he once said despairingly.

Like a lot of kids who go steady, we be-

an to talk about getting married. I was ot yet eighteen and we both knew my arents would never give their consent, so e planned to wait until my eighteenth irthday, which was a couple of months ff, and elope. I had saved some money om my radio work, and we thought we ould go to New York where we hoped immy could get a break in the theatre.

But the dream didn't last long. A cou-le of months later, I had moved to Para-ise Cove, a beautiful spot way out at the each, where I was to spend six months ith my father—my parents are divorced. he first week Jimmy drove out the long istance he began to gripe. "It's such a ng drive, I'm running out of gasoline. hy can't you meet me in Hollywood?"

But I felt at home at the beach. I was ith a lot of happy kids whom I'd grown p with every summer, and we were hav-ng lots of fun. Somehow, in this happy-o-lucky atmosphere, surrounded by boys nd girls who didn't seem to have a care n the world, Jimmy stuck out like a sore humb. He wore the same blue jacket and ray pants, only they seemed even shab-ier next to the tailored slacks and sports hirts the other fellows wore. The whole rowd was very cliquey, and when Jim-y came by they looked at him as though e didn't belong.

eeper into the shell

Jimmy was very sensitive and it hurt im very much to be looked down on. He ensed their patronizing attitude and with-rew deeper and deeper into a shell. I hink he wanted to hurt them back, too. ve often wondered if he recalled this eriod in his life when he portrayed the ensitive feelings of the rejected youth in *ebel Without A Cause.*

One afternoon, the fellows were playing ootball on the beach. Jimmy joined them. Jimmy used to be very intense about everything he did, particularly if he wanted to show off. The other fellows were playing casually, since they weren't wearing protective football gear, but Jimmy plunged into the game like a tiger. He was out for blood. He was very strong, anyway, and he tackled one of the fellows with such ferocity that the boy yelled out in pain and the rest of the fellows ran over to pull Jimmy off him. After that, the fellows labelled Jimmy a bum sport and wouldn't talk to him.

Jimmy was miserable. He felt like an outsider in his work; he felt like an outsider with this crowd. The resentment made him sink all the more into rebellious moods that even I couldn't understand.

At a dance at the Cove one night, Jimmy remained in this strange mood. When one of the boys cut in and tried to dance off with me, Jimmy saw red. He grabbed the fellow by the collar and threatened to blacken both his eyes. I should have realized that this was his way of paying back a member of the crowd who had hurt him. But I was embarrassed. I ran out to the beach, and Jimmy walked after me, scuffing angrily at the sand, complete misery on his face. We had an argument and I pulled his gold football off the chain.

An air of bravado

A few days later, Jimmy called and told me that a friend was driving to New York and would give him a free ride. I was glad he called. I had been thinking of Jimmy ever since we broke off, and I realized more and more that this was a hurt and misunderstood boy. I wanted to remain his friend. I wished him luck.

A few months later my mother took me on a trip to New York. I had Jimmy's address. He was staying at the Y and I called him up. We met in Central Park and my heart went out when I saw Jimmy walk up in the same blue jacket and gray slacks. That meant that he still hadn't gotten a job.

There was an air of bravado about Jimmy which soon crumpled when he told me that he hadn't been able to land a part in a show. He was depressed, and he was hungry, too. I insisted that I buy us both a spaghetti dinner and he took me up on it. I think it was the first square meal he had had since he left Hollywood to come to New York.

I told him I was engaged to be married, and he told me about a girl he had met in New York who was a lady bullfighter. I could see that he was fascinated by this colorful girl. He showed me a tiny matador sword which he wore in his lapel, and he had gone overboard on the subject of bullfighting.

Later, he walked me back to my hotel. Just before he left he said, "I'm trying out for a part in a play tomorrow. It's a good, gutsy part. If I get it, I think this will be the break I've been waiting for. Maybe even Hollywood will sit up and take notice. I'll show them. If I don't get it," he paused, fingered the little sword in his lapel, and the familiar little smile played over his lips, "well, then I'll go to Mexico and become a bullfighter."

I kissed him on the cheek and wished him well, and then watched him walk down the street. He kicked at some stones like a little boy scuffing down the street, and he stopped under a lamp-post to light a cigarette.

Then he squared his shoulders, turned the corner and was gone.

He never did go to Mexico. **END**

Jimmy Dean can currently be seen in George Stevens' production of Giant, *a Warner Bros. release.*



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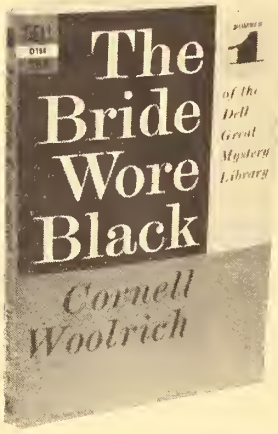
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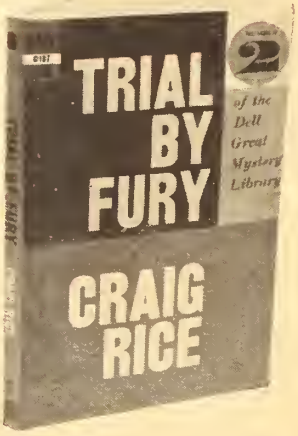
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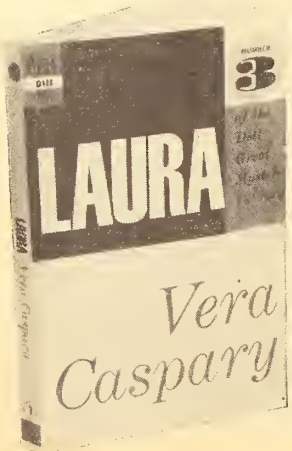
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for short girls only—ann blyth

(*Continued from page 50*) there at thirteen, fourteen and fifteen and it's as though *that* Ann Blyth was somebody I had played, not someone I was.

"Everyone on Broadway always looked out for me, took care of me. In effect, I did what many *little* girls do. I mentally felt little—still a child.

"And a little fear was gnawing at me. I didn't quite let it come to the surface of my mind but I kept wondering if I would be *big* enough to play anything truly dramatic. My career was going along all right. I finished my high school courses. Still I worried.

"I was wearing my hair in a very long bob at that time, and I adored every precious inch of it. I also doted on big hats and from my fourteenth birthday on I had worn the highest heeled shoes in which I could walk. Sometimes the heels were as much as five inches in height. But the fact remained that actually I was only five-one."

Ann began taking up athletics in earnest, without ever quite admitting to herself why. She learned to swim well. She began playing golf every chance she got.

"I grew a whole ¾ of an inch—not much I'll admit, but at my height every quarter of an inch counts," Ann says. "Also I had been fairly chubby and the athletics began to slim me down. So there I was approaching eighteen, and it was lovely to feel taller and thinner.

The studio takes over

"Then along came *Mildred Pierce*, another miracle for me. I played a little girl, of course, Joan Crawford's daughter—but this was no angel child. I was scared to death I couldn't play her, but I wanted to more than anything in my life until then. I was thinking in terms of acting, of course, but as it worked out, it also changed my whole appearance.

"The first thing they did to me at the studio was to cut off some of my bob. It was only about an inch at first, but oh, how I missed that mop of hair. Then they took off another inch and another, and thinned it out—and much as I'd loved that hair, I soon saw how much better I looked—how much taller, actually.

"I believe all this head attention is a mistake lots of short girls make. Maybe it's because we want to draw attention upward. I remember one hat I had when I was about sixteen with a tall feather on it. I thought that would make me look high as Dietrich. Now I'm pretty sure it made me look merely silly.

"A small girl can't stick to small things in dressing or making-up, or to little-girl colors like pink and blue. I've discovered this from the screen. I changed my make-up, which until then had been merely pretty. I began to make my eyebrows heavier, to give my face more character. I made my mouth up more fully. I believe all short girls should experiment and experiment until they find the make-up which does most to emphasize their inner personalities. Even a pocket-size Venus should look like a Venus—not like a toy doll."

Never look mousey

Another thing screen tests showed Ann is that, oddly enough, large jewelry, like big, dangling earrings, big rings and bracelets, look better on a small girl than dainty little ones.

"A small girl has to be careful she doesn't look mousey. The first time an all-red satin dress was designed for me to wear on screen, I was afraid of it. Then I tested it, and I've been buying red dresses for myself ever since.

"I've had more than my share of buying clothes impulsively and then discovering they couldn't be altered to fit me—and I advise all short girls to remember this. I don't like the fact that I have to pay as much for alterations as lots of well-dressed tall girls do for their entire wardrobe. However, the figure faults of a short girl are more pronounced than those of a tall one. So, do try on before you buy, and even then, don't buy unless you are absolutely sure that the dress or suit won't lose all its lines when it gets altered.

"That very great designer Adrian—who is married to five-foot-one Janet Gaynor—has made her one of the smartest women in the world. I've always been fascinated by the fact that while Janet has a short neck, like most short girls, Adrian gives her high-necked dresses that are often tied with bows around her throat—and on top of that he'll have her toss many strings of pearls. You'd expect it to look cluttered, but it doesn't. It just looks very, very chic. But one thing he does have Janet do is keep her hair cut close to her head, making her head-line small. That's a trick I've finally mastered.

"While every girl should always be perfectly groomed, I think this is an absolute must for the short girl. What we call glamour is actually a combination of discipline and intelligence. No girl stays slim, neat, unwrinkled in costume, well-clipped of hair, without this combination.

"Most of the time I set my own hair, so I've experimented with lots of hair styles and I've discovered this: *short girls need hair styles that look soft.*

Men don't mind!

"I'll confess that when I used to read about beauty contests and see the winners' pictures in the paper, always five-foot-six or seven or taller, I used to have a little pang. That was before I noticed that *men* don't mind a girl being short! In fact, it seems to make them feel very masterful, which is the way I think a girl likes a man to feel. I know I do.

"What's more, my husband Jim says that a girl's face is prettiest when it is upturned and that her eyes look their largest when they are gazing up into a man's eyes. This I love to hear, but a girl's got to be short before she can look *up* to a man!

"Being too short isn't a problem—unless you make it one. Or maybe what I am saying is that nothing in life is a problem once you learn how to face it."

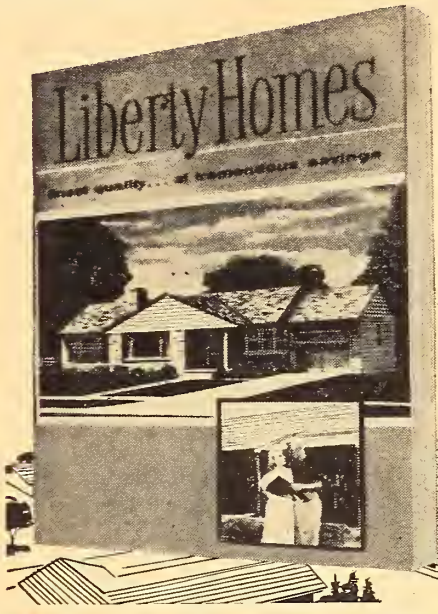
END

Ann Blyth can currently be seen in MGM's Slander. *Watch for her in Paramount's* The Buster Keaton Story *and Warner's* The Helen Morgan Story.

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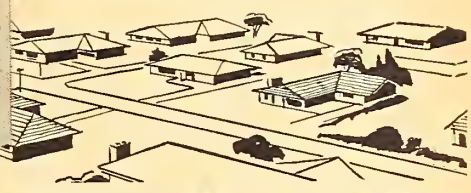


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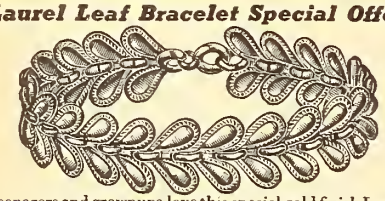
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one mike's sweet

(*Continued from page 43*) in at a Beverly Hills hotel. Then he went up to his room and sat silently while the bellboy opened windows, turned on lights and taps, indicated the closets. When he was through, Mike opened his wallet and stuffed money into the boy's hand. "No visitors," he said. Then he got up slowly and crossed to the telephone, dialed a familiar number. "Mrs. Wilding, please," he said formally.

A minute later she was on the other end. "Hello?"

"Hello, Elizabeth."

"Oh, Michael. Welcome back. Did you have a good trip?"

"Very good, thank you. And you?"

"And me—what?"

"Did you have a good trip?"

"Trip? Oh, back from location. Oh, yes, thank you. Fine."

There was a silence. Then Michael laughed. "At least it's cheaper this way. Those phone calls from Sweden were beginning to mount up."

"Michael, do you know, you're crazy? You must have called me every day for a month. I can't imagine what the bill—"

"I wanted to talk to you, Elizabeth."

She laughed nervously. "Well, we had such bad connections and all—"

"It's better now. When am I going to see you? I thought I might come out to the house. Sometime when it's convenient . . ."

Silence. "Well, soon, of course. Very soon. I—I just have to look up my appointments and see—"

Michael stared hard at the wall for a moment. Then he said, "Fine, honey. You do that and let me know." His voice was perfectly steady. "How are the kids?"

She sparkled. "Oh, just grand. It was so good to see them after being away. They're just darling. They're eating supper right now. Peas and lamb chops and mashed potatoes and cake—"

"It sounds good," he said lightly. "I'm pretty hungry myself."

The pause was not comfortable. "Oh, Michael, I—"

"Forget it," he said. "How's Dad?"

"Oh, marvelous. He's looking wonderful—he's getting tanner all the time. You should see him, he—" The voice came to a stop. "I'm sorry," she said. "Everything I say seems to make it harder, doesn't it?"

"It's all right," Michael said. "I expect neither of us is very good at civilized conversation yet. We'll improve."

"I suppose we will," she said. "Michael, I have to hang up. It isn't that I'm busy or anything. But I—I can't take too much of this. It's so awful."

"I know," he said softly. "Elizabeth, I wanted to tell you I—oh, not now. I'll tell you when I see you."

"I'll make it soon, Michael. Really I will. I'll call you. What hotel are you at?"

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When Dinah was stricken with polio her mother was so frightened that Dinah might become a cripple that she did not want her hurt. So she refused to even mention the illness and forbade Dinah to speak of it too. As a result, the child got the feeling that polio was something to hide and be ashamed of.

For years Dinah worked and worked to re-train the weak muscles to do her bidding and she never stopped until she could dance, fence, swim and play tennis.

But even though she reached her goal, she grew up feeling that polio was something to hide. By the time she reached high school, the only trace of the disease was the fact that one instep was higher than the other. But Dinah lived in fear that everyone must see and ask about it.

She still had the same feeling of inferiority when she first met George Montgomery. One day as he helped her put on her ice-skates, he observed in a matter-of-fact casual tone, "Looks like you broke your foot once."

Dinah pulled back her foot and tried to hide it. Yes, she agreed, she had broken it when she was little. The old feeling crowded in on her once more. But she was in love with George and ashamed of having lied to him. So taking her courage in her hands she said, "That wasn't the truth. I didn't break my foot. I had polio when I was a child—I didn't want you to know."

Something in her tone made him know her struggles and her ridiculous shame. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard of," he said, laughing a good natural laugh. It was kind, it was understanding and it swept away all the false foolish fears that had haunted her all her life. Soon she was joining in, laughing at herself too. It was the first time she had ever laughed at herself and her fear and it was the last time she needed to. For with George's acceptance of her, Dinah learned to accept herself and to thank her lucky stars that she had only a minor imperfection to show.

So when Dinah Shore plays a benefit for the *March of Dimes*, she puts her whole heart into her song. If you listen you can hear the heartbreak of her early years—the pain, the fear, the high hopes and the joy of being well.

He told her. "I'll hear from you then. Good-by, honey."

"Good-by, Michael."

Someone pleasant, that's all

He put down the phone and sat for a minute with his head in his hands. Then he started up again, and dialed his agent. Art? Mike. Yes, I got in an hour or so go. Fine—fine. Yes, I spoke to her. Fine. Oh—I'll see her soon. I've got a few things to do first. Look, Art—I wanted to ask you—you still have that little red book of yours?" He laughed briefly. "Mine's a few years out of date, you know." He listened a moment. "No, no one special in mind. I just—thought I ought to be seen around a bit. Can't let Elizabeth get all the publicity, you know . . . No, no preferences. Someone pleasant, that's all . . . I mean, it's mostly for career purposes, after all. I'll probably be going home again in not too long. Yes, of course. But in the meantime—" Ten minutes later he hung up. He had half a dozen numbers on a scratch pad in front of him. He set his jaw grimly and began to dial. From his face you'd have thought he was performing a duty that had to be gotten through, no matter how painful. But his voice was light. He introduced himself, laughed, talked, said yes, Ingrid Bergman had taught him a bit of Swedish while he was there, obliged with a few words. He never had to put the phone down without success; when he was through he had a date for every night in the week. Two with Peggy Connolly who sounded nice and rather—sympathetic. He wondered briefly if she was really carrying the torch for Frank Sinatra or if that was just talk. Then there was Marie McDonald. And a girl named Gina Martin. And a couple of others. A full schedule, he thought, for a man who went—according to the papers—for pipe and slippers lightly.

Then he stood up. He walked to the window, pulled the curtain aside, and stared down at the busy Hollywood street. He turned and walked restlessly around the room. He looked at his watch. He thumbed through a magazine, then dropped it on a chair. He strode hatless out of the room and down to the street.

No marquees for Mike

An hour later, he was back. He had seen no one, talked to no one. He had had a drink and bought a paper. He had walked past the marquees of a dozen movies and had not gone in. Every one had friends of his in it—friends of his and Liz'. He didn't feel like watching them go through their paces. There were no marquees with his own name on them, of course. It had been a long time since that was a regular sight—*Michael Wilding in* . . . A long time since the papers called him the best light comedian in movies. According to his agent, it would be a long time before it happened again, even if he would work abroad now, to back to the light comedies that had made him famous. He couldn't drop out of sight for practically four years, his agent told him, without feeling it. Mike had insisted on joining Elizabeth in Hollywood, the agent continued, and refused to go back to England for the kind of movies that Mike did best. What could Mike expect to happen? Anything other than what *did* happen? When Mike attempted to interrupt, the agent's voice kept right on—sure he understood, Mike wanted to stay with Liz. Sure he knew Liz was sick . . . sciatica, neuritis, disc syndrome, bad legs, shoulders, arms, feet —and all the doctors said it was psychosomatic. Did Mike have to play nursemaid *every* time?



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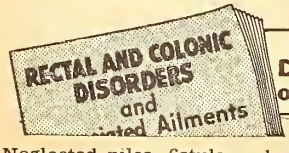
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"Yes," Mike had answered him—flatly.

Mike learns about Mike Todd

He lay down on the bed and opened the paper. He turned a page or two, and there she was, laughing and lovely, her pretty mouth smiling at the camera and her dark eyes shining up at the man beside her. Mike stared at the picture for a moment, then deliberately moved his eyes to the caption. *Lovely Elizabeth Taylor with her constant escort, Mike Todd. At the Mocambo last night, Miss Taylor admitted that she is "passionately in love."*

He crumpled the paper in his fist. His fingers flickered over the phone dial again.

"Let me speak to Mr. Wilding," he said.

"I'm sorry, sir," the maid answered, embarrassed. "Mr. Wilding doesn't—"

"Not that Mr. Wilding," Mike barked. "The elder Mr. Wilding."

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry." The phone tumbled down. Then a voice, the voice of an eighty-two-year-old man. "Yes?"

"Dad, it's Michael."

"Oh, Michael. Michael, I'm so glad you called. I was going to get your address from Elizabeth, but she's gone out and I—"

"It's all right, Dad. How have you been?"

They talked for ten minutes. Heartbreak was in every tone of his father's voice. He adored Elizabeth, he had been happy in their home, then utterly stricken at the sight of the marriage dissolving before his eyes. But he told Michael about the boys, about his tan, about his health, about being glad he was home again. Then, run down he stopped and Michael filled the void.

"It's important to Liz"

"Look, Dad, I wanted to ask you something. I read—I don't know if you'd know, of course—and probably I shouldn't drag you into this at all—but I don't know where else to go. Do you know—is this thing with Mike Todd anything to Elizabeth?" He held his breath.

And from the other end came the tired old voice. "I—don't know, son. She sees a lot of him. She looks—I don't know how to put it—happy. I couldn't say for sure; she hasn't told me. But if you just want my opinion, I must be honest. I would say, yes, it is very important to Elizabeth."

Michael let his breath out slowly. "All right. Thank you. I'll call you tomorrow, Dad. I'll make—arrangements for everything. Don't worry. And thanks."

Then he clicked down the receiver and picked it up for the last time, dialed again. "Jean? . . . Michael. I was thinking about that invitation you and Stewart gave me before I left. If it still holds—I'd like to come."

Ten minutes later he put down the phone. Now he'd get a taxi and take his suitcases over to the Grangers. He'd move into the guest room and stay. In a few days he'd start looking for a house—a place he could bring his father. A place his sons could come—for week-end visits. A place to be lonely in. Till then he'd stay at the Grangers', and they'd cheer him up and be good to him. They were good friends. He was lucky to have good friends.

He gasped suddenly and put his head in his hands. If you didn't know it was Mike Wilding, a strong man, a wordly man, a man with little patience for those who indulged in self-pity, you might have thought the man by the telephone was crying.

END

Mike Wilding can currently be seen in Columbia's Zarak *and will soon be seen in RKO's* Long Live The King.

Elizabeth Taylor can currently be seen in George Stevens' production of Giant, *a Warner Bros. release. Watch for her in MGM's* Raintree County.

'NO DOGS ALLOWED?' LISA DOESN'T CARE!

■ During her career as a Hollywood actress, glamorous Lisa Ferraday has appeared opposite a host of screen idols—Burt Lancaster, George Sanders, Jon Hall and Fred Astaire among them. But it was her leading man from a recent venture who won her heart. Only this one wasn't a dear, he was a lamb.

It all began when the charming actress toured the country after her selection as *America's Most Wool-o-genic Girl* by WOOLITE, a soap for washing wool. Her constant companion was a snow-white baby lamb—named Wooly Woolite—who delighted, and even more frequently disrupted, fans throughout the country.

Although Lisa was scarcely overjoyed when the lamb began nibbling on her $500 all-wool evening gown at a dinner party in Philadelphia, and though his taste for bolts of priceless wool fabrics at the ROCHESTER MUSEUM nearly brought her into court, the sultry actress nevertheless became the lamb's most captivated audience.

When the tour was over, Lisa made up her mind that she wouldn't give up her fleecy friend. Up sixteen stories went the lamb, who now lives happily ever after in the converted laundry room of her New York apartment.

Although *we* don't recommend it, Lisa claims that *her* lamb is daintier than most dogs she knows. Should any of you get a yen for a lamb. Lisa strongly advises frequent trimmings of the coiffeur, daily brushing with a stiff-bristle brush, and *frequent* baths!

The Hungarian-born siren merely flutters her long eyelashes when people show surprise at her pet. "After all, Tallulah Bankhead walked her lion cub on the end of a leash, so why can't I have a lamb?" Lisa asks.



what a french girl taught tab

(*Continued from page 40*) friends would say, 'Poor Pierre! He is married to a statue.'

"Now that brings up a point," said Tab, "which I think a lot of American women forget. The qualities that attract a man are *not* the ones that hold him. Before marriage, for instance, most American men are impressed by a girl's measurements in those three important places. But I think American girls are becoming more and more conscious of the fact that *to hold a man* they must bring *new qualities* to the surface once a guy has shown interest in her. She's beginning to realize that she can't rely entirely on her looks. To be the woman a man can love she's got to show simplicity, frankness and a lot of—I'm not sure I know how to put this—but I mean a special kind of intimate gaiety."

What the French women have

When Tab was asked what he thought was the one most important thing his knowing Etchika had taught him about French girls, he had the answer.

"A wonderful philosophy that American men would love to see in American women," Tab replied. "It is this: The French girls make it a rule that always, in the presence of a man, her personality says, not in words, but in spirit, *'I will never let you forget that I am a woman and you are a man. And I love men.'* I think too many American girls show only a part of that spirit."

"Yes," Etchika commented, "that is another thing I notice. *American men seem to be a little afraid of their American girls.* Last night when we are at the night club I saw a woman do something that a French woman would never do.

"She embarrassed her escort by talking very loudly and attracting much attention. Her date had a very red face, but he tried to laugh it off. In France the man would have left with the girl immediately and taken her home. And he would not have dated her again, to be sure."

"Speaking of last night reminds me," Tab said. "Etchika and I were sitting at a table in the CRESCENDO ROOM. We went to see Frances Faye. Somehow, when we sat down—because there were three other couples with us—Etchika and I got separated. She was way across the table. After Frances Faye sang I thought I'd like to get some air and show Etchika the terrific view of Los Angeles you get from the patio of the club. And as I thought about it I looked into Etchika's eyes. She smiled, nodded her head and said something to one of the girls at our table who spoke French and English. Then the girl turned to me and said, 'Well, Tab, Etchika says you're going out on the patio for a little while. Watch out for the crazy moon!' I was so surprised I almost forgot to stand up. *Somehow Etchika could read my mind.*"

An embarrassed Tab

"And sometimes, Monsieur Hunter," Etchika said, with a twinkle of mischief in her all-knowing eyes, "it ees not so good that I know what you are theenking."

Tab laughed and got a little red around his cheeks and Adam's apple.

"Later I mentioned Etchika's mind reading act to her and she was surprised that I was surprised. She said it was very natural among French girls to have little rapports with men they date.

"Also I was amazed at how well she danced to American music."

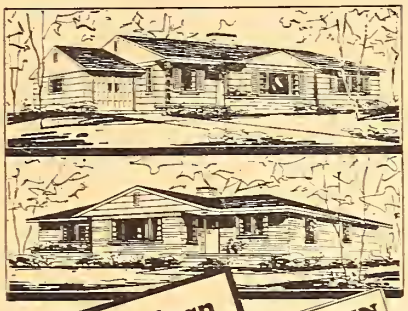
Etchika brightened at the word *dance.*

"Tab, you *make* me dance very well. What else could I do? You were holding

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me very tight, but it was a nice tight."

Tab grinned at her. "Etchika, ma cheree, it was *just* a very firm squeeze!"

"Yes," replied Etchika laughing, "but until this morning I am still trying to recover my breath."

And in Etchika's gay smile it was easy to see why WARNER BROS. had the young actress fly 5,000 miles from France to star in a picture.

There was little doubt about it. Etchika *was different.* For instance, when asked what the first thing was that she noticed about American men, Etchika broke into a big, wide smile. "They are all so big, so strong and so handsome. I can see why American girls want to be beautiful for them. And I think they are worth it."

. . . The men on the staff of MODERN SCREEN *wish to add the following P.S. Though Tab may have learned something about love from Etchika, the American girls we know have taught us a thing or two, also . . .* **END**

Tab and Etchika will soon be in the Warner Bros. film Lafayette Escadrille.

don't let 'em make you skinny

(*Continued from page 39*) against the entire procedure. I long for each precious pound to stay exactly where it is. You look *good* curvy, and what's bad about looking good? How come everybody's trying to look so skinny anyway? Audrey Hepburn's cute all right, but she's not going to put Anita Ekberg out of business!

Personally, I blame women for all the trouble. Women are always studying *Harper's Bazaar,* and stuff like that. Women are always looking at pictures of models seven feet tall and weighing 100 pounds, and then starving themselves because they—the women, not the models—look like women and not king-sized mechanical pencils. The models of this country have given the women of this country a complex.

Listen, Kim, men like *women.* And they like 'em a little fleshier than lollipop sticks. A photographer told me that you're shy about posing for pin-ups because you're a trifle round, and my heart sinks under the weight of the news. No leg art on our favorite legs?

The nation protests

You cannot deprive the country of your luscious self, Kim. The country protests. MODERN SCREEN protests. And MODERN SCREEN is always right. We remember thinking you were going to be a movie star long before *you* believed it. You thought of yourself as a girl who could tour the country smiling sweetly and demonstrating iceboxes, "but I could see," you said, "where a lot of time might go by before any movie studio would want a girl to open an icebox."

You were wrong. The studios *did* want a girl who could open an icebox, but now they don't want you to eat anything out of it.

At least the men in your life are on my side. Take Mac Krim, your long-time beau who still adores you though he's given up thoughts of marriage— "Now she's a dedicated actress, and I can't see myself marrying a career." Mac likes Kim-in-the-kitchen much more than Kim-in-a-night-club. When you're in a kitchen, Mac told one writer, you're in it up to your apron. He also told of an incident when food got you both in trouble. You'd taken hamburgers and cokes to a sneak preview of *Phfft,* sneaked up to the balcony, and were eating away until an usher came along and wrinkled his nose. "You'll

have to leave the theater or get rid of that food," he sneered. You stuffed your hamburger into your pocketbook, Mac recalls, grinning, and never told that usher you were one of the stars of the movie.

Frank, the Count and Aly

Frank Sinatra doesn't seem to be concerned over your poundage, either, Kim, and your relationship with him started way back when you both made *Man With The Golden Arm.* Frankie was the first man you'd given a second thought since you met Mac. "I'm in love with Mac," you're supposed to have said then, "but I'm infatuated with Frankie." Love Frankie, love good Italian cooking, the saying goes. Or if it doesn't, it should.

As for Count Mario Bandini, who introduced you to the best Roman restaurants on your recent trip to Europe, and therefore probably added breadth to the Novak hips, you suit him right down to the ground. Or right up to the clouds, since he's planning to fly here as soon as some wings can carry him. After you first met Count Mario, you announced that he was "divine," and for a couple of days even considered yourself engaged to him. Being a zestful girl, you latched on to *when in Rome,* and did exactly as the Romans did. When a stranger kissed your hand, you seized his hand and kissed it right back, and naturally you weren't going to be left behind in the eating department. There were heavenly dinners in heavenly settings, and even the picnic lunches were superb. Remember the day when you went on a little trip in a gondola? And the hotel put up a hamper of thick Italian sandwiches, slabs of bread stuffed with ham and sausages and pickled peppers.

As you can see, Kim, I'm trying to point out that we're all on your team. We want you, *all* of you, to dazzle us forever. But there is one tiny little thing that's got us nervous. Just the slightest sign that maybe your eating *was* getting a trifle out of hand, that perhaps COLUMBIA did have to crack down. We read it in a rival magazine. It said that while you danced with Aly Khan, in Paris, you were *nibbling on his ear!* This could be dangerous. Next you'll bite the hand that feeds you, and then who knows? Still, I love you, do you hear me, love you—

Your friend,
David.

Kim Novak will soon be seen in Columbia's Jeanne Eagels.

ROSSANO BRAZZI: man on the move!



Lovely Joan Crawford and harried Rossano Brazzi relax for just a moment on the set.

■ It all started when Mr. and Mrs. Rossano Brazzi went to London where Rossano was to co-star with Joan Crawford in COLUMBIA'S *The Story Of Esther Costello.* Rossano decided that they would stay at a central hotel where his wife would have no domestic worries and could see the sights while he was busy at the studio.

But after a week or so of hotel life the domestic Mrs. Brazzi stated she missed her kitchen, and that they absolutely must have a place of their own! Rossano found that searching for an apartment in London could be a full time job.

After two weeks of pulling strings, they found a comfortable three room flat.

The night they moved in, a cable arrived from one of Rossano's relations in Rome—there are dozens of the Brazzi family back in Italy—to say that a handful of aunts and cousins would be arriving in London the following week end for a vacation, and could they be put up?

After more frantic phone calls and some bribery, Rossano managed to find a furnished house in which to receive his guests. Then he relaxed with visions of a long holiday in their lovely house as soon as *Esther Costello* was completed.

It was about this time that Henry Hathaway, the well known director, flew into London for one day and left a script with Rossano. The exhausted Mr. Brazzi, with that long vacation on his mind, said he couldn't possibly cram any more movies into his schedule. Then he read the script of *Legend Of The Lost.*

So the handsome Italian lover had little opportunity of enjoying London and his hard-found house while making *Esther Costello*: all his scenes were rushed through so that he could squeeze *Legend Of The Lost* into his schedule!

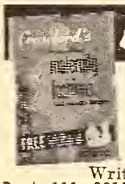
Watch for Rossano in U.A.'s Legend Of The Lost *and U-I's* Interlude.

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DEBBIE and EDDIE and their BUNDLE OF JOY



■ Although every major studio had approached Eddie and Debbie Reynolds on doing a picture together following their marriage, it wasn't until they read the script of *Bundle Of Joy* that they agreed this was it. And then their troubles started.

First Eddie was hospitalized for an intestinal disorder. Then a doctor on the set discovered that Debbie had a temperature of 104. Her trouble was diagnosed as sheer exhaustion and she was ordered to bed. The studio party given to celebrate the end of shooting on *Bundle Of Joy* fell on Eddie's twenty-eighth birthday. Cast and crew combined to buy the Fishers a beautiful perambulator. See it on top of the cake? Eddie and Debbie's first wedding anniversary also occurred while the film was in progress. He gave her a beautiful diamond pendant, cut in the shape of a heart. She gave him an oversized black leather club chair with matching ottoman for his den. something that he had always wanted. Of course it wasn't long after that their own bundle of joy. Carrie Frances. arrived to make the Fishers a family of three.

Debbie and Eddie can now be seen in RKO's Bundle Of Joy. *Watch for Debbie in MGM's* The Reluctant Debutante *and U-I's* Tammy.

for tall girls only—esther williams

(*Continued from page 51*) to the eye doctor's with Mom propelling me. Next day at school string-bean Esther Williams, who felt like the tallest thing off the Eiffel Tower, became *Four-Eyes Williams* besides. That was really the end. Day after day, when I'd leave school, I'd cry all the way home."

Esther was lucky: she not only had a wise mother who was a practicing child psychologist, but was also the kind of a girl who was willing to listen, and profit, from advice. Together she and her mother discussed what could be done with a girl who was too tall and wore glasses, and who distinctly wanted the boys to make passes—polite passes, of course.

Said Mrs. Williams, "What is the worst thing that being too tall means to you?"

"It means I won't be able to get a date for the prom," wailed her daughter. "It means I'll probably never get to any proms, at all, ever!"

Her mother said, "You'd get to the prom if you were on the prom committee. You'd probably have to work all evening, and it probably would mean you wouldn't have a beau. But it would give you a chance to have fun."

"How would I get on the prom committee in the first place?"

Mother and daughter considered that gravely. "Well," said her mother, "first you'll have to stand out in your class."

"Stand out? That's all I do now!"

Advice from Mother

"No," said her mother, "you don't stand out in a way that makes people want to know you, be near you. You're so concerned with yourself and your problems that right now you aren't out-going at all. You're not attractive to others. Let's face all this.

"You certainly don't wear your clothes well. You never have, because up until now they have bored you so much that you don't always hang them up at night. I think the first thing you must do is to become absolutely neat, no hair out of place, no wrinkles in your skirts or sweaters, no droopy socks. In other words, instead of looking like a scare-crow you must look appealing. And then you must learn to smile at everyone."

"But how can I smile at everyone? I can't even *recognize* people if they're more than two feet away!"

"All the more reason for smiling, then," said her mother. "When you smile and call *Hi* you don't need to recognize people. Anyway, what can you lose by trying it?"

This sounded swell to Esther. Anything sounded better to her than her present misery.

"I called it *My Plan*," said Esther, smiling as she remembered. "I *did* start smiling at everyone—and soon I could feel a change coming over me. Because, of course, at first the smiles were artificial, being given out by me, for my own benefit, and not for the sake of the other person. But they responded so quickly, those other fellows and girls, that I soon found my smiles were genuine.

Then—a new Esther

"Then I decided I'd learn to remember all the names—so I took a memory course and found that does work. Then I decided I'd learn to speak really well, so I took a course in diction and public speaking—and it was a tremendous help, even for such unimportant things as telling a joke, let alone in class recitals and such.

"And I *did* get on the prom committee. I worked like a dog but I didn't care. I became a member of the self-government council of the school. I turned my sights—my near-sighted sights—on the TRY-Y Club, which was the top club in school, and I made it. I entered swimming competitions—and found I was beginning to win at that.

"Then next thing I knew I was so busy with all of this that I didn't have time to think about myself, my height, my eyes, or anything. I did think about my clothes. My hair, because of swimming, always seemed to be wet. So I learned ways to wear it wet that were becoming and neat. I couldn't afford lots of clothes. Mostly my things were hand-me-downs from my sisters, but they were basic styles

and good lines because when they had been bought we all knew they had to last for years, and not become out-dated. I didn't know enough about fashion then to know that this simplicity was really the basis of all chic—but I made sure everything I did wear was spotless and wrinkle-free.

"I learned how to put on lipstick so that it would stay on. I didn't have the time for powder on my nose, so I went in for suntans. And I kept to my training food—plain meats, salads, no sweets—so I stayed slim and healthy.

Sought out by the boys

In other words, Esther became a school celebrity, and sure enough the boys sought her out—all types and kinds of boys.

"One thing that bothers a lot of kids in their teens," Esther said, "is that when they have a date they don't know what to talk about. And lots of them go in for necking because then they don't have to worry about finding a subject for discussion. I knew all about necking—in words, at least. My mother and my older brothers and sisters had seen to that. But I discovered when I went out on dates that I had so many things to talk about—committees, athletics, drives and what-not—that I never had to bother thinking about whether I'd go in for serious necking or not!"

By this time, at sixteen, Esther's figure was beginning to fill out into the unusual and beautiful proportions it has today. She needed then, and still does, a dress that is size sixteen across the shoulders, size twelve in the waist, and size ten in the hips. She gets them that way, today, since she has them all custom-made. But in high school she couldn't afford that, so she stuck to sweaters and skirts, or skirts and plain blouses, which at least she could adjust to fit her.

"I still had no sense of how to wear clothes, how to carry myself to make them appear their best, or how to do my hair with any style," Esther says.

A smiling model

It was when she applied to the fashionable I. MAGNIN's of Los Angeles for a spot as a model that Esther got herself in line for this next most important branch of knowledge, as far as acquiring glamour goes. At MAGNIN's she learned how to walk and stand, how to carry her head—and again, how to smile.

Models, as you undoubtedly know, do not smile. The smarter the model, the more cooly frosty she usually is.

"I just couldn't do that," Esther says. "I was so in the habit of smiling by then, and I was so hysterical with joy over the way I looked in those magnificent clothes, that I just had to express it. At first the store was all against such behavior, but just at that time they held a very special fashion show. They put me in a white dress that was embroidered all over with strawberries, and to emphasize the charm of it, they gave me a big basket of a hat, which I carried on my arm, filled with real strawberries.

"I was supposed to walk about haughtily, but there at the ringside I saw Mr. Joseph, the manager of the store, and a lot of other good-looking men. It was such a beautiful day, the dress I wore was so gorgeous, and I felt so proud that I was just bubbling over with joy. On impulse, as I passed Mr. Joseph, I popped one of the berries into his mouth. The man next to him grinned and opened his mouth and I fed him a strawberry too. Soon everybody was clamoring for a strawberry.

"Next morning, Mr. Joseph sent for me, and I shook all over. I was sure he was going to fire me. Instead, he offered me a much better job with the organization. However, the *Aquacade* came along right then—and that was that."

A goddess for the movies

Esther went into the *Aquacade*, became its over-night star. That led her to MGM and you know the rest—except two small footnotes. In the *Aquacade* she had to wear the swim suits Eleanor Holm had been wearing before her. They were all right for Esther in the water, but out of it she had to put ruffles on them. If she was to have any modesty at all. Too tall, you see. Then when Louis B. Mayer of MGM sent for her, his jaw dropped.

"All right, say it," said Esther, smiling. "I'm too tall."

Mayer turned to a man standing beside him, whose name just happened to be Clark Gable. "I'd say this girl is exactly the right height to be a movie queen, wouldn't you?" he asked.

"A goddess," said Mr. Gable, giving the goddess that Gable look.

Recalling it, Esther laughs now. "That was the end of *Eiffel Tower-Four Eyes Williams,*" she says, "and it proves that what many a girl regards as her worst handicap can really set her up for life!" **END**



AVA: in trouble again

■ Poor Ava Gardner! In trouble again—this time with church authorities in Rome. And all because of this high-collared dress which so much resembles the traditional cassock of the Catholic priest. (We touched upon this subject in the Ava Gardner story in last month's issue of MODERN SCREEN.) Ava's dresses are usually designed by the Fontana Sisters in Rome. A few weeks ago the designers came up with this outfit and talked Ava into wearing it.

Many designers give stars dresses for nothing or at large discounts in return for publicity.

Ava began strolling around Rome in this outfit, and the Italians were shocked. They felt it showed no taste on Ava's part. A few 'phone calls to the Fontana Sisters and the outfit was withdrawn. The picture of Ava in a priest's cassock still lingers in the Roman memory, however.

Poor Ava! Such a compulsion to get in trouble.

Watch for Ava in the MGM film The Little Hut.

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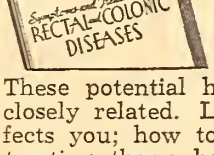
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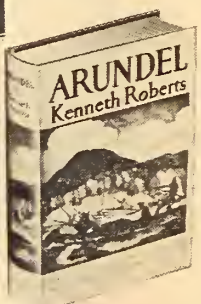
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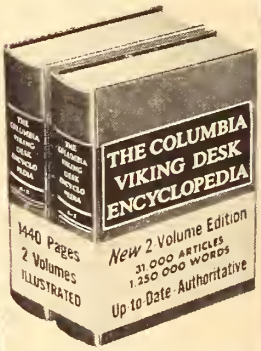
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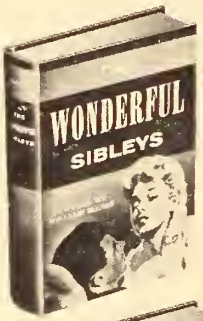


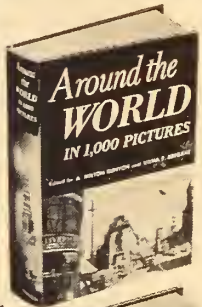
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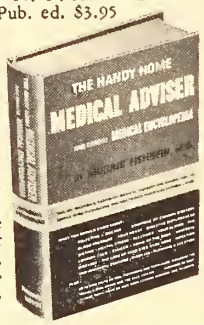
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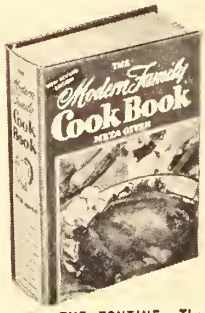




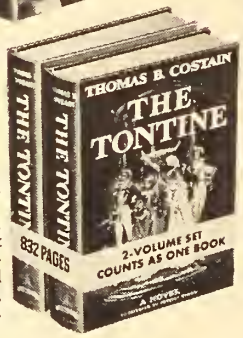
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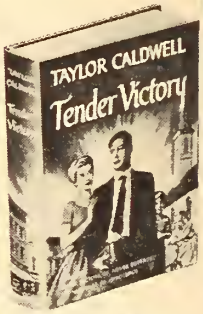
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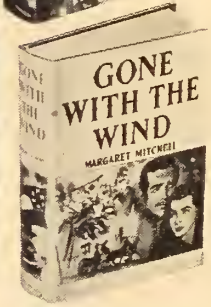
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- ☐ The Tontine—set (93)
- ☐ The Wonderful Sibleys (116)

Also send my first issue of *The Bulletin,* describing the new forthcoming one-dollar book selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept (plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection.

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APR 30 1957

modern screen

DELL

MAY 2 – 1957

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DORIS DAY'S ESCAPE FROM HELL

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APR 30 1957

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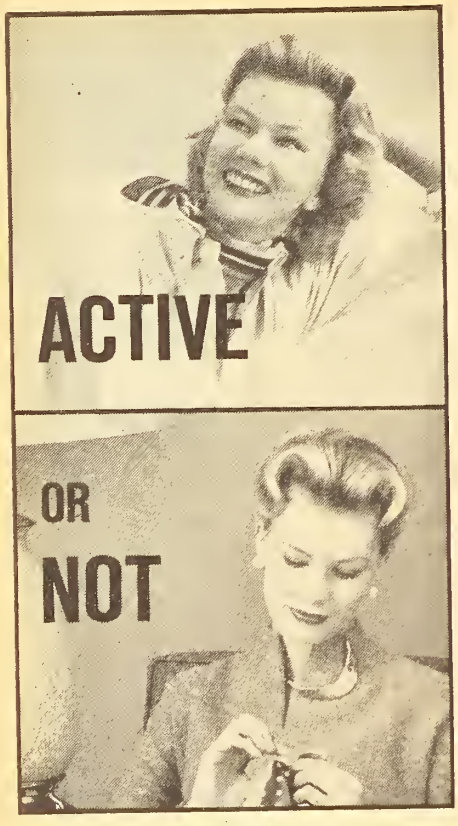
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APRIL, 1957

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modern screen

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY. Modern Screen. 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q: Is it true that Liz Taylor would have been paralyzed from the waist down if she hadn't submitted to her recent back operation? —H.D., CHICAGO, ILL.

A: *That's what her doctors maintain.*

Q: I understand that Bing Crosby is currently on a young-girl kick. Why is this? —L.F., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A: *Crosby is in his fifties. He finds more amusement in young women than in women aged forty-five to fifty.*

Q: When does Elvis Presley go into the Army? —F.D., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A: *This summer or fall unless Tennessee draft quotas are lowered.*

Q: Is the Michael Wilding-Marie MacDonald affair serious or just a publicity stunt? —S.L., RICHMOND, VA.

A: *Wilding claims he is genuinely fond of Marie.*

Q: Haven't Ingrid Bergman and her husband Rossellini separated? —D.R., DENVER, COL.

A: *Only geographically. Rossellini is in India directing pictures, plans to re-join Ingrid in Europe in March.*

Q: Isn't Natalie Wood's mother Chinese? —L.Y., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A: *No. Natalie's mother was born in China of Russian parents.*

Q: Has Janet Leigh abandoned her career now that she's a mother? —E.L., STOCKTON, CAL.

A: *She says definitely not.*

Q: Didn't Carroll Baker act in MGM pictures under a different name and who was her first husband? —F.F., N.Y.C.

A: *Carroll did act at MGM, under the name Carroll Kelly. Her first husband was Lew Ritter.*

Q: Doesn't Fred Astaire have a daughter named after Ava Gardner? —K.T., ERIE, PA.

A: *Astaire's daughter was named Ava but not after the actress.*

Q: I have read several articles saying Kim Novak is the dumbest blonde in Hollywood. Is this true? —H.R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A: *No, Kim has a good head on her shoulders.*

Q: Who is the newest girl in Frank Sinatra's life? —B.D., RAWLINS, WYO.

A: *Joan Blackman, 17, of San Francisco.*

Q: Whatever happened to Gary Crosby? —M.R., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A: *He's become a disc jockey at an American Forces Network radio station in Germany.*

Q: Where and how did Cyd Charisse ever get that name? —R.I., AMARILLO, TEXAS

A: *Unable to pronounce the word "Sis," her brother used to call her "Cyd" when he was small. The Charisse comes from her first husband, Nico Charisse. Her real name: Tula Finklea.*

Q: Where is Joan Collins' first husband, Maxwell Reed? Will Joan marry Arthur Loew, Jr.? —J.T., N.Y.C.

A: *Maxwell Reed is selling cars in Hollywood. Joan says she doesn't want marriage.*

Q: Is James Mason disliked by the British press? —H.R., LONDON, ENGLAND

A: *Yes; newsmen there claim he is generally surly.*

Q: How can Jeanne Crain go back to Paul Brinkman when she accused him of beating her up? —E.R., BALTIMORE, MD.

A: *True love knows no bounds.*

Q: Is the Rita Hayworth-George Jessel romance on the level? —Y.T., AKRON, OHIO

A: *To Jessel only.*

Q: Why does every actor want to become a singer—Jerry Lewis, Jeff Chandler, Tab Hunter? —J.V., URBANA, ILL.

A: *Extra cash.*


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She's letting her hair down all the way rockin' and rollin' with Fred Astaire in her first big musical!
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Fred Astaire
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in hollywood



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THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Whether it cost $125,000 as loudly calculated, or just one third of that amount, there's no argument that the lavish party hosted by oil millionaire Tex Feldman and his wife was one of the most elaborate ever held in any town —any time.

The private room at ROMANOFF'S was completely redecorated into a replica of New York's famed DELMONICO RESTAURANT at the turn of the century. The guests were invited to dress in the theme of *My Fair Lady*.

Against the pale-green-and-silver background, I can't tell you how lovely the ladies looked in their feathers and finery and long white gloves. Hardly one male showed up in less than white-tie-and-tails.

Bing Crosby *really* got in the mood wearing an elaborate white *ruffled* shirt, and was most elegant in formal tails. The Crooner's date was young DELTA airline hostess Nancy Eiland, a cutie-pie from the South who had never been to a Hollywood party before and was beside herself with excitement. Who wouldn't be??? A party like this for a starter, *plus* Bing!

Don't get excited. My guess is that this is no new romance in Bing's life. He just seemed to enjoy showing an unsophisticated young girl the time of her life.

Talk about its being an exclusive affair—**Clark Gable** and his **Kay** asked if they could bring two out-of-town guests, and had to be told they couldn't! Because of the already-crowded seating arrangements for dinner. Clark, all done up in his Rhett Butler outfit from *Gone With The Wind*, came anyway, with Kay looking like a Princess with a diamond tiara atop her blonde hair.

Sonja Henie, ablaze with her wonderful diamonds, sat at our table with her good-looking bridegroom, industrialist Niels Onstad. He's really charming. For a girl who seems to have everything in the world, Sonja just couldn't get over the beautiful white lace fans, sprinkled with rhinestones, which were favors for all the ladies.

Gary Cooper, who wears tails better than Big Coop, was just back from Paris—where he said he nearly froze to death. You should see Gary's face when he looks at his beautiful debutante daughter, Maria, who was with him and Rocky. He fairly busts his buttons with pride.

The photographers were all over the place snapping pictures of **Jeanne Crain** and **Paul Brinkman**, who had just reconciled after a stormy separation—and made the kiss-and-make-up act official by attending this much-publicized party together. Jeanne flashed a new ring Paul had given her as they danced every number together. I'm delighted these two are back together for the sake of their children—and themselves.

Among others having a most elegant time for themselves—and I mean *elegant*—were the **Jimmy Stewarts**, **Frances** and **Van Heflin**, the **Mervyn Le Roys, Buddy Adlers** and all the other handsome gentlemen and 'fair ladies.'

"I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE IT WAS the difference in our backgrounds." **Russ Tamblyn** told me in a shaky, unhappy voice as he tried to explain the surprising break-up of his marriage to teenage **Venetia Stevenson.** "Venetia has a theatrical background. My family are just—plain folks."

I couldn't have been more surprised when the word came that these youngsters, whose Valentine Day's marriage last year received so much romantic publicity, were ending married life after a short eleven months.

Usually there are rumors of trouble before an actual break-up. There had been none about Russ and Venetia.

I wonder what this parting will do to all the teenagers who have written me letters saying that they used the early marriage of Russ and Venetia as a shining argument to their parents in favor of teenage marriages?

My guess as to why this marriage may have gone on the rocks is Venetia's absorption in



Songwriter Jimmy McHugh was my escort to the party of the month.



Mr. Friendly Persuasion himself, Gary Cooper, arriving at Romanoff's.

GOOD NEWS

It was more than just a party—it was the start of a new life for two very nice people. But happiness didn't come to everyone this month . . .

her career. She's a very ambitious girl and they are planning big things for her at WARNERS after she got off to a slow start at RKO. On the other hand, Russ hasn't had a big hit since *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*. But he's young and there's plenty of time ahead for him.

All I can say is—it's too bad this failure happened so early in both their lives. Whether they realize it now or not—it will leave a scar that will be a long time healing.

THE STAR OF THE MONTH—Cantinflas: In place of nominating a candidate for stardom this month I'm choosing a full-fledged star, the beloved little Mexican who has long been a great, great favorite in his native country and in Europe, but who is just now capturing the hearts of the American fans.

In *Around The World In 80 Days* this strangely wistful and yet cocksure little comedian has wrapped us all around his little finger in a way no player has done since the long-ago days of Charlie Chaplin.

I can tell you first hand that Cantinflas carries over this almost child-like appeal in private life. When he came over to my table at the dinner following the premiere of *80 Days* to renew an acquaintanceship which had started several years before, he was so sweet and impulsive I found myself giving him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

The secret of his appeal is that he seems so helpless. Helpless? They say he's just about the smartest little business man in Mexico, and got $325,000 good American dollars for the **Mike Todd** picture. But on and off screen, he goes right to your heart as a bewildered little gamin.

He told me, however, that he does not consider that he and Chaplin have the same appeal. "He is the *Little Tramp* buffeted by fate—and helpless. I, too, am a little tramp, but unexpectedly I can do something about the cruel fates—such as my bullfight scene in the picture. People pull for me and are surprised when I win."

Born in Mexico City on August 12th, 1911, which makes him 46, Cantinflas had no formal training in acting. He began his career in comedy when he was in grade school, playing the clown in school shows. In his teens he acted in a small theatre in Mexico City, where he established his reputation on the stage. But it was nothing compared to the fame he achieved after his screen debut in 1934—the same year he was married to a non-professional who is still Mrs. Cantinflas.

THE QUOTE OF THE MONTH: Asked what she thought of former-boy-friend **Elvis Presley's** new romance with Dottie Harmony, **Natalie Wood** said, "Is it a girl, or a musical arrangement?" Oh, Natalie!

I LOVE OLE MAESTRO Bing Crosby's quotes on **Elvis Presley**—and I hope Elvis read them. Bing, a wide-eyed TV fan, had this to say after seeing The Pelvis on a TV show:

"There's no arguing he's the hottest thing in show business right now. In our brightest days **Frank Sinatra** and I never sold records as fast and hot as this kid. But he can't stand still and sing the same type of song over and over and keep on as he's going.

"For one thing, he's got to learn to *talk*—yes, I said *talk*. And stand up straight. Last time I heard him on TV I couldn't understand half the words he was singing.

"I've always said a big part of the secret of the success of both **Rudy Vallee**, in his day, and **Frank Sinatra** is their wonderful enunciation. Women, particularly, like to hear the words of a love song. Makes 'em think they're being made love to—and that sells records.

"Elvis is good-looking, but those sideburns have got to go. But the important thing is that he has to advance. He has to vary his repertoire, because I don't care how much of a hit you are, (Continued on page 8)



Hugh O'Brian, without his Wyatt Earp outfit, was at Tex Feldman's too.



Marisa Pavan and Jean-Pierre Aumont exchange their first New Year's kiss.



Our hearts are a little emptier without Bogey.

you can't go on singing 'Hound Dog' music forever—not if you want to stay on top."

Read this and reap, Elvis, my boy.

FAREWELL TO HUMPHREY BOGART: There'll never be another Bogey. There just isn't another piece of material to produce such a beloved character.

Brittle, caustic, showing a hard wise-cracking front to the world, his few intimate friends knew him as a warm, understanding, deeply loyal human being—even when it got him in trouble.

I couldn't believe it when, on January 14th at three o'clock in the morning, the call came that "Bogey is dead." The valiant fight against the ravages of cancer which victimized him last year had been lost.

Of course I knew how ill he had been, how ill he was. But just a week previous I had called on Bogey and Betty, as he always called **Lauren Bacall,** at their estate in Holmby Hills at Bogey's personal invitation.

Terribly thin, frail—yet his voice as strong and scornful as ever—he greeted me with a highball in his hand and fire in his eyes.

"I'm going to sue that dame in New York who printed that I'm dying," he said to me with that fierceness he loved to assume. "Nobody's going to count me out while I'm still on my feet!"

And yet, even as he hurled this defiance, I'm sure that he knew in his heart that his days—and his life with his loved Betty and the two children—were nearing the end.

If ever it could be said of any human being that he went down fighting with banners flying, let it be said with reverence of this colorful, controversial man and actor who wrote such a vivid chapter in Hollywood history.

INGRID BERGMAN'S VOICE was as clear and distinct as though she were in the same room with me when I talked to her in Paris via Trans-Atlantic phone.

"It isn't true that my daughter, Jenny Ann, doesn't want to see me when I come to New York to receive the *Critics' Award* for *Anastasia,*" she told me. "We have corresponded on this subject and talked over the telephone, and arrived at the decision that this is not the right time for our first meeting in six years.

"I shall be in New York just twenty-four hours—which will be crowded to the utmost, every second of it. It wouldn't be fair to either of us to attempt such an important meeting in both our lives in the fanfare of so much confusion. We shall see one another later when we can spend more time together."

I will say there's one thing about Ingrid which I very much admire. She has never failed to give me a straight answer to a question I have asked her, and this I appreciate.

KIM NOVAK'S NEW ROMANCE with **John Ireland** has been the talk of the town for weeks now, and as usual the boy friend she selected is not popular with her studio.

One bit of gossip had it that guards were posted on Kim's *Jeanne Eagels* set to see that Ireland did not visit her during working hours.

Seems Ireland aroused the ire of the top brass not so much because he has fallen for the lovely Miss Novak, but because he walked out on a COLUMBIA contract several years ago and sued to break it. He was warned he'd never set foot on that lot again.

On second thought, Kim can't seem to get a boy friend in favor with her bosses. **Mac Krim** was very much in the doghouse at one time and there was no jumping for joy when Kim had that big crush on **Frank Sinatra.**

Amusingly enough, Frankie and Kim are due to meet soon right on the COLUMBIA lot as the co-stars of *Pal Joey*!

ROMANTIC RAMBLINGS: That romantic hurricane which seemed to be blowing up between **Jack Lemmon** and **Felicia Farr** has slowed to a gentle breeze. Most of Jack's romances these days seem to simmer out into nothing important. I wonder if he's really found the happiness in his freedom that he expected when he was so insistent that Cynthia get a divorce? . . .

Quite a romance bloomed between **Anne Baxter** and **Scott Brady** and then chilled to the icy stage before most people even knew they were dating. . . .

OPEN LETTER TO MIKE TODD: What do you mean, "There's no such thing as a happy actress?" Don't you know, Mike old boy, that actresses don't want to be happy? They're the happiest breed in the world being *unhappy*—and I think that goes for your dreamgirl Liz Taylor, too.

In that fabulous statement of yours from London you also added that you knew an actress who was soon going to be just a happy housewife. Want to bet?

Oh, I know there isn't a girl in the world, including a glamour girl like Liz, who wouldn't be swept off her feet by all the lavish and out-of-this-world gifts you're showering on her. A $500,000 home in Beverly Hills. A yacht. A British-made automobile—the most expensive make in the world—equipped with a bar and a gold-plated burner that cooks. Good heavens above! Who wants to cook in a car?

But as difficult to believe as this may sound —don't forget, my extravagant friend, that the lady of your heart is a glamorous actress —and a good one. (*Continued* on *page* 10)



Ingrid hopes to see daughter some day.



Kim's studio doesn't like John Ireland!



Jack Lemmon wanted the divorce so much. But has his freedom brought the happiness he was looking for?

Felicia Farr and Jack seemed to be so important to each other . . . but it doesn't look like it will last. ▼



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IDA LUPINO, lovely star of television program, "MR. ADAMS AND EVE."

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Life in Hollywood . . . blooming romances, broken romances—and a laugh to lighten the day.

I have a sneaking hunch that you yourself, Sir Mike, would not be nearly as entranced as you are with Liz if she weren't who she is! I mean, one of the darlings of the world.

You've never been a boy to hide your light behind a bushel yourself, Mike. There's nothing that warms your bones more easily than the white hot heat of the spotlight.

I know you love Liz and want to protect her and help her get her health back. But I suggest, why don't you take her 'round the world in 80 days' on that snazzy new yacht—and then, both of you report pronto back to Hollywood where you belong—and get back to your glamorous jobs!

LOVELY RITA MORENO'S SAYING THAT her romance with **Marlon Brando** is too important in her life for public discussion. She's been a visitor in Japan where Marlon is making *Sayonara*—and that sounds serious enough. Marlon's not a boy to be bothered with a visitor he isn't interested in. . . .

Said **Linda Darnell** in confirming her approaching marriage to Captain Robert Robinson, commercial airline pilot: "This is my third and last marriage." I don't think anyone is going to argue that three isn't enough, Linda. . . .

The bets are solid that British **Joan Collins**, whose career is booming—I hear she's great in *Island In The Sun*—and **Arthur Loew, Jr.,** son of the movie pioneer, will be a 1957 marriage.

THE LETTER BOX: Look out, **Mitzi Gaynor**. From BATAWA, ONTARIO, VERA TOMAS issues the warning: *"Mitzi has been my favorite actress. But she won't be unless she stops ignoring fan letters, not only from me—but others' who admire her"* . . .

Beauty parlor operator CECILIA has a personal message for **Montgomery Clift:** *"I, too, have been in an awful mixed-up state of mind, although I am only nineteen. But I am helping myself through work and right thinking. Sometimes I think it is nice to know there are other people in the world working out problems that bother you."* A very nice message, Cecilia. . . .

"Why isn't there more publicity about **Robert Taylor**, *his wife and baby?"* asks MRS. IDA DREW, SO. WEYMOUTH, MASS. The best reason is that Bob doesn't want private-life publicity, Mrs. D. . . .

Got a kick out of the letter from Mrs. R.W., CANADA: *"I want to thank you for all the parties, premières and weddings you have taken me to through your column in* MODERN SCREEN. *Most of the time my outings consist of taking the garbage out to the back!"* . . .

And another chuckle from DANNY MAURER, FOSTORIA, OHIO: *"I know how you like to get the jump on a scoop—so I want you to be the first to know that* **Kim Novak** *and I are getting married! I'm only sixteen years old, and I haven't told Kim yet, but give me five or six years!"* Even that won't be enough, Danny boy. Kim will be five or six years older, too.

"Movie stars expecting babies make me mad saying they hope it will be a boy" protests NANCY PALMER of SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK. *"***Lita** *and* **Rory Calhoun** say they want *a boy in every interview. What if the Calhouns have a daughter and when she gets to be older she reads about her parents wanting a son?"* Most parents are usually delighted with what they get, Nancy—*after* the baby arrives. . . .

A most interesting letter in beautifully expressed English comes from S. V. SANKARAN, MADRAS, INDIA, who is a monthly reader of MODERN SCREEN and says: *"My choice for the top new stars are* **Vera Miles** *and* **Don Murray.** *Are you surprised that we in India have seen these new players so soon?"* I am, indeed, and thank you. . . .

"3 ELVIS FANS," CHICAGO, composed a poem



Rita Moreno knows what Marlon doesn't *like.*

directed to those who pick on **The Presley:**

You criticize in every way that Elvis likes to sing;
But, if you think you are so much better, WHY AREN'T YOU THE KING?

VIVIAN DEWITT, of DENVER, blasts: *"If* **Aldo Ray** *is still so all-fired crazy in love with* **Jeff Donnell** *and ditto for* **Mary Murphy** *and* **Dale Robertson** *and ditto-ditto for* **Jack Carson** *and* **Lola Albright,** *why do they take up newsreel space with their separations?"* You've got a point there, Vivian. . . .

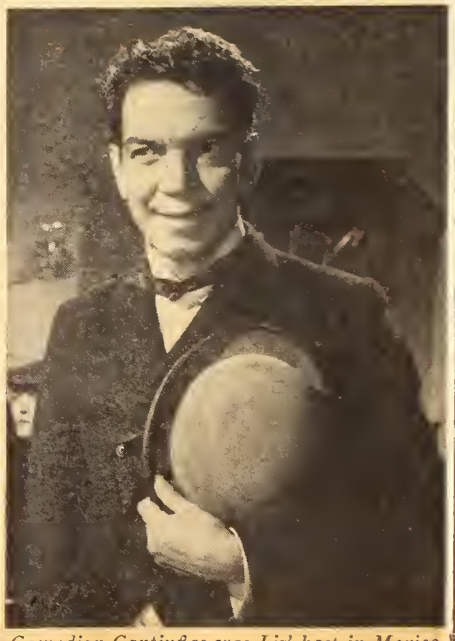
"Are there any active **Grace Kelly** *fan clubs left?"* NANCY NEUMAN, WINNETKA, ILL., wants to know. Well, are there? Speak up in this department if there are. . . .

ANNA MCGINNIS, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, asks: *"Since when did it become correct for people not married to one another to travel together openly around this country and out of it?"* Meaning anybody in particular, Anna?

That's all for this month. See you soon.



Mike Todd's concern for his lovely Liz shows plainly in his worried look—and supporting arm.



Comedian Cantinflas was Liz' host in Mexico.



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because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

VETO is for you in more ways than one



Cream



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Stick



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Veto
deodorant

dries away perspiration worries!

Attention Quiz-Show contestants. Sponsors want you to win. More about Como, John Daly, Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer in this month's

TV TALK



Shirl Conway is a very happy girl these days. She loves working on the Sid Caesar Show!!



John Daly tells What's My Line *panel members how many minutes the show has left.*

You'd think, seeing as how **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** have spent most of their married life abroad, that most of their possessions would be European-made. Not at all. Before they came back to the states to do *Mayerling* for NBC, Audrey decided to buy a car for Mel. But she didn't get an MG or a Jaguar or a Mercedes-Benz or any of the foreign numbers that the Hollywood stars buy in California. Audrey, in Europe with the European cars whizzing around her, bought a made-in-America Ford Thunderbird, a white one. And even when she's in Italy, where the chic shoes come from, she writes friends in New York to send her Capezios. They're her favorite informal shoe, and she's had dozens of pairs, nearly all of them in pastel shades. Especially pink. Audrey is mad for pink shoes . . . **Ralph Story** looks very different in person from the emcee you see on *The $64,000 Challenge*. He's much taller than you'd think, and he looks almost craggy. His hair is jet black and—surprise—he has thick black horn rims on his glasses which he wears all the time when he's not on television . . . **Shirl Conway,** one of the three female stars on the *Sid Caesar Show,* couldn't be happier. She absolutely loves working for Sid. With **Janet Blair** and **Pat Carroll** sharing the feminine spotlight with her, she doesn't have to work nearly as hard as she did in Broadway's *Plain And Fancy*—or as hard as she would if she were the only girl on the TV premises. And the financial return is greater. Shirl's got it coming and going: she's used some of her TV loot to become a landlady, buying a beautiful brownstone on New York's elegant East Side; and she's completely redone her own apartment, the second-floor one in her four floors of revenue-producing apartments . . . A warning: don't ever think for a moment that the producers of quiz shows want the contestants to miss so that the sponsor will be saved some money. There are good hefty reasons why they want them to walk off with much moola. In the first place, quiz shows are cheap, even when the sponsor has to fork over a $99,000 check. Don't forget, none of the shows hand out $99,000 *every* week; and some programs pass without any contestant getting a penny. Secondly, and more important, the audience identifies itself with the contestants. If they miss questions and never get much of a prize, the audience gets a feeling of resentment against that 'mean show' that won't give any money away. And the feeling of resentment carries over to the sponsor. Needless to say, no sponsor wants to be hated! So next time you're holding your breath hoping someone wins $64,000 or a college education or whatever, remember that the sponsor is holding his breath too—and just as hard as you are . . . Speaking of TV quizzes, there's a little point about *What's My Line?* that should be cleared up. Many weeks, you know, there's a mystery guest who comes on right at the end, and **John Daly** will pointedly tell the panel that there's only one minute or three minutes left before the close of the program. Well, he's not telling them to hurry up and guess the occupation; he's begging them *not* to get it before one minute's up or before three minutes are up! If the panel gets that last contestant in twenty or forty seconds, John's going to have to ad lib for the rest of the show! There aren't any more guests in the wings waiting to go on, and the game will have to stop long before the show goes off! . . . **Jimmy Cagney** certainly has a good reason to be mad at his old friend **Robert Montgomery.** Montgomery talked Cagney into buying a farm near his up in New York State. Then, right after Cagney and his wife and two children moved in, Montgomery sold his place. He was so embarrassed that he couldn't get up the nerve to tell Cagney for a long time . . . It *is* very strange that **Perry Como** can't dance worth a hoot. He has a marvelous sense of rhythm of course, no one who has heard him sing one phrase could doubt it, and his excellent golf game proves he has terrific coordination. There is hardly a man now alive with rhythm and coordination who can't dance. But Como can't. You figure it out; no one else can. One thing Como *can* do is be thoughtful. A friend of his recently admired a hat that a relative of Perry's was wearing. Perry asked the relative to give the friend the hat—Perry would have, if it had been his—but the relative said *no.* It was a new hat; it was an expensive hat; he liked it; he wanted to keep it; anyway it was *his.* Perry said no more, but a few days later the friend got a package in the mail. Inside was not one hat, but two. From Perry, of course. And just to really top off the incident, the relative changed his mind and sent his hat too! Incidentally, do you know what Perry does right after each show? He heads for his home at Sands Point and listens to a tape recording of the program he's just finished. His wife, Roselle, tapes each and every show for him. NBC, needless to say, kinescopes each one and Perry could wait a day or two and see himself as well as hear himself. But he can't wait; he has to hear it right away. Perry's house, by the way, is not the easiest to find in Sands Point, and the Comos have a friend who has more trouble than anyone else navigating around the North Shore of Long Island. He finally learned, after some nights of driving down dead-end roads, to find his way to the local police station. So now he goes inside, tells the cops he's lost, the cops call the Como house to be sure he's a friend, Roselle says *yes,* and a policeman is detailed to lead the way! . . . **Cyril Ritchard** is another one of those men who whip out their combs in public when they think no one is looking and run them through their hair . . . Even when **Shelley Winters** is out on a formal date with the love of her life, **Anthony Franciosa,** she doesn't look dressed up. She may have on a cocktail dress with her full-length mink over it, but her hair is always tumbling around every which may . . . **Mildred Dunnock** doesn't get dressed up when she goes department-store shopping. She believes in comfort, and during one of the cold spells this past winter she proved it. She put on a heavy wool coat and added a three-cornered striped stole over it; then she tied a wool kerchief around her head, put on flat-heeled shoes that covered up her ankles, and ventured forth to buy . . . **Wally Cox** has always professed to hate Hollywood, but he was very happy out there last season. Even though *Hiram Halliday* was a flop, he was living quietly and making a lot of money and his wife was having a baby. No man has ever looked forward to fatherhood as eagerly as Wally . . . **Nancy Berg** gets compliments every day on how beautiful she is. And she is—not a flaw on her face, except one intriguing scar on the side of her nose. But the compliment she cherishes the most came when a drama critic called her voice husky. Nancy, whose voice used to be a little nasal and high, has spent years taking speech and singing lessons so that she could talk in a lower register. All the years, and dollars, paid off in that one little adjective.



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Try "Spindrift," BOBBI's new "do" for that very special date. Soft waves sweep forward over ears. Bangs feather out from a new pinwheel curl. Lastingly yours . . . with "Casual Pin-Curlers."

"First Love" depends on BOBBI—the special permanent for casual styles—for those wide, natural-looking waves. Never tight, never fussy—BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls.

Casual 'n carefree! These new
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only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer . . . your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.



See how smooth a pin-curl looks made with BOBBI's new "Casual Pin-Curlers!" They can't slip, can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Perfect for setting after shampoos.



See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just "Casual Pin-Curlers" and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer —no resetting needed.



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Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit *complete* with 55 new "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers . . . all in pink plastic . . . new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.

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ROMANCES
TV SHOW

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WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR MUSIC AND DANCE
Funny Face
Saga Of Satchmo

FOR LAUGHS
Top Secret Affair
The Little Hut

FOR SHIVERS
Nightfall

FOR SUSPENSE
Gun For A Coward

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Photographer Fred Astaire and fashion editor Kay Thompson use a bookstore Audrey Hepburn works in to photograph model Dovima. Fred's meeting Audrey is the start of many adventures.



Fred's sure Audrey will make a good model; persuades her to model for the magazine.



Audrey does some fancy dancing on Paris Left Bank, becomes a model and finds love

FUNNY FACE

Hepburn magic

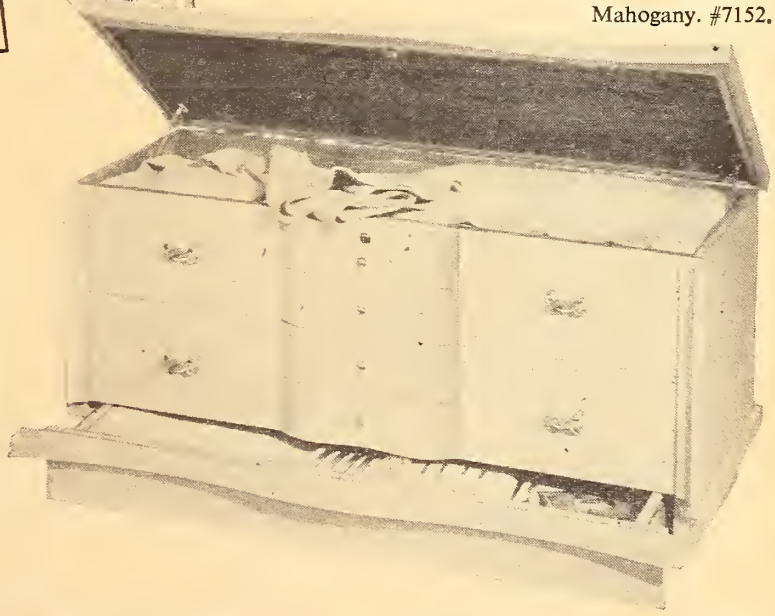
■ Take Fred Astaire, mix him with Audrey Hepburn, cast them both into Paris where the air has always been like wine and you have an intoxicating movie. Sheer charm, sheer fairytale. Fred's a famous fashion photographer; Kay Thompson is the crisp editor of *Quality*, a famous high-fashion magazine, and Audrey is a salesgirl in a Greenwich Village bookshop which Fred, Kay and staff invade for an afternoon of shooting. It happens that they're looking for the Quality Girl, something like the fashion model of the year, whom they'll photograph in all sorts of clothes in Paris. Fred takes a look at Audrey and thinks he's found her. Kay doesn't think so. Audrey certainly doesn't think so. She has nothing but contempt for fashion models; she is an intellectual, interested in empathetic waves. Besides, she doesn't think she' pretty. Next stop, Paris, where Audrey emerges—according to couturier Richard Fleming—from her cocoon not as a hutterfly hut as a bird of Paradise The only reason she emerges at all is because she wa always dying to go to Paris and sit at the feet of certain renowned professor. This is where the café and other interiors of the Left Bank come in an Audrey indulges in a free style dance, aud Fred doe a wonderful duet—in goatee and guitar—with Kay There are other songs and dances while Audrey hunt down that professor. When she does meet him h treats her like a woman instead of a disciple. And sh takes time to pose against hazy, golden background and to fall in love. VistaVision—Para.

(*Continued on page 16*)



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Confidante. Graceful serpentine front, top-opening. Recessed "secret" bottom drawer for private hideaway. Seafoam and Pearl Mahogany. #7152.



She'll be more than just a "good date." She'll know something about being a wonderful wife—take pride in being a good homemaker.

When a girl has her own Lane Hope Chest, she soon develops a keen interest in down-to-earth values that really count in a happy marriage. She begins to *plan*—starts collecting the things that'll make her future home the kind that binds her family closer together.

This is the lifetime role every girl hopes to play some day. Planning ahead makes for happiness—and a Lane makes happy planning a habit.

LANE Cedar Hope Chests

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Fairfax. Classic 18th Century, lovely hand-rubbed Mahogany. Roomy storage drawer in base, simulated drawers above #6214.



Skandia. Transitional modern, louvered side panels. Shown in Softone Walnut. Also comes in Pearl or Blond Mahogany. #6731.

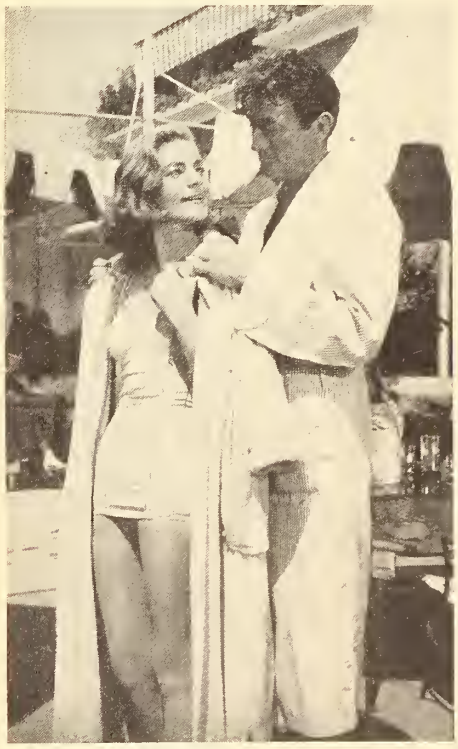
Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾ inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc.

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Over 100 styles... modern & traditional... all popular finishes... at most furniture and department stores... Easy terms

movie previews (Continued from page 14)



DESIGNING WOMAN
big-city love story

■ Slick, luxurious, easy on the ear and eye is *Designing Woman*—a love story in the *Saturday Evening Post* tradition, which is a nice enough tradition when it stars Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall. He met her when he was drunk in California. He was a sportswriter and had just won a bet; she was a girl who looked swell in a bathing suit. Married and back in New York, he's still a sportswriter but she is not just a girl; she is practically a captain of industry. Anyway, she designs clothes, makes a fortune at it and owns an apartment swanky enough for Prince Rainier. Gregory leaves his hole in the wall and tries to adjust to Park Avenue. It's not only him, it's all his friends —including editor Sam Levene and punch-drunk Mike Shaughnessy—who can't fit in, and it's not only Lauren but all her friends—including choreographer Jack Cole and a lot of artily neurotic folks—who can't mix with Gregory's friends. Then there's his ex-girl, TV singer Dolores Gray, who fully expected to marry the guy before he took off for California; and there's Lauren's ex-beau, producer Tom Helmore, who is still underfoot. Greg can stand the former competition, but Lauren can't. Jealousy mounts like mad when Gregory says he has to leave town for three weeks. He has to leave because his life's in danger due to articles he's writing exposing a racketeer in the fight game. Lauren is convinced he hasn't gone further than Dolores' apartment. Then, she *finds* him in Dolores' apartment. There's some funny dialogue, some very amusing situations and, as I said before, a comforting air of luxury enveloping all. CinemaScope—MGM



SAGA OF SATCHMO
Armstrong blows that horn

■ If you've never been exposed to the charm—musical and personal—of Louis Armstrong, called Satchmo —short for satchel mouth—you've got a wonderful treat in store for you. This is a movie without any plot at all, produced by Edward R. Murrow. It follows Satchmo and his band on a tour through Europe and to the Gold Coast of Africa. Satchmo's on the trumpet, Edmund Hall on the clarinet, Barrett Deems on the drums, Billy Kyle on the piano and Arvell Shaw and Jack Lesberg alternate on the bass. Mostly it's Satchmo's movie. Such is his pull on the public that 100,000 people come down to see him off when he leaves Africa. You'll hear wonderful music, you'll also meet a wonderful man whose genius lies in his devotion to jazz and in an incorruptible sense of himself.—U.A.



NIGHTFALL
chills and a chase

■ Aldo Ray seems like a pleasant fellow, but something's wrong. Tell you what it is. Two maniacs—one hysterically sadistic and one quietly sadistic—are out to get him. And if they don't get him, the police will—for murder and for divesting a bank of $300,000. Aldo did not do it. What Aldo did was go on a hunting trip in Wyoming with doctor friend Frank Albertson. Along came these two thugs. The car they were in dove off an embankment and the good doctor went to their rescue. For his pains, he got a bullet in the back. Aldo was left for dead and the bankroll was left behind in the confusion. On the very night that Aldo picks up model Anne Bancroft in a restaurant, the two criminals (Brian Keith and Rudy Bond) pick *him* up. *Where's the money,* they say, threatening to crush him under a derrick plunger. Let me tell you, a derrick plunger is worse than old-fashioned fingernail pulling and besides, Rudy loves the sound of human agony. Not only is Aldo in trouble, but Anne is in trouble for ever having spoken to him. The money, by the way, is buried somewhere in the snow of Wyoming, but who'll believe that? If you want to have your blood curdled this is as good a way as any. With James Gregory.—Col.



TOP SECRET AFFAIR
the power of a woman

■ Dottie Peale (Susan Hayward) is the dynamo behind *News World Magazine*, and anyone who crosses her is crazy. This is what the U. S. Senate learns when it decides to appoint Major General Melville Goodwin (Kirk Douglas) as chairman of the Joint Atomic International Commission instead of the man Dottie wanted. *I will do a cover story on Goodwin,* Dottie purringly tells the Army, and the Army graciously delivers him to her Long Island mansion. There, via tape recorder, photographer Michael Fox and some tricky excursions on the town Dottie gathers a story that will topple Goodwin like a duckpin. Too bad, too, because he is so far above reproach it isn't even human. One night of necking and Dottie's willing to burn up the evidence, but in the morning Goodwin doesn't propose and Dottie starts the presses rolling. But between the time he doesn't propose and the time the magazine hits the stands Goodwin's decided to propose. It all comes out in the wash of the Senate Committee investigating him. Cast includes Jim Backus.—Warners



THE LITTLE HUT
Ava on a tropical island

■ It seems incredible that a man can be married to Ava Gardner and hardly notice it. Only Sir Philip Ashlow (Stewart Granger), who is incredible all by himself, could accomplish that. He is wealthy, handsome, a big, busy wheel in the government and a terrible husband. Henry Brittingham-Brett (David Niven) is a small wheel in the government who is anxious to rotate around Ava. But Henry Brittingham-Brett is a very hard man to take seriously. Compared to Sir Philip he seems like someone's maiden aunt. The Ashlows have a sea-going yacht and they go to sea on it with Henry and a dozen friends. One night, during dessert, the yacht capsizes. The Ashlows, Brittingham-Brett and Nelson (a German shepherd) find themselves all alone together on a tropical island. Nothing daunted. Sir Philip merrily builds huts, weaves clothes, carves eating utensils, captures food. Brittingham-Brett moons about, keeping his distance from Nelson. Finally, he decides to assert himself. This he does by asserting his love for Ava and demanding that the law of the jungle—whatever that is —be put into effect re her. As usual, Niven's comedy is delightful. Eastman Color—MGM



GUN FOR A COWARD
how to become a man out West

■ Presumably, the coward is Jeffrey Hunter. So you see how everything depends on one's point of view. From where I sat, Jeffrey looked like the only good man in the movie. But no. Once, when he was seven years old his father was cornered by a rattlesnake and Jeff has shrunk from rattlesnakes ever since. In fact he doesn't like any shape or form of violence. His little brother (Dean Stockwell) is *always* thirsting for thrills and defending his honor from attack, real or imagined. His older brother (Fred MacMurray) runs the ranch in a sober, silent, manly manner. And his mother (Josephine Stockwell) is always begging him to go to St. Louis (Continued on page 18



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Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer . . . you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. $1.75 plus tax.



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Jean's WRETCHED



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"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. F-47, Box 280 New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper)

Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



movie previews (Continued from page 16)

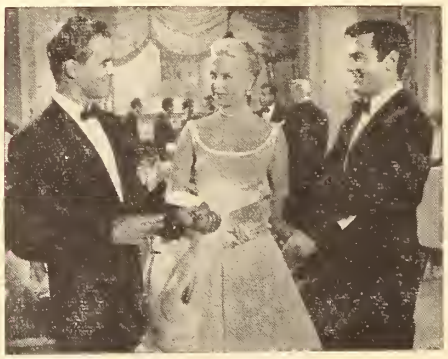
with her. Everybody thinks Jeff is a coward but they're all too manly to admit it until the cattle drive to Abilene breaks everybody's reserve. Some night rustlers stampede the herd. Jeff gives one order to the ranchhands, Dean gives a contrary order and all those silly men listen to him. Brother Fred holds Jeff responsible for Dean's speedy death. Only way Jeff can win respect is by knocking the tar out of Fred, which he does, to the delight of all, including Fred. Now that Jeff *belongs,* he's even entitled to Fred's long-standing girl friend, Janice Rule. CinemaScope—U-I



THE BIG LAND

early days in Kansas

■ Big as the land may be, wherever you look there's a man named Brog in a black cowboy suit. He's either just killed someone or is about to. He's there when Alan Ladd and friends drive up some cattle from Texas to Missouri. Ladd's been promising his pals ten bucks a head but all Brog offers is a dollar and a half and a bullet for anyone who says it's no bargain. Ladd takes the money. His friends figure they've finally seen the day he turned yellow and don't want to speak to him no more. Nobody wants to speak to him because he's wearing a Confederate army coat in the quietly arrogant southern way of Rebels after the War, but he gets an overnight reservation in a stable. His strawmate is Edmond O'Brien. Put a flame to O'Brien's lips and the whole stable would burn down, to give you an idea how much liquor is in that man. In the next few hours Ladd saves O'Brien from a hanging and begins his regeneration. Scratch that alcoholic and you find an architect; follow that architect to Kansas and you meet his sister (Virginia Mayo) who is engaged to a railroad executive. Put it all together and you have Ladd and O'Brien building a town to which the railroad will extend and from which Texas cattlemen will sell their steer at ten dollars a head. If it weren't for Brog (Anthony Caruso) standing in the way of progress. Not bad for a Western. Warnercolor—Warners



MISTER CORY

Tony Curtis makes good

■ He's a poor boy from Chicago, is Tony Curtis, so he falls in love with a rich girl (Martha Hyer) who has silver blonde hair and a mink coat and careless ways. Tony has careless ways, too. He's only a busboy at this exclusive country club—everytime Martha walks into the dining room he hides under a tray—but that doesn't stop him from sneaking onto the golf course like a guest and into a poker game run by Charles Bickford. Bickford acts rich but he's not classy; he's a professional gambler. The game is the ruin of Tony. He'd planned to make a pile and run off to New York with Martha. Instead, he loses his shirt and is exposed to her as a dishwasher. Her nose crinkles in disgust. But she's got a sister, Kathy Grant, who'd take Tony, rough red hands and all, if he'd have her. Las Vegas and offers a partnership. Then a real big crook makes a deal with both of them to open a swank gambling house in Chicago. With what delight and apprehension does Tony mail a formal invitation to Martha. With what elegance does she appear on the arm of a poor schmo (William Reynolds) who gave her a diamond ring. Seems that Tony—Mister Cory, sir—is now acceptable to the upper class. Upstairs he has a suite of rooms to which Martha comes and goes. Makes William awfully mad; you know how stuffy those aristocrats are. He gets very drunk and tells Tony he isn't good enough for Martha; Tony gets very angry and proposes to Martha; Martha gets very upset because he isn't good enough for her. It's all a very sad lesson for our boy who worked so hard for so long to get nowhere. But there's still Martha's sister who's been whiling her years away on the tennis courts, looking for a partner.—U-I

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS: David Niven bets that he can go around the world in eighty days and proceeds to do so with his valet, Cantinflas. They have many exciting adventures, which include rescuing Indian Princess Shirley MacLaine, a battle with the Indians in America, and an exciting bullfight in Spain. Filmed in Todd-AO process, this movie has fifty stars, is two hours and fifty-five minutes long and is a grand, unique extravaganza.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.

GIANT (Warner Bros.): This film sprawls over that quarter of a century when cattle gave way to oil, and traces the profound changes this wrought on the lives of Rock Hudson, his wife Elizabeth Taylor, his sister Mercedes McCambridge and James Dean. This movie is based on Edna Ferber's best-seller and also stars Dennis Hopper, Carroll Baker, Sal Mineo, Chill Wills and Jane Withers.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Para.): The film traces the life of Moses from the time of his birth through his forty years of wandering in the Wilderness to his leave-taking from his people, who enter the promised land without him. Charlton Heston gives a fine performance as Moses, the son of Jews who was brought up by an Egyptian princess. Among the cast are Yvonne De Carlo, Anne Baxter, Nina Foch, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, Debra Paget, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Eduard Franz. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

ANASTASIA (20th-Fox): Ingrid Bergman plays Anastasia, and Yul Brynner plays Bounine—the man who is trying to prove to Russian Empress Helen Hayes that Ingrid is the young Grand Duchess. Rumor has it that Anastasia may *not* have died in the mass assassination of the Royal family in 1918.

BATTLE HYMN (U-I): Based on the true story of Colonel Dean Hess, this is a movie to touch your heart. Dean Hess (Rock Hudson) was a minister who left the pulpit to become a fighter pilot in World War II. When the Korean War comes around he feels he must leave the pulpit again. In Korea he is struck by the children, the pitiful, appealing waifs who must wander without parents, shelter or even food. By his efforts a now-famous airlift was established.

BABY DOLL (Warners): Baby Doll (Carroll Baker) is the infantile wife of Archie Lee (Karl Maldeu). They live in an empty, crumbling mansion; she sleeps in a crib and torments her generally inadequate husband by her refusal to be a real wife until her twentieth birthday. Then along comes Silva Vacarro (Eli Wallach).

THE IRON PETTICOAT (MGM): Once it was *Ninotchka* with Greta Garbo; now it's Katharine Hepburn romping through this comedy with careless, captivating charm. She plays one of the Soviet's top women flyers and heroines. Bob Hope is handed the pleasant, but seemingly impossible, job of breaking down her politics.

THE HAPPY ROAD (MGM): The *Happy Road* is produced, directed and starred in by Gene Kelly. He plays a high-pressure American businessman in Paris —his wife is dead—who's sent his boy to an expensive school in Switzerland. Not to get rid of him, just to give him all the advantages. When Bobby runs away from school, Gene is understandably upset, especially since he has to leave his business to find him. And French divorcée Barbara Laage is upset because her daughter (Brigitte Fossey) is apparently with Bobby. Bobby and Brigitte get to Paris, and on their own. Their parents get to Paris all right, too. In fact,

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First No-Diet Reducing Wonder Drug

Used Successfully by Thousands of Physicians! Lose As Many Pounds As You Like Without Diets of Any Kind, Without Exercise, Without Giving Up the Kinds of Food You Love to Eat!

Here's the electrifying news you've hoped and prayed for . . . the fabulous news you've wanted to hear! It's just been released . . . the amazingly safe, tested, no-diet way to reduce! The method you've heard spoken about in whispers, at last approved by the United States Government for sale without prescription!

Yes, the same kind of safe, sure, no-diet reducing wonder drug used successfully by thousands of doctors . . . tested successfully on thousands of patients . . . yours at last!

You'll lose up to 29 pounds the first month, up to 43 pounds or more in a reasonable length of time, *without* going on a diet, *without* exercise, *without* giving up the kind of foods you love to eat, *without* doing a single unpleasant thing! Sounds miraculous, but it's all medically proven fact!

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You'll still eat luscious steaks and chops, fried chicken, potatoes, bread, butter, cake, rich desserts and pastries . . . even the delicious between-meal snacks you love to nibble on. But, without great effort, without iron will power, you'll actually be eating less and down will come your overweight, gone will be those ugly, stubborn, clinging pounds of fat!

You'll hardly believe your eyes, hardly believe your scale! You'll look better, feel better, have so much more pep and energy as those ugly pounds disappear! What a wonderful feeling! Your friends will be amazed. They'll hardly recognize you. Day by day you'll see the difference . . . Day by day you'll watch the amazing results as pound after pound of ugly fat vanishes.

It's all so easy . . . all so delightfully simple, you'll bless the day the United States Government released this marvelous reducing tablet for sale direct to you!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO . . .

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You don't diet, you don't follow a regimen or plan. You don't count calories, you don't watch what you eat! This amazing wonder drug does it all. Just take three tiny tablets a day and that's it! *Your* part is finished, *your* work is done. You go about your business. You eat, sleep, work, play just like any of your thin friends. And all the while the amazing ingredients in this new wonder drug do the job for you!

HOW N.D.-17 WORKS TWO WAYS AT ONCE

N.D.-17 is not an old-fashioned expanding pill that fills your stomach, not a sickening sweet wafer, not a dietary supplement. The tested, proven ingredients in N.D.-17 work 2 ways at once to help rid you of ugly fat.

1. N.D.-17 appeases your appetite more effectively than anything you have ever tried before. You still relish your food, but automatically you eat less, need no great will power, and down comes ugly overweight.
2. N.D.-17 helps to overcome those gnawing hunger-pangs. Food actually stays in your stomach longer, thus helping to eliminate the major cause of those empty-stomach blues that do so much to make you overeat.

In other words, without even being aware of it, this amazing wonder drug will cut down on your appetite, cut down on your gnawing hunger for food, and safely, quickly, easily you'll lose ugly pounds and inches of dangerous, figure-marring, excess fat! And you'll feel well, too, while those pounds are coming off. This fact has been proved time and again in hospitals, clinics and in the private offices of many of the nation's finest and most expensive doctors.

WHAT N.D.-17 MEANS TO YOU

Think of what this means to you! You've tried everything. You've been fooled and fooled and fooled again. You swore you'd never try another reducing product but you did. You swore you'd never take another chance, and before you realized it you were up to your old tricks. The same old story . . . another product, another disappointment, another heartbreak.

Don't let this happen again! Forget the old-fashioned reducing remedies you've tried in the past. Forget the tablets that are supposed to bulk up in your stomach. Forget chewing gums and reducing candies and all the other so-called plans, diets and regimens. Now, thanks to the wonders of modern medical science, you won't have to keep trying one reducing product after another, because now N.D.-17, the fabulous reducing wonder drug, is yours to use without a doctor's prescription!

N.D.-17 has been exhaustively tested in hospitals and clinics all over the United States. It has been used successfully by thousands of doctors. It has been tried successfully on vast numbers of overweight patients. It has built up a more astounding record of success than any proprietary reducing product in the history of weight reducing! And now, for the first time ever, it is available to you without prescription!

YOU'VE SEEN THE EVIDENCE

You have read the facts. You have judged the evidence. You have seen the logical, scientific reasons why N.D.-17 and N.D.-17 alone will help you reduce your overweight quickly, safely, easily, without diets. If what you have read seems to make sense, ask yourself this question . . .
Do I sincerely want to lose weight?
If you're a sensible person, the answer will be yes, so . . .

HERE IS OUR PROPOSITION

Based on the most overwhelming mass of scientific evidence ever assembled for any reducing product ever sold directly to the public before, we are convinced, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that N.D.-17 is a vastly superior product! In every test, in every way, it was proved to the satisfaction of thousands of doctors that the ingredients in N.D.-17 are the finest in the world today. To back up that statement and to show you we are sincere, we offer you this unique opportunity. Try N.D.-17 in your own home for seven days at our expense. If, at the end of that time, N.D.-17 hasn't done everything you have been led to believe it will, you don't pay one single penny! Now here is exactly what we claim N.D.-17 will do . . .

N.D.-17 must be easier to take than anything you've ever tried before! N.D.-17 must be absolutely safe, absolutely harmless. You must suffer no side effects, no dizziness, no nausea, no headaches or discomfort of any kind. N.D.-17 must cut down on your appetite without conscious effort on your part, thereby helping you to lose up to 29 pounds the first month, up to 30, 40, 50 pounds or more in a reasonable length of time.

But you must hurry! N.D.-17 has just been made ready for sale on a non-prescription basis. Supplies are still limited. Don't be disappointed. Send right now. Try N.D.-17 in your own home at our expense. Subject it to any test you like. Weigh yourself before you start. Weigh yourself after you've taken N.D.-17 seven days, or if you're not completely satisfied for any reason, pay nothing. It's as simple as that.

If you are skeptical or in doubt . . . even if you think nothing can possibly help you, for the sake of your health, for the sake of your happiness, for the sake of your loved ones, you owe it to yourself to at least try N.D.-17.

If it works for you the way we know it will, you'll certainly agree it is worth the few pennies per day it costs. On the other hand, if N.D.-17 doesn't work the way you expect, it has cost you nothing, and at least you have had the satisfaction of trying it at our expense. Certainly that is a fair offer. The next move is up to you. If you really want to reduce you can. So once and for all determine to do something about your overweight. Right now fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page and mail it at once. Remember you have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

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25 Lbs. In 30 Days
43 Lbs. In a Few Months

Clinical tests on almost 2,000 overweight people showed amazing weight loses. In the course of these tests, Doctors used every effective reducing method known. And the results? Amazing weight loses up to 43 pounds. . . . Prove that you too can lose weight safely and easily, even if nothing has ever helped you before!

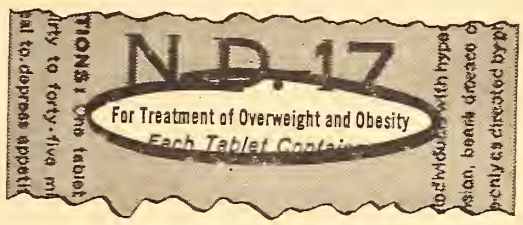
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Try N.D.-17 for seven days at our risk! If you are not absolutely convinced N.D.-17 is the easiest, most pleasant, most effective way to lose weight you have ever tried, return the unused portion and your money back immediately, no questions asked! You must be delighted in every way, or you pay nothing!

IS N.D.-17 SAFE?

The ingredients in N.D.-17 have been more thoroughly tested over a longer period of time by more doctors in more clinics and more hospitals than any reducing product sold anywhere without a prescription. Doctors have proven time and again that N.D.-17 produces no unpleasant side effects such as headaches, nausea, dizziness, nervousness or any of the symptoms usually associated with reducing products. You may take N.D.-17 with complete confidence, content in the knowledge that the ingredients in this product have been released for sale without prescription by the United States government.

FISK RESEARCH, Inc., Dept. F-18



ONLY REDUCING PRODUCT ALLOWED TO SAY RIGHT ON THE LABEL "FOR TREATMENT OF OVERWEIGHT"

No other product is allowed this privilege. Why? Because, no matter how cleverly they disguise it, all other products require you to follow a plan, a diet, or a so-called regimen. In other words, you do all the work! N.D.-17, on the other hand, works without any conscious help from you! You don't diet, you don't follow a regimen or plan. You don't count calories. Just take three tiny tablets a day and that's it! Your part is finished, your work is done! You go about your business. You eat, sleep, work, play just like any of your thin friends. And all the while, the amazing ingredients in this new wonder drug do the work for you. Without even being aware of it, this amazing substance cuts down on your appetite, cuts down on your desire for food, and safely, quickly, easily you start to lose ugly pounds and inches of overweight!

IMPORTANT

Forget everything you have ever heard about reducing products before today!

Don't confuse N.D.-17 with any other product you have ever seen, heard of, or tried! N.D.-17 is a medical product . . . a reducing wonder drug unlike anything ever sold without a prescription anywhere! And here is the overwhelming proof . . .

N.D.-17 IS NOT A DIET . . . NOT A "PLAN" OR REGIMEN THAT TELLS YOU WHAT TO EAT . . . NOT A DIETARY SUPPLEMENT

Unlike every other reducing product sold by mail or over the drug store counter, your package of N.D.-17 does not include a plan, diet or regimen! You are not told what to eat or what not to eat. You are not told which foods are high calorie and which foods are low calorie. You are not told to cut out the rich desserts, french-fries, butter, bread or other nourishing foods you love so much!

When you take N.D.-17, you find yourself eating less without great effort . . . without willpower. N.D.-17 does all the work! Your appetite is curtailed and off come ugly pounds and inches of overweight safely, quickly, easily!

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Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas! Makes teeth whiter— cannot stain or discolor!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

director Mike Curtiz says "DO COME TO HOLLYWOOD"















As director Mike Curtiz says, "You can't be discovered unless you're on the scene!" A few of the stars that Mike helped up the ladder—just because they were around to be helped!— David Brian, Doris Day, John Garfield, Alexis Smith, Eleanor Parker, Errol Flynn.

■ For years, Hollywood has been sending out the same storm warning, "Don't come to us . . . *we'll find you.*" Now, says Michael Curtiz, veteran director of some eighty pictures, it's high time for some reverse propaganda.

"Of course, come to Hollywood!" says Mike Curtiz, italicizing the *come* in his best Hungarian accent. Then he demands, "Can you think of anybody who has *not* come to Hollywood, who is today a name on the screen? Aside from those who are from the New York stage or TV? Be on the scene!"

His own legendary fund of stories on discovering people all prove his point. "We were making *Mildred Pierce*," he says. "I needed two men. Zachary Scott was already set as the heavy. But the other guy was a problem." Here he lapses into pure Curtiz, "I vishalized him as a tall, lahnky fellow, like Gary Cooper, but not Gary Cooper—sometink else. Then a fellow comes into my office in a carpenter's suit, to do some work. I look. It was David Brian, and he got the part."

Curtiz goes on, "And I will never forget the day I first interviewed Doris Day. I don't think she has forgotten, either. I had sent the *Romance On The High Seas* script to Betty Hutton. She was enthusiastic, only she was expecting a baby. So there was Doris Day, very shy, sitting in the back of the room where she looked like she hoped nobody would see her. I asked her what experience she had, and she told the truth, 'None.' She added that she had been singing with Les Brown's band. When I asked gently, 'What are you doing here?' she told me her brief story: She had danced pretty good, she admitted, but then she had an automobile accident which broke her legs. As she put it, 'I had a little voice, so I started to use that.' We tested her—and she was a star in her first picture."

Curtiz keeps reminiscing. "For *Four Daughters* MGM had tested a boy named John Garfield, but they didn't like him. Fortunately, they showed me the test and I went mad about it. You know where we caught up with him? In the railroad station at Kansas City, where they handed him our telegram. He had left Hollywood brokenhearted, discouraged and disappointed."

Alexis Smith was part of a Floradora sextet in a costume picture when Curtiz' steely blue eyes spotted her. He gave Eleanor Parker her first chance at stardom, put Paul Henreid into *Casablanca* when Henreid was unknown.

"But sometimes," admits Curtiz, "it isn't that easy to convince even our own people about a newcomer. When I wanted to star an extra boy, Errol Flynn, in *Captain Blood*, the producer had a fit. It was the same with Eleanor Parker. But Jack Warner went along with me. He said, 'I think Mike is right. We'll gamble.'"

He has stories to prove that he, himself, isn't infallible. "I needed a waitress in *Mildred Pierce*," he chuckles. "Marilyn Monroe came in. I turned her down.

"And the time I met Kim Novak on the PARAMOUNT lot. I missed her completely. I remember it was between stages seven and eleven, and all I said to her was, 'Hello.' To her agent I said the usual, 'I'll get in touch if anything turns up.' But the talent scout for COLUMBIA STUDIOS, Rufus Lamaire, just happened to be there, visiting. He asked her agent 'Who's the girl?' Kim was a star in her first picture, *Pushover*.

"You see?" demands Curtiz, "Getting a break in the movies is fifty-percent luck or timing, whichever you want to call it, fifty-percent or less talent, and *all* personality. There are no rules or regulations except one: Be here!"



CINEMA STARS OF YESTERYEAR

■ Take a back seat, you rock 'n' roll addicts, you Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe enthusiasts. This is strictly for Mom and Pop.

Bebe and Ben were well established in Hollywood and their popularity skyrocketing when they met. A short time later—June 14, 1930—they married.

Mary Pickford's lace handkerchief was the *something borrowed, something blue* when twenty-seven years ago Ben Lyon was married to Bebe Daniels.

Matron of honor was our own Louella Parsons, who's still very much around Hollywood dispensing chit-chat in print and on radio and TV.

One of the ushers was Howard Hughes, discoverer of the captivating charms of Jane Russell and Gina Lollobrigida.

Witnessing the ceremony was Cecil B. de Mille, whose latest production is *The Ten Commandments*.

Rudolph Valentino, the most dashing lover in the history of the theatre, watched through close-slit eyes.

Also present was Gloria Swanson, who made such a terrific comeback in *Sunset Boulevard*.

Who was this romantic bride and groom whose names were on the lips of motion picture fans the world over?

Star of dozens of films, Ben Lyon found lasting fame after starring in Howard Hughes's film classic *Hell's Angels*. His co-star was Jean Harlow.

Convent-bred, Texas-born Bebe Daniels first trod theatrical boards at the tender age of four as the Duke of York in *Richard III*. Years later, she became Harold Lloyd's leading lady. Her greatest success, however, was opposite Valentino in *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

Then six years after they married, the Lyons decided to take a vacation and appear abroad. They embarked for England. Their contracts called for one week's engagement in Dublin, and a two-week stay at the LONDON PALLADIUM.

Somehow that stay extended to twenty years. Except for visits to the U.S.—on one of those occasions, Bebe was featured on *This Is Your Life*—they've lived in an attractive period house in London.

Twenty years is a long, long time. But people over forty remember them. Mom and Pop, for instance.



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Jergens Deep Cleanser searches deeper for clogging dirt and make-up

First, there's the feeling of instant luxury flowing from your fingertips to your face. Reaching deep . . . deep . . . deep . . . so gently . . . but so insistently.

Then suddenly . . . deep, beauty-clogging grime and stubborn make-up are gone. Your face feels as if it had a new kind of clear, clean, almost sparkling radiance. And it does.

Reasons: there are 4 times as *many* cleansing ingredients in new Jergens Deep Cleanser as in traditional cleansing creams. And each is a recognized skin softener as well.

Do you wonder that Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women? Try it. You *love* it, too . . . or double your money back. Just **39c** and **69c** plus tax.

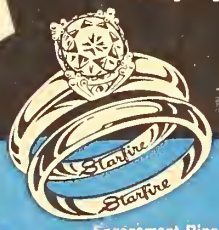
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THEY TOLD ME "DON'T LOOK 'INTERESTED' AT DIANA DORS"



■ When William Redfield found that he was going to be in *I Married A Woman*, with Diana Dors and George Gobel, he faced the situation with mixed emotions. About Miss Dors, that is. The tall, lanky, red-blond twenty-nine-year-old veteran of some 3,000 radio shows and practically every big TV dramatic show who had made such a sizable impression as an army chaplain in *The Proud And Profane* wasn't exactly worrying about his part. What bothered him was how he was going to keep his mind on it, since his scenes were practically all with Miss Dors, big as life, right there opposite him in front of the camera. He was certain it was going to take much effort.

He explains, earnestly intelligent blue eyes bulging a bit, "I had met her earlier, in New York at a press conference. She made her entrance in a white gown, coming down the stairway in the SHERRY NETHERLAND. There were two hundred or so press people there—and they applauded. Is that customary?"

The answer is, no, it isn't customary. The sexational British blonde, who's own husband has described her as "the greatest sexpot" just seems to affect people that way, even press people, who are only human. And impressionable Billy Redfield was no holdout. He kept remembering how she looked in "that white dress, how she came walking down that stairway, and how everyone, but everyone, applauded at her appearance."

Then, in Hollywood, before the picture started, director Hal Kanter called him over and handed him a photograph—of Diana Dors in a bathing suit. There wasn't much bathing suit, but lots of Miss Dors. Billy Redfield's Adam's apple developed a case of gulping paroxysms. "Uh, huh," said Kanter. "Listen," he directed, "take this still home with you. And *keep* looking at it until it seems ordinary to you. For your part in the picture, you're not supposed to look interested."

William obediently did as directed. But after some four weeks of playing vis-à-vis with Miss Dors, his original reaction is still the same. "Interested?" he says, plaintively. "I haven't been able to breathe ever since I knew the part in the movie was mine!"

But according to her co-player, this is not at all the result of anything Diana Dors provokes deliberately. "Actually," he explains, "she's very easy to work with—and the fastest study I ever met. One day she had two pages of dialogue, and she hadn't even seen it. She asked me to her dressing room to rehearse it. She kept apologizing for bothering me (*bothering* me?). It was a telephone scene, which is pretty tough because there's actually nobody on the other end of the line. You know, on the screen she's talking to me, but actually she's talking to herself. I didn't have to do my part—they were to intercut it later. She kept at it till she had it just right and all the dialogue in her mind."

Mr. Redfield is a young man of strong attitudes in all directions, aside from Diana Dors. Like, he suddenly has a definite attitude about matrimony. Seems to have a short fuse, there, because he allows definitely, "I am beginning to feel trappable." Enlarging on the subject, he admits, "I am tired of running away. It's nice, maybe, to have a new model, but when you trade in girls like used cars, it doesn't lead anywhere. At first it was a lot of fun but not anymore. Now, it's very tiring."

We wouldn't bet on it, but could the film title *I Married A Woman* and the woman herself, Diana Dors, have had anything to do with this suddenly very different attitude?

Watch for Diana Dors and William Redfield soon to be seen in RKO's film I Married A Woman. *Watch for Diana who will also be in RKO's movie* The

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in April your birthstone is a diamond and your flower is a sweetpea. You're also sharing it with many stars.

April 1 — **Debbie Reynolds**
Jane Powell
April 2 — **Rita Gam**
April 3 — **Marlon Brando**
Doris Day
Jan Sterling
April 5 — **Gale Storm**
Gregory Peck
April 11 — **Paul Douglas**
April 12 — **Ann Miller**
April 13 — **Howard Keel**
April 15 — **Elizabeth Montgomery**
April 17 — **William Holden**
April 18 — **Barbara Hale**
April 19 — **Jayne Mansfield**
April 20 — **Nina Foch**
April 23 — **Janet Blair**
Shirley Temple
April 24 — **Tony Perkins**
Shirley MacLaine
April 29 — **Jeanmaire**
Tom Ewell



Bette Davis
April 5



Spencer Tracy
April 5



Jane Withers
April 12



Anthony Quinn
April 21



Van Johnson
April 25



Corinne Calvet
April 30

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.



Now in new modern handy-grip bottle



So much surer than ordinary douches...

Try gentler, milder "Lysol" brand disinfectant—now in it's handsome handy-grip bottle, so much nicer on your bathroom shelf!



Just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" added to the douche water spreads into folds and crevices with a thorough antiseptic cleansing action — deodorizing as it cleanses! How fresh-all-over you'll feel—so sure of yourself, so sure you're completely clean and nice.

10¢ OFF! Limited Time Only! Look for special introductory package in stores.

(Write for medically-approved methods of douching, sent in plain envelope. Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-574.)

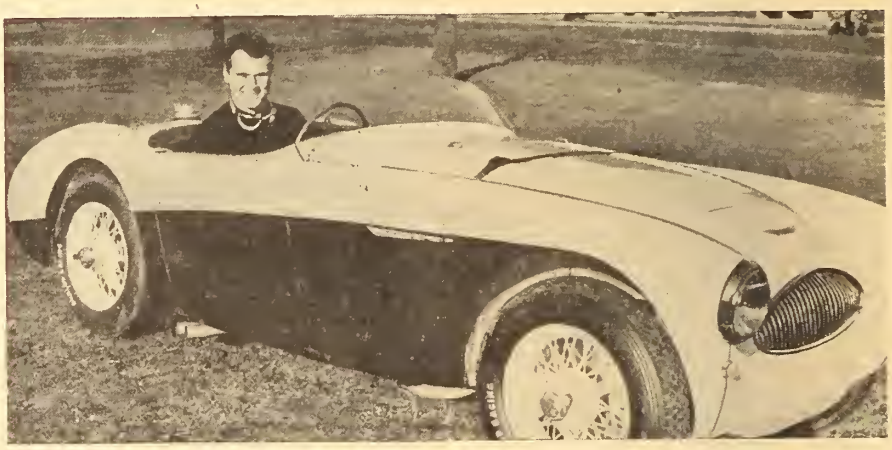
Lysol®

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product — Also available in Canada

JUST CALL HIM SPEEDY!







In the top photo, Jackie Cooper and his co-driver get set for the start. And it's a happy Jackie who poses in his Austin-Healey after the win. But no race is complete without the re-hash, so here's our winner showing his pit-man just how he got around that curve—safely.

■ Jackie Cooper is good enough with the drum-sticks to play with a top band; he's an expert swimmer, and one of the best trout fishermen ever seen in Oregon's Rogue River country. But his keenest hobby is sports car racing.

And just to show you how serious he is about it, he's collected twenty-seven trophies in the United States and Europe and has finished hundreds of races without a scratch on his 170-pound body or a dent in the 2500-pound Austin-Healey.

"My top speed was 142.636 miles an hour," Jack recalls. "That was in 1953. I've come pretty close to that speed a number of times, but I'm beginning to think I'll never break it. The car can probably do more, but I know my *own* speed limit.

"I never drive what a sports car enthusiast calls 'the hairy edge'—that might break my neck or somebody else's. Another safety factor riding for me is my disbelief in fatalism. I simply don't go for the idea that when your number's up, that's it. In my opinion, fast driving calls for an absolute belief that control of your safety is *in your own hands*, not in the so-called lap of the gods."

Perhaps you've noticed that Cooper has quite a scar on his left cheek. He got that at work, but not in his spare-time job as a test driver for the Austin Company. One afternoon when he was appearing in the Broadway production *King Of Hearts* the play's press agent fast-talked Jackie into making a personal appearance in the show window of a big department store. Quite a crowd collected for autographs—somebody pushed—and Jack tumbled through the plate glass window!

Back out of the hospital the next day, with ten stitches, Cooper told the press agent to forget any more such publicity stunts.

"Don't let a thing like that bother you," the p.a. advised. "Man, with things like that you got to be *fatalistic!*"



MOTHER SHOOTS ELVIS
(his picture, that is)

■ My mother is a well-known Dallas artist, and I persuaded her several months ago to paint a portrait of Elvis for our National Elvis Presley Fan Club to present to him when he came to Dallas. When the man in charge of the press party said it was time to present the portrait, everyone gathered around. I doubt that Elvis has ever had his portrait painted before. He looked as if he couldn't quite figure out what it was. "Did someone draw it?" he asked. "My mother painted it," I answered. Still he looked at the picture. Suddenly I said "You don't like it!" He seemed to return to earth, and almost panic stricken said. "Oh. I do! I do. I love it. I love it!" I think he would have died if he thought I believed he didn't like it.

My mother naturally wanted a picture of Elvis and her painting of him. but was slow getting her camera loaded with film. Suddenly one of the policemen around Elvis said. "Alright, that's all the pictures!" Mother started to walk away, but Elvis came back and stood between me and the portrait and said "Alright Mama. take a picture." Mother flipped.

While we were posing I asked him who had made the fancy leather case for his guitar. He gave me the name of a firm in Memphis. I said. "That's not romantic enough. Elvis!" "Well. o.k.," he joked. "my uncle made it." The party ended with the sudden announcement. "Come on Elvis. it's time to go" and the policemen closed in behind him as they rushed him away through the dark tunnels of the building.

But even though Elvis was gone, I still had his portrait to look at—and the picture of us that Elvis helped my mother shoot!

Kay Wheeler. President
National Elvis Presley Fan Club

Elvis is in 20th Century-Fox's Love Me Tender. *and will soon be seen in Hal Wallis' Paramount release* Running Wild.



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

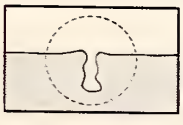
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works.* In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST
TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue, lets medication penetrate down into any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new-type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL'S famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

Skin-colored CLEARASIL hides pimples as it works, ends embarrassment instantly. Greaseless, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

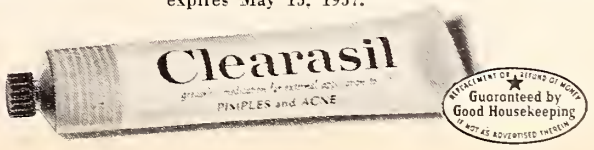
Skin creams can 'feed' pimples
Clearasil 'starves' them

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS: CLEARASIL'S penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous trial size to Eastco Inc., Box 12PG. White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires May 15, 1957.

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America
(including Canada)





Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Michyl Veach, St. Louis, Mo. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: A few drops stop "detergent hands"

In a scientific test*, over 450 women soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens Lotion stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film... it *penetrates* to help replace natural moisture lost to wind and weather, indoor and outdoor chores. Only 15¢ to $1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



■ There's a boy who has captured your hearts, a tall boy with a shock of black hair, a love-me-tender smile, and a way of singing that makes people feel alive.

Sure we're talking about Elvis!

Well, whenever a blazing personality hits, we at MODERN SCREEN start getting letters about it. At first, the letters just said *please give us something to remember him by*—like a snazzy color photo of Elvis in the magazine.

But after we created the Jimmy Dean Memorial Medallion, and you sent in for the remembrance of Jimmy in such tremendous quantities that even *we* were surprised—your letters started asking us to design a Medallion of Elvis.

We wanted to please you, to give you what you wanted—but somehow we just couldn't do it. The Medallion had been for Jimmy, and Jimmy only . . . something of him that we could all hold on to through the years that he should have been here with us.

We just *couldn't* do it.

And we thought that was that.

But the other day a famous jeweler came to see me and he had with him just about the neatest ring that we've come across in a long time. *The Elvis Presley Ring!*

WANT ELVIS ON YOUR FINGER?



This was it!

Here was something that you could have with you always, wear on your finger and look at whenever you got the urge.

But it was more than having Elvis with you morning, noon and night.

It was a darned attractive piece of jewelry! Adjustable to fit any finger, 18-carat gold plate that's guaranteed never to tarnish, an unusual groove design, and—best of all: a life-like, four-color picture of Elvis sealed in clear lucite and *magnified*—and it makes his face just seem to jump out at you.

Right now MODERN SCREEN is handling the ring exclusively, through the mails. It will be available some time in the future at some stores, but right now, $1 and the filled-in coupon gets you Elvis—on your finger, twenty-four hours a day!

Live a little,

David Myers

EDITOR

Tear on dotted line

MODERN SCREEN, Department P
10 West 33 Street, New York, N. Y.

I want.....Elvis Presley photoring(s)
(how many)

($1 each, check or money order only please)

Name.....
(Please type or print.)

Street .....

City..... **Zone**..... **State**.....



by ED DEBLASIO

Pat Boone and Shirley Foley

"We had to Elope"

■ Pat held her hand, tight. "What're you crying for, Shirley?" he asked. He wiped the tears from her cheeks with his handkerchief, gently, one by one. "What're you crying for?"

Shirley tried to talk. "My daddy . . ." she started to say. But then she could say no more. She—pretty, red-headed Shirley Foley, the lively always-bubbling queen of Nashville, Tennessee's LIPSCOMB COLLEGE—could say no more, and he—Pat Boone, the happy-go-lucky always-smiling guy and one of the most contented, well-liked people around—could do no more than hold her hand and wait for her to stop crying and tell him what was wrong. He waited for a few minutes. The crying didn't stop. He looked around the crowded, noisy ice cream parlor, the out-of-their-neighborhood place where nobody knew them, where they'd been meeting accidentally-on-purpose in that back booth for the past few months. "Let's get out of here," he said. "Let's go someplace where we can talk."

It was a beautiful night out—a cool, clear night with thousands of stars in the sky and a big smiling Tennessee moon directly overhead.

They walked for a few blocks, Pat Boone and his girl. They didn't say anything. They just held hands and walked. And then suddenly Shirley wiped the tears from her face and turned to Pat and said, "My daddy's got an offer to take a singing job up in Springfield, Pat. I think he's going to take it and we're going to have to go away."

"Springfield?" Pat asked, softly.

"The Springfield in Missouri," Shirley said, "and that's I-don't-know-how-many miles away and I-don't-know-how-many hours just by train and I'll never see you again, Pat, I'll never see you again."

Pat grabbed her. Right there in the middle of the street he grabbed her and he whispered, "Tomorrow, Shirley. Tomorrow, you and I—you know what we're going to do? We're getting married tomorrow, Shirley. All these years . . . all these people telling us that we've got to test our love, that we've got to wait, that we're too young . . . all these years and all these people are going to disappear behind us tomorrow, Shirley, because we're getting married, we're getting married."

Pat held her close now, very close. And as he did Shirley closed her eyes and suddenly all those years Pat had just talked about and all those people and all those cries of "Too young . . . Too Young!" rushed to her head and she smiled through her tears now and she remembered that time, that first time nearly four years earlier, when they'd first seen each other and when they'd first known that eventually this night would come. . . .

It was a Monday in January, 1949, the first day of the second semester of the school year. Lunch hour was just about over and Pat was standing outside (*Continued on page 61*)



minute by minute from dawn to dusk, here's how June spends her time

6:31 AM

June Allyson drinking . . . coffee . . . It was dark and quiet. But Mr. Richard Powell, husband, had to get up early to get to work, and Mr. Powell gets up noisily. So 6:31 A.M. finds Mrs. Richard Powell drinking her first cup of coffee for the day.





9:07 AM

June looking in mirror . . . It was *light* and quiet—finally. The children have been awakened, and shooed off to school. So June takes a solid two minutes to skip a powder puff across her nose.

June Allyson's private life

9:09 AM

Picks up phone (ah-ha!) . . . First report of the day goes to Mrs. Edgar Bergen. June and Frances Bergen discuss life in general for twenty-seven minutes. Discussion understood to take place daily: close friends.



9:58 AM

Settles crisis on sun-porch . . . June explains to secretary that first task is to straighten out schedule. June just can't say *no*, so she and Dick are expected for dinner at *four places*.



MORE ➤

11:14 AM TO NOON

All kinds of interesting things . . . June *says* that Dick asked her to find something in his pockets. So she can't resist going through *all* his pockets! Then to her den to make out menus . . . and finally a fast lunch.







MORE PEEKS

at June's private life



1:00 PM

Walks, but not alone . . . June shows her Mother, recently arrived from New York to settle permanently in Los Angeles, around some of the fifty-six acres that the Powells call home.



2:00 PM

Calms her nerves at studio . . . June needed the few minutes of relaxation. She had just had a terrifying fifteen minutes in her pink Thunderbird—listening to a day-time serial.



2:17 PM
Gets tapped on nose . . . By UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL make-up man readying her up for test scene on *My Man Godfrey.*



3:02 PM
Snapped in hot clinch . . . Oh. Only re-shooting a scene for *Interlude,* which June made in Europe with Rossano Brazzi.



4:20 PM
Arm-in-arm, walking into the sunset . . . Well, walking off the set anyway. The scene's finished and June's thinking about the future: the immediate future, waiting for her at home—Dick, the children.



4:59 PM
Home in the nick of time . . . To receive a mysterious package. Her father tells her it was just delivered. Heck, it's only those shoes she bought at I. MAGNIN'S department store the other afternoon.



5:23 PM
Time for a romp . . . And son Ricky gets some expert advice on horses, leap-frog, and how to build a real-gone dog-house—for a very small dog indeed.





Those are the facts, the secret facts about how June Allyson spends her days. The rest of the twenty-four hours? Well, husband Richard came home just about now, and June wouldn't share life-with-Richard . . . not even with a very quiet little picture-snapper. We have it on good authority though that June and Richard spent a quiet quarter-hour together before Dick went off to chat with the children while June dressed for the evening. Then they drove over to some friends for dinner and round-table talk. Home by eleven, lights out, and to bed—cradled by the memory of another June day, like any other, surrounded by her home, her work, her family—and love.

Watch for June soon in U-I's Interlude *and* My Man Godfrey.



by Jane Wilkie

HOW'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR?

Read this story of Debbie's reactions to trouble and embarrassment. Then answer truthfully: Could you laugh like she did?

■ All told, it was a pretty terrible morning. In the living room of the little house where Debbie Reynolds' parents live, the phone shrilled at the unlikely hour of seven a.m.

"Must be Eddie," she thought, stirring sleepily in bed. He had gone to Las Vegas on a business trip for the week end, and was to have returned at two that morning. A gruesome hour for homecoming, but the only way he could squeeze in all his appointments. She had wanted to stay at home, to be there when he arrived, but he had insisted that she go to her mother's house. "You'll be better off with the folks," he had said. After all, she was expecting the baby, and he didn't like the thought of her staying alone.

Debbie had looked at him impishly. "All right. I'll mind you. This time."

He was probably calling now to say hello, but what a time to do it! She swung her feet out of bed and groped her way to the phone, reaching it a second later than her mother.

"Mrs. Fisher?" It was a strange voice. "This is the fire department. I'm sorry to tell you your house is on fire." Debbie heard her mother say, "Yes?" It was all she could think of to say.

The voice went on. "We have it pretty well under control, except for the master bedroom. That's the only room that's flaming badly."

Eddie! Debbie suddenly remembered. If he'd arrived home on schedule he'd be in that bedroom now. "Is my husband there?" The question was hardly more than a whisper.

"I don't know, ma'am. We haven't been able to get in there."

"I'll be right over," said Debbie. She turned to her mother. "Come on—we had better get right over! The house is on fire! And—and—Eddie—maybe—"

They were halfway out the door, coats slung over their shoulders, when Debbie remembered Jim Mahoney. He'd gone on the trip with Eddie, was to come back with him. If Jim was at his home, that meant Eddie was home for sure! But maybe— She tore back to the phone, and dialed the number.

"Hello?" Jim's voice cracked with sleep.

Her heart bounced to the soles of her feet like a rubber (*Continued on page 95*)

by Beverly Linet



"Now take Elaine Aiken.
She's forever calling
to see if I'm home on
the nights I say I am.
I usually can't stand
that sort of thing,
but from her I take
it, because..."

Tony Perkins goes into detail about:

"THE TYPES OF GIRLS I CAN'T STAND"

■ His first woman problem came to Tony Perkins when he was fourteen years old, and in prep school. There was a pretty little girl who kept phoning him. On a week end at home he approached his mother. "Do you think girls should call up boys, instead of waiting for the boys to call them?"

"No," his mother said, straight-faced. "No I don't think so."

Tony shook his head tragically. "Girls sure are bold."

Today, a grown-up Perkins has modified this opinion. He's charmed by a bit of boldness.

That's not the only thing that charms Tony. In fact, he has such a long list of likes —and dislikes—that you could say here's an expert. Could be. yes. sir, could be . . .

Anyway, here it is—Tony's Tip Sheet.

If a girl calls up to say *hello* he think's it's swell, providing he *knows* the girl. If a girl calls to invite him to a party or a première, that makes him feel popular and well-loved too. What he dislikes are the ladies who phone angling for dates but who won't come out and say so. And the kind whose phone calls indicate a possessiveness that Tony could do without— you know what he means . . . (*Continued on page 89*)



can Jeanne Crain keep her husband home?

New Year's Eve, and Jeanne and Paul decided their happiness was with each other.





But only a few short months before, Paul's lady-fair was the dark-eyed Laurette Luez.

by DICK WILLIAMS

■ One sunny day not long ago, a convertible came whizzing down Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills and swooped into the driveway of a sprawling pink home. The handsome young man at the wheel leaped out, scooped up three or four suits hanging over the seat and hurried to the front door.

But before he got there, the door opened and a trim-figured, dark-haired girl with a lilt in her step rushed out to meet him. They kissed tenderly and she murmured, "Hello. Welcome home."

The man was Paul Brinkman; the girl was his almost-ex-wife Jeanne Crain—and the bright occasion was Reconciliation Day.

It was a day for which Paul had been working for months. It was a day which Jeanne, frankly, had never expected to see, despite her love for him, her secret hope that somehow their personal problems might be resolved. Despite all the bitterness that had gone before.

It was less than a year after their perfect marriage had blown up in an explosive quarrel over an exposé magazine's lurid account of Paul's alleged extra-marital capers. Less than a year, and the Brinkmans kissed and made up.

But can it last?

Can there be hope of permanent happiness for a couple who have split as violently as Jeanne and Paul did?

What about Paul's roving eye, his dinner-for-two dates in quiet out-of-the-way places, his *come-on-up-for-a-drink-Jeanne's-in-Laguna* invitations? Can Jeanne Crain keep her husband home now—any more than she could a year ago?

The Brinkmans have a devout hope that their marriage can be saved. They admit that their four small children, whose happiness mean so much to them, and their Catholic religion which frowns on divorce, have played a strong part in their reunion.

But it's more than that.

Jeanne and Paul are still in love. Despite everything that has happened, they have never fallen completely out of love.

From the beginning, even when things looked blackest, one of their closest friends argued that "No matter what they say, those two love each other. They'll go back together sooner or later!"

But some of their other friends were less optimistic. "Sure the children and their religion are a strong pull," argued one. "But Jeanne has a lot of bad memories to overcome. And the (*Continued on page* 82)



IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD, read about Pier Angeli's joy

by HELEN WELLER

■ "I couldn't sleep. It was Christmas, and I was alone. I was restless, a little depressed. I missed Vic terribly. I was sitting on the edge of the bed, feeling so blue, when suddenly the phone rings." It was Vic Damone, calling his wife Pier Angeli. " 'How are you, darling,' he asks me from three thousand miles away. I feel so relieved. I ask him, 'How did you know I was missing you at this moment?' And Vic said, 'I have not been able to sleep, thinking of you.' "

The telephone calls between Vic and Pier occur in strange places and strange times . . . a farmhouse in France where Pier is making a picture, on the stage of the *Cocoanut Grove* in Los Angeles on Vic's opening night . . . on their first anniversary, Christmas Eve, the night Pier was rushed to the hospital too late to save their expected child.

As Vic's voice caressed her, held her, enveloped her with his love, Pier whispered "Thank you, God, for all I have. I have so much more than most women."

Not many girls would consider themselves so lucky if they were in Pier's place. If, for instance, you could see your husband only a few months out of the year; if you never knew when your work would separate you for month after month from your husband and your baby; if you spent night after night alone at home waiting for the *telephone* to bring only your husband's voice to you . . . would you consider yourself the happiest wife in the world?

And if you had spent months of pain and fear in a hospital to have your first baby, and had lost the second without your husband by your side, would you consider yourself the luckiest of women?

Pier does.

Her eyes light up and her face breaks into a sparkling smile as she considers what life has offered her.

"Such joy as we have," she says, "it is unbelievable. We tell ourselves, Vic and I, all the time, 'How good God has been to us.' "

It is their heart-felt faith in God's will, no matter what has happened, that has been the bulwark of Pier's and Vic's marriage.

"Everything," says Pier, "everything happens for the best. This we know from our experience. Something that seems like a disaster may turn into a blessing *if you believe it is all part of God's plan. God has not given us the spirit of fear, but the power of faith.*"

When Pier married Vic, many who knew the problems they would have to face were frightened for them.

What kind of a marriage could it be, when two people would be separated from each other more often than they could be together? Vic is primarily a night-club singer and recording artist, and his work takes him on tours all over the country. Pier, because of her European background, is an actress very much in demand for pictures made abroad.

Some of her friends thought pityingly of the great loneliness Pier would feel when Vic was away from her. They remembered how Pier had always lived at home with her mother before she was married because, as she would explain, "I hate to come home to a house alone." How would she feel coming home to a lonely house now, when she wore a wedding ring on her finger?

"I'm not afraid of separations," Pier told Vic.

"I wouldn't want you to give up your work," said Vic. "Acting is part of you."

Recently, sitting in the soft blue den of her colonial house high on a hill in Bel-Air, Pier said, "Though Vic and I have had more separations than most people, we have also had more honeymoons. Each reunion has been like a honeymoon for us. There is never dullness for us." (*Continued on page 97*)







WHY PAUL

The other woman

← **The husband**



The wife

For three years we've known the story of Paul Newman's secret love. For three years we refrained from printing it because we hoped things would become right again with Paul and his wife, Jackie. But now that there's no hope left—we feel we have to answer the hundreds of letters we have received asking—

NEWMAN LEFT HIS WIFE

■ Last October the Paul Newmans announced they were separating.

Six years of marriage and three children had been pitted against one terrible truth, the truth that love had died. Jackie and Paul still shared a house, but their hearts had become strangers. So they quit.

They said good-by to each other and Jackie was left in the house on Long Island with Scott, Susan, Stephanie and the bitter knowledge that dreams are not forever. Paul fled to Hollywood to discuss *The Jazz Age*—the Helen Morgan story—and reporters thronged to both places, hoping for interviews which would clear up various whys and wherefores.

No soap. And no interviews. Neither Paul nor Jackie would talk, and their silence paved the way for endless speculation. People who are quick to leap at conclusions found ready answers. The Newmans were just another young couple thrown off balance by sudden fame, money, success in Hollywood.

It's a good story. There's only one thing wrong with it. It isn't true. The Newmans' problems began long before Paul ever set foot in Hollywood. The trouble began the day he first looked into the eyes of a girl named Joanne Woodward.

He met her on what must have been the most exciting day of his life. There he was, only five months out of YALE DRAMA SCHOOL, and he'd got himself a job in the Broadway play *Picnic*; and there she was, fresh from the NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE and television, and she'd got herself a job in the same Broadway play. And from the grins on their two faces you'd have thought they were the stars, not a couple of understudies.

She was all big green eyes, a mop of blonde hair, a plain way of saying what she thought, and something about her killed him. Maybe, he thought later, it was the youngness you feel in young actresses when they're so shiny and full of hope. His wife had been just such a young actress. They'd met in Woodstock, Illinois, in 1949; he'd been cast opposite her in *John Loves Mary* in a repertory company, and after a while they were calling (*Continued on page 87*)


neither
Frank
Mac
nor
Mario

is enough for her



by DORA ALBERT

why Kim remains unsatisfied

■ It isn't at all unusual for the girl with the lavender personality to get three phone calls from three fascinating men in the space of a few hours in the evening.

For instance . . . the phone rings . . . and a liquid voice, enough to make most hearts skip a beat, says, "What does it mean—this going steady? Will you please explain to me what it means?"

Mario Bandini was on the phone. He was calling Kim Novak, calling from thousands of miles away, from Italy. He was very upset. Mario felt he had reason to be upset.

His friends had shown him a photograph of beautiful Kim Novak, the girl he calls "my little angel," and the little angel was looking up at Mac Krim. The caption read, *Kim Novak and Mac Krim are going steady.* And Mario's friends had said to him, "How can you still be so interested in this girl, when she is going steady with someone else?"

"Mario was afraid," admitted Kim, "that I might be married to Mac Krim. I had told him about Mac, but the phrase 'going steady' confused him. When I assured him I wasn't married, he felt a lot less upset."

Five minutes after this call ended, the phone in Kim's new lavender apartment rang again. This time it was Frank Sinatra. "Kim," said the voice famous the world over for love songs, "I've recorded a new song especially for you. It's called ....."—Kim won't share the name of the song with anyone—"Whenever you hear me sing it from now on," Frank said, "you'll know I'm singing it to you and you alone."

Frank hung up, but the phone rang again. This time it was Mac Krim calling. "Kimeee darling," he said—he spells her name with three e's—"how've you been, and how have your rehearsals for the *Jeanne Eagels* picture been going?"

"I don't know," said Kim. "I've been acting real crazy. Every once in a while I get so wrapped up in the part I forget I'm me. I feel like saying to people, 'How dare you interrupt a great actress like me, Jeanne Eagels?' "

"You'll get over it," Mac laughed. "But remember, I love the girl I used to know as Marilyn. I wouldn't love you the way I do, Kimee, if I didn't find Marilyn hiding in the girl the world knows as Kim."

Her name has been coupled so often with these (*Continued on page 86*)

PRESENTING

The first complete story of Clint Walker



His poverty—stricken childhood, his years on the bum, his rocky romance with Verna, his big break, etc . . .



BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ In the Mississippi River town of Alton, Illinois, a gangling kid named Sonny Walker used to bust out of his house like a wild Indian whenever he saw a rainbow arching the sky. Churning his big bare feet like pistons, he'd gallop breathless, sometimes two or three miles, chasing a pot of gold—only to see the magic colors fade and vanish.

"Durn!" he'd swear then. "Missed it again. But," he always gritted, "I'll catch it next time for sure."

Sonny, who could have doubled for Huck Finn, never let loose of that crazy conviction—even when his hands grew to the size of hams, his shoulders spread like the spans of a bridge and whiskers spiked his rocky jaw. It sent him sailing the seven seas and on restless trips over most of the U.S.A. It plunged him in and out of a hundred different jobs in almost as many places. And usually it kept him hungry and stony broke.

Then about five years ago he sat cramped over the wheel of an ancient Model-A Ford at a fork in a Texas highway. Behind him was another hope that proved a wash-out—cattle ranching. Beside him was his pretty young wife, and in the back seat slept their year-old daughter. In his jeans he had just fifteen dollars and twelve cents.

But the familiar yen for adventure and new places shot through him as he gazed down the road stretching out toward Florida. "I've never been to Florida," he said.

His wife looked around at the baby. "I've got a sister in California," she argued. "That's something." The big guy grinned, gave her a kiss and turned the wheels West. It was the best move he ever made.

Because as a result, today Sonny (*Continued on page 70*)



DORIS DAY'S ESCAPE FROM HELL!

■ One afternoon, Doris Day left her studio dressing room and started walking over to the set.

Then the pain hit her.

It hit her like the shock of an unexpected breaker in an angry sea and she was drowning with it. Her heart was a hammer and she couldn't catch her breath and she was drowning in a sea of pain . . .

She had just taken the first step down the road to a hell that she was to live in for almost two years.

A hell of fear . . . the kind of fear that twists your gut.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the pain was gone.

She drew a shuddering breath, stood for a few minutes to make sure her knees wouldn't buckle with the first step—and told herself that she hadn't felt anything at all. It hadn't happened.

Except that it came again and again, while her heart missed beats and her breath disappeared.

Cancer!

The word came flaming into her mind one day and she couldn't get it out. Cancer. That must be what she had.

But it wasn't cancer; it was fear.

by HARRIET FRANKLIN

Two years ago, Doris thought she was dying of cancer. Actually, she was suffering from fear. Oh, the pain was real enough; it hurt.

But it was the fear in her mind, not cancer, that caused the pains in her body—plus the suffering she has endured in her life so far, and the heartbreaks she has lived through.

Fear . . .

It was two years ago when Doris Day—movie star, wife, mother—first began being unable to catch her breath.

She couldn't imagine what that was all about, so she ignored it. For one thing she was a most sincere Christian Scientist and she could not believe in illness. Besides she wasn't ill. She just couldn't catch her breath.

She was under terrific pressure at that time, as any top star always is. Her WARNER contract was winding up. She didn't know (*Continued on page 93*)




THE GIRL

by Ned Polsky

■ One of Elvis Presley's close friends starts telling you one day, "You know . . . I don't think I'll ever forget those hours I spent with Elvis hiding in the shrubbery in front of Dixie's house, waiting for her to come home—from a date with someone else. Man, we were waiting, no matter how long it took. I got so danged hungry and tired I just about died. But old Elvis . . . he jes' crouched there in the shadows, misery and pain and sort of jealousy torturing his face. And somehow, well, you just couldn't leave him there . . . alone like that . . ."

It's a strange story, a sad one. It explains the Elvis you don't see on stage, except maybe when he's singing "Heartbreak Hotel"—the Elvis with a far-away look staring out of train windows . . . playing a piano backstage . . . sitting alone in a hotel room with only a phonograph and some records for company. This is the Elvis Presley that few people know, the boy with the sadness in his eyes and the sullen droop on his lips. The boy who's so much older than twenty-one, who wants desperately to be alone to think . . . Dixie . . .

Dixie Locke was a fun-loving girl.

She wasn't quiet or shy—or over-romantic. She talked a lot and she laughed a lot, this dark tiny girl with the dimples and the captivating smile. And she found and captured and finally threw away the heart of Elvis Presley, idol of idols, dreamboat supreme.

What happened to such a love?

How did it start?

Down in Memphis, Tennessee, in the year 1953, a boy named Elvis Aaron Presley was attending L. C. Humes High School. Humes is in the older and poorer section of the city, and Elvis was just one of the kids who came to school in well-worn clothes and 'home-made' haircuts.

It didn't bother him. He was no different from his friends, his classmates. And it didn't bother him when he first noticed Dixie Locke, because Dixie was way out of his class and it wasn't even in his day-dreams that he ever thought of the possibility of "that purty little one" ever being his.

But they *did* meet, and they clicked, and the way he felt about her was pretty wonderful.

They talked a lot and they laughed a (*Continued on page 84*)

WHO JILTED ELVIS!

He went steady with her for two years, took her to the Senior Prom, suffered miserably when she dated others. Then she gave him back his ring . . .

An important message



by BLANCHE E. SCHIFFMAN

to two unhappy people:



Russ and Venetia —

Three weeks before you announced that your marriage was "on the rocks" you gave us the story that we're printing on these pages. Now we ask you to read your story again carefully, the story of your love. Then reconsider your decision to call it quits.

■ "All I remember now," said Russ when he started talking about it, "is that we had one block-buster of a fight. I don't remember how it got started, but I was *mad, fighting mad.* Around about midnight, we were both completely exhausted, but still terribly angry with each other, and we sat quietly discussing the facts. After a while there seemed just one solution: we'd have to admit our marriage was a failure, and that we couldn't live happily with each other, and the best thing to do would be to separate.

"We agreed—very coolly and dignifiedly, I must say—that since we couldn't afford two apartments until we separated I'd sleep in the den, and that we'd ignore each other as much as possible till we could make a clean break of it."

As he told the story, Russ's eyes lit up mischievously and a grin covered his face.

"Well, I made a real *production* out of putting the bedding on the couch in the den, and finally there was nothing left to do but put out the lights and try to get some sleep. Instead, I just lay there, thinking about Venetia in the other room.

"It seemed like a century later, though it was closer to a half hour, when Venetia appeared in the doorway to ask, 'What did you do with the toothpaste?'

"I didn't say a word. Just got up, marched into the bathroom, and found it. Right where it always was! I gave it to her quietly, and then marched back to the couch. A few minutes later, she was back again with a perfectly ridiculous question, 'Did you take the water glass?'

"Again I tramped back to the bathroom and found it for her. But by this time I'd decided that, no matter what our differences were, I was *not* going to sleep in the den.

"Venetia made it easy.

" 'Want to come in and visit me?' she asked, and her face had that quiet, afraid look of a little girl who doesn't know whether she'll be accepted or hurt, but who's decided to take the chance anyway. We rushed into each other's arms, and I picked her up as tenderly as I had the day I'd carried her over the threshold of our home after the honeymoon. By morning, we'd forgotten what in the world had started it off.

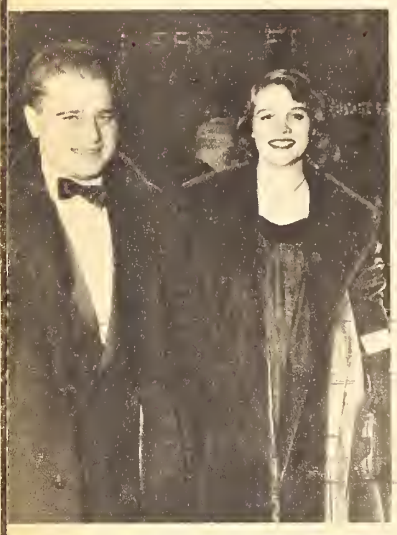
"But the wonderful thing about a marriage," added Rusty, "is that when you stop to think about the things that happened—as I am now, remembering our first year together—you don't remember the banging doors, or the harsh words, or what they were about. What you do remember is the (*Continued on page 80*)

by FLORENCE NILRES



all my dreams went down the drain—

then suddenly



Carroll and Jack, so in love.

■ *Alone* . . . the one word that clouded so many years of Carroll Baker's life . . .

Carroll was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania twenty-two years ago. Her father was a traveling salesman and kept the family going at a rather fast clip for a child.

"By the time I was old enough to have my first beau—he was three—I already learned about the heartbreak of separation," Carroll laughs. "I don't remember much about him, but mother tells me I threw a fit when I found out that I was the only one who was moving—that all the neighborhood children weren't coming with me!"

When Carroll was six, they moved to West Virginia. "I was eight when we shifted to the North . . . and I found that a southern brogue was just something to get rid of if I didn't want my classmates making fun of me."

Then Newark, New Jersey—for six months. And back to Pennsylvania.

In Pennsylvania it looked as if Carroll could settle down for a while, to make friends . . . and have a chance for a normal childhood.

But there was just one fly in the ointment: her parents' marriage (*Continued on page 76*)

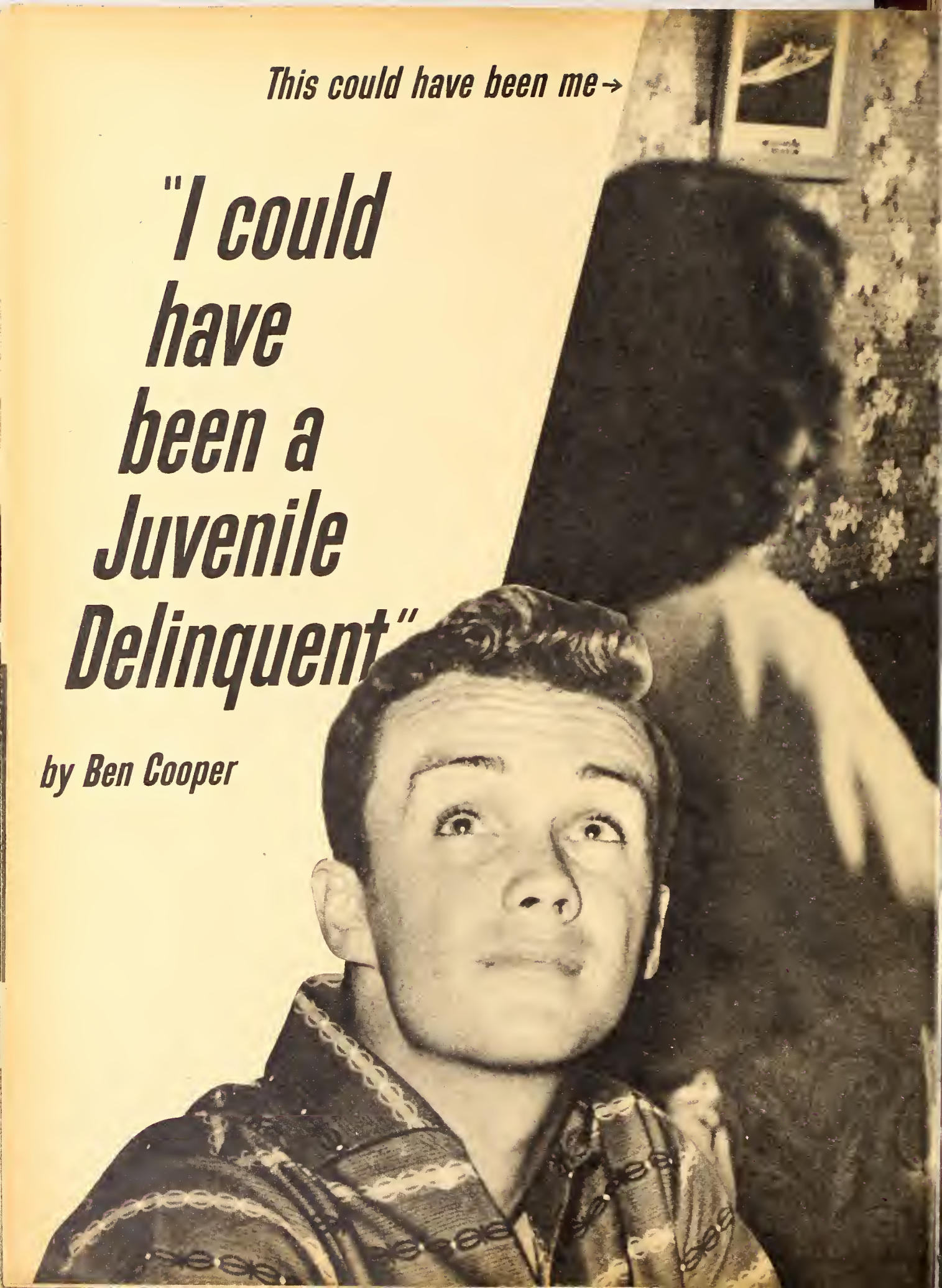
the true-life love story of Carroll Baker



This could have been me→

"I could have been a Juvenile Delinquent"

by Ben Cooper





■ It wasn't that I was a fiend type. As a matter of fact, when I look back on my boyhood I see myself as a walking symbol of the YMCA—such an angel that it's a wonder I lived through it. At home in Beechhurst on Long Island, it wasn't too bad. The guys in my class understood, or tried to understand, that I was in a Broadway play called *Life With Father.* It wasn't easy for kids in the third grade to figure out why, but at least they realized my hair was red for a reason, and they knew my family and they were always welcome in our home. But no kid wanders around the streets of New York with longish bright red hair that's obviously dyed, in junior Brooks Brothers suits, and escapes the evil eye and tongue of the flintier guys who consider that they are leading a more normal life. Add to that the fact that I was an actor—they'd catch me breezing out of stage doors—and I was a game target for name calling that would curl your hair. More than once I was tempted to join a rat pack, just to prove I could be as rowdy as the rest of them. And knowing New York like I got to know it, and (*Continued on page 91*)



how to be SOPHISTICATED

by Dana Wynter

■ I'm here to preach sophistication for teenage girls, a nice kind of sophistication. In England, where I grew up, girls dressed very, very youthfully and wore no make-up at all until they were seventeen or so—I'll get to make-up later—but in America that needn't be so. An American young lady can look as grown-up as she likes, provided she does so in a nice way. And I think I may have a few helpful suggestions.

First of all, and most important, a teenager can wear sheaths! Nothing is more sophisticated than a straight-line dress: all the top models and most really well-dressed women prefer them for all but the dressiest occasions. They are neat and simple, and you can wear a sheath almost anywhere—shopping, to dinner, even out dancing. Any time you're not sure *(Continued on page 60)*

Max Factor's new

FREE! hi-fi Lipstick

75¢ size



when you buy
Max Factor's

CREME PUFF

the new instant make-up for that fresh, young look

$2.00 value for $1.25 PLUS TAX

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Just buy a Creme Puff* make-up compact . . . get a Hi-Fi Lipstick absolutely free! Hi-Fi is Max Factor's new lipstick discovery, based on his make-up research for color TV. Hi-Fi gives you everything you ever wanted in one lipstick! New vibrant color stays on till you take it off! New glide-on moistness never dries your lips! And Hi-Fi needs no blotting *or* setting!

Creme Puff gives you a soft, flawless complexion instantly—anytime, anywhere. It's all in one velvety disc—sheerest powder *plus* creamiest base *plus* exquisite complexion tone. Just touch the puff to Creme Puff, touch it to *you,* and instantly . . . you're lovely! So get your FREE Hi-Fi Lipstick today—pay only for Creme Puff, $1.25, in an ivory compact with puff.



Limited time offer. Look for this Max Factor combination at all fine cosmetic counters. You get Creme Puff and Hi-Fi Lipstick . . . both for only $1.25, the price of Creme Puff alone!

*CREME PUFF (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CREAMY POWDER MAKE-UP.

how to be sophisticated

(*Continued from page 58*) where you're going, it's the perfect solution. They don't wrinkle the way a full skirt does, because there's less to them. And you don't take up two seats in the movies or on the bus as you do wearing a dozen crinolines and petticoats!

The one problem with a sheath is that you must be fairly slim to wear one well. Many teenagers have trouble with weight, of course. I did. I was always putting on pounds! Naturally, that prevents you from wearing a perfectly straight dress. I recommend diet and sports—everyone does—but while you're waiting for the pounds to disappear, you don't have to be stuck with dirndles and flounces that pretend to hide your posterior and actually only make you look worse. The answer is to look for a dress that is straight in the front, with some fullness in the back. They're making a great many of these today, and not only are they good for camouflage but they allow you to walk more freely than a perfectly straight sheath would. One word of warning: look for a print or a solid-color in your sheath—or even a stripe if it isn't too dramatic. Not a black one, please, or a slinky one in satin or crepe until you are in your twenties. A pastel-colored sheath will make you look twice as sophisticated as any of your friends in full skirts, without allowing their mothers to raise an eyebrow.

Buy a basic dress

Most girls don't have a lot of money to spend on clothes, but a girl can be very well dressed on a small budget. *If* she's careful. For instance, bargains are all very well, but so many people buy things they don't want or need just because they've been marked down. I've done it myself. Now I walk past every bargain table with my eyes shut. I pay a little more for what I buy, but I get what I want.

The one thing a girl *should* spend a little on is a basic dress. I have a long-sleeved turtle-neck black wool dress that I wouldn't be without for anything in the world. It doesn't have to be a black outfit. Navy blue does nicely.

Arthur Orloff and his wife took starlet Vikki Dougan to Ah Fong's for dinner the other night, and when they ordered, asked her, "How would you like your rice?" The starlet replied, "Thrown at me."

Sidney Skolsky
in the New York Post

Incidentally, this business of a flower or a scarf to brighten up one basic dress is so important. They make such stunning accessories these days, and there is so much you can do with them.

Don't go bareheaded

About the most unusual thing a girl can do these days is wear a hat. Why, I don't know. So few young women wear them now, and almost no girls. Perhaps it is because they do muss up your hair. I can't deny that I wear my hair for my hats—and still, when I take a hat off, I have to comb my hair again. But the wind can have that effect, too, you know, so that's no excuse for always going bareheaded. And there is nothing in the world more flattering than a hat, framing a girl's face in flowers or cloth, bringing out the color of her eyes or her hair, or pointing out the interesting angles of her face.

I have a private theory that the reason most girls won't wear hats is that they've had bad experiences. They've bought hats that looked simply stunning in the store; when they walked outside they caught a glimpse of themselves in a store window—and looked so top-heavy and ridiculous! Well, there's a very simple solution to that—never buy a hat sitting down! Put the hat on, and no matter what the saleslady says, insist you want to see it in a full-length mirror. Then you'll be able to buy one that looks well when you're walking in the street!

For myself, I like huge, dramatic hats. I'm tall—5'7" in stockings—so I can wear them. Short girls, and young girls, should stay away from big hats. You don't have to stick to a cloche, necessarily, though they are very pretty. But if you choose a hat with a brim, it should be fairly small. There's no reason why it has to be utterly plain, though—since you'll be wearing a simple, straight-line dress you can certainly have some flowers or color in your hat. And there's nothing that makes a woman feel more feminine than buying a hat—unless it's wearing it.

Sophistication—a full time job

As long as we're getting sophisticated, let's do it twenty-four hours a day. I don't like girls in trousers. A woman should check her appearance from every possible angle—like standing up to buy a hat—and no woman can possibly tell how she really looks walking down a street in slacks! Furthermore, if you are just sitting around the house, or even doing housework or homework—it is just as simple to slip into a little dress as a pair of jeans. Then you're feminine as well as comfortable. When it comes to shorts, that's a different story. Shorts are cool—which slacks are not—and give you more freedom than either slacks or skirts. But don't buy them carelessly. Get a chic length and a good fit that will take care of any problems you may have on thighs or hips. A few years ago, I would certainly have said that you should wear only flats with shorts, but now I think heels are permissable. I have found that since I wear heels most of the time, and I like really high, thin ones, a change has taken place in my feet. Flat shoes are uncomfortable for me now. And of course, heels make your ankle look slimmer and your leg look better.

Finally make-up. I go through phases myself. Right now I'm wearing a rather dark rose lipstick, but I'm just pulling out of a period in which I wore a lipstick as light as my first one—a pale *natural* shade. In this day of bright red mouths, you'd be amazed how striking this is. Sometimes I change lipsticks with my clothes, matching them. I own about five lipsticks, I suppose. I don't think American girls need keep their faces scrubbed and shiny until they are seventeen, as English girls do. The touch of lipstick and the dash of powder on a shiny nose—that we *didn't* start using until we were seventeen—is perfectly appropriate here several years earlier. But when you start using more elaborate make-up, go *lightly*. And above all, don't set your eyes and mouth at war with each other for attention. Don't neglect either, but underplay one so that the other becomes your most important feature.

And that's the secret of sophistication. Just as with the simple dress and the bright hat, let the eye fall mostly on one striking point. That way you'll always make a smart impression—as a bright young woman who knows how to dress and look her age. **END**

Watch for Dana in the 20th Century-Fox film The Sun Also Rises, *and in MGM's* Something Of Value.

CURRY À LA MacMURRAY!



■ Besides being one of Hollywood's top stars, Fred MacMurray is—along with his best friend John Wayne—owner of an exclusive Acapulco hotel; and whenever Fred has time off from movie-making he and wife June Haver do their fishing in sunny Mexico.

One afternoon, when they were loaded down with their catch, a guest spotted them and jokingly said to John Wayne, "Well, here comes our dinner!"

"Want to bet?" laughed Duke. "You're in for a surprise."

He was. The truth is, while Fred loves fishing, he just doesn't go for fish. So that evening the guests were served—chicken. And what chicken! Some call it *Fred-Fried Fowl*. Others say its name is *Curry à la MacMurray*. One puzzled guest blurted out, "I know it's chicken. But what kind? The dressing is so rich!"

"It should be," chuckled Duke, "it has a half pound of butter in it. But what else did the chef put in?"

"Nutmeg?"

"No—Chinese soy sauce!"

It's the third ingredient, though, that's the real mystery. Fred, like any amateur chef, doesn't like to give out his secret, but he confessed. It's honey! Fred mixes the soy, the butter and the honey in equal proportions. Then he literally soaks the chicken in this sauce. Everybody who has visited his Acapulco hotel says that Fred's chicken is the best thing in Mexico.

Everybody, that is, except John Wayne. "Chicken with honey? Fred may like it, but me—I'm strictly a steak and potato man!"

Watch for John in U.A.'s Legend Of The Lost *and RKO's* I Married A Woman. *He's currently in MGM's* The Wings Of Eagles.

we had to elope

(*Continued from page 29*) the LIPSCOMB HIGH cafeteria with a buddy of his, a basketball teammate. He'd heard earlier that day that Shirley Foley, the daughter of one of his idols, famous western and hillbilly singer Red Foley, was transfering to LIPSCOMB from a school across town and he'd been curious to have somebody point her out. Now his buddy *had* pointed her out during lunch hour. Pat had looked, gulped what he was eating and asked if he could meet her.

"She can't sing like her pa," his buddy said as they stood there, waiting.

"I hope her voice is a little bit higher than Red's," Pat said as he scanned the hundreds of faces of the other kids who came streaming out of the lunch room. "You're sure you know her, now?" he asked his pal, his eyes darting from one face to another. "I mean, you know her well enough to give me an introduction?"

His pal nodded. He was about to say something when he spotted a pretty girl with long red hair and called out, "Shirley, here Shirley, there's a fellow here I want you to meet. His name's Pat Boone."

Who's got a fever?

The girl stopped and looked over at Pat. "Hi," she said, smiling. "I'm so glad to meet you. I've heard you sing around town and I like your voice so much and. well, I'm so glad to meet you."

Pat smiled back and shrugged. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but he blushed instead. He turned to his buddy.

"See you, Pat," his buddy said, winking, and he rushed off.

Pat turned back to the pretty girl with the long red hair. "I . . . I didn't think you'd know who I was," he said.

"Well, you're pretty much of a celebrity around these parts," Shirley said. She looked into Pat's eyes and he looked into hers. "Tell me," Shirley said, finally—beginning a line she enjoys teasing Pat about to this day, "is there something wrong with you? I mean, your face is kind of flushed. Do you have a fever or something?"

"Shirley," Pat said, very quickly, bringing his hand up to his face as if to wipe away some of the red, "would you think it rude of me if I asked you for a date?"

Shirley shook her head. "I'd think it very nice," she said.

"Even if I made it for tomorrow night?" Pat asked, still rubbing.

"I'd think it very nice," Shirley said again and—as she'll admit to Pat now—beginning to feel her own face get red.

Pat's vow

Pat picked her up at seven o'clock that night, the night of one of the heaviest snowfalls Nashville has ever seen. He met her mother and father, asked very formally for their permission to take their daughter sledding with a group of his friends, and they left on their first date.

It was a wonderful evening from start to finish and when it was over Pat took Shirley home and stood holding her hand at the door. He wanted to kiss her goodnight, but he didn't. A little while earlier, he'd broken up with the second girl he'd ever gone steady with and he'd vowed to himself at the time that he'd never kiss another girl again, no matter how much he wanted to, till he knew that this was really the girl for him.

And so he stood there now, knowing Shirley for only a few hours really and liking her very much and wanting to kiss her but remembering his vow and, even though it was hard, sticking to it.

"Good night," he said when it had got too cold just to stand there holding hands and looking at one another. "I had a real nice time tonight."

"So did I," Shirley said.

Pat let go her hand, opened the door for her, watched her take a step inside and started to walk away. He'd got to the steps at the end of the porch when he turned. "Shirley," he asked, "you doing anything Saturday night?"

"I'd been thinking about maybe going to the movies," Shirley said.

"Will you come with me?"

"Yes," Shirley said. "Yes. . . ."

For the next nine months, Pat and Shirley went to the movies together every Saturday night—with a few Tuesday and Thursday and Friday night dates stuck in here and there. Once in a while he asked her to come to the big white frame house where the Boones have lived ever since moving up to Nashville from Jacksonville, Florida where Pat was born—and just sit and talk with the folks and his kid brother, Nicky, and his kid sisters, Margie and Judy.

"We called him Pat shortly after he was born," Mrs. Boone told Shirley once, "because his daddy and I were counting on a girl and we had it all planned we were going to call her Patricia. Actually, we started out by giving him the name Charles Eugene. But a few weeks later one of us said 'Pat' and it's been that ever since."

Edwin Lester, head of the Los Angeles Light Civic Opera Co., was staying at the Warwick Hotel in N. Y. So was Frank Loesser, the songwriter, who was here for the première of *Guys And Dolls*. Lester and Loesser had been getting phone calls intended for the other. Lester finally met with Loesser and urged that they do something about the mix-up. "You, a famous songwriter and music publisher," he began, "and I, a producer, shouldn't be wasting our valuable time with . . ." "Never mind all that," Loesser interrupted, "where's my laundry?"

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

Getting to know Pat

"When Pat was about seven," his father told Shirley, "we had a cow named Rosemary. I told Pat that Rosemary was his responsibility. Well, he didn't like the cow much, but he sure liked her products. I remember he used to tell everybody at school that he had to get home to milk the cow. But he always found something else to do. There was no telling what time poor Rosemary got milked. There was no telling how much of that milk he'd drink, either. Two quarts at one sitting once."

"How about William Green Hill?" sister Margie chimed in. She turned to Shirley. "William Green Hill was one of two goats daddy gave the boys one Christmas. Miss Minerva was the other. Miss Minerva wasn't much bother, as I recall. But William Green Hill was always getting those horns of his stuck in the fence and it was always Pat's job to go get them pulled out. We didn't keep the goats long."

"Nor Black Magic, the pig," said sister Judy. "Pat and Nicky were the ones who had to feed him. That was the same time we had all the cats, about twenty-one of them. Remember Toby, Pat—the persian with the white mustache? He was your favorite. He was much neater than Black Magic. Especially at feeding time."

"One summer dad had some logs in the back yard," Nicky told Shirley another time. "He said he was going to build a fence with them, but he never did. So Pat and I took them and made log houses. We criss-crossed them, and really did some fancy building. One of them even had two stories in it. We never did spend the night in them, though. We couldn't figure out a way to keep the wind from coming through the cracks and somehow our beds felt a lot warmer than sleeping out there."

Perry Como . . . a favorite

"Pat used to love to sit and listen to the radio," Mrs. Boone said once. "Even before he started to school, he used to harmonize with the singers. We encouraged him to sing, but he never had any special training when he was in elementary school . . . Who were his favorites? Well, I'd say Perry Como was one. And your own daddy was another, Shirley. And once, I'll never forget it, Pat was asked to sing at a movie house on a Saturday afternoon and the announcer said, 'We will now hear a rendition of "Single Saddle" by that young Bing Crosby, Pat Boone.' I think that tickled him the most."

"He's a good religious boy, Pat is," his dad told Shirley once. "His mama started taking him to the Church of Christ when he was six weeks old. When he was growing up, he attended Sunday school, church, Sunday night services and usually prayer meeting on Wednesday. I guess he still attends them, all but Sunday school."

"When he was two-and-a-half years old," his mother said once, "his daddy bought him a tricycle, a beautiful red and white one. Well, one day ne was blithely riding the bike down the sidewalk when something happened and it veered over into the street. A neighbor woman happened to be out there at the moment. Later she told me that as the bike went into the street a big school bus came speeding around the corner. The bus headed straight for Pat, she said. She stood panicky for a split second and then with some unknown strength she ran and pulled Pat off the bike. Another second later and the bike was crushed under the bus wheels . . . I often thank God for the time He took that special watch over my little boy. And I think that He's glad that my boy has such a special love for Him."

Yes, there was very little that Shirley Foley didn't know about Pat after those first nine wonderful months together—months that happened to be leading up to the two most dramatic moments of Shirley's life.

The first moment came suddenly, cruelly. It was the death of Shirley's mother.

The second moment came about a month later. It was Pat's declaration of love. As Pat himself tells it:

"We'd known each other for such a long time. We'd been through so much together. But we'd never said anything personal, anything about *us* . . . Then one night we were alone together. I remember we were sitting there in Shirley's house, holding hands, not saying anything, just holding hands. Finally, I couldn't stand it any more. I leaned over and I kissed Shirley. And as I kissed her—the first time I'd kissed her in the ten months I'd known her—I knew that I was in love with her and that she was in love with me and that some day we were going to be husband and wife. Just that simple, I knew it."

As it turned out, things weren't just that simple.

Their thoughts to themselves

On the surface they might have looked that way. Sure, Pat and Shirley dated more than ever now. Most of the dates consisted of baby-sitting for the children of Hugh Cherry, Pat's friend and a TV master-

of-ceremonies who had put Pat on one of his shows; of sitting together at Shirley's piano and harmonizing; of rehearsing sermons Pat would give at church services every Wednesday night. Sure, everybody thought it was a real cute sign of puppy love when Pat broke his nose playing basketball one afternoon—as a kid he'd had a broken elbow, collarbone and wrist, all from sports accidents—and Shirley would come running to his side every possible moment during those next uncomfortable weeks . . . and how she'd cry at the mention of her poor suffering Pat. Sure, lots of the kids giggled the night Pat won the big local *Discovery of the Year* award . . . and he turned, right after the announcement, and ran to grab Shirley in front of all those people and hugged and hugged her.

Deep down it was love, strong love—and this a few people, important people in Pat and Shirley's lives, found it hard to take seriously.

For the next year or so, Pat and Shirley managed to keep their true thoughts about one another to themselves. Then, a little bit at a time, hints began to fall from them—hints like how nice it would be to get married, how nice it would be to have a little house, how nice it would be to have four or five children some day.

"In time," they were told

At first, Pat's folks and Shirley's father did their best to humor the couple along. They tsked-tsked any mention of marriage with big parental smiles and all sorts of nice soothing bits of advice.

"In due time," Pat's mother told him once when he mentioned the possibility of marrying Shirley some day. "In due time."

"You talk like there's no tomorrow, Shirley," her father told her once when she mentioned the possibility of marrying Pat some day. "There are years ahead for getting married . . . years and years."

Pat and Shirley waited one more year, and then a little over that. Things had happened in that time, too, to make the prospect of marriage seem more and more a possibility.

For one thing, of course, they'd grown older—they were both seventeen now. For another, they'd both been graduated from high school and were in college—Shirley studying nurse's training, Pat majoring in English. For still another, Pat's popularity as a singer was really beginning to zoom.

"Although he was doing most of his singing for free," a Nashville friend remembers, "there wasn't a social or religious club in town that didn't ask him to any occasion they had. And although he wasn't getting paid for it, he did have his own radio show on Saturday mornings. This was also at just about the time he was invited to go to New York by Ted Mack to appear on his TV contest show. There was no question about it; Pat was really beginning to come into his own as an entertainment personality."

Yes, Pat and Shirley had waited and waited. And things had got better and better for them. Except for one big thing, that is: their parents' consent.

The opposite effect

Pat tells what happened next this way:

"When it was known just how serious Shirley and I were about each other and about getting married, my folks objected in no uncertain terms—and Shirley's daddy felt fairly much the same about it. Their complaint was that we were too young. They said it would be fine for us to get married . . . some day. After college, maybe, they said. But no, not now.

"At one point they suggested that we stop dating for a while. I know what they figured—that we'd (*Continued on page 64*)

WIN $1000

Alabama, Athens—Jaffee's Dept. Store
Alabama, Boy Minette—S. Kahalley Store
Alabama, Bessemer—Sokol's Dept. Store
Alabama, Dothon—The Leader
Alabama, Gadsden—Hollywood Shop
Alabama, Jasper—Koy's
Alabama, Marion—Wilbourne Bros.
Alabama, Tuscumbia—The Grand Leader

Arizona, Kingman—Alex's Toggery

Arkansas, Batesville—Skinner Shoe Store
Arkansas, Blytheville—Zellner's Slipper Shop
Arkansas, Harrison—Cooper Shoe Store

D. C., Washington—Shoe Lane, Inc.

Alaska, Anchorage—Robbins Shoe Store

Georgia, Griffin—Marsh's

Illinois, Anna—R. L. Rich Shoe Store
Illinois, Belleville—Lerner's
Illinois, Cairo—Khourie Bros.
Illinois, Carmi—Willis Shoe Mart
Illinois, Charleston—Ryan Shoes
Illinois, Chicago—Brondts Shoes
Illinois, Chicago—Carroll's Shoes
Illinois, Christopher—Schwind Shoe Center
Illinois, Clinton—Murray Boot Shop
Illinois, Flora—Wilkins Shoe Store
Illinois, Hillsboro—Seltzer Store
Illinois, Jacksonville—McCoys Shoes
Illinois, Morton—Witzigs Dept. Store
Illinois, Mount Carmel—Hackler-Vogue Shoes
Illinois, Mt. Sterling—Thorntons Shoe Store
Illinois, Mundelein—Fenwick's Footwear
Illinois, Normal—McReynold's Shoe Store
Illinois, Palatine—Suburban Shoes
Illinois, Pana—Summers Shoe Store
Illinois, Pekin—Crawford's Shoe Store
Illinois, Pearia—Crawford's Shoe Store
Illinois, Pinckneyville—Kohlsdorfs Shoe Store
Illinois, Quincy—Stote Street Store
Illinois, Rantoul—Graves Shoe Store
Illinois, Rockford—Ancona Shoe Store
Illinois, Springfield—W. H. Rolond Co.
Illinois, Sterling—DeAnne's
Illinois, Taylorville—Summers Shoe Store
Illinois, Urbana—Sholem Shoe Store

Indiana, Batesville—Cortee Shoe Store
Indiana, Evansville—The Shoe Box
Indiana, Farmland—Faster Shoe Store
Indiana, Goshen—L. Simon Company
Indiana, Tell City—The Shoe Mart

Iowa, Denison—Nelson Shoes
Iowa, Jefferson—B & R Shoes
Iowa, Knoxville—Elliotts
Iowa, Missouri Valley—Houdek's Shoe Store
Iowa, Newton—Witter Footwear
Iowa, Spencer—Redmond's
Iowa, Spirit Lake—Chozen Store

Kansas, Cloy Center—Hawkins Shoe Store
Kansas, Eldorado—Family Shoe Store
Kansas, Garden City—Family Booterie
Kansas, Goodland—M & W Shoe Company
Kansas, Liberal—C. R. Anthony Company
Kansas, Newton—Ott's Shoe Store
Kansas, Pratt—Bernard's Shoe Store
Kansas, St. Francis—Jo-Lene Shop
Kansas, Wichita—Smart Shop

Kentucky, Fulton—Dotty Shop
Kentucky, Hopkinsville—Buck's Shoes
Kentucky, Maysville—DeSpain Shoe Store
Kentucky, Paris—Ben Cohen Shoe Store
Kentucky, Pineville—The Fair Store
Kentucky, Providence—Cooper's Store

Maryland, Baltimore—Woodmoor Shoes
Maryland, Londover Hills—Community Shoes, Inc.

Michigan, Alpena—George Masters & Sons
Michigan, Coro—Riley Shoe Store
Michigan, Detroit—Hocking Shoes, Inc.
Michigan, Detroit—Nap's Shoes
Michigan, Durand—Economy Shoe Store
Michigan, Flint—Sol Winemon
Michigan, Grand Rapids—East End Shoe Store
Michigan, Grand Rapids—Wurzburg Dept. Store
Michigan, Grandville—Groendyke's Shoe Store
Michigan, Goylord—Guggisberg Bros.
Michigan, Hudsonville—Stroo's Footwear
Michigan, Iron River—The Shoe Box
Michigan, Lansing—Merritt & Bailey
Michigan, Milford—Gillies Family Shoe Store
Michigan, Oscoda—Rogers' Shoe Store
Michigan, Romeo—Som's Shoe Soles & Service
Michigan, Royal Oak—Gillies Shoes, Inc.
Michigan, St. Louis—Al's Shoe Market
Michigan, Sturgis—Tribbett's

Minnesota, Austin—Austin Bootery
Minnesota, Bemidji—Bemidji Bootery
Minnesota, Crookston—A & E Bootery
Minnesota, Duluth—Geo. Swor Shoes
Minnesota, Eveluth—The Golden Rule Store
Minnesota, Fergus Falls—The Bootery at Madsins
Minnesota, Grand Rapids—Latz Bros. Dept. Store
Minnesota, Jackson—Chozens Store
Minnesota, Minneapolis—Roberts Shoe Store
Minnesota, Owotonna—Owatonna Shoe Co.
Minnesota, St. Paul—Bonne Shoe Stores
Minnesota, St. Peter—Adolphson Shoe Company
Minnesota, Virginia—Mitchell Swor Shoes

Missouri, Cape Girardeau—Gaylor's Shoes
Missouri, Charleston—Friedman's Dept. Store
Missouri, Dexter—Friedman's
Missouri, Kansas City—Henry's Shoe Box
Missouri, Kansas City—Polace Clothing Co.
Missouri, Kansas City—Martens Shoe Store
Missouri, New Madrid—Shainberg's Store, Inc.
Missouri, Piedmont—Childress Shoe Store
Missouri, St. Louis—Famous-Barr
Missouri, St. Louis—Proper Shoe Store

Nebraska, Falls City—E. & S. Bootery
Nebraska, Nebrosko City—E. & S. Shoe Store

New Jersey, Camden—Open House Shoe Store
New Jersey, Lakewood—Central Shoe Store
New Jersey, Palisades Park—Ely Shoe Shop

New York, Bronx—Park Hill Shoes
New York, Cedarhurst—Haydon's
New York, Hudson—Siegal & Sons
New York, Lynbrook—Harry's Shoes
New York, Newburgh—Massell's Bootery
New York, Newburgh—Chas. Smith
New York, New York City—Har-Ed Shoes

North Carolina, Asheboro—Baker's Shoe Store

North Dakota, Fargo—Hall-Allen Shoe Company
North Dakota, Grand Forks—The Bootery
North Dakota, Minot—Anderson's D & S Bootery
North Dakota, Valley City—Stevens Shoe Store

Ohio, Akron—The Hower Dept. Store
Ohio, Galion—J. & H. Shoe Store
Ohio, Lorain—Jonuzzi's Shoe Store
Ohio, Martins Ferry—Dupke Shoe Store
Ohio, McConnellsville—Stifflers Store
Ohio, Perrysburg—Cordrey's Shoe Store
Ohio, Port Clinton—Nissens Shoe Store
Ohio, Shaker Heights—Mir-Lee Shoes
Ohio, Shelby—Duff's Shoe Store
Ohio, Toledo—Cordrey's Shoe Store
Ohio, Troy—Davids Shoe Store
Ohio, Van Wert—Van Wert Bootery
Ohio, Xenia—Sol's Store

Pennsylvania, Clearfield—McClure's Boot Shop
Pennsylvania, DuBois—Con Allen
Pennsylvania, Emporium—Charles W. Lowson
Pennsylvania, Honaver—Strine's Shoes
Pennsylvania, Hazelton—Leader Store
Pennsylvania, Jeannette—Karl's Shoe Store
Pennsylvania, Johnstown—Leonard's Shoes
Pennsylvania, New Castle—Dunn's Shoes
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—R. Morton Dunoff
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Jacob Goldstein
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Rosner Bros.
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Russells Shoe Salon
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia—Sid David Shoes
Pennsylvania, Pittston—Sally's Shoes
Pennsylvania, Sayre—Shorping, Inc.
Pennsylvania, Shomokin—The Bootery
Pennsylvania, Turtle Creek—S. & S. Shoes
Pennsylvania, Uniontown—Metzler's Dept. Store
Pennsylvania, Warren—Volone's Shoes
Pennsylvania, West Chester—Harry Olin
Pennsylvania, Williamsport—James Shoes

South Dakota, Lemmon—Snyders Dept. Store

Tennessee, Bristol—H. P. King Co.
Tennessee, Cookeville—Woodbine D. G. Co.
Tennessee, Harriman—Edwards Shoe Store

Texas, Brenham—Marsh Dept. Store
Texas, El Paso—Popular Dry Goods Co.
Texas, Laredo—Scooti Shoe Store
Texas, Plainview—Dargan's

West Virginia, Fairmont—Golden Bros.
West Virginia, Grafton—Pettrey Bros., Inc.
West Virginia, New Martinsville—J. F. Loehr & Son

Wisconsin, Beloit—Ben Packs Shoe Mart
Wisconsin, Clintonville—Schouder & Schouder
Wisconsin, Eau Claire—Catlin Shoe Store, Inc.
Wisconsin, La Crosse—Arenz Shoe Company
Wisconsin, Lancaster—Weber Shoe Store
Wisconsin, Marshfield—Town & Country Shoe Mart
Wisconsin, Monroe—Kundert's Shoe Store
Wisconsin, Platteville—Deweys Shoe Store
Wisconsin, Prairie Du Chein—Kozelka Shoe Store
Wisconsin, Rhinelander—Danner's Shoe Store
Wisconsin, Rice Lake—Rolf Swenddal
Wisconsin, Two Rivers—Schroeder Bros.
Wisconsin, Waupaca—Quality Shoe Store
Wisconsin, Wisconsin Rapids—Gleues Shoe Store

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we had to elope

(*Continued from page 62*) grow out of love and gradually get to forget one another.

"It ended up having just the opposite effect. We didn't make actual dates. But it happened over and over again that we would find ourselves meeting here and there, meeting accidentally-on-purpose, meeting on what amounted to the sly.

"This went on for a while. Then one night Shirley and I were sitting in an ice cream parlor in a part of town where not too many people knew us and Shirley started to cry and she told me that her daddy was planning to take a permanent singing job in Springfield, Missouri, that this was really going to be the final break between the two of us.

"I proposed to Shirley right there on the spot. I told her we'd been forced into eloping and that's just what we were going to have to do. She asked me if I didn't think I should tell our folks. I told her I knew I couldn't tell mine, that they wouldn't understand. She said she'd feel a lot better if we told her daddy, that she knew how much he liked me, how much he wanted her to be happy, that he would probably understand.

Arthur Godfrey insists he received this fan letter from a lady: "I do everything in the house while listening to the radio. I burn the toast while listening to *The Johnson Family*; I wash dishes with Don McNeill . . . and I mop the floor with Arthur Godfrey!"

Paul Denis

"I took her back home and had a talk with her father. At first he didn't say anything. But then he looked at the two of us and he smiled and this man I'd loved so much as a kid just from listening to him on the radio, I loved now as the man who was consenting to my marrying the only girl in the world I would ever want to call my own.

The elopement

"The next morning, a Saturday, I got up and packed some shirts and underwear into a valise. The folks didn't see me leave the house. I got into the car and drove over to Shirley's and picked her up.

"The wedding ceremony was short, very short. As soon as it was over, we went to the church and took part in the prayer meeting. The church, by the way, sent us our second wedding present—a pair of silver candelabra. My pal and high school principal, Mack Craig, and his wife gave us our first present—a leather-bound copy of the New Testament, engraved *Mr. and Mrs. Pat Boone.*

"Anyway, we stayed at the prayer meeting for a few hours and then we faced the hardest part of all, calling my folks. We put it off for a little while. We stopped at a restaurant to eat. We drove around. We parked and sat and held hands and talked. We did just about anything we could not to get near a phone. But eventually I knew we'd have to. So we called.

"I spoke to my daddy first. He didn't say much. Then I asked to speak to my mom. I could tell as soon as I told her that she was shocked by the news. She managed to say that she liked Shirley fine. But I could tell that she was shocked.

"And the next night when Shirley and I came back from the one-night honeymoon we had, I could *see* that my mom was shocked. Looking back, I can sort of understand her feeling. After all, I was young and there was a chance that Shirley and I were making a big mistake. And I was the oldest child in the family and the first to leave the family nest.

"But I'd taken the step, I'd taken the girl I loved so much to be my wife, and I felt that there was nothing that anyone could do about it. I was married and now I'd prove that I'd done the right thing.

A paying job!

"The following day was a Monday and both Shirley and I went back to our classes. After school, I took a ride down to the radio station where I'd been doing that free radio show on Saturday mornings. I asked the owner of the show if there was anyway that I could start earning some money now that I was married. I nearly fell over when he shook my hand and told me that I could have a job as a part-time announcer—at $60 a week.

"To Shirley and me this was the best possible news in the world. We thought that when my folks heard it they would figure we were off to a better-than-average start. We figured they'd break down and tell us all was forgiven.

"But, well, it just didn't turn out that way. They still seemed hurt, and it made it very hard for me and Shirley.

"So after a few months I told Shirley that I thought it might be best all around if we got out of Nashville for a while. That's when we moved to Denton, Texas, and when our lives—despite all the time we'd known each other—really began."

They had chosen the small Texas city because Pat wanted to continue his studies at CHURCH OF CHRIST UNIVERSITY there. The Boones didn't know anybody in Denton when they drove into town that first day. But this didn't stop them from being, as they wrote to a friend shortly after they arrived, "the happiest couple in this whole big world of ours."

Four days after they arrived Shirley, a gleam in her eye, prepared a big steak for dinner.

"But, honey. . . ." he said when he sat down at the table. He looked confused. He looked up at Shirley as if to say *look, I like steak, but it costs a lot and there are lots of things that cost less and do you remember Saturday night how we thought twice about spending half a dollar on a movie and. . . .*

"Pat," Shirley said. "Pat . . . you've got to eat that and get strong because—you're going to be a father."

"But, honey. . . ." Pat started to say again. Then, suddenly, he jumped up from his chair. "*Honey!*"

The expensive steak barely got touched that night.

A call from Godfrey

A few days later, Pat landed an after-school job. That morning he'd gone to a radio station in nearby Fort Worth for an audition and was turned down. "They told me I didn't sing loud enough."

Then he went over to a TV station in Dallas. He sang three numbers and was signed on the spot—for $44.50 a week. "I guess they assumed I could do little else being a boy from Nashville," Pat says, "so they signed me to sing hillbilly songs on a barn-dance program. Funny thing was the sponsor was a local dairy and nobody can ever say that Shirley and I didn't go to town on all that free cottage cheese they used to send over."

By the time Pat and Shirley's first baby, Cheryl Lee, arrived things were really looking up for the young couple. Pat was called up to New York for another appearance on the Ted Mack show; he eventually won. Then Arthur Godfrey called him up to ask him to make an appearance on the *Talent Scouts.* And then Randy Wood, owner of DOT RECORDS, signed up Pat to make his first record, the very successful "Two Hearts," which shot up to the top ten within a matter of weeks.

Shirley was expecting their second child when Godfrey phoned Texas for the second time, congratulated Pat on his hit record and asked him if he'd like to return to New York, on a permanent basis.

Pat had a long talk with Shirley that night. He had a hunch what New York would mean to him at this stage of the game—lots of appearances on the Godfrey shows, lots of records because the DOT people had begun clamoring for him at this time too, and lots and lots of money.

"But I've got school to finish," he told Shirley that night. "More than anything I want to finish school . . . And the church meetings; I want to keep going to church and preaching when I can and thanking God when I can."

Sometime that night, Pat decided to take the chance. After talking it over some more with Shirley he figured that he could finish his studies by enrolling in COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, which he's attending right now and where he's affectionately known as the *millionaire senior,* that he could find a CHURCH OF CHRIST where he could continue attending prayer meetings and doing a little preaching and that maybe he and Shirley could even find a little house somewhere outside of New York. "We've got a wonderful little house in Leonia, New Jersey," Pat says now. "We're country people at heart and this is just the place for us. It's got a garden and trees and you'd barely know you were so close to such a hectic place as New York."

The rest, as anyone who's ever turned on a TV set knows, is history. Within a year, Pat had zoomed from $44.50 a week and all the cottage cheese he could eat to well over $1,000 a week—an amount which could easily have been tripled, one of his managers says, if he hadn't been so darned earnest about continuing his studies at college and staying home lots of nights just to get his homework done. In the course of that year, Pat appeared on the Godfrey shows countless times, taped a batch of hit records and—study-time permitting—made personal appearances at some of the swankiest night clubs in the country.

In the course of that year, too, Shirley Boone gave birth to their second daughter—"a doll named Linda Lee," says Pat.

Sickness strikes

Their third daughter, Deborah Ann, was born with the usual happy fanfare. But a few months later—and just a few months ago—Shirley started feeling a little sick. Just a pain here and there at first, and then much more serious trouble.

Bridey Murphy was sold to the movies, according to Bernie Hart, who says it was filmed by 18th Century-Fox. . . .

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

Pat called in a doctor. The doctor examined Shirley, then called for an ambulance and rushed her to a hospital.

The next twenty-four hours were torture for Pat. He kept phoning the doctor to know how Shirley was, to know why he wasn't allowed to visit her.

"We're not certain now," the doctor said. He tried to keep the darkness from his voice, but he didn't succeed very well. "We'll let you know when we're sure."

"But how serious is it, Doctor?" Pat pleaded.

"We'll let you know as soon as we're sure," the doctor repeated.

Pat had planned to attend a prayer meeting of the CHURCH OF CHRIST that night. A friend of his persuaded him to go, any-

way. "I'll come with you, if you want," his friend said. "My wife can stay and take care of your children."

His friend tells about what happened at the prayer meeting that night. "When we arrived, somebody suggested to Pat that he preach. He looked as if he were in a daze, but he said *yes* anyway. I'll never forget it, how he stood up and how very quietly he began to talk to the fifty or sixty people there.

Pouring his heart out to Shirley

"I remember how he talked a little about religion in general. 'We shouldn't think in terms of the uncertain future,' he said, 'but of good works on earth here and now. In that way we can build up treasures in Heaven. Treasures on earth are too frequently pitfalls of the devil.'

"And then he started to talk about Shirley. He didn't say anything about her being in the hospital at that moment, about the doctors being worried about her and not knowing exactly what was wrong with her. He talked instead as if she were sitting just a little ways from him and he and she were alone in that church and he



WHO IS SHE?

(a) *Judy Garland*
(b) *Jayne Mansfield*
(c) *Gale Storm*
(d) *Terry Moore*

See Page 84 for the answer.

just happened to be pouring out his heart to her. He talked about the happiness she had brought him.

"He told again how grateful he was to God for providing him with such a wonderful wife."

Pat had a few tears in his eyes as they left the church. He and his friend went back to Pat's house, neither of them talking during the drive.

And as soon as they got in the house the phone rang. Pat picked up the receiver. It was the doctor, calling from the hospital. Pat whispered something and hung up. He turned to his friend, smiling. "Shirley's going to be all right," he said. Then like a ball of fire he grabbed his hat, reached into a vase and took out a single flower, and rushed out of the house to his wife, the pretty girl with the long red hair; the girl they'd said he was too young to love and to marry, the young girl who was woman enough to know—"we *had* to elope!" **END**

Watch for Pat, who will soon be in his first film Bernadine *for 20th Century-Fox.*



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GO SPRING SHOPPING WITH SHIRLEY JONES

All photos by Roger Prigent

Shirley selects high-heeled shoes for Spring—a group from Jolene that will not only serve you now but also take you well into Summer—even on your vacation, too. All are about $9 to $11.

1. The ever popular springolator pump, called St. Moritz, it comes in black, gray and white straw, also beige ombre straw.
2. A basic classic pump for every shoe wardrobe. Calf, linen, patent, suede, and silk. Fashion colors, also black.
3. Backless high-heeled shoe, draped leather vamp. Calf, kid, suede, and patent. Fashion colors, also black.
4. Madelene—a feminine name for the popular sling-back pump. Shown in patent, also champagne, gray and white Ripple Cloth.
5. The Loop—the name of the black calf pump, with metal trim, Shirley wears above. Also in flax, blonde, and red.





■ What more fun than shopping for your clothes, shoes and accessories with a movie star! Stars are career girls, too, and so their selections and purchases are not only glamorous but also practical as they must be ready to travel at a moment's notice—on picture locations, for personal appearances—and to vacation spots when time allows. Modern Screen asked Shirley Jones, bride of Jack Cassidy, and beautiful 20th star, to plan a spring shopping tour as a guide for you for your new clothes. *At the right:* Shirley wears a basic flannel dressmaker suit by Joselli. Beige in color, slim in silhouette—it is just right for travel and all daytime town occasions. Shirley suggests you wear the skirt with contrast sweaters and scarves as an extra costume change. She accents it with Jolene's calf pumps from her Jolene shoe wardrobe shown below. Her handsome luggage is Samsonite's Ultralite Medallion, of course. Shirley's great carry-all calf handbag is from Rolfs. Pigskin Launder Leather gloves—Superb. Pearl and gold earrings—Trifari; Fashion Circle nylons in a heavenly skin tone color—Parisian Nude—Holeproof; and a gay confetti dotted umbrella from Henryson. *Far left:* Shirley wears Joselli's piqué trimmed silk tweed suit for casual occasions. Here she teams it with a masterpiece of a handbag—all leather and hand tooled—with an adjustable strap. By Clifton. Shirley adds white cotton Hansen gloves and Vogue's new Fresh Water pearl earrings.





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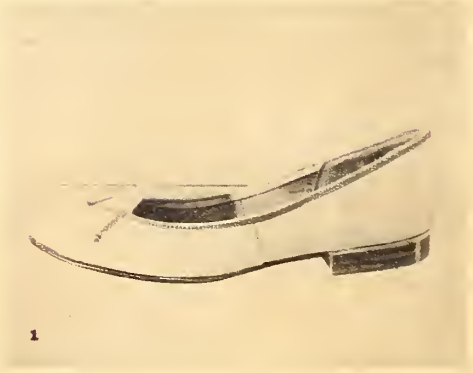
MORE ➤



GO SPRING

■ Shirley feels a gal's Spring shopping spree should include clothes that head right into Summer as well as for town and travel outfits. *At the left*, Shirley wears Cabana's white piqué go-on-a-date dress and calls it perfect to wear with the new Dancetime Huskies which she chooses in all white. Her accessories: Fresh Water pearls (Vogue), shorties (Hansen). Fashion Circle nylons (Holeproof). The Dancetime Huskies shoe collection was inspired by Fred Astaire, in Paramount's *Funny Face*, and h nationally famous dance studios. *At the right*, Shirley shows you accessories that she feels a gal really needs to properly accent and glamorize h clothes. A large black patent handbag—shining note for suits, cottons and sports clothes (Rolfs) Parisian Nude seamless nylons—buy a quantity in one becoming shade and you will save as you can always match up pairs (Holeproof); Ne Rain Dears, the truly clear plastic rainboots you'll love more than ever to protect every styl in your shoe wardrobe. Shirley holds one, see close-up at far right; an umbrella—Shirley sugges it in white (Henryson); Jewelry is just a Sprin time must. Try pearls or pearls with gold as Shirley does. Try Duchess multiple strand ones —the new Fresh Water pearls by Vogue—a precious gold and pearl set by Trifari. Your glo wardrobe must be just as complete as your shoe collection. Choose cottons from Kayser— or Hansen, new Launder Leather whites from Daniel Hayes or Superb. The wee all-in-one whi pocket purse by Rolfs carries everything. Th news about the dress Shirley is wearing—it is by the famous Mr. John, maker of the famous hats t stars wear, who now designs dresses, too. It is of white silk sprinkled with roses. Buy the Sprin time selections Shirley has and you'll be a best dressed gal—even in Hollywood.

Your shoe wardrobe should include several casual styles. Shirley suggests these Huskies. They are priced from $3.99 to $5.99. 1. Shirley wears Tango, a leather model with accent trim. Black, white, Bark blonde. Black suede. 2. Los Vegas, a foam cushion wedgie of stretchable braid, cork wedge. Black, white or Bark blonde. 3. Yale, lustrous textured leather with unique vamp trim, foam sole. Red, gray, cream puff or Caramel. 4. Merengue, a shoe popular as its Dancetime name with a demure colonial buckle. Patent or black, white, Bark blonde or blue leather. 5. Yosemite, a snug-fit shoe, foam sole, metallic braid trim. Black, red, wheat.





SHOPPING WITH SHIRLEY JONES

continued



All photos by Roger Prigent



New Rain Dears are a smooth ankle and foot hugging truly clear plastic rainboot. They are one-piec 100% fully molded—no seams to com apart and they have a proven safe, long wearing tread. Fashion Fit for high heels (illustrated above); Form Fit for medium heels; Universal Fit for low heels down to flat. All models, $2.00 each.



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More fashions on page 71

the first complete story of clint walker

(*Continued from page 47*) Walker has the steadiest, best paying job of his life. He's Clint Walker. WARNER BROTHERS' ace TV star. If you're one of the millions who watch him every other Tuesday night you know Clint better as *Cheyenne*. On the TV screen Cheyenne's a lonesome drifter, playing it straight and playing it hard, aiming to handle himself right and do some good as he goes along. No man was ever cast more perfectly. That's big Clint Walker himself.

Physically, Walker's a giant—six feet six, 235 pounds, and all muscle.

But in another way he's even more of an oddity: Clint's a big star who's never made a movie! In almost three years he's starred regularly in feature films for TV, but never in one for the movie-houses. What's more, he's shot them bang-bang-bang in a row with just one week's vacation. As a result Clint knows hardly anyone in Hollywood except the people he works with. He doesn't get invited to fancy parties and would only get lost on Sunset Strip. Frankly, that's the way he likes it. But it's no wonder Clint Walker still finds it hard to believe that he's anything special.

For instance—coming up for air one week last spring, Clint made a quick swing around the country on a personal appearance tour. One day he walked into a Washington, D. C., park for a stroll and a look at the cherry blossoms. A crowd collected and the cops came running up. "We'd better beat it," Clint told a companion. "We'll get in trouble." The cops, of course, were there to protect *Clint!*

Even in Hollywood at the *Giant* première a while back, he got baffling squeals and applause from the fans when he strode up. "Who's that for?" Clint asked his wife Verna. "Rock Hudson?"

"No," she told him. "You!"

"Look at him," said mom

From his childhood on, Clint was an oversized oddball. Maybe it was because the blood in his veins was as mixed up as a cocktail. His mother, Gladys Swanda, came from Austria, but his dad, Arnold Walker, was English, Irish and Indian, from pioneer sawmill people in Oregon.

When Clint was born, on May 30, 1927, his dad wanted to name him Mickey after his own prize-ring idol, Mickey Walker. "Mickey sounds like a mouse," his mother said. "*Look* at him!" So he got Norman Eugene, but usually Sonny or Eugi around the house. Later on, in the factories, Big Foot was his nick-name; Clint shuffles size 16's around. Boots, that is—he doesn't own a pair of shoes.

Jack Benny claims his violin has a simple story: "My great-grandfather gave it to my grandfather, my grandfather gave it to my father, my father sold it to me."
Earl Wilson in the New York Post

Sonny Walker was a twin, but you'd never have guessed it. His double-entry sis, Lucille Neoma, was about everything he wasn't. A girl, for one thing, but also home-loving, and good in school. People took to her naturally. Just as naturally they let Clint alone.

One day, when they were only babies, their mother sat them down in the front yard and went back to her house work. A rabid collie charged crazily into the yard frothing at the jaws with neighbors racing after, yelling "Mad Dog!" They snatched Neoma to safety. "But nobody paid any attention to me," says Clint. "Not even the dog. He just ran around me in circles till somebody shot him."

It didn't bother Clint though that nobody paid attention to him. But some things did hurt the young Clint. Like the time he was in an elementary school art class with Neoma. He came up with a knockout painting that made the teacher gasp. But the next minute she was bawling him out. "Your sister did this for you," she accused. "Don't you try *that* again!"

The only small burst of glory that Clint remembers was the time he made a life-sized soldier out of tin cans in a wartime scrap drive and won a $25 War Bond. But that was 'way on up the line when he was in ALTON HIGH SCHOOL. "Most of the time I just sat at my desk staring through the window thinking about what was outside," confesses Clint.

Never without a job

There was plenty outside for an adventurous kid. The big Mississippi River rolled alongside town, and you could yank out fat catfish and swim—if the six-foot alligator gars, one of the Mississippi's more vicious fish, didn't chew off your arm. There were Indian caves to explore in the limestone bluffs and 'pirate' islands where you could paddle on a plank raft or in a leaky skiff. And freights to hop on the C&A tracks. Sonny Walker had a distant eye and an itching foot.

He heard that you could get to China by digging straight down, so he promptly grabbed an axe and tried it—only to hack up his toes.

All this took place around Alton, Illinois, which was mostly Clint's boyhood home, although nearby Hartford and Wood River took turns too. His laborer dad moved twenty-odd times, Clint reckons—wherever there was a job in that area of steel mills, glass factories and oil refineries.

During the depression pickings were lean. Clint can remember the day the furniture men carted out the first furniture they'd ever bought, to leave their flat as empty as a barn. He was only seven, but Sonny resourcefully rustled some orange crates and hammered together a bed for himself. He couldn't afford a suit, not until he was fourteen. But he was never without a job.

He was only six when he started peddling door-to-door the aprons and pot-holders his mother sewed. Later, he set pins at a bowling alley, delivered WESTERN UNION telegrams and groceries, caddied and bell-hopped in a riverfront hotel. When things were slow he'd go junk hunting—digging around town for bottles and scrap to sell; or raid the railroad tracks for coal. Best of all was when a carnival came to town and he could peg tents with a sledge hammer or set side-show booths, and soak up carnie folk-talk of far-away places.

A social outcast

By the time he got to high school, Sonny Walker was doing man's work in the steel foundries every afternoon, from four o'clock often till midnight. His big frame mushroomed into muscle. He could lick about any guy in town and often did.

But socially he was an outcast. He never belonged to a school club, the Scouts or anything. Although he could have taken on half a football team, he never played the game, or basketball either—or any team sport.

He didn't have time.

He skipped school dances, too. "I was self conscious," Clint recalls. "I never seemed to fit in with the crowd. I wanted to belong but somehow I couldn't. Finally I just gave up." He quit high school his second year.

The closest ambition big Sonny Walker ever had to a career in show business was pro-wrestling, but his dad talked him out of that. For a while he thought he might go for the Forest Ranger service, but his schooling was too slim. He was fifteen when he busted off from home the first time, down to St. Louis on the prowl. But he lost the bus-boy job he found in a hotel when they couldn't find a white jacket big enough to fit him! So back he went to Alton, stacking 1,000-pound bales of straw at a glass factory. At night he knocked around getting into mischief with another dare-devil chum, Dick Linnacher.

Lenny Kent claims at the Copa, "Elvis Presley's record, 'Heartbreak Hotel,' is so big that Conrad Hilton bought it."
Earl Wilson in the New York Post

One night Clint and Dick cut up considerably in BLOCK'S ICE CREAM PARLOR and the owner started to call the law. But a pretty brown-haired waitress talked her boss out of it. Her name was Verna Garbel and Norman Eugene Walker never managed to forget her.

It was about this time that Clint started getting anxious for a look at the world.

He got it. It would take a swimming bloodhound to follow Clint's trail during the next ten years. But it's worth a try, if only to prove a conviction Clint still holds—that a rolling stone may not gather much moss but it can sure land a jackpot.

Clint started rolling at seventeen, down the Mississippi aboard a river boat that went from New Orleans up to Chicago. He worked as an oiler and there weren't any complaints, except from Clint himself. He already boasted a torso like Tarzan's and a jaw that seemed chipped out of granite. But that was the trouble. A giant like himself couldn't stand to sweat in cramped engine rooms for long. Besides, the draft was coming up for him in a year and he knew what a flop he'd always been at trying to live by rules and regulations. "I figured I'd be a lot more help in the war to everybody, including me," says Clint, "if I could move around more free and easy."

So with his pal, Dick, he joined the Merchant Marines, asking for duty as a deckhand. They sent him to Catalina Island for training, then started to ship him out as a mess man. That was the end of that. Clint quit.

"Why," he explains, "imagine me in a kitchen! I'd have just broke all those dishes and suffocated in the steam!"

As it was, he almost conked out from hunger and cold hitch-hiking back to Alton. But after his mom revived him with a few square meals Clint was off again. That draft was still breathing down his neck and he aimed to get his salt-water papers before his *Greetings*.

He finally made it North in a boxcar to Chicago and, just under the wire before his eighteenth birthday, hit the lakefront docks. "I walked on a ship and the mate seemed to like me," remembers Clint. "So I said a prayer. That night I was eating."

He earned his chow. Clint loaded cargoes of coal and iron ore, and on the short lake runs, was unloading them again. In between he had thirty-two hatches to cover and uncover, as the weather shifted, with two tarpaulins apiece, each a good, one (*Continued on page 72*)



Roger Prigent



ADD COLOR TO YOUR SPRING BRAS

■ Pretty bras and lingerie complete that well-dressed feeling. This season choose color as well as white. *Above,* Maidenform's Chansonette bra now for the first time available in pink (in your favorite store by March 25th). The cups are stitched for that beautiful rounded look, the front has a new "spoke" design to further round and accentuate. Pink broadcloth. $2.00. Also available in white broadcloth at the same price. By Maidenform. *Below,* a red embroidered nylon sheer bra, that is now Lanolized for extra comfort. This new Ringlet bra has single needle stitched cups—for a fuller look—and a Lastex center insert and panel. Spring colors—pink, yellow, blue—as well as black, beige, or white. $2.00. By Lovable. Just as fresh as Spring—the season's popular fragrances. New Primitif by Max Factor, Coty's L'Aimant, Lancome's Magie, Dorothy Gray's Turquoise, Bourjois' Roman Holiday, Arpege by Lanvin. For that favorite guy of yours—Kings Men Thistle and Plaid. The season's new fun game, Jotto, a Hollywood favorite is shown in the foreground.

the story of clint walker

(*Continued from page 70*) hundred pounds. If he looked idle the mate sent him over the side to paint. Once, teetering on a roped plank, the boss told him, "I don't care what happens to you, but if you slip, don't come back aboard without that paintbrush!" Just then the ship rolled and the plank turned over. "I locked my legs around it and swung back and forth for a spell bumping my nose on the water," grins Clint. "But when I climbed up again I had that paintbrush!" He earned his papers after a few months and when he quit the mate told him, "You're a good man. You can work for me any time."

But Clint wanted to work for Uncle Sam now that he had something to offer. So he hitched out to Seattle and signed on with the Army Transport Service. First trip he went North, up around Alaska and the frigid Aleutians, and for the next two years he sailed almost everywhere you can name hauling troops, war gear, oil, wheat and what have you on about every kind of tub. He hit North Africa and South Africa, South Europe and North Europe; he saw icebergs and tropical palms—and girls.

Cave-man style

"But I kept out of mischief," Clint grins. There was a reason, that pretty ice cream parlor girl in Alton. They'd had some dates before he left town and he wrote Verna love letters wherever he went. Not too many came back, and you couldn't blame Verna. A guy with an itch in his foot isn't what you'd normally tag husband material. But poor Clint— "I suffered," he says.

By the war's end, he couldn't stand the suspense, so he hitch-hiked to Verna to settle things. They got settled, all right. Verna said, "No, you're not ready to marry—and I'm not sure I am either." But a man like Clint Walker doesn't fold up from one punch like that. He trailed Verna, and the misery got critical.

"I was working sheet metal sixty feet above a concrete floor," recollects Clint. "I got to thinking about Verna and walked straight off a beam right out into the air. I grabbed a pipe in time, but it gave me the shakes. I figured that girl had to marry me right away to save my life!"

He tried to explain this to Verna but she wouldn't listen. "We're gonna take a walk and talk this over," said the desperate lover, "if I have to drag you." Which is just what he had to do. A little girl spied the cave-man stuff and screamed, "Mama—look at that *mean* man!" That made Clint and Verna howl. They were married September 5, 1948, although Clint was an hour late at the church trying to get his Model-A revved up for a honeymoon. Then he put his trip money in an envelope and got so flustered he gave it all to the preacher and didn't dare ask for it back. On the way, the jalopy lost both bumpers, the generator burned out, three tires blew and they had to borrow $100 for the wedding trip. But the Walkers have no kicks about the honeymoon.

The traveling Walkers

Afterwards, with a baby on the way, Clint tried to settle down in Alton, selling insurance. But it didn't work.

"You see," drawls Clint, "back home people like us live out a pretty dull pattern. They get a job, get married, raise a family and hope in maybe twenty years to own a little house. I was only twenty-one but I figured on faster action."

This time Verna figured with him, although from a strictly feminine slant. "When you love a man," she says, "you'll go anywhere with him—and it's home."

Next home for the Walkers was Texas, where a sailor buddy of Clint's offered to cut him in on a ranch his dad owned. They rolled in the Model-A to Brownswood, with the motor warming milk for their six-month-old daughter, Valerie. But a drought promptly wrecked the ranch dream. Clint hammered houses together for a while, and prospected for silver until he went broke. That's when the Model-A paused briefly at that fateful fork in the road—then rattled off toward California.

When you start toting up the jobs Clint Walker's had in his short life you need an adding machine. The guy's still got enough union cards—carpenter's, painter's, metal worker's, seaman's, laborer's, steeplejack's —and of course now a TV actor's—to fill out a deck. Ask him how many different things he's done and he can't tell you— "Maybe a hundred or more," is his best guess. But the one he found in Long Beach, California, you'd say, was the least likely of all to make him the idol of millions or land him on easy street. He became a cop.

Pretty soon he heard about Las Vegas, the fabulous gambling town where, people told him, anything could happen and pay-checks were high. He put a down payment on a housetrailer and took off.

The Walkers parked their trailer on three acres of homestead land in the desert and Clint barely had time to swear in as a deputy sheriff before they had him patrolling the casino at the famous SANDS

Leigh Snowden, who walked across the stage on a Jack Benny TV show and got famous (and a movie contract), did it all over again for Keenan Wynn's USO show at Altus Air Force Base in Oklahoma. "Ten of the fliers took off immediately," Keenan told me, "without their planes."

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

HOTEL. That was the beginning of the road to Hollywood.

Van Johnson forced his hand. Headlining at the SANDS for two weeks, Van, a friendly sort, got to admire Clint. One night he introduced him to an agent named Henry Willson. Henry's specialty is digging for diamonds in the rough for the movies—Rock Hudson, for instance, Rory Calhoun, Tab Hunter, Bob Wagner. He gave Clint a sales talk on Hollywood. That night Clint told Verna, "Maybe we ought to go down there and try our luck." Verna had been Mrs. Walker long enough to know that when her man got an idea, it was moving time. She packed the trailer and they took off.

She found a car-hop job at a drive-in, and Clint prospected Hollywood.

A whole show or nothing

When you've never acted in your life, you've got to start somewhere. And pay to learn. Clint slaved with some drama coaches Henry Willson suggested. The going was expensive—$15 a lesson. Also mortifying: "I felt silly," confesses Clint. "It took a spell before I was sure I wasn't making a dam' fool of myself." After he got the hang of it a little he hit the studios, trying to break in on bits.

"Bits?" they all laughed. "You really think any star's going to let *you* in a scene? Why, you'd crowd them out of the picture! A moose like you has to be the whole show or nothing!"

They were dead right. When Clint finally connected as Cheyenne he was the whole show.

But for a long time he was nothing. In fact, the only movie on Clint Walker's record is in DeMille's *Ten Commandments*. His muscles got him a job as Pharaoh Yul Brynner's bodyguard, $500 for two weeks work—and some acting lessons sneaked in on the side at PARAMOUNT.

But that doesn't keep a family fed. In the Valley, where the Walkers had moved Verna took a waitress' job at the RAG DOLL nightclub and Clint signed on at WARNERS as a gate cop.

Then Henry Willson got him a trainee's contract and a few weeks later Clint shuffled over to Stage 5 to test, along with half the cowboy actors in Hollywood, for a TV western. The western was *Cheyenne*.

Next day in a projection room, Jack Warner stopped the reel when Clint's massive hulk loomed up. "Who's that?" he asked, and they told him. "That's our boy," he said.

That was three years ago come next May, and by now Clint Walker has more or less settled into the unbelievable world where his luck led him.

"Longest job I ever had"

It hasn't been all apple pie for Clint of course. When you shoot TV full-hour features, crammed with stunts and bone bruising battles, you're earning your dough. Clint has often worked from eight o'clock one morning until 1:30 the next. "Longest job I ever had in my life so far," allows Clint. "And the hardest."

He's settled in a little pink ranch house on an acre of land in the San Fernando Valley. After he finished the paint job with Verna, he set up a workshop in the garage and started making his own furniture. The first item was a king-sized bed, no luxury with Clint!

So far he hasn't seen the inside of a Hollywood night club and isn't aiming to look—Clint doesn't smoke or drink and he'd just collect doctors' bills dancing on Verna's feet. His hobby is polishing stones that he picks up in the desert. When he gets a chance to relax it's by piling Verna and six-year-old Valerie, along with his Geiger counter, into his Chevvy and taking off prospecting. They've got stuck in the sand a few times miles from nowhere and Verna had visions of winding up a pile of bleached bones. But each time Clint simply lifted the heap and tossed it up on solid ground!

Samson and the health food

How Clint can work such Samsons—or keep alive, for that matter—on the fodder he eats is the biggest mystery. Verna shops in a Foods-For-Health market and stacks her cupboards with jars of nuts, raisins and dried fruits. The whole Walker family lives on a natural-food diet. Sometimes Clint works all day on a bunch of bananas and a sack full of raisins. "In the rough days we had a pretty punk diet," he explains. "We figured now's the time to catch up on the right vitamins." Another way he catches up is studying power of mind, positive thinking and faith books —including the Bible. Why?

"A lot of people in this world want something better'n what they've got," drawls Clint Walker. "But they haven't faith enough in themselves to go hunt for it. I try to live by the Ten Commandments. But at the same time, if I've learned anything bumming around the world, it's that life's a gamble.

"The only thing," he adds reflectively, "is that when you gamble you've got to know when to stop." Which is Clint Walker's way of saying that there is no end to that rainbow he's chased—and he figures at last he's found it.

Clint is in the Cheyenne *series, presented by Warner Bros. for ABC-TV.*

Sneak preview of new things for you

Photos by Roger Prigent

modern screen exclusives

1. Popular perfume fragrance, Houbigant's Quelques Fleurs, now comes in hand lotion, body powder, spray mist and the Eau de Toilette is also now newly gift packaged.

2. Dorothy Gray's new lotion called Outline. It will help to clarify and refine the pores of your skin—and, to reduce fatty tissues as well. Packaged for normal or oily skins.

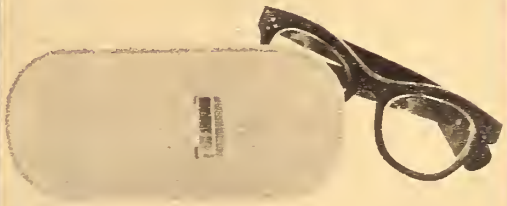
Look for these exciting new items at your favorite stores.



1



2


3

3. Your glasses will come home if you lose them if you use this padded eye glass case with the golden tab that pulls out to reveal your identification—name, address, city, state and phone. By Rolfs.


4

4. Beads are the season's jewelry news and beads make cotton gloves news, too. Left, white chalk beads on shortie; right, pearls trail dainty design. By Hansen. Vogue jewelry.



5

5. One of your favorite sun tanning preparations, Tartan Suntan Lotion, will now come to you in a cream—packaged in a soft plastic tube—and called, Tartan Suntan Cream.



6

6. Campana has two new surprises! Magic Touch cream make-up in a brand new mirror case. Solitair make-up that now contains Vita-Lite—an exclusive ingredient to benefit skin all during wearing time.


7

7. Rolf's new Boodle Bag carry-all with zippered pocket and holder for identification. Comes in white, red or lovely pastels. Also close-up of new Water pearls by Vogue, see pg. 69.



8

8. Premier Muguet—the new Lily of the Valley perfume imported from France to be introduced March 15th by Bourjois. Illustrated are the package and bottle of matching cologne.

you can have a baby and keep your BEAUTY

Roger Prigent

● Every girl dreams excitedly and tenderly of her first baby—the fulfillment, the love, the ribbons and bows. But sometimes, and much too often, lurks the fear! The threat that having baby may steal the bloom of freshness and youth from mother's face and figure.

Such fears may have been realized in grandmother's time, but today's wonder medical advice and care coupled with the almost miraculous beauty, dental and hair products assure every girl that she can have her baby—or babies—and beauty, too.

Movie star mothers have been a great glamour boon to the morale of other mothers. The stars work—and hard—right up to the last weeks, have their babies and soon return to the studios looking just as trim and beautiful—if not more so— in but a short number of weeks.

We have chatted with all of Hollywood's mothers of the last couple of years—Jan Sterling, Janet Leigh, Julie Adams, Debbie Reynolds, Gale Storm, Olivia (*Continued on page 75*)



Jan Sterling, Mrs. Paul Douglas, poses exclusively for M. S. with her fifteen-month-old son, Adams Douglas. Jan's peignoir by Vanity Fair.

ı can have a baby
l keep your beauty

ıtinued from page 74) De Havilland, Simmons, Ann Blyth, Shirley Mce, Corinne Calvet. All agreed havbaby was the most wonderful expece—was no problem to beauty, body areer—and that every girl should look ard to this great event with an atti of happiness and fearlessness.

.e famous obstetrician, Dr. Alan Guttıer, assures girls that childbirth is alpainless today with the improved ıods of delivery and agrees with the that it should be looked forward to happy time with no threat to activity, e or beauty. Jan Sterling had her son, ns Douglas, by natural birth which feels is a thrilling and wonderful way ave baby, MODERN SCREEN asked Jan to with Adams for our illustration of article on baby and beauty. We ed to show you not only what a ping and beautiful boy Adams is but how vibrant, trim and beautiful his ıer, Mrs. Paul Douglas, is. Jan poses une M.S. in bathing suits—don't miss exclusive photos—you can really see sleek and slim Jan is.

ı feels that having baby and keeping beauty are true go-togethers. She ained it this way in an exclusive inew with MODERN SCREEN. When a girl pecting she must necessarily turn full ght and planning on herself, her h and her beauty.

rst of all an expectant mother receives counsel and attention of her physician guides her diet, exercise and rest. y girl knows that face and figure ty have their beginnings in a balanced diet, regular exercise and scheduled rest. In pregnancy these fundamentals are accomplished automatically and almost without knowing it an easy-do routine is established that will persist throughout life and be a wonderful beauty investment.

Secondly, Jan feels that every girl who is expecting wants to stay beautiful but because of old-fashioned talk fears in her heart that she will not carry through the nine-month period looking as lovely as she did before. Some girls even feel that they will never be beautiful again. Jan dispels all these fears, explaining that the rest periods of pregnancy give a girl more time than she will ever have again to take care of and study herself—her beauty. She will have time to thoroughly cleanse and soothe her face with her chosen beauty preparations—she will even have time to try many new preparations she has never used before. She will take all of this time and interest because her beauty is now so personal to her. She will study her face and try new make-up methods and preparations to accent her best features, giving particular attention to her eyes and lips.

Naturally, one can't be slim and pregnant—but a girl can curtail her diet and not put on too much weight. When baby arrives, slimming down will be no trick at all if prescribed exercises are faithfully followed.

A top executive of one of the leading manufacturers of baby products feels that the most important discovery made by a recent research program conducted among expectant mothers is that although every girl looks forward to the birth of her baby the average expectant mother feels dowdy, self-conscious and lacks the enthusiasm to partake in social and career activities. All aims are now being directed toward changing this mental attitude to show every mother-to-be how she can become glamorous, active and happy during this very important period in her life.

Mr. Richard Willis, TV beauty authority, also joined in on our chat about having baby and keeping your beauty, too. His particular make-up counsel is to accentuate the eye make-up and the lip make-up—wear a rich vibrant red lipstick color. Of course, he agrees on lots and lots of skin care and make-up study to keep every expectant mother as beautiful as ever. His notes on hair: Brush it a lot, keep it well shampooed, styled and groomed. Choose a becoming hair style. Glamorize it with combs, clips, flowers and bows.

As usual, be sure and give yourself your home perms whenever you need one. It is more necessary than ever to keep your hair beautifully curled during your expectant months if you want to always look your lovely best. Dispel any doubts that an expectant mother should omit her home perms during pregnancy. This is a false rumor. We checked with one of the largest manufacturers of home perms to verify this. In fact, the more than usual idle hours during pregnancy allows more time for you to study your hair—decide on the right type of home perm for your kind of hair.

You will look back to realize that the period of pregnancy was a treasure of a time when you could give whole attention to you!

In your extra moments, plan baby's cosmetic cabinet, too. Fill it with precious baby preparations—oils, creams, lotions and powders. The manufacturers have perfected these preparations especially for baby's every need because baby's skin, like mother's, needs the same fine care.

Heed the advice of Hollywood stars and expectant mothers authorities—you will have baby and your beauty, too. **END**

Magic Touch

...FOR BUSY GALS WHO CAN'T TAKE HOURS TO MAKE UP



Who has time these days for elaborate facial care? The people who write the articles seem never to have needed to keep a house, husband, and baby happy all at the same time! That's why young marrieds find Magic Touch make-up so wonderfully-ideal.

No muss or fuss—no time to apply (with fingertips, in seconds)—and no look of the "siren" (how many sirens change diapers?). But beauty, yes! For this lightly-lovely make-up hides blemishes, smooths color tone and glorifies complexion. And more, it protects the skin as you wear it, lubricates with its creamy richness, ends need for elaborate bedtime creamings.

Here's the casually beautiful, effortlessly-lovely look that goes with being modern. Magic Touch (such a perfect name) at all variety stores and better drug stores—6 shades, 45¢ or $1.00. Made for people like you! . . . by Campana.



The Make-Up of Young Moderns

the true-life love story of carroll baker

(*Continued from page 54*) was ripping apart at the seams.

"It's funny," Carroll remembers, "grown-ups never think that young children know anything. I remember one time, I came home from school at three in the afternoon and Dad was home. I asked him if he was sick.

" 'No, honey,' he said.

"I asked him if anything was the matter at the office.

" 'No, honey.'

" 'Is Mom sick?' I couldn't figure out why he was home so early.

" 'No, honey,' he answered again, in that same voice that just sounded so *tired*.

" 'Then what's the *matter*,' I cried, '*What is it?*'

"And then Mom and Dad both started talking at once, asking me how school was going . . . and trying so darned hard to sound perfectly natural with each other.

"But I knew something was wrong because they'd talk to each other, and never look at each other's face. I knew inside that they didn't love each other anymore."

After that, life changed. "My father used to make such a fuss over the marks I'd get. And now he'd just look at my report card and say quietly, 'That's very nice, Carroll.' Coming home wasn't fun any more, not in that quiet house where no one seemed to laugh anymore."

So Carroll started spending more and more time in school, more and more time at the studio where she was taking dancing lessons.

The reason why

"I went out for anything that would mean hours of rehearsal—in school; anything that would keep me out of the house."

The first thing Carroll did was audition for a part in the school play. She didn't get it. So she tried out for the school operetta and got the dancing lead, and then was chosen drum majorette.

"That was loads of fun," Carroll remembers, "rehearsing with the boys in the band, learning to twirl the baton, standing up there at football games and feeling more and more excited every time I lead the kids into a victory cheer.

"One time I got so carried away that without thinking, or even being aware of what I was doing, I led the band up and down the hills of Greensburg. You should have seen those boys puffing, especially the one carrying the tuba."

Then all at once the laughter is wiped away and the pixie face is somber and sad as she suddenly remembers what *started* that dazed walk . . . a few words she heard one of the fellows say when they were lining up in position . . . words she wasn't supposed to hear.

"Don't misunderstand. It wasn't that I was getting even, or anything like that. It's just that . . . I guess I was running from what I had heard. I don't think I heard a note that the band played. And the business of twirling the baton—I don't even remember holding it, much less doing all the fancy tricks with it.

"All I kept hearing was that one sentence, over and over, *did you hear—Carroll's mom and dad are getting divorced?*"

And all of a sudden she was drowning in the whole thing.

No need to ask

"It's funny," Carroll says wistfully, "you can know something and live with it a long time, and do everything you can think of to try to blot it from your mind. I had known for years that my parents weren't getting along, and I knew a couple of kids in school whose parents weren't together, but when it happened to me—and remember, I was a big girl; I was sixteen—but it was like the bottom falling out of everything. It didn't seem possible that such a thing could happen . . . and I couldn't imagine how I'd get along without *both* of them to come to with my worries and my problems and my questions. I felt so alone."

When the long walk with the band was over, Carroll ran home, still in her majorette costume, still holding the long stick with the gold ball at the tip of it.

Maybe . . . maybe it wasn't true! She'd ask her mother. Maybe that boy didn't know what he was talking about, even though his father *was* a lawyer and a friend of Carroll's father . . . maybe, maybe, maybe.

She didn't have to ask her mother.

There were a couple of suit-cases almost blocking the hall door-way, and the look on their faces—they were just sitting there, waiting—told her it was true.

"Carroll," her mother began as Carroll stood there, not quite believing it yet, not quite believing the words she heard or the evidence of packed suitcases, and two people who looked so miserably unhappy.

"Honey," her father interrupted, "it's not that I don't love you or that I'm not going to miss you. You know that, don't you?"

A male movie star, who is working in a film abroad, became unhappy about delays and started to pack to go home. He received a thousand word cable from the studio head, urging him to stay. The entire cable, except the last brief paragraph, was a touching, gentle appeal to his sense of fairness, gratitude and loyalty to the studio that had made him a star. But the last brief paragraph was the convincer: "Besides, if you quit, we'll sue you for two million dollars."

Leonard Lyons· in the New York Post

And all Carroll kept thinking was *then stay, stay Daddy; don't leave me.*

As if he heard her silent cry, her father continued, "It's that your Mother and I feel that we will all be happier just seeing each other as friends."

But I don't want friends, Carroll's thoughts raced, *I want my family, like it used to be. I want you, Daddy, to show my report cards to. Like it used to be. I don't want to write to you about things. I want to* TELL *you about everything.*

Her father's voice droned on, and every once in a while her mother said something, and all that Carroll was hearing was her own voice—*please, please, please . . .*

. . . Carroll stayed in Greensburg with her grandmother until the end of the term, and then joined her mother who had gone down to Florida to live.

It was in Florida that her 'career' got its start.

The dancing act

"I enrolled in ST. PETERSBURG JUNIOR COLLEGE—and barely had time to finish the first term. Mother was heart-broken, but I just didn't have time for both school and dancing, and I knew what I wanted. I wanted to go right on being so busy that I didn't have time to think about what a family *should* be."

The career business started quite accidentally. The FLORIDA CITRUS GROWERS ASSOCIATION was having its convention. Somebody mentioned to somebody who told somebody else that there was a kid who was real good in the dancing department. Carroll got a call, and was sensational.

Florida is a town that has many a convention. "And it seems I danced at all of them! Then they began to pay me, and that was nice."

For a couple of years, Carroll burned up the countryside with her act. She was doing so well that she figured it was time to get to the big-time and settle down to fame and fortune.

So she came to Broadway—and was on the worst couple of months of her career.

"It's one thing to want to do something and know it's going to be tough," she'll tell you, "like when I decided to switch careers and study acting seriously.

"But when you think you're a real hot shot and have had no trouble getting bookings . . . and suddenly find yourself starving to death—that's another story! And New York *was cold!*"

Then a lot of things happened at once.

Marriage and unhappiness

Carroll tried out for a couple of dancing spots on TV . . . and was turned down. A sweet guy she had been dating asked her to marry him, and she *didn't* turn him down.

"It wasn't just that I was lonely and a bit frightened by the bigness of New York," Carroll remembers, "I guess I thought that at last I had found someone to belong to, someone who would *always* be there."

His name was Lew Ritter, and he was a sweet guy, a lot older than Carroll and a kind of a father to her. Maybe she was looking for her own father, the father who had left her.

"I guess I was just too young," Carroll says. "I *thought* it was the kind of feeling that makes you want to be with somebody all your life. I didn't know then how really is when you find the man who is right for you."

But one day she stood in a court room this girl with the long, loose-flowing hair, the large eyes that seemed to mirror the tragedy of too many unhappinesses—a face that looked so much too young to be there in front of a judge to hear the solemn words *divorce granted.*

And so this child of divorced parents found herself a divorced woman.

She was Carroll Baker again. She was no Mrs. Lew Ritter any more. All the dreams were down the drain and she was Carroll Baker again.

Living it over again

"It's funny, I stood there and felt that I was living something over again. You know, like when you walk into a room and you could swear that you've been in it before, that you'd know just where the rug is stained and the spot where somebody spilled some coffee? That's how I felt. Like I'd lived through it all before.

"Then it suddenly hit me, why . . . I *had* lived through it before, only I had been the kid that two people had tried so hard to hurt by sticking together, until they couldn't stick together any more.

"Then I knew how much I must have hurt my Mother and Father. There they had been, knocking themselves out till I was sixteen—and they couldn't try anymore. And I had made it even tougher, thinking only of what their divorce was doing to *me*, not once stopping to think how happy *they* were over the thing."

In those months of depression when she first really knew what her parents had been feeling, Carroll decided she had to find more to keep her busy, busy so that she wouldn't just sit around and mope and feel sorry for herself.

She had to find something to throw her-
lf into so that she'd stop remembering
at life again was nothing but loneliness.
She decided to study acting, seriously.
aybe because she remembered the little
arroll who used to play-act standing on
chair in front of the medicine cabinet.

e decision led to Jack

And that decision brought her so much
ore than something to kill the long hours
. it also gave her the kind of love that
e didn't know existed, the kind that
akes your heart hit the top of a sky-
raper, the kind that makes you *know*
ere really *are* clouds to float on.
His name is Jack Garfein.
Carroll had been in New York long
ough to know some of the ropes, so she
ew that the thing to do if she wanted
learn the brand of acting that appealed
her was to try out for the ACTORS STUDIO.
What she didn't know was that she was
so trying out for husband-to-be Jack.
She took a bus that would let her out on
e busy street in Manhattan's forties,
alked over to the white brick building
at had once been a church, and found
rself in a room no larger than her own
ing room. There were pictures on the
alls, old prints of European actors whose
mes were once familiar to the theatre
blics of the world.
A man was sitting at a small table,
unding away at a typewriter. A man
th black wavy hair "and just about the

Robert Q. Lewis, the comedian; Ralph Bellamy, the actor, and Helen Tamiris, the choreographer, found themselves sitting next to each other at a screening of old Charlie Chaplin movies at the Museum of Modern Art. After the showing, Lewis said, "That Chaplin is the greatest comedian!" Bellamy sighed, "Chaplin is the greatest actor of them all!" And Miss Tamiris confided, "Chaplin is really and basically a dancer, and a great one."

Paul Denis

---

test eyes I've ever seen. Do you know
at I mean? Not the kind," Carroll
ghs, "that you think you can get lost
. . . the kind that you feel you can *find*
urself in."
Of course it was Jack. Jack was doing
unteer work for the STUDIO while study-
his own job of theatre directing. He
k one look at Carroll, but if you think
s is going to be that kind of romance
u're mistaken.
Jack took one look at Carroll, told her
at she needed to know about getting an
dition to study at the STUDIO—and that
s that.

began at an automat

'Sure Jack and I saw each other—at the
DIO. It took him a *month* to get around
asking me out—and then only because
was hungry.
'He asked me if I'd like to join him for
andwich at the automat!"
But one lunch led to another, and the
t thing they knew, it started to be al-
st every evening that they were seeing
h other.
I knew I was in love with Jack. I guess
known it even before that first time
went out to lunch. Jack used to be
und the STUDIO a lot, and the first thing
new, *I* was there a lot too. I could have
died at home, too, you know!"
But suddenly it was exciting to go
ne place. A particular place. And sud-
nly the days weren't long any more,

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GIRL FROM TENNESSEE WINS 2-YEAR SCHOLARSHIP AT PASADENA PLAYHOUSE

The Lady Ellen Princess of 1956, Beverly Faye Robinson, 19 year old receptionist from Nashville, Tennessee, will study for two years on a full dramatic scholarship at the famous Pasadena Playhouse. Beverly won the Lady Ellen Search for Talent, sponsored by the Kaynar Company of Los Angeles, manufacturers of Lady Ellen Pin Curl Clips and Klippies. She also won a $500 wardrobe and a trip to Hollywood as the guest of screen star Maureen O'Hara.

Nine Maids of Honor won $500 wardrobes each in the Search for Talent Contest. They are Ellinor Gerrish, Middletown, Conn.; Anne M. Perillo, Brooklyn, N.Y.; LeAnn Brown, Toledo, Ohio; Susanne Rockvam, Minneapolis, Minn.; Eleanor Yeager, Jacksonville, Fla.; Amira Salinas, Laredo, Texas; Sharon Tracy, Ogden, Utah; Becky Haynes, LaGrande, Ore.; and Beverly Ross, Toronto, Canada.

Now the Search for the Lady Ellen Princess of 1957 is underway! The 1957 Princess will live like a movie star for two weeks in Hollywood . . . date a handsome screen star (chosen from Hollywood's most eligible bachelors) win a $500 wardrobe and an optional screen test at a major studio. Complete rules may be found on the back of the 25c Lady Ellen Pin Curl Clip Card on sale at variety, drug, food and department stores and beauty shops throughout the United States and Canada.

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Draw girl's head 5 inches high. Use pencil. Drawings for March 1957 contest must be received by March 31. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail with name, age, address, to:

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WHY MARLON BRANDO WAS ASKED TO LEAVE HIGH SCHOOL



■ Don't worry if your kid brother isn't doing very well in behavior in high school. Maybe he's another Marlon Brando in the making!

When Marlon entered LIBERTYVILLE HIGH, his ambition was to become an archaeologist. However, Libertyville had little to offer in such courses, and Brando arranged his own special assignments. One afternoon he and his school pal went to the nearby creek, instead, and worked until six o'clock on archaeology—diving for interesting stone specimens from the creek bed!

Brando's fractured French was bad enough but his marks in algebra and geometry paid off the ancient Hindus for inventing the concept of zero in our numbers. While the rest of the class was busy one day, trying to find the value of X, Marlon wondered about the value of an embalming fluid he had invented. As any budding archaeologist should do, young Bud took a great interest in the old Egyptians. Their secret process for permanently embalming bodies was a challenge Bud had to meet. He brought along to school that day his own mixture of lighter fluid, hair tonic, auto polish, and a touch of kerosene—intending to try it out on some dead beetles. But when the algebra answer proved so elusive, Bud's mind wandered to his new formula. Unpocketing it, he saturated his handkerchief and traced an interesting word on the classroom wall right next to him. Sure enough, the liquid was invisible. Next question: would it burn?

It did!—with quite a flaming swoosh—and the algebra class was over for the day. Unfortunately, instead of tracing out an Egyptian heiroglyphic Marlon had written a simple Anglo-Saxon word that expressed his sheer boredom with mathematics. However, the principal let him finish out the day and arranged a talk about better discipline with his father.

Bud's next class was French—and of course the entire room was still buzzing about the handwriting on the wall. Mrs. Culbertson, the French teacher, finally stood up at her desk, poised herself forward slightly—so that to young Marlon she looked something like a waitress at a counter—and shouted "Order! Order!"

Responding impulsively to his first impression, as he still does today, Brando immediately shouted back, "TWO BEERS, MAISIE!"

Next day he was out of LIBERTYVILLE HIGH, on his way to SHATTUCK MILITARY ACADEMY. There they put him in a regiment—but no one has ever succeeded in regimenting Marlon Brando.

Marlon can currently be seen in MGM's Teahouse Of The August Moon. *Watch for him soon in Warner Bros.'* Sayonara.

---

because there was something—some *one*—to look forward to the next day.

So day after day, they'd meet for lunch. And gradually the young kids fell in love.

"Not that it was easy, mind you. Jack is an angel, but sensitive! I remember the time that he picked me up for dinner. In his hand he had a single red rose. It was really quite lovely, and I thanked him for it. And for an hour he's so talkative that I began to think maybe it's all a dream and I'm really sitting there by myself.

"'What's the matter, Jack?' I asked him.

"'Nothing.'

"'Something's the matter; now what is it?' I asked.

"'Nothing.'

"'Isn't the play going well?'

"'Yes,' he answered. Like I said, he's being real talkative.

"'Don't you feel well?'

"'Fine.'

"'Did I do something?'

"'No.'

"'Then what's the matter, Jack?'

"'Nothing.'

"Now, I don't want you to think that I give up easily. But after a while I ran out of questions to ask, so I just shut up. I don't want you to think I'm exaggerating, but three hours later—well, maybe I *am* exaggerating, but not by much!—suddenly Jack turned to me and said, 'Don't you care?'

"'Care about *what?*' I ask him.

"'The rose,' Jack answers.

"'Of course,' I say, 'I told you how lovely I think it is.'

"'But, *don't you care?*'

"And then he finally came out with it. And explained that giving a girl a single red rose is like telling her *I love you.*

"Of course, I didn't know that. And even after I told him I hadn't known, and how thrilled I was to have him say it to me that way—with a flower—I'm not so sure that he gave up feeling hurt that I didn't care!"

Dreams for the future

Anyway, that's what life was like with these two—romantic gestures between the hours and hours of talk about the theatre, and plays, and directing, and acting, and theatre, and plays. And reading plays gether and visiting friends, other yo actors or directors.

"Like practically every other actor actress or director you're likely to talk Carroll points out, "we were broke weekly pay check wasn't the routine so it was cheaper to eat in than out. I ner at my place got to be almost rout

"And even that wasn't so easy to m age! Jack and I got to the point where didn't even think twice about what were going to eat—nine times out of it was that inexpensive answer to a hur prayer, *Kraft Cheese Dinner!*

"But we still like cheese—now and th

And after the dishes were done and t had a couple of quiet hours they did v every young couple in love will do—t dreamed of the future.

Then things started happening fast Carroll was signed for a fat role i TV production that resulted in a Hollywood nibbles. And surprisingly, a girl who had had a tough struggle to anywhere in New York, *Carroll tur down all the offers.*

For by this time Carroll was head o heels in love with Jack.

"It took Jack six months to propose, another six before we decided enough enough of un-wedded loneliness."

And so they were married.

Carroll wore a dress that she made h self, desperately sewing up the hem—as heard the first wedding guests begin arrive. "That was about the only time I was grateful to my Grandmother making me learn how to sew. I don't k what I'd have gotten married in oth wise!"

But Jack gave her a look that showe couldn't have cared less about what was wearing, just so long as she standing there beside him to hear words of God that joined them toge forever.

And so they were married, and the who had been rootless all her life had strongest kind of roots imaginable . . last.

Happiness thrown her way

Then Carroll was offered a role in G Jack could go with her to Hollywood Carroll accepted. And things started l ing up for the young director, too, with directing of *End As A Man.*

Carroll and Jack have moved from t one-room fourth-floor walk-up to apartment that's big enough for Car Jack and their Christmas present, l Blanche.

Their new apartment started pretty bare, with just the bed-couch f their first place—"it was the first thing *ever* bought"—and the linoleum for baby's room and a prop gun which used once to scare a good perform out of an actor. Today, it's lovely furnished—with about the three happ people imaginable.

And that's the story of this girl with long loose-flowing hair, the large eyes seem to mirror the tragedy of too n unhappinesses—and the face that look much too young to know the kin heartbreaking loneliness that only a c of divorced parents knows, and that a divorced woman understands. Ca Baker had to live through being k child of divorce and divorced woman. fore fate, Kismet, or call it what you decided it was time to throw a little ha ness her way.

Carroll can currently be seen in Wa Bros. Baby Doll, *and George Stevens duction of* Giant, *a Warner release.* Y *also be seeing her soon in U.A.'s* Devil's Disciple.

IT'S A COVER-UP"
ays Ronald Reagan

"Sure I've seen them—the young rls and the young men who've just come movie stars. Sure they're con- ited, some of them. But for the ma- rity, the air of nity is just a ver-up. Mostly, ey're shaking in eir boots!"



This was Ron- d Reagan talk- g. And, as one no's been coping th the problems fame for more an fifteen years, is a guy who knows whereof he eaks.

"Fame is a difficult thing to adjust psychologically," he added. "One y you're anonymous. The next you're ing stared at, talked about, written out, and asked for your autograph.

"The question that plagues almost eryone in that position is: how should u behave?

"Most actors and actresses get used it. But some are always uncomfort- le about it, especially if they're shy.

"I recall an incident that made this rticularly clear to me.

"I was standing nearby when two enaged girls recognized James Mason a hotel. One of them dared the other speak to him. Finally, she got up the rve and she said, 'Aren't you James ason?' He admitted he was—and rriedly excused himself and left.

"Both girls thought he was vain and de. So I went over to them and said: o you know why he left? Because you ghtened the poor man half to death, eaking to him out of the blue like at. James is the nicest guy in the rld. But he's extremely sensitive and y. He's the kind who sits in corners parties.'

"I don't know whether they believed e, but it was the truth.

"I remember when Lana Turner first came famous. There was a big party r her. A few weeks before, she'd been kid in high school. And now here she s, the honored guest among all kinds important people she'd never seen be- re—except on the screen.

"She was the picture of glamour. And cool as can be. She walked by a mous producer, winked, and whis- red, 'How'm I doing?'

"You see, underneath that gown, her ees were shaking. So," says Ronnie. f a star seems to give you a cold shoul- r, don't write it off as rudeness— cause chances are they're more afraid you than you are of them!"

Ronald Reagan will soon be seen in olumbia's Hellcats Of The Navy.



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an important message to two unhappy people

(*Continued from page 53*) way your wife has candles and flowers on the table and dreamy music on the record-player waiting for you when you get home, to let you know she feels romantic. . . . The time you both decided you wanted some ice cream at two o'clock in the morning and slipped some slacks over your pajamas to drive out to a roadside place to get some, and what fun you had hiding the secret from the car-hop. . . . And the time your wife wore herself out making a huge party for the family on Christmas day, and how wonderful it felt to be home, surrounded by those you love, with the one you love most of all in all the world right at your side. . . . And sometimes, you remember when your wife couldn't find the toothpaste or the water glass."

That's the way Russ talked just a couple of weeks ago. . . .

Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson planned to celebrate their first wedding anniversary on St. Valentine's Day: they'd dine at Venetia's favorite restaurant, and finish the evening off with a champagne party . . . for the two of them at home.

Venetia's motto

Just as they'd start to unwrap the gifts, Venetia planned, she'd disappear into the den. A minute later she'd come back with a hammer and a set of picture hooks.

Russ would see the huge and lovely portrait of Venetia he'd been wanting, look at her standing there with the hammer in her hand, and grin.

"I learned a lesson last Christmas," she would say, "and decided the best motto in the world is *Be Prepared.*"

Remembering Christmas Eve, when they'd waited for the stroke of twelve to unwrap their presents, Venetia started to laugh. For Russ's gift to Venetia had been a handsome silver tea set—and out they'd gone at midnight to find some tea so Venetia could launch Russ's gift. They thought they'd run out of gasoline before they'd run out of determination, until one of them spotted the open-all-night delicatessen. "A package of tea and some butter cookies," Russ had said to a startled clerk. And home they rushed to inaugurate their tea set.

So Venetia planned to be ready, and then they'd set about hanging the picture in the den, then sit down, arms around each other, and watch some TV. Watching television with a champagne glass in hand may not be the most exciting way in the world to celebrate a first anniversary—but to Russ and Venetia it would be. It was enough to be home, to be happy, to be completely lost in each other. So that's how they planned it.

What he learned the first year

"We've learned a lot about ourselves, about marriage, and about each other in this first year," Russ said a few weeks ago.

"It's helped us both grow up," added Venetia, and Russ continued, elaborating on that thought, "You know that song, 'We Come From Two Different Worlds?' Well that could apply to us. In the beginning, at least."

Russ comes from a closely-knit, happy family. Venetia's parents, English director Robert Stevenson and actress Anna Lee, were divorced when she was a child. Russ is a man with close family ties; Venetia's been on her own since she was sixteen. Russ is outgoing; Venetia's quiet and self-contained. Russ is happy-go-lucky; Venetia's a bit of a worry-wart. Russ is presents-happy; Venetia is budget-happy. Russ is crazy about hamburgers; Venetia just tolerates them. Russ has a rollicking sense of humor; Venetia is a serious little thing.

Russ was twenty-one and Venetia was seventeen when they married a little over a year ago. It's a young marriage as marriages go. But maybe it's just that youth, with its flexibility and desire-to-grow, that made the marriage—for a while . . . For instance, Rusty used to have a thing about the kitchen being strictly a woman's place. At dinner time, he'd go into the living room and watch TV or read the paper till dinner was ready. And then he'd disappear back in the living room again when they finished eating.

That's the way things used to be at his own home, where his mother managed everything.

Then one evening he noticed that Venetia seemed tired, and the dishes piled in the sink looked sky-high. Venetia looked so young and lovely and *swamped* that he found himself offering to dry the dishes. "That did it," he said. "Now I don't think twice about offering to help. Maybe when Venetia is my mother's age and has as much experience running a home, she'll have a system too. But meantime, I like helping. Maybe part of it is that she's appreciative of anything I do."

What she learned

And Venetia used to have a thing about budgets. Right after Christmas they sat down with a notebook and paper, and

Christopher Morley's story, *Lincoln's Doctor's Dog*, was being adapted for TV at the Hal Roach studios. Morley wrote this story when he was starving. A publisher advised him that the surest way to get a story accepted was to make it (1) a story about Lincoln, or (2) about a dog or (3) about a doctor. Morley took no chances.

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

Venetia's verdict was, "No more extravagances for a long, long time. No more presents!" And even though Rusty's birthday was December 30th, they decided not to celebrate; they'd save money. Promptly on December 30th, not even a week after Venetia won her round, sure enough Venetia turned up with a birthday gift for Russ—a handsome gold bracelet with his name engraved on one side and *I love you* on the other.

"There are times when you don't have to stick to the letter of the law on budgets," said Venetia with a smile and a toss of her blonde head. "Rusty taught me that."

Because it's those little pleasure-giving things that make a marriage.

For example: Rusty's a man of simple tastes. He used to like nothing but hamburgers and hot dogs. "Every time I cooked dinner," Venetia smiled, "it was hamburgers or hot dogs. Then I tried a little ingenuity. I explained that meat loaf is one form of hamburger. And then I tried other variations. Until finally I got pretty far from the hamburger and the hot dog! I'm proud to say that Russ will eat anything now. But then," she continued with a smile and a sidelong glance at Russ, "I've learned to appreciate hamburgers too!"

Just as you are

Other times, it's the big and important things that make two people living together know they have a marriage. Rusty told about the time he first got to know and to understand his wife, and to *know* that he knew it. It took an outsider t point the way.

He had taken Venetia to a friend's hous for dinner. Rusty was his usual bubblin self, but Venetia became strangely quie and withdrawn. "If Venetia likes th people she's with," Rusty explained, "she warm and charming and outgoing. Bu that evening she withdrew into hersel She walked over to a corner of the roo and sat down alone. When I asked her t join in with us, I got a quiet, 'I like i sitting here.' And things didn't get an better at dinner. Venetia made it clea that she wanted to be with me and onl me—and I felt that we ought to socializ with the host and with the other guest Her behavior embarrassed me.

"The next day I phoned my friend t apologize for Venetia. I was surprise when he invited me to stop by. And as tounded when he lit into me!

"He told me that Venetia has a *righ* to be an individual, and that she had hi respect because she's quiet and lady-lik acts the way she feels. He said, 'Som people will understand Venetia's indi viduality, and some people won't. But th people who *don't* understand her, wel they're not judging her as a person-they're judging a social form.'

"His explanation made me feel ashame of the way I'd felt about Venetia. wanted to go right down home and apolo gize to her for trying to apologize f her. I think it made me realize that t really love someone, you have to acce her and appreciate her, *just as she is*- and to care about what *she* thinks mo than you care about what anyone else i the world does."

Just being married—not enough

It was Venetia's intuitive understandi of her husband's nature that helped ke the marriage on an even keel too—f a while, at the beginning. When Ru wasn't working, things started to get a li tle out of hand. It wasn't a matter of mo ne Russ had a couple of big hit pictures his credit, and he had just come into couple of bonds that had been put aw for him from his childhood earnings. B Russ wasn't working on anything *curre* and as everyone in Hollywood knows t big thing in an actor's life is not *Wh have you done lately?* but *What are y doing now?"*

For a while Russ' answer was, *Ju being married.* And in the beginning, th was enough. But Venetia knew the stra of idleness was beginning to take its to Inactivity may be part of every acto life, but Rusty hated it.

So one afternoon she sat down a quietly thought. She had to get his mi away from the what'll-I-do-all-day-t day situation. When Rusty came hon they talked over the solution she'd cor up with and then signed up for drama le sons, and lessons in painting, pastels a clay. The idea worked like a char Russ stopped worrying about when t next job would come along—and wh he landed a job dancing on TV, everythi fell into place again.

But sometimes understanding each oth hasn't been that simple or that natur It's been something they had to gro in the dark for and reach for—and lea with slow despair.

"It sounded so silly"

"We get angry in completely differe ways, Venetia and I," Russ explained. explode. Boom. Boom. Boom. And th I'm ready to forget the whole thing. N Venetia. She gets very quiet and c and aloof, and you know she's goi through a long slow burn. After a whi she starts hitting you over the head w

acts. Fact. Fact. Fact. I have a bad memory, and can't answer her. So what used to do was to walk out and slam the door. That was all wrong.

"Finally I tried to have a little more of a sense of humor about the whole thing. One of our favorite bits used to be her 'You never tell me that you love me any more.' Now that's so silly that I used to blow. And when I'm mad, I can't for the life of me remember the time, or the place, or the date I said it last.

"But the last time this came up, I found the perfect solution. When she said 'You don't say *I love you* any more,' I shouted 'I love you, I'm mad about you, I adore you!' Then I waited a couple of seconds, looked at my watch and said—'There, I said it five seconds ago.' The whole thing sounded so silly that we couldn't help laughing, and that ended that argument."

And Venetia said, "I think we're beginning to rub off on one another. I'm trying to develop the kind of sense of humor that Rusty has. I know it's saved us from a couple of serious arguments. Usually though, I have a terror of screaming like a fishwife, and so I don't say anything."

That was what Russ and Venetia said a few weeks ago. They said, "Things weren't easy at the beginning. It took a near-crisis during the first few months of our marriage to teach us how to handle ourselves and how to handle each other."

"I think there must be different kinds of love," Russ said, "I know mine has changed. Before we were married, I thought I knew what it meant to be madly in love. I thought it was the excitement I felt whenever Venetia stepped into a room. Now I know it's more than that. These days, I can just look at her while she's doing the dishes—with me helping, watch!—and I get a tremendous feeling of *belonging* and of sharing.

"Marriage has helped us both grow up, and it's been fun growing up together. We've lived, loved, and learned enough this year to make a tremendous difference in the rest of our lives." Venetia listened solemnly, and nodded in agreement. "You're absolutely right, darling."

Which shall it be?

Yes, that's what you two said to us just a couple of weeks ago, Russ and Venetia, just a couple of weeks ago when you were happy and looking forward to your first anniversary and thinking how you'd made a big start towards learning to live together in the way your love for each other made you want to live.

That's the ending of the story you had with each other then.

But on January 18, such a short time before that first anniversary the two of you had planned together, the newspapers carried a different story. *Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson announced they had separated,* read the report. And your studio, Russ, said *the decision was made with mutual regret.*

There was one other thing to the announcement; the papers quoted you two as saying, *"Maybe we can work out our problems."*

Remember that first big quarrel, that ended when you rushed into each other's arms? And remember what you said about it, Russ . . . how wonderful it felt to be home, with the one you love most of all in all the world . . .

Which ending is it going to be for you two. . . . the happy ending, the one you two *really* want?

Or the sad ending . . . **END**

Venetia Stevenson will soon be seen in RKO's The Girl Most Likely. *Russ can currently be seen in the Allied Artist film* The Young Guns.



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THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

can jeanne crain keep her husband home?

(*Continued from page 38*) very fact that she *is* so religious can make it twice as hard for her to forgive Paul's playing around—and his knocking her around! It can't be wiped out, just like that. Even if Jeanne *wants* to forget it!"

So how come?

Well, for one thing, Paul was on a strong campaign to win Jeanne back. It was a slow job, but he persisted . . . and she didn't resist too strongly.

A few weeks before they reconciled, Jeanne confided to a friend, "I've gotten more red roses from Paul this month than in the last five years of our marriage. If Paul wants to date me and court me a little, it's all right with me! I tried so hard," she added, "to think my problems out. It didn't do any good. I was just about going out of my mind trying to decide what would be the best thing. Now, I'm just going to let things happen as they may. Perhaps fate will take over."

Since her divorce last August, Jeanne has been unhappy, as few Hollywood stars have ever been over the bust-up of a marriage. She lost weight; she couldn't sleep; she came perilously close to a complete nervous breakdown.

At first she tried to kid herself and those around her. The lawyers were making out the papers; she was finishing work on *The Tattered Dress* at UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL; life was about as miserable as it could get; and Jeanne was making quotes like, "Now that it's over and finished, I feel like I'm starting life over again. Life is suddenly very exciting."

She knew it wasn't so

Nonsense! And no one knew it better than Jeanne herself. Life was far from exciting for her. It had become hollow and meaningless and inwardly she was ripping herself apart wondering how much of it might have been *her* fault, looking for—and afraid to find—the things in *herself* that might have triggered Paul's actions. Had *she* failed *him*? How . . . how . . .

After *The Tattered Dress* was finished, Jeanne went cross country on a publicity tour. She drove herself—hard—and she came back to Hollywood tired and sick. Within days she was in ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL in Santa Monica, for what was officially described as nervous exhaustion.

"A more correct diagnosis would be a broken heart," said one bitter friend, bitter towards Paul for the misery he had created. "What was he looking for, anyway? . . . That he couldn't find right in his own wife!"

Then another picture came along, co-starring with Frank Sinatra. She took it. She wanted to be busy.

"After the picture is over I'm going to do some of the things I've never had time to do before. I'll travel . . . I'd like to take up painting in Paris . . . I'm going to sign up for courses in astronomy and sculpture at UCLA."

But living wasn't much fun for Jeanne without Paul.

"Can Daddy come home?"

Because of the children, Jeanne and Paul never stopped seeing each other entirely. He'd come around to the Beverly Hills house for Sunday brunch. Or they'd take the children out for dinner. And Paul, Jr., Michael, Timothy and Jeanine, hopping up and down would beg, "Can't Daddy come home *this* time?" The coffee got cold and the ice cream melted while Jeanne's and Paul's eyes locked, both ashamed of what had happened. And Paul would start to say, "Honey, couldn't we . . ." And her heart would break a little more with yearning, with wanting.

Jeanne justified these dinners—to her friends, to herself—by saying, "For the sake of the children, I think it's best for us to be friendly." And in a little while, Paul and Jeanne and the children would be having dinner again, and Paul would look at Jeanne, and beg with his eyes . . .

But every couple of weeks Jeanne would read another item about him dating some pretty young thing. And the hope would go out of her again, and her heart would flip again—with pain.

Until suddenly the items stopped, and Paul was always out stag.

He wanted Jeanne back, and he stopped dating even though *now* he was free.

On the sidelines, there were powerful forces pulling in opposite directions. Jeanne's mother and younger sister, who had never wanted her to marry Brinkman in the first place, talked only about his escapades, his violent jealousy, his "sponging" off Jeanne for most of their married life. It's always been an unfortunate in-law relationship.

On the other hand, Jeanne's priest didn't feel that way at all. Neither did Reconciliation Judge Lewis Drucker, who had talked to Jeanne and Paul several times before the decree was granted.

And time was working its healing magic . . . when suddenly there were new headlines which could have smashed the whole thing.

A warrant was out for Paul's arrest; the police were looking for him.

He'd gotten in a fight with wealthy manufacturer Homer Rhoads, a man who had entered the picture earlier as a possible threat to Paul's hopes for a reconciliation.

Paul claimed that Rhoads, in the process

"SEX isn't always what you think"





Rita Hayworth and Gene Tierney are two of the leading ladies that Glenn found sexy—for most unusual reasons!

■ Glenn Ford, who's pitched fancy woo at almost every top glamour star in the business—for the cameras, of course—has his own ideas about what constitutes glamour-ga sex appeal. "The sexiest quality," he says, "never stands out on the screen!"

To make it plain, Glenn adds, "A man who holds a beautiful woman in his arms sees her from a different perspective than if he were watching her from the back row of a movie theater."

To begin with—what's sexiest about Rita Hayworth, with whom Glenn teamed twice after making the memorable *Gilda?* He answers that easily. "The eyes! Rita's eyes promise excitement, mystery, adventure—believe it or not!" It may be news to fellow who've watched Rita's gams, or other assets, on the screen. But as far as Glenn's concerned, the eyes have it. Then he recalls making *The Return Of October* with Terry Moore—when he couldn't take his eyes off her hands! "Those hands," he claims "are sexy and feminine—yet strong and capable. They're hands that can rein a high-spirited horse or soothe a man's brow. That's really sexy versatility!"

It took him a while to figure out Gene Tierney, when they did *The Secret O Convict Lake*—but Glenn finally got it. "It's the walk," he says. "She walks, and a you can think of is following her. She's got the original come-hither sway."

And Janet Leigh, claims Glenn, "has the world's cutest nose. It's her most captivat ing feature—especially when she wrinkles it."

Another leading lady is Rhonda Fleming. For her he chooses "The fascinating lin of her neck. It's best noticed from a side view, and can only be described as trul swan-like. If I were an artist I'd paint Rhonda's neck—and with great affection."

Bette Davis, who has some physical features that are a great delight to night clu mimics, appealed to Glenn for a reason overlooked by most of her imitators. "He mouth," he recalls, from romancing her in *A Stolen Life*, "is fascinating. In contras to her famous drive and energy, her full mouth is expressive and relaxed."

And what about the glamour girl in Glenn's own life—Eleanor Powell? Could sh give her version of the Glenn appeal that *doesn't* show on screen?

Eleanor sighs, "I can't do that, because Glenn's a different person with every part h plays. I can hardly wait to read his next script—so I'll know what kind of a man am married to!"

Glenn's currently in MGM's Teahouse Of The August Moon. *Watch for him i Columbia's* 3:10 To Yuma.

of divorcing his own wife, was pestering Jeanne for dates. Paul went to Rhoads' Hollywood apartment to tell him to lay off, and within minutes fists were flying. Rhoads accused Paul of assaulting him, and the police went looking for Brinkman. The next night, according to Paul, Rhoads called Jeanne's home and threatened to kill Brinkman.

"That's when Jeanne got so nervous about the whole thing that she left the phone off the hook," Paul said. "Rhoads must be crazy if he thinks he's going to marry Jeanne."

But Rhoads publicly announced that he was getting a divorce to marry Jeanne. She promptly told reporters that she wasn't marrying him or *anybody else.*

Something special

Up until this time, Jeanne and Paul had not appeared together in public except for their occasional Sunday dinners with the children. Then something happened. What it was, exactly, probably even Jeanne couldn't say. But Paul invited her to a New Year's eve party hosted by their good friends the Tex Feldmans, and she accepted.

"It should be fun," Paul assured her. "It's a costume party with a *My Fair Lady* theme. The girls are all supposed to wear gowns of the 1906 period."

New Year's eve . . . that's something special . . . just a year ago they had celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary with the Feldmans, on the same night—December 31.

Yes, she said, *she'd love to go.*

The night of the party, Jeanne and Paul caused quite a stir as they walked in together. When they posed for pictures, the cameramen asked, "May we say this is a reconciliation?"

Jeanne and Paul smiled. "Definitely!"

Jeanne didn't wear her wedding ring, but she did have a stunning sparkler on her finger, a king-size aquamarine flanked by diamonds. Yes, it was from Paul, an eleventh-anniversary present.

Jeanne looked radiant—and her old vivacious self. And Paul's attentiveness said, plainer than any words, how precious she was to him. They acted like a pair of hand-holding newlyweds and theirs was the gay table that evening. How long since they had danced together? How lonely the long year had been!

Neither Jeanne nor Paul has said much about the reconciliation.

"I'd rather wait a while before I talk about it," Jeanne says cautiously.

"There's been too much conversation with reporters in the past," Paul complains. "That's been one of our troubles. I think we'll do better if we keep our personal lives out of the headlines."

"They've *both* learned a lesson," a friend of Paul's says. "Remember, neither of them was completely blameless. Paul took the brunt of it, because of his violence. But Jeanne wasn't entirely in the clear! A lot will depend on whether or not Paul learns to curb his hot temper. It's always gotten him into trouble."

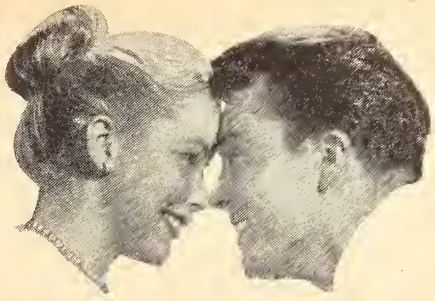
And while movie fans and gossip columnists cross country and back argued pro and con on whether Jeanne and Paul should have tried it again—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brinkman quietly packed their bags and made their reservations for a second honeymoon, a second stab at happiness, on the sun-washed sands of Hawaii.

But—can it last?

Can Jeanne Crain keep her husband home?

END

Jeanne will soon be seen in U-I's The Tattered Dress *and Paramount's* The Joker Is Wild.



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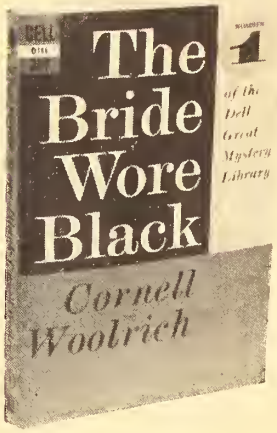
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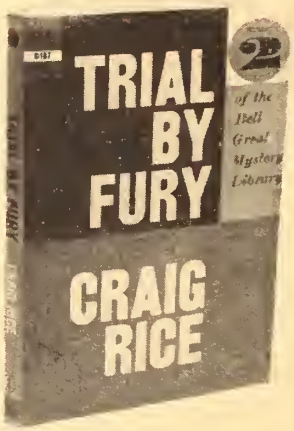
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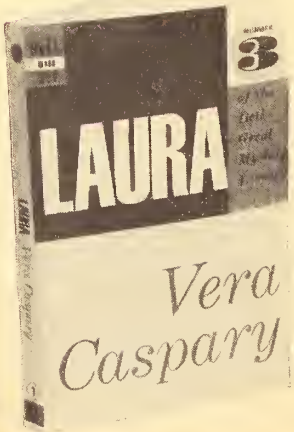
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the girl who jilted elvis

(*Continued from page 51*) lot, and those who double-dated with them say that to see her and Elvis together was to really envy them. One minute they were laughing and in utter hysterics over something 'clever' one of them had said—they were always trying to outquip one another, and everything seemed funny—and in the middle of a great big joke, in the middle of a coke, if their eyes suddenly met and held, the laughter would stop . . . and, well, you just didn't look when they kissed. It was like intruding where you didn't belong.

By the time Elvis was graduating from high school there wasn't any question about who was going to the prom with him. Because Dixie was already wearing his school ring. And down in Tennessee, a girl doesn't wear your ring just because you're dating; you give your class ring to the girl who's going to be your wife.

Elvis graduated and got a job at the CROWN ELECTRIC COMPANY, and during holiday seasons Dixie worked at GOLDSMITH'S department store. So one of the first things Elvis did with his spending money was save it up and buy an old beat-up Lincoln—so that he could drive Dixie home from work.

He was always there, waiting for her.

They were going steady and some day they'd get married and life was wild fun —and quiet happiness.

Until Elvis made his hit record.

He never changed

But this isn't the story of a boy who forgot all about his hometown sweetheart as soon as success hit him. Even today, down in Memphis those who know Elvis will tell you, "You just don't love very often like Elvis loved that Dixie."

Elvis made his hit record "Good Rockin' Tonight" and he hired a manager. He hit the personal appearance tours into Louisiana and East Texas.

Then Elvis bought his first Cadillac, a used pink and black one, and he was the happiest kid in the world. To be in love, and have a hot record, and a Caddy all at the same time!

Dixie was with him when the car burned up. And the people who know Elvis and Dixie will tell you, "No wonder it got all burned up—with Elvis and Dixie in it. They were so wrapped up in each other that the car was almost completely on fire, and passing cars were honkin' and trying to warn them. But they were so wrapped up in each other they kept right on riding. They almost lost their lives in that accident."

Elvis still says, "No other car will ever be as precious to me as that one." Because Dixie rode in it? And hasn't ridden in the newer ones?

WHO IS SHE?

(see page 65)

Believe, it or not, it's Jayne Mansfield! This picture of Jayne taking a bow in costume was snapped when she played the lady-in-waiting in Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing *at the* UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.

Elvis Presley and Dixie Locke went together and were considered engaged by all their friends—for over two years—when success came.

But Dixie was still in high school, and there were lots of school activities—and Elvis was always away on tour.

Dixie loved him, but she was fun-loving. This was the very thing that had endeared her to Elvis, Dixie reasoned herself, so he shouldn't mind if she dated other boys while he was away.

The stories drift back

While he was on tour, and then back in Memphis, the stories started to drift in to Elvis. At first he couldn't believe those stories. Because he *did* mind. He minded very much.

So he asked around and checked and watched, and when he finally knew for sure, he went to her.

What they said to each other no one but Elvis and Dixie know. Except for two things. Elvis told a friend of his, "When he offered me back the ring . . . that's when I died . . ." And Dixie's closest friend will tell you that Elvis took the ring, put it on his own finger, turned to walk away and said, "All right, Dixie. I'll take the ring. But I'll never love another girl again . . . ever . . ."

Maybe Dixie wanted to make up, maybe she knew that Elvis was more important to her—so much more important!—than any casual date. But by then Elvis was looking at her from her TV screen; and maybe she was afraid that he'd think it was only because he was a big star.

And maybe Elvis figured that she was the one who had rejected him—so it was her place to tell him if she wanted him back.

The big news about Elvis started to be his dates with girls. Girls he took out while he was on tour, girls he brought home to visit his parents, girls to ride with him in his Cadillacs and his motorcycle.

The people in Memphis who know Elvis say it's his way of burning up the torch he's carrying, and they'll tell you *there's no doubt about it, he's sure as shootin' carryin' a torch for that Dixie.*

Because whenever he hit Memphis, he'd always ask about Dixie, and who she was dating, and how she looked.

That was how it was . . . month after month. Until one time when Elvis hit Memphis, and ran into somebody who knew Dixie, and asked how she was. And the girl sitting over a hamburger in the GRIDIRON, Elvis' favorite restaurant in downtown Memphis, looked out of the plate-glass window because she couldn't stand the way Elvis' face just sort of collapsed when she said, "Why, Elvis, didn't you know? Dixie got married last week."

So down in Memphis now there's a girl named Mrs. Benny Mulberry who once loved and was loved by Elvis Presley.

"And he still loves her"

And Elvis' mother shakes her head with sorrow for her son and says, "That Dixie Locke is the only girl that Elvis ever talked of marrying, and he *still* loves her." And the mother of one of the girls Elvis has been seeing sort of often, worried about her own daughter's heart, says quietly, "He'd go a-runnin'—even now—if that Dixie Locke so much as crooked her finger at him."

And Elvis? Well, when they ask him—the reporters and the fan magazine writers—if he's ever been in love, Elvis always answers the same way, "Yes. I've been in love. Once. But I guess that's all over now."

Yes, perhaps someday it will be all over for Elvis. Perhaps . . . **END**

Elvis can be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film Love Me Tender. *Watch for him soon in Hal Wallis' Paramount release* Running Wild.

"YOU WUNNERFUL, WUNNERFUL PEOPLE"



■ It will be some time before the inhabitants of London forget the arrival of Liberace in their, until then, reasonably quiet city. He had the biggest reception and impact on London since Charlie Chaplin arrived in 1921.

Several thousand fans greeted their idol with banners *We Want Liberace.* To put everybody in the right mood the station loudspeakers played his recordings. "They're all wunnerful, just wunnerful," Liberace grinned, and squeezed his mother's hand.

When I found myself standing beside him, I said, "Mr. Liberace—"

"Please," he said. "Call me Lee. All my friends call me Lee."

ME: Isn't your first name Wladziu?

LEE: Ah, you've been checking on me.

ME: You've aroused interest here with your colorful wardrobe Mr. er—Lee. Do you really like wearing lilac evening suits and silver lamé jackets?

LEE: I love wearing them. People love lovely things—and they are deductible from my income tax.

ME: What made you start all that?

LEE (*looking soulful*): I've been in show business for years. Played the piano in all sorts of places. And always I'd go home feeling so unnecessary. That couldn't last of course.

ME: So what did you do?

LEE: I took a year off and thought up my present idea. It's been a great success, and I've made a lot of money. But I'm not making much in England. But I can't let money stand between me and my fans. They have been so wunnerful in London.

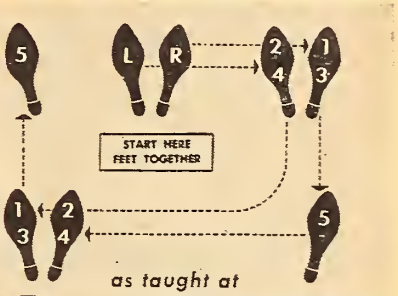
ME: Tell me, is it true that some husbands in America have been known *to* kick in the TV screens when you come on?

LEE (with a laugh): When I heard it I cried—all the way to the bank!

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why kim remains unsatisfied

(*Continued from page 45*) three—and she sees others too—that you can't help wondering: which is it—Mac, Mario or Frank? Is she in love with *any* of them? Why doesn't she marry *one*?

What have these men meant to her? What qualities in them appealed to her? And what have they done *for her*?

So far 'most everyone has only *guessed* at the answers, and so far only Kim herself really *knew*.

Now you have them, too, 'cause here they are, right from the angel's mouth:

"I admire Frank Sinatra," she said. "I am fascinated by Mario. And I love Mac Krim. Remember, I've known him the longest—for three years.

"However, three years ago, I was much more ready to marry and settle down. Now, something new has entered my life and I'm not ready for marriage. Maybe I have some more growing up to do.

"Since I can't find everything I want in one man, I go out with several men—not only Mac, Mario and Frank, but others, too. Since no one man seems to have everything I want in a man, I'm perfectly willing to see several men. Each man I go with fulfills a different need in me."

What men mean to Kim

The truth is that men have given Kim Novak the inner emotional security she sought in vain as a child. Her test for her movie contract included a monologue in which she told what she wanted out of life: to love and be loved. "The words were just the way I feel," Kim said later.

In her childhood Kim had never felt completely accepted. Because she wore her hair in blond braids and most of the children in her neighborhood had permanents already; because her clothes were hand-stitched by her old-fashioned grandmother instead of being bought at stores, Kim looked and felt different. And the mocking laughter of the other children always rang in her ears.

"Mac," said Kim, "has had a great deal to do with helping me be happy.

"It is so nice to have someone who likes you, not just because of how you look, or because you are a star—but because it's *you*.

"I like to be casual and informal, and he's that type of man. I don't like to prepare for dates, but to do things on impulse.

"Where I used to feel left out as a child, and disliked for being different, Mac made me feel that I could be myself with him—and that he liked me that way. He made me feel accepted at a nice, casual level.

Honest Mac

"And he is so honest with me.

"When I'd been on tour, I'd found that most people aren't like that. There are many who are willing to say, 'Everything's fine,' when it isn't, and they know it.

"But it's so comfortable to ask Mac if he likes something and get a straight out-and-out *no*. And if he says *yes*, I know he means *yes*—not *maybe* and not *no, but I don't know how to say it.*

"Like when I was placed under contract, I asked him one night, 'Do you think I'll ever be able to amount to anything in this business?'

" 'No, I don't,' he said.

"My heart sank. He went on: 'You just haven't what it takes to be a success in show business. You are too shy, too quiet.' Mac owns several theatres, and he knows, I figured.

"Anyway, I went back to Benno Schneider, my dramatic coach, and told him what Mac had said. I was pretty blue.

"Though it's good to have someone like Mac honest enough to knock down your opinion of yourself when he believes he's right, it's also good to have someone who will help build you up. Benno reassured me. He said that he was sure I had what it takes to become an actress.

To prove a point

"Of course, I'm glad Mac was wrong. But that isn't the point. He accepted me as a woman he was happy to be with; he helped build up my faith in myself as a *woman*. Even though he thought I'd never amount to anything as an actress, that honesty was good for me. I tried harder to prove a point.

"Mac and I have a wonderful relationship. He's the only man who has known me as Marilyn Novak, before I became a movie star, and who also knows me as Kim. Other men know only part of my personality.

"And he's the only one to whom I can say, 'I've got five minutes. Won't you please come by and talk to me? Then I must dash home.'

"Or if we have a date and I've got to stand him up, I can say, 'I've got to study my script tonight,' and he'll be very understanding.

"And it isn't that he's the kind of person on whose shoulder I can cry, the kind I know will always stand by no matter what happens.

"I don't think a girl should ever think of any man she goes with as being old reliable. You have to try to please a man, and if you think of him as being steadfast no matter what you do, you might not make an effort to please him. I wouldn't like anyone who was just old reliable. Who wants an old-dog-tray type of character? Not me. To me Mac stands for love, for companionship, for honesty."

Then you ask her what Frank's fascination is.

"I like to go out with several different kinds of men. My feeling toward Frank is mostly one of admiration. He's seen so much that it's interesting to be with him, and with his friends. They're bright, alert and sharp, just as he is."

Knowing Frank Sinatra, you know his reputation with women, so the thought comes that maybe it's because he's hard to get that makes him so wanted.

Does Kim find it intriguing that he's hard to hold?

The faintest gleam of yellow comes into Kim's eyes. They're fascinating eyes. Most of the time they look hazel. But they change color frequently. When Kim is happy, her eyes are soft green; when she's angry, they're a blazing yellow.

Kim answered, "I don't think that the fact that any man is hard to hold is intriguing!"

So you ask her the next question; isn't Kim in love with Sinatra?

"No," she said.

Hasn't she *been* in love with or infatuated with him?

"No."

A close friend of Kim's, asked about all the gossip items that had told how madly infatuated Kim supposedly was, said "Those stories make me sick. For some reason, many of the columnists wanted to believe that Kim was infatuated with Frank, instead of the other way 'round!"

Is Kim jealous of Sinatra?

As for the Frank Sinatra jazz, it's hard to know the truth.

Several months ago, when Frank was entertaining in Las Vegas, some of Kim's close friends thought she might be flipping her lid over him when she flew out to see him on a couple of week ends.

But this is Kim's explanation: "My mother wanted to see Las Vegas, and I thought it would be more fun for her to see it from the inside out, rather than as an outsider looking in. When could there have been a better time to take her and give her an inside look at entertainment in Las Vegas, than when someone I knew was entertaining there? She loved it! I flew to Vegas the second time because one of my best friends and her husband were going."

But what about all those stories of Kim's jealousy, like the time she's supposed to have blown a gasket when she thought Frank had taken her back to her hotel early because he had a later date with someone else?

"Ridiculous!" answers Kim. "It's all untrue. That's why I don't read such stories. One night at Las Vegas, I was very tired. So at midnight I said, 'I'm sorry I can't stay for the late show, Frank. Please walk me back to where I am staying.' So he did; but he had to return, to rejoin his friends. That didn't bother me. Why should it?

"As for being jealous of other women—what nonsense! Altogether, Frank and I have had only five dates.

"Nor was Frank sore at me for asking him to take me back to my room early. When he's with a girl, Frank is very sensitive to the way she feels. He is also a very attentive, very tender person."

But Kim is candid about Frank, and she doesn't put him on a pedestal. Maybe it's because she and Frank are somewhat alike temperamentally.

"We both have so many ups and downs in our moods that I can appreciate the fact that he is quick-tempered—but quick to laugh and get over it. I recognize these traits in him because I have them myself. I'm too quick—too quick to get angry, quick to laugh, quick to cry."

And Mario?

"Ah, Mario! He is so colorful. I was first introduced to him at a party as *Count Mario*. Later, he told me, 'By the

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way, I am not a count.' Personally, however, I think he is more glamorous than any count. A man doesn't necessarily have to do anything to earn a title—he may just inherit it. But Mario is an engineer, and one of the hardest working men I have ever known and he comes from a very wealthy family so he could be a playboy if he wanted to."

There are some who think that Kim really doesn't care much for Mario. If she did, she wouldn't tell him to postpone his visit to this country until April just because she is busy preparing for the *Jeanne Eagels* story.

Was this a polite brush-off for Mario?

First *Jeanne Eagels*, then Kim and Frank making *Pal Joey* together in March. And then on the heels of that—Mario.

"April should be very interesting," said Kim, and her eyes turned green. But she obviously wasn't thinking of Frank at this moment—just of Mario.

She has a song she shares with Mario too, an Italian song called *"Carezzami"*—and it means *Caress Me.*

Mario's appeal for Kim lies in his romantic nature, "which proves my pink light theory," Kim laughs.

Kim has changed all the white bulbs in her apartment for lights with a soft pink glow. Obviously, she believes that if you look at things from the rosy point of view, they'll appear more charming, more romantic.

"To Mario," she said, "everything is just rosy. He expresses himself in a flowery and pretty way, but he seems to mean what he says."

He likes to choose gifts that will cause Kim's eyes to change color—and turn the soft green that means she's pleased.

There was one gift he was very eager to give her, but could never find. Early in their friendship, he learned that Kim wanted to take back the figure of an angel with her to America.

"We looked everywhere," said Kim, "including a place on the Left Bank in Paris that had all kinds of figurines. Of all the angels in this world, I couldn't find one with the certain quality I was looking for.

"Mario says when he comes in the Spring, he will try to bring me a purple angel, or else some other angel that will be just right. Having been with me through hundreds of stores, he knows that just any old angel won't do. When Mario comes, I'm sure he'll bring the right one. I can't describe it, but I'll know it when I see it."

A world full of men

"Maybe," she added, "that's the trouble with me and men. I'm looking for an angel, and there aren't any.

"I'm an idealist," continued Kim thoughtfully. "Perhaps that's one of the reasons I put off marriage. When I marry, I wouldn't want to be disappointed or disappointing.

"I don't think I'm looking for a perfect man. But it's not just making up my mind about Mac, or Frank, or Mario. It's having to decide about these three and a whole world of men who haven't come into my life *yet!* And whom I hope to meet some day."

In the meantime, she has Mac, a wonderful companion, who has given her confidence in her ability to interest a very fine, particular man; Sinatra, tender, compassionate, hot-tempered, playing the field, but always intellectually and temperamentally exciting, and Mario, the poetic romanticist from Italy.

Is it possible to find all this fulfillment in one man? Or should a girl settle for the man who most nearly fulfills her needs, accepting the fact that she can get along without the other traits? Before Kim marries, she may, as she herself admits, have to learn to dream less and grow up more. Just a little bit more. **END**

Kim Novak will soon be seen in Columbia's Jeanne Eagels *and* Pal Joey.

why paul newman left his wife

(*Continued from page 43*) the thing *Paul loves Jackie,* and marriage was the only possible answer.

In 1951, Scott was born. Jackie forgot any dreams of theatrical glory, and concentrated on making a home for her men. *Sure,* Paul probably thought, studying Joanne Woodward, *she's Jackie, four years ago. She's cute.*

Naturally, the two became buddies. Once rehearsals were under way, Paul got promoted from understudy to a real part, but he and Joanne were still the 'kids' in the cast; they still shared the wonderment of a first show.

Before its Broadway opening a play generally goes on the road for a few weeks, for an out-of-town tryout. And a funny thing happens to people in a show, on the road. They grow into a kind of family. They spend so many hours together every day, rehearsing, working, worrying. They eat their meals together. At night, in strange towns, in strange bars and coffee joints, they cling to each other.

When *Picnic* took to the road, its people became part of that magic, private world. How many nights Paul and Joanne must have sat up talking the problems of career versus marriage, the state of the nation, life, the theatre. How unimportant they must have thought those talks were, then. Paul's wife was expecting her second child, and he and Joanne were honorable people, and love doesn't sneak up and strike without any warning. Or does it?

No time to worry

In any case, there wasn't time to worry. There was work, work, work, and, finally, opening night in New York. February 19th, and the chips were down. Throw away all the clippings that say how great you were in Salt Lake City; this is the big one, the one that counts.

It was fine. *Picnic* was a smash. Paul a smash. And in the middle of the crush, the congratulations, the telegrams, there was a quick kiss from the blonde understudy, a laugh, and an *I-knew-you-could-do-it!* And why did his heart skip a beat, when he knew she'd have said as much to anybody?

Forget it, you figure he told himself. *You're a man, not a boy. You've got a wife you love, and a life, and you don't jeopardize those things.*

He thought of the way Jackie'd been all for him, no matter what he'd wanted. Soon after they married, Paul's father had died, and Paul had had to go home to Cleveland to take over the sporting goods store his family owned. A year of that, and he was frantic. "I want to act," he'd said, and Jackie'd said *okay.* She didn't remind him that security was sweet; she didn't say actors cheat their families a hundred different ways. So on to the YALE DRAMA SCHOOL, and then to New York, and television jobs, and *Picnic.*

Jackie rooted from the sidelines, and had the hot meals ready whenever he happened to get home. If she wasn't as much a part of his life as she'd once been,

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In the summer of 1953, Susan was born. Paul spent long afternoons with Jackie and the babies. Then at night he'd go to the theatre, and in a hallway between dressing-rooms he'd bump into her unexpectedly . . . the one with the large green eyes.

It's possible they were glad, Joanne and Paul, when *Picnic* was over. Fourteen months of friendship and closeness and bad jokes, and sudden, stricken looks. If they put a name to what was between them, if they called it love, that's still their secret.

Paul went to Hollywood to make *The Silver Chalice* for WARNER BROTHERS. Jackie wavered between going with him and staying behind, finally chose staying. "The kids are too small to uproot." Maybe she was wise, maybe she was foolish.

For Joanne Woodward turned up in Hollywood a few days after Paul arrived there. She was on a business-vacation.

They were two strangers in an often unfriendly town. What's more natural than that they should see one another? First it was just on his days off, and then it was for dinners, soon it was every evening.

Say that they stole what didn't belong to them, but don't assume they were happy over it. Perhaps they promised themselves this little time together, and then an end. Jackie wouldn't be hurt, because Jackie wouldn't know. Nobody would know.

The anonymous two

Back then it was easy for them to wander, anonymous, across the town.

Strangely, a Hollywood columnist was the first person to get curious about Joanne. One night Sidney Skolsky spotted a friend of his sitting at a table with Paul and Joanne. Skolsky walked over, and was introduced. He didn't know Joanne and Paul were together, and he found himself thinking Joanne was rather unusual. He made several conversational overtures; she let his words just lie there—which seldom happens when starlets meet reporters. Skolsky's interest was piqued. As he was leaving, he turned back. "You know," he said, "if you combed your hair and put on some make-up and decent clothes, you'd be a pretty girl—"

An alarming total of coincidences

Skolsky, unsuspicious of any relationship between Paul and Joanne, went serenely on his way.

But another reporter was beginning to put six and four together and come up with an alarming total: Coincidence piled on coincidence.

The reporter brooded a while, then took action. He phoned WARNER BROTHERS. Was Paul Newman divorced? No, Paul Newman was not divorced; he was still very very married; his wife had simply chosen to remain in New York while he made the movie.

The reporter felt like a louse. After all, the couple had been in *Picnic* together, they were pals, the whole business *was* coincidence.

Except that when Paul flew back to New York, Joanne flew back to New York. And when Paul reappeared on the Sunset Strip, there was Joanne, beside him.

Since you can't do all that coast-to-coast traveling without a bit of cash in your pockets, Joanne was by now concentrating on her own career. She'd never been movie crazy, it's true. She'd have taken a fat part in a picture, of course, but the thought of a stock contract appalled her. Who wanted to be tied down for a little money and a lot of years?

Still, her agent got her to test at Fox, and she finally signed a deal which pleased her. But it began to look as though her luck had hit just about the time Paul's ran out. The rushes on *The Silver Chalice* were far from inspiring. You don't have to knock the picture, or Paul either. They simply weren't suited to each other. His sex appeal was buried under the robes of a mealy-mouthed nobleman. He couldn't bear to watch himself on the screen; he wanted to run.

There's misery and there's misery. Paul needed to get away from Hollywood, back to the stage. He must also have needed to clear up his private life. Because you can't work when you're being torn apart inside, and he had a suspicion that his confused emotions were affecting his acting.

They meant good-by

Anyhow, he and Joanne said good-by, and this time they meant it. The one thing that now seems sure is the honesty of Paul's intention. He meant to come home to Jackie, and make his marriage work. A lot of innocent people weren't going to be punished because he, Paul, had been romantically mixed up.

Well, the Newmans *did* try, and they tried hard—Jackie as much as Paul. He got a job in a Broadway show called *The Desperate Hours*, and while he was in rehearsal Jackie told him they were going to have their third baby.

The Desperate Hours opened on February 10th, 1955, and ran for seven months. Paul played a villain, and got rave notices. His daughter Stephanie was born.

The Desperate Hours closed, and Paul went back to California to do a television version of *Our Town*. While he was out there, he snagged the lead in a movie

Henny Youngman lamented: "One year we gave Grace Kelly an Oscar, next year we deported her."
Earl Wilson in the New York Post

called *The Rack*. It was summer by then. And Joanne was in Hollywood that summer. A brand-new Joanne, one that Sidney Skolsky would have beamed over, so dressy was she, so carefully made-up, so beautifully coiffed. She was in Hollywood doing a picture all the time Paul was in Hollywood making *The Rack*, but they didn't see each other.

You don't like to make a guy out a hero just because he's faithful to his wife and family, but sometimes idealism is easier written about than practiced. Give Joanne and Paul some credit for that summer, when you're toting up scores. It must have been awful for them to avoid one another, but they did it. Joanne was occasionally seen with a New York actor named Bob Quarry, but she was never seen with him more than just now and then . . .

"Where's Jackie?" they asked

Paul worked days, studied evenings, looked a little strained, but tried to give straight answers when reporters asked straight questions. Somebody wanted to know why Jackie and the kids weren't in California with him, and Paul said it was because kids needed roots. "You can't keep shuffling them around all the time, much as you miss them when you're away—"

Paul and Joanne returned to New York about the same time, but not together. Then Paul, borrowed from WARNERS by MGM, turned around and went straight back to Hollywood for *Somebody Up There Likes Me*.

The picture was great, but Paul's peace of mind wasn't. Right before its release, he disappeared. MGM, anxious to snag him for some publicity, called his home. Jackie said she didn't know where he was. A few weeks later, he showed up in New York. He did a few television shows, kept turning down scripts WARNERS' submitted to him. The parts he was playing on television were indifferent ones, a couple were even bad, but he didn't seem to notice. A psychiatrist might have called it self-destructive, and a psychiatrist might have been right. Because Newman didn't appear to care much what happened to him.

The final proof of this came one night last July when he drove his brand-new very expensive sports car into a fire hydrant. Since the car could still run, he tore off again, leaving the hydrant overturned and pouring water. He was finally arrested for going through a red light, and taken to jail.

His conduct was anything but a shining example to the youth of the nation.

He screamed about reporters and photographers hanging around; the newspapermen were there covering a kidnapping, and hadn't any idea Paul was Paul. He screamed about how he'd played Rocky Graziano, struck threatening poses—and insisted that his cell door mustn't be locked because "I have claustrophobia"—which is a deadly fear of being in closed rooms or narrow spaces.

Somehow the picture didn't shape up as that of a clean-limbed American boy having fun on a night out. The picture was of a deeply disturbed guy running away from himself, and yelling so he wouldn't be able to hear himself think, so he wouldn't have time to notice how dark it was getting.

In the Newman house, it had got very dark indeed. Jackie's a proud girl. Offer her half a loaf, and she's not so sure it's better than none. She's also a compassionate girl. Miserable for herself and her children, she must have been equally unhappy for Paul.

The price of happiness

At any rate, the Newmans separated quietly last October. As a last gift, Jackie Newman returned to her husband his peace of mind.

December found both Paul and Joanne Woodward in Hollywood. She was doing a *Climax* television show; he was deep in conferences over *The Jazz Age*.

In the middle of December, Paul gave his first Hollywood party. The guest list was carried in some of the columns—Tony Perkins, Rita Moreno, Virginia Leigh, Dennis Hopper . . . and Joanne.

There it was.

For the first time, there it was in the public prints. Their names linked.

Paul came back to New York to spend Christmas with his children, and Joanne came back to close up her New York apartment.

New Year's Eve, Paul and Joanne were together. You wonder what went through their minds, as they toasted in 1957. For four years they must have looked forward to such a night, secretly, if not openly. Yet, having finally bought their happiness, they must have trembled at the price.

If Paul and Jackie divorce, if Paul and Joanne marry, what then? Can love erase guilt, and blot out pain? Can you look so deep into wide green eyes that you're able to forget three children, children who wonder why their daddy isn't coming home? **END**

Paul Newman can currently be seen in MGM's The Rack. *Watch for him in Warner Bros.'* The Jazz Age.

Joanne Woodward will soon be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film Three Faces Of Eve.

the types of girls I can't stand

(Continued from page 36) "There's the kid who has to know every move you make. I saw a lot of one particular girl and then one night I had a business appointment and couldn't keep a date. Said I'd see her the following night. The following night I walked through her front door and she attacked me. *With whom had I been? For how long? What did I do? Why did I do it?* I shut up like a clam.

"Another time the same thing happened, but with a very different kind of girl. When I picked her up, she was her usual sweet self. Never asked a question. By the end of the evening, I was boring her with the details of the night before. I enjoyed telling her about it. I'd probably have done the same with the first girl if she hadn't used force. Most fellows feel that way; the girl they go back to is the one that doesn't press.

"The possessive girl is generally the girl with telephone-itis. Tell her you're going to stay home and work of an evening, and she keeps ringing up just to check. If you happen to be out, she talks to your answering service, but never leaves her name. If you happen to be in, and pick up the phone yourself, you say *hello,* *hello* into silence, then you hear a click.

There's always one exception

"Of course," says Tony, cheerfully, there are always circumstances when a fellow lets a thing like that go. Now take Elaine Aiken. She's forever calling to see if I'm home on the nights I say I am. I generally can't stand that sort of thing, but from her, I take it. She's got so many other wonderful traits, I can't really get mad or stay mad at her for more than thirty seconds."

(Tony's apt to get wound up on the subject of Elaine, and stray off the subject of women he's known and loathed.)

"Elaine's a very unceremonious person," he says. "If we get to a première and can't find a parking lot closer than six blocks from the theatre, that's okay with her. She'll walk the six blocks in high heels, or if it's warm, she's just as apt to take off her shoes and hike along that way. She'll stand in a lobby and do forty-five interviews if she's asked to. She adjusts. She'll go to a basketball game as contentedly as to the première of *The Ten Commandments.* She's got a sense of humor. If she didn't have, you couldn't catch me telling the story of her wrecking-up habits."

So much for Elaine, and back to the noxious ways of some other fair ladies.

The window shopper

Say you're having fun together. Laughs, and hand-holding, and isn't it great to be young. Then she starts looking in the furniture windows, and every jewelry store that displays a wedding ring gets a long look from her gentle eyes. What's in her mind? Marriage. One of Tony's girls didn't stop with looks; she put her wise into words. "How about it?" she said, and he wanted to die right there, feeling embarrassed and trapped.

"I'm not ready, I'm too young, I haven't got enough money—"

All the reasons were true, which made them no less painful. From that day forward, the romance was doomed, the lightness had gone out of it. "I felt the rope going around my neck."

When the relationship finally fell apart, she left Tony with a conviction. "The more a fellow thinks he's being pressed to marriage, the more he wants to run the other way, even if marriage was in the back of his mind for some future day."

You don't have to know a guy a year and a half to give him a bad time, Tony warns, and recalls a few first dates that were sizable pains in his neck.

When Perkins first arrived in Hollywood to make *Friendly Persuasion,* he wasn't acquainted with a lot of girls. On one of his first visits to the studio, he spied a cute brunette who worked in the secretarial department and asked her to have dinner one night. She accepted.

They went to a fine restaurant.

They went to the HUNTINGTON HARTFORD THEATRE and saw *Anastasia.*

So far so good. Then Tony put the lady in his car, and started driving toward her house. She was appalled. "Aren't we going to stop somewhere for a drink?"

"I don't drink," Tony said mildly, "but I'd love to buy you one. It's just that I have to get to bed around midnight. I've got to be up at seven for tests and—don't laugh—I'm supposed to look seventeen."

She wasn't about to laugh. She wasn't even about to be pleasant. "I know why you're not taking me anywhere. You're bored with me, you didn't have a good time—"

"It's because of the picture," he insisted desperately, "really it's because of that."

Tony thinks if you tell a girl you have to be home early, the girl should be gracious about it. Nine chances out of ten, you *do* have to get up at dawn, and if, in the tenth instance, you're actually bored, what good does it do the lady to know about it?

Lately, Tony's been solving the problem by dating the girl he's working with.

Then there's Dr. Freud's helper

Next on Tony's list of pesky females is the girl who's an amateur psychoanalyst. "She's read somewhere that all actors like to be analyzed, and instead of judging the guy as an individual, she feels it's her duty to be Dr. Freud for the evening."

He remembers one girl who was passionate to expose his unconscious.

"You know why you're making pictures, of course," she said. "It's because you need fame to make up for an unhappy childhood."

"I'm really not making up for anything," he said. "I'm making movies because I like acting, and it's my business and a good business. And I was a *very* happy child!"

"Ha!" sneered the young lady, proceeding to deliver a talk on psychology.

That was another one Perkins never saw again.

And then there are the girls who think nothing of dishing out advice, "And I mean c-o-n-t-i-n-u-o-u-s-l-y," says Tony.

There was such a girl not long ago. Tony'd phoned and asked for a date "a week from Saturday. I'd love to see you before, but I'm knee-deep in studying for *Fear Strikes Out.*"

The sympathetic sort

On the other end of the wire: silence, indicating deep sympathy. Then: "Fine, for a week from Saturday. But—" Another pause. "Tony, you're working too hard. You're doing too many pictures, you don't relax enough—"

At the end of the conversation, Perkins was thoroughly depressed. He hung up feeling like maybe it wasn't worth it to go out at all. Maybe it wasn't worth it to work. Maybe nothing was worth anything.

He kept the date, and "It was as though



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she'd made a record of what she'd said on the phone." More worry over him, more concern about his health and welfare. Plus the fact that she never shut up. Which, incidentally, is another Perkins peeve. "A girl should try to understand a guy's mood. If he feels quiet, she should keep the conversation on a quiet level. If he feels wordy, she should let him get the words off his chest. Not that she should shut up like a sphinx, but a girl should know when she should talk and when she should listen—"

Switching from talk of solo dating to the problems of dating at parties, we find Tony's got a few party battle scars he's willing to talk about too. He begins these with the sad tale of the Clinging Vine.

100% attention

"When I go to a party," he says, "there are professional obligations to adjust to and handle as well as friends you want to chat with for a minute. It's pretty tough to be with a girl who can't leave you for a minute.

"If you're trapped with a clinging vine at a party, you can be hip deep in conversation with Cecil B. De Mille, and she'll still tug at your arm—'Tony, get me a sandwich,' she'll plead, as though she had two broken arms and a sprained ankle.

"Since she wants 100% attention at all times, you might just as well have spent the evening alone together and not come to the party at all. A girl should understand that sometimes her date has to and wants to talk to other people," Perkins declares, "and she should know what to do with herself, and not get into a tantrum if the guy is having a word or two with another girl, or forgets to pass her the watercress every four minutes. After all, if a fellow thought enough of her to ask her out in the first place, she doesn't have to worry that he'll forget to take her home."

Almost as much of a drag as the Clinging Vine is the Social Climber. Tony once met a lively college girl who claimed she wanted to be a teacher. She seemed refreshing to him: she couldn't have cared less about big names in the picture business. "I even hesitated about asking her to this industry-type party because I felt she might be bored, but when I mentioned it, she said she'd like to go anyhow."

Thinking back, he roars with laughter at his own innocence. "Bored? She didn't have time. Five minutes after we got there, she was making eyes at the biggest producer in the room. Minutes later, she was telling an agent how she 'just might be interested' in a movie career!"

This was the opportunity

It began to dawn on Tony that the kid was an opportunist, and this party was the opportunity she'd been waiting for.

At the close of the evening, Tony ushered the lady out, and he did it sullenly. "I even gave her a few dirty looks." She wasn't dumb enough to pretend she didn't understand, but she passed the whole thing off blithely. "I didn't think you'd mind," she said. "I won't do it again."

"It embarrassed me," he told a friend later. "I felt as if everybody knew she was using me to get into a situation where she could promote herself."

Tony vows he doesn't care what a girl is, as long as she doesn't lie about it. "If this girl had told me she was interested in acting, I'd have done anything I could to help her. It was the underhanded way she did it that got me down."

And that wasn't the first time. Girls, according to Tony, are always pretending to be who they just are not. For instance, you meet a girl at a party. She pretends to be sophisticated, cool. You take her out, and she's naive, nervous. You don't mind that. What you mind is that she tried to hide her real self.

Cha-cha-cha and Van Gogh

Take the case of the exotic creature in the low-cut tease-dress. That was what she was wearing the first time Tony saw her. And she was raving on about that Latin dance sensation the cha-cha-cha.

"I asked her out," he says, "suggested Ciro's and she said she'd simply *adore* it. They played the cha-cha-cha. I stood up, she sat there. She couldn't dance the cha-cha-cha. I waited for a waltz. She couldn't do the waltz either. In fact she couldn't dance. In fact she really hated night-clubs. Well, I'm not mad for them myself. I thought *she'd* like 'em. If she'd been honest, I could have planned something more up her alley and mine."

That was bad enough, but another girl topped her. Tony was at a gathering of some friends, and he was discussing art, which is one of his major enthusiasms. A girl he'd never seen before edged up and joined in the conversation. "I adore art. May I listen?"

What could be more flattering to a man? She listened as though it were her life's work, and every so often, she'd stick in a modest two cents' worth. "You're so right, I agree," she'd say to Tony's side of an argument about Van Gogh.

"I fell into the trap," he says. "I *dived* into it."

He asked the lady out for the following Sunday afternoon, with a great song in his heart. "I thought I'd surprise her—they were having a special Van Gogh show at the museum. When we got there she didn't know a Van Gogh from Whistler's Mother. If I'd showed her an etching of Mickey Mouse and said the immortal Vincent had done it, she'd have smiled. I felt like hitting her on the head with a copy of *Lust For Life*. I felt like bouncing her down the front steps of the museum like a basketball. She was bored to death—and both of us had a lousy time. We could have done something else that both of us *enjoy!*"

The whole world knows

Then there's a kind of girl Tony calls *the mother-confessor with the big mouth.*

"If you're quiet," he says, "she knows

BARBARA LANG'S MIRACLE



■ Three years ago she was told by her doctors that she would probably never walk again. The word *probably* was used perhaps to soften the blow, to leave in the prospect of a miracle. Because the beautiful young blonde girl lying so helpless in Los Angeles County Hospital was so definitely past medical help, the doctors felt they must tell her the truth.

Today, that beautiful blonde is playing an important part in MGM's *House Of Numbers.* She's Barbara Lang, newest glamour girl at the Culver City Studio, and she has what girls dream about all over the world: her name on a movie contract.

For Barbara, too, it's a dream come true. She had always dreamed of being an actress when she grew up. Other little girls might have had tea parties for their dolls; Barbara played theatre. Then, just out of Eagle Rock High School, the future was opening up at last.

But the beginning of the dream, that summer, seemed to be the end, also. Barbara contracted polio. There are varying types of infantile paralysis: Barbara's was hopeless. The verdict was that she would never walk again.

At first, Barbara tells you, she was in a state of shock. She couldn't believe it was really happening to her. Then she began to think, in the long hours in that bed. What was it the doctors had said? *If you walk again—it will be a miracle.*

It was then that Barbara Lang remembered God, and her faith in His help. She'd always been religious. She says, "In church, I used to believe that I was talking to God." Barbara asked for a Bible, her symbol that she'd walk again.

In a month, she was able to sit up. Not too long after that, she took her first steps. The road back was not easy but Barbara, it might be said, held on by her spiritual teeth. A year ago, her faith in a miracle was justified. She started her career, singing in clubs in the San Francisco area. A talent scout was impressed with what she did to the audience, as well as the way she looked. After that came TV and the lead in the *Death Valley* series.

Then director David Friedkin and producer Morton Fine were to do their first production at MGM, *Capital Offense.* They wanted a new face for the picture, and when they spotted Barbara on TV they knew they had found the girl. Here was more than a pretty face; it was a face with an intriguing depth, an unusual quality.

Barbara got the part. But after a reading, and tests, the studio decided she was worth an even bigger and better one—in *House Of Numbers.*

There is no medical explanation for Barbara Lang's recovery. Barbara's own, in her humble gratefulness to God, is that she held fast to her faith in a miracle.

And, behind that sexy facade is a spiritual quality that would not be there—if a pretty girl had not been told, three years ago, that she would never walk again.

Watch for Barbara in MGM's House Of Numbers.

that you've got something on your mind.

"'Don't tell me,' she says, 'Unless you want to.'

"Good. You don't tell her. Five minutes later, plaintively, comes: 'You can tell *me. I'll* understand—and I'll never say a word to anyone.'

"You consider this, while she perfects her argument. 'In fact, if you must tell someone, tell me. You'll feel better to get it off your chest—'

"Finally you tell her. Only her. Next week, the item is all over town, and your best friends are calling up complaining. 'What's this I hear about you from somebody who heard it from somebody who heard it from somebody—' "

Perkins' advice to girls who want to keep fellas. "If a guy confides, *keep his confidence!*"

There are various types of problem dates that Tony himself has never run into (he knocks wood as he says so) but his friends have warned him, and he throws in the following categories just to wind things up. These girls can frighten a guy away *fast*:

Is this you?

● Gold-digging Gertie: She drags young actors to the most expensive restaurants, orders the gold plate special, leaves most of the food on the plate because she thinks that chic. Poor date lives on coffee for the rest of the week.

● Hard-drinking Hattie: She takes more liquor than she can handle, and the guy has to carry her home, after she's made a public spectacle. Then she wonders why he never calls her up again.

● Painted Paula: She uses make-up as if there's no tomorrow. "I find it disconcerting to stare into beads of mascara," Tony says. "A girl who's natural is far more beautiful to me."

● Promiscuous Peggy: "The available type automatically makes herself unattractive to men," Tony believes. "And not only to the so-called nice guys. Even the not-so-nice boys have no use for such a woman after the first couple of dates. If you go out and make yourself free, the guy just isn't interested. It's sad, but it's human nature."

Which isn't to imply, Tony adds hastily, that he's got any use for those girls who fake complete unapproachability. If a girl wants to go out with you, yet plays hard to get, it's time wasted. And a girl who really likes you, yet won't give you a goodnight kiss, starts you wondering what's the matter with *you*.

Well, there it is. Some pretty good tips about how *not* to act with men.

If you want tips about how *to* act with men (or, at least, how to act with Tony Perkins), ask Norma Moore or Elaine Aiken or Maria Cooper. These are the girls Tony currently adores, though marriage to any of them is not on his mind. Used to be he didn't have the money, and he wasn't old enough. Now? "Frankly," he says, "I don't have the time." **END**

Tony will soon be seen in Paramount's Fear Strikes Out. *Watch for him also in Paramount's* The Tin Star *and* The Lonely Man. *He'll be in Columbia's* The Sea Wall.

I could have been a delinquent

(*Continued from page 57*) knowing the kids who turn into hoods like I got to know them, it wouldn't have been tough to become one of them.

But let me tell you about it like it happened to me.

For instance. . .

One kid in school, about four years older than I, had a nasty habit of sidling up to me and drawling "Eeeehhh, Bennneee!" He was more than a head taller than I and I wasn't about to tackle him. But there were other kids, too. We'd go, my own gang and me, to the local movie theatre—a building fondly known as *The Itch* because it had no screens and used to be attacked by swarms of mosquitoes in battle formation. There I'd bump into strangers my own size who were itching, figuratively as well as literally, for a fight. It wasn't just my hair; I guess it was also because my name was in the papers so often. Kids can be pretty cruel, and they'd taunt and taunt until I'd put up my dukes.

I'm not a fighter by nature—never was. But my father settled it for me with a hunk of wisdom in the shape of a punching bag. "Fighting isn't worth it," he told me. "Even if you win, you can lose." And many, many times I came home seething, took off my coat and knocked it out on that punching bag, trying to prove to myself I was as tough as the bullies—and at the same time getting rid of a lot of steam.

It's tougher to walk away

At first I fought back, but soon I began to see my father's point. These kids didn't care if they carried home a black eye, but with me it meant that I had to put on the greasepaint a little thicker that night, and sidle on stage so that the audience couldn't see my shiner. As an actor, I *had* to protect my face. Friends in school used to ask me, "Ben, why do you want to be an actor? Look at all the trouble it makes for you."

I ought to clear up the point right now that acting was important enough to me so that all this was worth it. Some kids are pushed into violin or piano lessons by their parents and hate every minute of it. Me, I wanted to be an actor, and I felt sorry for other kids because they didn't have a goal in life like me. My parents let me go ahead with the work because it made me happy, but they were never theatrical parents.

Anyway, soon I learned to walk away from a fight, and believe me that takes more guts than fighting. You leave yourself wide open to being called yellow, but I could see that if I fought one kid I'd have to fight every boy on Long Island.

When I was eleven I left *Life With Father,* and then began long years of radio and television work. I used to have running parts in radio serials, and I averaged about ten shows a week. This meant I had to spend every day in New York City. My mother went over with me at first, delivering me from one network to another.

The Beechhurst delinquent

But by the time I was thirteen she figured I could go it on my own, and this left all of Manhattan wide open to me, with three or four hours of nothing to do. In between shows I'd roam the streets until I knew every lamp post in the city. I used to go into the penny arcade at 51st and Broadway to while away the time, and from there I walked away from at least a dozen fights. Of course there was an occasional exception—one show I did, you couldn't see me for the greasepaint. I had to cover the shiner!

At home during this period I was enjoying a little delinquency of my own.

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After an evening in the movies and a stop at the GREEN LANTERN for my favorite concoction, banana and black raspberry ice cream with chocolate syrup, marshmallow syrup, whipped cream and cherry, my pals and I would walk the long mile home and break every street light on the way. With snowballs or stones; it didn't matter. Those unprotected dinky light bulbs were too much of a temptation. We may have made the street maintenance department a little sore, but we figured we were providing an ideal Lovers' Lane for all of Beechhurst.

But things were a little different in the city! There the tough guys are really tough. At fourteen, I was working at a studio up around 109th and Lexington.

It's a rough neighborhood.

Proud of the scars

It was swarming with guys in leather jackets and dark looks. I'd come out of the studio at night and walk toward the subway, and all of a sudden out of nowhere there'd be two or three guys walking alongside of me. Sometimes they talked among themselves, keeping in perfect step with me. And sometimes they didn't say a word. That was worse. Those kids have a natural feeling for the horror of the unspoken threat, and they played it for all it was worth. And suddenly I didn't feel tough any more. Because no matter how tough you are, if that's the way you want to play, there's always somebody around who's just a little bit tougher. And if you start tangling it up, you're going to have to take all comers. I don't think I was a coward. I knew they carried knives and I thought it would be a dandy idea if I carried one. My father stuck to his point though.

"If you whip out a knife too," he told me, "they're going to want to find out if you can also fight with that knife."

This sounded reasonable, and besides I had to remember that those kids are proud of scars they carry, while I still had to keep my face clean if I was going to earn my living.

At noon I used to eat at a lunch counter in the neighborhood that was patronized by the toughest kids of the area. I was told not to, by paternal-type producers of the shows, but somehow these kids held a fascination for me. There was something dramatic and intensely exciting about the way they lived—I thought. I used to sit there hunched over my hamburger, hoping I was hunching like they were, but I must have looked pretty silly. They used to hunch and munch and give me the eye, and I felt I was sitting on a powder keg instead of a lunch counter. But I couldn't resist it.

One day, when I'd had a morning rehearsal for a show about a young punk in trouble with the law, I was still thinking about my lines while eating lunch. In the script I was supposed to say to a juvenile authority, "Look, I'm not trying to tell you a story, mister. This is the truth." Having heard these guys talk, I knew the line didn't sound right, so one day at lunch I pumped up some courage and asked them about it.

Accepted by the crowd

"Is that the way you'd say it?" I asked. They didn't hear me because they were holding their sides and falling off the stools. When they recovered they looked at me in abject pity.

"Man," said one of them, "that ain't the way you'd say it." He guffawed again and then told me the thing to say would be, "Man, I'm not tryin' to cop a plea."

"What?" I asked brightly. And they had to explain it to me.

Which is about when they began considering me their buddy. A weird kind of buddy, to be sure, with the hat I had to wear because of my sinus trouble and the tie and the white shirt. But just the same, I'd been *accepted*. I should have known then it was no big deal.

Their hangout was in the rotted interior of a condemned apartment house. Every day they told me about it and every day they tried to get me to go there with them. I couldn't figure whether their motive was to work me over in the solitude of the building, or whether they really liked me. I felt honestly flattered that they even asked me, but just the same I wasn't quite brave enough to accept. I thought about what it would be like to be a member of the gang. Lots of them were runners for bookies or in the numbers racket, and they thought nothing of it because everybody they knew was in the same boat. I could see myself joining up, and with my manners and polished shoes becoming the brains of the whole outfit.

But it was just daydreaming. At heart I knew too well that my conscience wasn't cut out for such a life. In radio jobs I had met countless prison wardens and men who worked with these kids, trying to straighten them out. I'd had it pounded and pounded into me that the crooked life just doesn't pay. The message drove home to stay, and I never did go to the hangout. And to tell the truth, I'm not sorry I didn't.

"We like each other"

There were two things that helped me resist the temptation of being a tough guy. One was my work; I was just too busy. I remember one Christmas week that I worked on sixteen shows, and over the years my parents turned down hundreds of offers because they thought I was already working too hard.

The other reason was my family. Aside from the love that one member of a family feels for another—just because you're all part of the family—in ours there was genuine friendship. We liked each other. My parents never broke their word; if they promised something to my sister or to me, they saw to it the promise was kept. Lucky kids grow up with a respect for their parents that won't allow any straying from the straight and narrow.

I was tempted, too, where language was concerned. In show business you hear every conceivable word, and I started off in show business when I was still eight years old. In the play Louis Calhern, who played *Father*, says, "Oh damn, I forgot!" Opening night my family sat in the audience and afterward took Bunny and me for a sundae, to celebrate. Reaching a corner I turned it by mistake, and when my father called me back I grinned and said, "Oh damn, I forgot!" Right then and there, Dad called me for it.

"It's fine for the father in the play, but it isn't funny when a little boy says it."

I remember one actress who began telling a joke and then, spotting me within earshot, said "Never mind. Later on I'll finish the joke."

I took my cue. "Could I go out and get a drink of water?" I said. And just before I disappeared behind the wing I winked and said, "Call me when you want me." Maybe because I was so YMCA most of them were considerate enough to spare me a lot of things. But that doesn't mean that there weren't plenty of *bad* examples that I could have followed. There were always characters in and around the theatre, and I learned early.

All this may sound like kid stuff, but it's the kind of thing that can lead to the big time—the big time in jail!

NO MORE CHEESECAKE



■ "I don't mind sharing *some* of my wife with the world, but certainly not *all* of my wife," says Tony Steel, husband of Swedish-born Anita Ekberg.

And that may be the reason for it all. But whether or not it is, Anita comes out with a real positive statement. "*No more cheesecake.*"

The world's number one pin-up queen has drawn the line. "No more cheesecake," voluptuous Anita declares. "I've had enough. In fact, more than enough!"

The reason Anita went in for cheesecake art, she says, is because it was the only way she could make Hollywood producers aware of her existence.

"For years," she claims, "I tried the old-fashioned methods, knocking on doors, getting introductions, meeting casting directors. None of it helped. I couldn't get a break. I figured the only way I could crash Hollywood would be cheesecake.

"Cheesecake did the trick, and I'm terribly grateful to it. But now pin-ups have served their purpose. I see no sense in overdoing them. I don't want to be labeled a pin-up cutie. I want to be labeled an actress who can act."

Can it be that the sexy Swede has changed?

Chances are that husband Anthony Steel has done the trick. Ever since their marriage the pin-up queen has concentrated more and more on work, less on play.

She even told studio publicity departments that she won't pose in a bathing suit unless a bathing suit is an integral part of her role!

Anita's in Paramount's Hollywood Or Bust. *Watch for her in RKO's* Affair In Portofino, *U.A.'s* Valerie *and Columbia's* The Most Wanted Woman.

By the time I was sixteen I could spot a hood a mile away. They have a peculiar way of jiggling while they're standing still. By the time I was seventeen I noticed the type who's always checking the entrance with nervous eyes. By eighteen I knew that most hoods are a suave, manicured set, a style started by Capone. And a year later I could tab a bookie, and learned to spot a gun carried beneath a coat.

Something to do

I knew one guy who was a runner for a bookie, but by this time there was only one thing I admired him for—for learning a lesson. He was about to get into his car when he was approached by the cops, and without flicking an eyelash he dropped his bookie slips into the gutter. There the papers stayed while the cops frisked every inch of both Eddie and his car. Sure he wasn't caught, but it was so close that he decided it wasn't worth it, and I understand that Eddie never took another job that wasn't on the level.

Sure I feel sorry for the boys who get caught up in the underworld. Every time they got away with something, they thought they were that much smarter—until they *didn't* get away. That's where Eddie was different, and me too, I suppose. But with me it was because I had something else to do. I guess that's the secret of it, having something to do. *And knowing you're strong enough to do it.*

Once Dad and I were talking about a man who had become an incurable alcoholic, and I asked him how this man ever started out to be like that. "Nobody ever *starts* out to be a drunk," Dad said.

I not only had my dad for advice; I could see things happening all around me. Little kids carried home-made zip guns, carved out of curtain rods, rubber bands and floating firing pins, and more than one boy had his hand blown off. Bigger kids tangled with the law and spent their youth in assorted jails, and still bigger ones, lots of actors I've known, ruined their careers by drinking. Having the chance to observe all this stuff, you stay away from it. I remember when somebody in show business offered me a drink when I was fifteen. "No thanks," I said, "I don't need it." Maybe it was a barbed answer, but I meant it. A drink now and then is enjoyable, but I've never thought I *needed* one in order to have a good time.

A lesson in how to say no

Worse yet was dope. I had done several shows that centered around drug addiction, and knew a little bit about it—as most everybody does these days. I knew enough to recognize it one night in Hollywood, when I was only nineteen.

As a favor to a friend, I offered to drive his girl friend to a party where she was expected. The house was one of those big ones in the hills above Hollywood, and when the host asked me to come in I said I would for a few minutes. The place was jammed with people, the girls expensively dressed, the guys wearing $300 suits, and while I didn't think about it at the moment, it was a pretty crazy party. It was so noisy and close that I stepped out on the veranda for a breath of fresh air, and lighted a cigarette.

Then I heard it, next to me—the deep, rasping inhale of the marijuana smoker. A man and a girl were out there and after a few minutes the man walked over to where I was standing.

"Hey, pop, why don't you turn on?"

I held up my own cigarette. "Thanks, I have one."

"Come on, man, I'll give you a stick. I don't want to sell it to you—I'll give it to you."

I knew this was danger valley. I'd played it so many times on radio and television. "No, thanks," I said.

"Come on, daddy," he said. "It's not habit forming."

"How many have you had?" I said.

"Three. But one'll do it for you. I used to get this way on only one. Come on, man, it's crazy."

He had said it wasn't habit forming, the poor jerk. He kept it up for five minutes, all the while drawing deeply on his cigarette. I left the party, not because I was afraid, but because it isn't pleasant to watch people who have begun the ruin of their lives.

I was lucky, because I knew enough about it, had known for a long time that such things aren't smart, they're just plain suicide.

I pity the kids who are drawn into bad circles and bad habits. I could have been a juvenile delinquent myself—I had every opportunity—but I turned away from it because I had a job, because of the trust my family put in me, and because we all have a certain responsibility to *ourselves*.

I'm sure some of the hoods I've known regard me as a clunk.

I for one am happy with the whole deal, just like it is. **END**

Ben Cooper will soon be seen in the U.A. film, His Father's Gun.

doris day's escape from hell

(*Continued from page 49*) whether to resign from the only studio she had ever worked for, or if she dared to strike out on her own, with her husband Marty acting as her producer.

She couldn't decide about her records either. She could sing any love song into a hit, but suppose the public got tired of that? She thought of trying out rhythm numbers, blues numbers, comedy bits. But—did she dare risk changing her style? Maybe she'd flop if she did.

There were night club offers and TV offers. Should she try that? Which would be best? Should she risk public appearances again? Yes? No?

Most of all she wanted to find out about herself as a dramatic actress. She was a million-dollar smash in musicals but she wanted to get within nomination distance of an *Academy Award.* Or would that ruin her completely?

Decisions. Decisions.

And interviews. Photographs to be posed for. Costume fittings. Her marriage to Marty, which was a full-time job. And Terry, her son, to help grow up—another full-time job. Recording sessions, and business conferences, and church attendance, and answering phone calls, and memorizing scripts, and shooting pictures, and answering letters, and making personal appearances, and doing benefits.

She thought she was taking it all in stride. Except for that business with her breath. So she kept on ignoring that.

Until that afternoon when the pain hit.

Then it was gone, and she told herself she hadn't felt it at all. She wouldn't bother mentioning it to anyone.

Fear becomes one word

It came again, and she lived with it, and tried to keep the fear from showing.

For weeks she managed to conceal from Marty that she wasn't sleeping. At the studio she'd say that she had eaten at home and at home that she had eaten at the studio—so no one would know she couldn't keep her food down.

She put on her bulkiest clothes to con-



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ceal her weight loss. She kept telling herself it would go away, but instead the pain became more constant, her heartbeat more irregular and her breath came in shorter and shorter gasps.

Until suddenly the fear became a word: cancer. That was what a doctor would tell her.

But she couldn't go to a doctor. She couldn't go to a hospital. She was a Christian Scientist, and she couldn't ignore the basic teachings of her religion. Marty shared her faith. Terry went to Sunday School. She couldn't destroy their faith, not even if it meant facing death alone.

So day after day she lived alone in her own private hell. Well, perhaps not completely alone. . . .

The complete lack of privacy in which stars live was in Doris' case a help. The studio, Marty, her mother, her friends, suddenly surrounded her. They got her to see a doctor. The doctor told her she *did* need a bit of minor surgery. But she didn't have cancer! It was a harmless tumor, not the dreaded disease that she was so terrified of. Out of her terror she submitted to the surgery, quickly recovered, and felt perfectly fine.

For a few months.

Then the pain returned. The pain and the skipping heart beats and the complete lack of breath.

This second attack chilled Doris with nerve-shattering fear. In her mind she knew she wasn't really ill—she'd finally been convinced of that—but she had all the symptoms! Again she tried to hide her terror from Marty. She told herself this was her actress' imagination at work. But the pain, the gasping for air, that was real. Real and yet imagination.

So it could only be one thing, Doris started thinking, she had crossed the terrible borderline. She no longer knew what was unreal, what was real. She must be mad, Doris decided. And added to her fear of cancer was the hell of fearing for her very sanity!

This time she was the one who found a doctor. He wasn't a psychiatrist. He was just a very understanding medical man. He said to her, "Get a notebook. Write down everything that comes into your head. Whatever you think of. Then read what you've written—and think about it. And then if your symptoms don't stop, come back and see me. But I think that when you face life honestly, without being afraid of living, then you will be well."

A look into the past

Doris felt very silly that afternoon, buying a kid's notebook—like the ones she had had in school at Cincinnati. Suddenly she found herself thinking of her first screen test, and she wrote about it, there in the notebook, first of all.

She had arrived at WARNERS' looking like a teenage tomboy, wearing jeans and a shirt and she let Mike Curtiz, the director, and Jack Warner, the studio head, gather the idea that she'd dressed this way to prove they couldn't impress her.

But that hadn't been the truth. Those were the only clothes she had.

She had broken down singing "Sentimental Journey" for them. Her first hit tune, and she should have been able to get through it any time. She let Curtiz, Warner and *herself* think she was just nervous. *But again that hadn't been true.* She had broken down because that very morning she had filed for her divorce against George Weidler, whom she adored.

The Doris Day of 1955, writing in her notebook, wondered why the Doris Day testing for *Romance On The High Seas* couldn't have been honest with herself. She had been honest in court. She hadn't made any accusations against George Weidler. She loved him. All she had said, asking for her freedom, was that George had broken her heart. She hadn't even told the judge that George had *asked* for the divorce. She had just said, "He left me heartbroken."

The Doris Day of 1955 thought of Marty. When she had married Marty she hadn't wanted to bother with a honeymoon. She was too sensible to bother with silly things like honeymoons.

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Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE PAT BOONE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE JUNE ALLYSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JEANNE CRAIN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE PAUL NEWMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE CLINT WALKER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE DORIS DAY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE RUSS TAMBLYN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE VENETIA STEVENSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE CARROLL BAKER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE BEN CODDER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ
☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood ☐ part ☐ none

16. I READ
☐ all of The Inside Story ☐ part ☐ none

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE
(2)_____ MALE
(3)_____ MALE

(1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

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But that wasn't quite the whole truth, either. The first time she had married, at seventeen, she had wanted to do every romantic thing.

Too much separation

He was Al Jordon. He was a trombonist in Jimmy Dorsey's band. They fell in love and got married.

Then, just as she was eighteen, she discovered she was going to have Terry. She took a little house back in Cincinnati and wrote Al every day, sometimes twice a day, sometimes three times. He had to be on the road. Doris was bitterly lonely. She had barely enough money to live on, and Al's letters, arriving special delivery and usually at 3 A.M., broke up her wretched sleep. Sick as only a lonely, pregnant girl can be, Doris reached the breaking point one night. She yanked off her wedding ring—she didn't want it—and she threw it out the window.

Only that hadn't been true, either. She didn't want to lose her wedding ring. She wanted what the wedding ring meant—a husband with her.

The band business got worse. The separations between Al and Doris lengthened.

Doris got her divorce. She didn't ask for support of her baby, Terry. She told herself she would manage. Somehow. The somehow turned out to be singing on a Cincinnati station for an announcer's wage of $64. She hadn't been too proud to take it. Sure, she had already made "Sentimental Journey," and sung on the *Hit Parade*. But she took the $64, which fed her and the baby, and when Jimmy Dorsey offered her a job it was pure heaven. And more heavenly, yet, when she met George Weidler.

Some more untruths

She worshipped George Weidler and felt that he was a great artist; in Hollywood he would find thousands of jobs.

He didn't. In Hollywood there was a housing shortage and Doris and George had to buy a trailer. Doris cooked. Doris cleaned, and planted flower boxes on the windows of the trailer and sang and sang. She didn't want a career, she told herself. She just wanted to be George's wife.

Writing in her notebook, the Doris Day of 1955 realized *this, too, had been one of her bits of untruth with herself and life*—the untruth she had sold herself and sold George Weidler—that she didn't want to sing any more. One day she was offered a booking at the LITTLE CLUB in New York. There was no money, no work for George, no food in the trailer.

George insisted that she take the job. She went. Opening night she got a telegram from him; he told her not to come back. He was through.

The Doris Day of 1955 realized this was one of the nights she had really died. She had gone on for that first show, laughing through her tears, singing over her sobs. She got a release from the club and flew to Hollywood. But when she got to the trailer George was gone.

She searched for him, days . . . weeks. And then, when she had given up, she ran into him on Hollywood Boulevard. She took one look at him, and knew there was a profound change in him. She stammered, "Can we talk somewhere?"

Over a cup of coffee, he told her. He had found religion. He was at peace with himself. By every gesture he told her something else: she was still desperately in love with him, but he was completely out of love with her. She agreed to give him his freedom.

She made the test for *Romance On The High Seas* and signed a contract with WARNERS. Now she could afford to have her baby with her. She could send her mother some decent money. Stardom she didn't think about. She was too unhappy.

Yet stardom had come, and that was where Marty had come in. Marty, the nice man in her agent's office. Then Marty, the nice man she liked so much and whom Terry loved. And Marty with whom she had made such a sensible, calm marriage.

The Doris Day of 1955 writing in her notebook stopped. *Was this the truth?* Had she really married Marty because he was so good and her son liked him and he knew show business and he guided her career so well?

She stopped. She stopped the writing for months. And made *Love Me Or Leave Me*. She was so busy with the picture that she forgot her gasping breath, forgot her hammering heart, forgot to be afraid of living.

Then she was making *Julie*, which Marty produced, and she had a million things to do and she didn't have time to feel anything really.

It was while she was making *Julie* that she suddenly realized she had already found the road back, the path from hell to happiness, the power to live life without fear.

Perhaps it was the months of examining herself and learning to understand herself each time she wrote in her notebook . . . or perhaps the sudden realization that *she had nothing to be afraid of*. Whatever it was, it happened in a split second. One day she was playing a love scene with Louis Jourdan. Marty was standing behind the camera. She had looked up and seen Marty watching her, and in his eyes there was such complete devotion.

She felt her heart throb—but it had been a good throb. She had drawn her breath, and it was a good, long breath. "Wait a minute," she said, moving out of the scene—and she had gone across and kissed Marty.

"You okay?" he asked, as a husband does, not talking things too big.

"Perfect!" she answered, and she knew she was! She had escaped her personal hell. From that moment on, she could face herself, actress enough to go into scenes, woman enough to love her husband, celebrity enough to live up to every bit of it.

Life, in other words, was wonderful.

END

Doris Day will soon be seen in the Warner Bros. musical film Pajama Game. *Watch for her also in Paramount's* Teacher's Pet, *RKO's* Curtain Going Up.

how's your sense of humor?

(*Continued from page 35*) ball. "Jim—is Eddie home?"

"Uh-uh," yawned Jim. "He missed his plane, got tied up with business. Missed two, in fact, by the time I left. Why?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Everything's wonderful. I'll call you later." She hung up and turned to her mother, relief quite evident in her face and voice. "He isn't home—everything's all right."

"Thank God," said Mrs. Reynolds, and Debbie did just that. The two women raced through the California morning, Mrs. Reynolds at the wheel, to the Beverly Hills house. They could see the smoke from blocks away. The place was a mess. Flames were spurting out of the upstairs window, and scattered over the lawn were charred remnants of what had been their furniture—twisted bed springs, charred radio parts. Debbie thought of the den with the black leather chair she had given Eddie on their anniversary, and the hi-fi—and the scrapbooks, with all those pictures she had taken through the years.

"What about the den downstairs?" she asked a passing fireman.

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"Okay, ma'am. Everything's covered with tarps," he said.

Her mother looked at her, carefully. The baby was due within a few weeks, and this experience wasn't the kind of thing prescribed by doctors. "How do you feel?"

"Grateful," said Debbie. "I have a feeling we were watched over, because we weren't here. As for the fire," she shrugged, "what is to be will be."

It wasn't twenty-four hours before Debbie's sense of humor took over. With Eddie back at her side safe and sound, who cared? When a friend asked what she'd lost in the fire, she grinned.

"My girl scout uniforms and badges."

The friend chuckled, "Honestly, Debbie, don't you ever throw *anything* away?"

Her reaction was typical. Debbie's never been one to pout or mourn over misfortune. She may be sad or angry at the moment, but later, in the telling, the story is always for laughs.

Herb Shriner says he finally met Tallulah Bankhead. "She's a wonderful talker," he says. "But every time I tried to say something and opened my mouth . . . I got a busy signal."

Paul Denis

Life has been for laughs, as far as Debbie's concerned. When she was a kid in school she was the comedy relief for her classmates. "I cut a pretty comical figure," she says. "Anybody who's not quite five feet tall and weighs not quite ninety pounds, who will march down a field playing a twenty-four pound tuba—well, they're a born clown.

"I never minded it when people laughed at me; as a matter of fact, I liked it. I think laughter is an awfully important part of life."

Always a good story

So in love with laughter is Debbie that she unconsciously chooses friends for their sense of humor. She feels that people without humor must lead a dull existence, and to her it is necessary to surround herself with people who have what she calls "the light touch."

Lita Calhoun, for instance.

Debbie never phones the Calhoun home that Lita doesn't have a funny story to tell—and most of the time it's a joke on herself. Debbie appreciates the fact; there is nothing more dampening to the spirit than to listen to the gloomy troubles of others, and nothing that gives more of a lift than a laugh.

She is the same way herself. The house can burn down, the washing machine can leak all over the laundry, and while it may be maddening at the moment, it always provides a good story. Take the time she was attacked by over-zealous fans. They ripped her dress, grabbed her scarf, and one even managed to get her shoes. At the time she was shopping in Beverly Hills. So back to her car she walked—not only bedraggled, but barefooted. But that evening at home her dinner guests roared at her imitation of herself limping back to the car . . . while the well-groomed onlookers stared at her. "So maybe it was worth it all," Debbie laughs, "it made a good story!"

"I think," says Debbie, "that people can talk themselves into troubles. I've known lots of people who are chronic worriers, and they aren't really happy unless they have something to complain about. They're all over gloom and doom, and first thing you know they're in bed with an ulcer or a stroke. It seems to me that if you try to see the funny side of things, you'll live a lot better and a lot longer. I think laughter is the best therapy in the world. When something awful happens to you, you can drive it into the ground if you want to, but if you can laugh at it, it somehow no longer seems to be so terrible.

"Some people have to train themselves to look for the amusing side—others are born to it, and I think I'm one of these lucky ones."

If it's funny—enjoy it

More important, she talks herself out of things. Even the wild ride from Palm Springs to the maternity ward in Los Angeles had, for Debbie, its lighter side. Not expecting the baby for another two weeks, she was totally unprepared for the premature event, and suddenly found herself in the back seat of a car, tearing along the desert highways at ninety miles an hour. She had read about it happening to other people, but took it for granted that something like that would never happen to her. Tilting around curves, she was frightened at first, and then began to giggle. "This is really a kick," she thought to herself. "Here I am speeding through the night with my husband and our doctor, running all the traffic lights and Eddie looking at his watch every time he goes by a street light."

The point is, Debbie figures, if something is funny you might as well enjoy it. If it isn't funny, you'll learn something.

Like when she first brought Carrie Frances home. Little Carrie contracted her first case of hiccups, and watching the small frame racked by what seemed agonizing spasms, Debbie was horrified. "She's going to die!" she informed the nurse hysterically.

"You don't say," said the cool figure in white. "For your information, your daughter enjoys hiccups. The rhythm puts her to sleep."

"Oh," said Debbie.

The real friends

You have to learn to accept things as they come. Debbie was sixteen when she went into show business. The word had no sooner gone the rounds of the high school than some of the girls began shaking their heads over the *new* Debbie. "Haven't you noticed how she's changed?" they said. "She's really getting stuck-up." Meeting them in the halls Debbie would say hello and be cut to the quick when they turned their backs on her. It seems to her now that she cried for a month straight. She'd gone happily along without a care in the world and taken it for granted that everyone liked her, and now girls she had considered her friends were refusing to speak to her.

Mrs. Reynolds offered some sound advice. "You're lucky it's happened," she told Debbie. "Now you'll find out who your real friends are. The others you'll have to learn to take for what they are."

It was no sooner said than done. The three girls who defended Debbie and even got embroiled in heated arguments over her rumored conceit, are today Debbie's closest friends.

"When I had to learn lessons like that, they couldn't possibly be funny, but they were worthwhile. My mother helped me see clearly in many things such as that, but I think the most important thing she did for me was give me a happy home. If you're raised in a happy family you don't take yourself so seriously. Nobody in my family ever looked for unhappiness."

A girl with savoir faire

Because she doesn't take herself seriously, Debbie has sailed through the most embarrassing moments with a savoir faire that would do credit to a statesman. When she was still in her teens she was in Mexico, and about to be presented to that country's president. The line was long and the wait was tiresome, and Debbie, in company with the president's son, breathed a sigh of relief when the line had shortened to the point that there were only two couples ahead of them. An instant later she had the sinking sensation that something was slipping. Something was indeed; she had shortened two full petticoats under her lace skirt by the old-fashioned expedient of a large safety pin. And now the pin had come undone and both petticoats were slowly sinking to the ground. One more couple and it would be her turn to greet the president. She clutched at her left side and leaned over to whisper to her escort, "I'm losing my petticoat. Hang on."

With an aplomb far beyond his years, the young man grabbed at Debbie's right side and held up the truant petticoats, which left Debbie one free hand with which to shake that of the president.

Many a girl Debbie's age would have considered it the worst experience of her life, but Debbie's presence of mind saved the day. And even while it was happening she was struck by the humor of the situation. Later she stood in back of the boy, using him as a shield while she repinned the petticoats. And she was still giggling over it!

She has been pulled apart in mobs, her sweaters ripped, her hair yanked until it really hurt. But afterwards, always, Debbie turns the incident into a comedy and convulses people with the story of how it happened.

Some things, of course, have no humor. You cannot laugh at illness or bereavement or death. But trust Debbie to know a funny story even about a funeral; a true story, for to Debbie truth is funnier than fiction. The deceased had been, in his younger days, a soldier, and therefore a seven gun salute was planned at the burial service. When the first gun boomed over the cemetery the shock caused an elderly lady to faint, whereupon her young grandson yelled, "Good heavens! They shot grandma!" This convulsed the minister, who laughed so hard he backed into the grave and promptly broke his leg. This may sound farfetched, but it really happened!

Debbie has always remembered Red Skelton's explanation of why he became a comedian. Says Red, "I love to see people laugh. Whether they are laughing at me or at something else, there's nothing as heartwarming as the sound and the look of laughter."

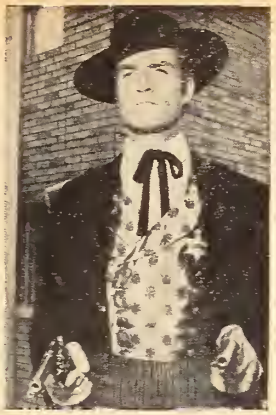
Debbie not only agrees with him, she goes one step farther. "It's good for others, but it's good for you, too. It's life's eraser of unhappiness." **END**

Debbie can currently be seen in RKO's Bundle Of Joy. *Watch for her in MGM's* The Reluctant Debutante, *U-I's* Tammy.

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"MR. O'BRIAN, I PRESUME?"

■ One Thursday I got a telegram with the most exciting news. Hugh O'Brian was coming to New York on Saturday! And I was to meet him at the airport!

I was president of the New York chapter of his club, and meeting Hugh would be quite an occasion, after writing to him for about five years.

Finally, an hour late, the plane came in. Now the thought of missing Hugh in the crowd was uppermost in my mind, what with all the people coming down the ramp. All of a sudden . . . oh no! It couldn't be—but it was—Hugh O'Brian dressed as *Wyatt Earp*: long black frock coat, brocaded vest, shiny boots, striped trousers and his famous black sombrero! And here we were afraid we would miss him.

Walking up to Hugh, I extended by hand and said "Mr. O'Brian, I presume?" (Now who else could it be? Dr. Livingston was still in Africa.) After introductions, we all walked to the main desk where Hugh could claim his luggage.

What a mob scene! He caused quite a stir among the people at Idlewild, and how nice it was that so many people recognized him. The series had been on TV only for a few weeks. and his fame had spread as Wyatt Earp. But he presented such an impressive and formidable sight that nary a person came up to him for his autograph. After talking for a while we said good-by for that day. Hugh promised to call me to let me know about the proposed meeting for Sunday with several of our New York members. When he called that evening, my day was really complete because Hugh sounds as nice on the phone as he does on TV.

He invited us to a meeting at the WARWICK HOTEL, where he was staying. On Sunday we arrived in the lobby right on time, and Hugh came from a TV show he had just done—dressed as you know who.

After a round of introductions, and a lot of conversation we started taking pictures. I even took movies of him, realizing an ambition from long ago.

I directed Hugh in my own movie!

Susan Juliano

Pier Angeli's Joy

(*Continued from page 40*) Pier settled back against the pillows of the blue and white sofa. And even while she talked about the two things dearest to her heart, her marriage and motherhood, she still looked like a little girl—wearing no make-up but pink lipstick, and her hair pulled back simply. There is about Pier a wisdom coupled with a charming innocence peculiar to herself. Pier smiles happily remembering, "There was our 'honeymoon' in Europe . . ."

Pier was making *The Vintage* for MGM in France, living in Paris and working in the sleepy village of St. Tropez overlooking the blue Mediterranean.

Originally Pier was to spend only twenty-two days in Europe, so she decided it would be better for the baby to leave him with his nurse and with her mother.

The twenty-two days stretched into months: the weather turned bad in France, delaying the picture. Vic was in New York in the middle of a TV series and a night-club engagement.

The days were speeding by and suddenly it was the baby's birthday—and Pier was still in Europe, frantic.

So Vic made elaborate preparations to fly to Hollywood for his son's birthday—and back again to New York within days.

Pier stayed up all night to get a call through so that she could hear Vic's and the baby's voices together.

Six thousand miles apart, but now Pier and Vic were together again.

"And what is the baby doing?" she asked eagerly.

"He's punching a hole in the cake," Vic said.

"And what now?"

"He's putting his thumb in his mouth."

"Ah," squealed Pier ecstatically, "how wonderful!"

A honeymoon in Paris

Vic flew back to New York . . . and then on to Paris! He had to give up a TV show and several night-club dates, but it was time to see his Pier again.

She looked more radiant than ever as she met him in a black wool dress with bright red roses, and Pier had had the dress made especially to welcome him in. It was a honeymoon, all over again.

Back in her apartment at the Parisian hotel, there was a gay *Welcome Home* sign on the door. Red roses greeted Vic in the hall, and clouds of yellow and pink roses in the living room and bedroom. Recordings of his album "That Towering Feeling" filled the room with his voice.

They sat and dined by candlelight that night, looking through the living room's large, old-fashioned windows at magic Paris spread below. Pier believes in creating romance—in candlelight, music and flowers—so that her marriage is a perpetual honeymoon.

During their 'honeymoon' in Paris, Pier woke up at 5:30 each morning, worked all day, returned to the hotel at 8:30 for dinner with Vic. They'd open the windows wide, then sit with their arms entwined as they drank a toast in wine to their happiness. Their arms would still be 'round each other as they ate.

As they walked over the rough cobblestones of the city they agreed that it was the most beautiful place in the world. Of course, in their hearts they knew that every city is beautiful at the moment when two lovers discover it.

"There are many women who forget how much precious happiness they have, and dwell on what they are missing," Pier says. It hadn't been practical for Vic to bring little Perry. Pier, in particular,

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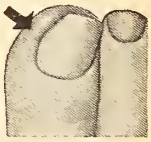
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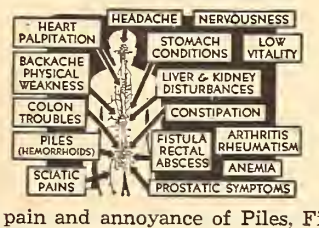
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missed the baby terribly. But her heartache was partly forgotten by being together with Vic.

A brief reunion

Then came the wonderful day when she and Vic landed at the Inglewood airport in Los Angeles, Pier's mother and the baby waiting for them.

"Will he remember me?" Pier thought uneasily. She sat stiffly on a little bench and waited, her heart beating like a trip-hammer. Out of her mother's arms wriggled little Perry, rushing like a miniature hurricane into Pier's arms.

"Mama," he said, and Pier nearly died with happiness.

Even more drops were added to their cup of joy when they learned on their return that they could expect a baby brother or sister for Perry.

Vic had already signed a contract for a long engagement at the WALDORF-ASTORIA in New York during December. They decided to travel together, Pier, Perry and Vic, so that they could have a real family Christmas.

A few days before they were to leave, Pier slid into a chair weakly, feeling suddenly ill.

The doctor said, "Be a good girl, Pier, and go to bed."

"But I can't. The trip to New York! We want to leave together."

He shook his head. "You can't make that trip," he said, as kindly as he could. "You'll have to stay in bed."

Vic was all for cancelling his contract and remaining with her.

"No, darling," Pier had replied, always the trouper. "You can't call off an engagement and disappoint everyone. You have to go."

The doctor had tried to reassure Vic. "Don't be afraid. I'll watch her closely. You can go to New York knowing that she couldn't be any better off if you stayed."

The heartbreaking call

So, pushing down his qualms, Vic left.

And then came the heartbreaking call from the doctor. Pier lay in the hospital, pale and weeping, while Vic in New York learned they had just lost the baby they were expecting.

Pier hadn't wanted Vic to know just yet. "I didn't want to tell him," she said. "He was opening that night at the WALDORF. I suffered inside but I said to myself, 'This moment is not right to tell him. Why worry him about something he cannot do anything about?' "

But her doctor put through the call and told Vic, and suddenly there was Vic's voice piercing the desolation of the hospital room, carrying strength and faith to her over thousands of miles.

"Pier, darling, we'll have lots of children. Don't cry, darling. It's God's will, and He alone knows the answers. Some day in the future, He'll send us another—a boy like our Perry, or a darling girl who'll look like you."

"Just to hear each other's voices helped us both," said Pier. "The awful loneliness was gone. And Vic reminded me of something I myself believe: that we must go by God's will, not our own.

"Vic said to me that everything has a reason. All the things that happened, that seemed like tragedies at the time, have brought us closer together. It was all meant to be. Suffering has made us appreciate all the more what we have today."

The spirit of faith, not fear, walks with Pier.

Pier is a joyous girl because faith is so much stronger in her than fear. She is not afraid. She is not afraid to stay married, to have children—she expects to have more, with God's blessing—or to be happy, even though there are many problems.

No fear of loneliness

When Vic is away from her, she is not afraid of loneliness.

"Even when we are not together, I feel I have part of him with me, because our home is us. This is where I belong," she adds, looking around her at the beautiful den with its glass wall overlooking the mountains and the ocean beyond. "We talk to each other every night before I go to bed, and we are together. And of course, in the baby I have a miniature Vic. Both of us—Vic and I—take things as they come.

"Before we were married, we talked it over and decided we would often be separated. So this is no surprise to us, no unexpected problem. The separations that loom as such a big problem to others don't bother us. We are never separated in spirit.

"We are so close that there is almost a kind of mental telepathy between us. At Christmas time, I couldn't sleep. I had talked to Vic earlier that night, but this time I was restless, a little depressed. I missed him terribly, and suddenly the phone rings. It is Vic. 'How are you, darling?' he asks. I feel so relieved. 'How did you know I was missing you at this moment?' I ask him. And Vic says, 'I felt something was not right. I have not been able to sleep, thinking of you.'

"And when we are together. . . ."

When they're all at home, Vic gets up early, pads down the hall to Perry's room and carries him into the bedroom where Pier is still asleep.

"Wake up, mommy, here's our son," says Vic.

Pier sits up, sleepy-eyed, and looks at both her men with the shining eyes of a woman looking at her whole world.

Vic plops Perry on the bed and Pier hugs the little boy.

Standing off, Vic studies the picture they make and nods his head.

"This," he says, "is the way I like to see you."

Pier's heart is ready to burst.

"We are so lucky," Vic says.

"The luckiest," adds Pier. **END**

Watch for Pier in MGM's The Vintage.

JACK LEMMON . . . BABY SITTER





■ When Bob Mitchum came home to his London apartment after a day on the *Fire Down Below* set, he found wife Dorothy sitting beside the telephone. To put it mildly, she looked unhappy. "We've been invited out to dinner tomorrow night," she told him.

"Fine," said Robert. "So what's with the long face you're wearing?"

"I've been on the phone all day and I can't find a sitter for Petrine."

Robert thought that one over. Then he brightened. "I'll get one," he offered.

"Ha! . . . *Who* ? ? ?"

"Mother Lemmon . . . who else?" inquired her husband. "Always knew good old WARWICK PRODUCTIONS put him in an apartment across the hall for some reason. Now I know what it was. Honey, we have a built-in baby sitter!"

"Don't worry about a thing," Jack told the Mitchums the next evening, "I'll fix dinner and put Petrine to bed."

The Mitchums departed and Jack and Petrine had dinner—thanks to Petrine, who happened to remember how her mother scrambled eggs. After their meal, she climbed into her pajamas and came into the living room. "Will you read to me?" asked the cherubic four-year-old.

"Sure," said Jack. "Bring on the nursery rhymes."

"We forgot to pack them." she said.

After a brief discussion, they settled on Bob's *Fire Down Below* script. And for the next hour, Jack played the roles of Jack Lemmon, Robert Mitchum, Rita Hayworth, and assorted other cast members. Every so often he'd glance up. "Getting sleepy?" he'd ask her.

She wasn't. Finally, Lemmon decided to stretch out on the couch. "I can't read so well sitting up," was the way he put it. "Think I'll lie down."

You guessed it: hours later, when Robert and Dorothy returned from dinner, the first sound heard when they opened the front door was "Shhhhh!"

Jack Lemmon was sleeping peacefully on the couch; Petrine, wide awake, was sitting beside him.

"Shhhh," Petrine said again. "Jack's very tired and he has to get up early to go act with you in the morning."

"Thank you. Mother Mitchum," grinned mother's father, as he picked her up and carted her off to bed.

Bob Mitchum can currently be seen in the 20th Century-Fox film Heaven Knows. Mr. Allison. *Watch for Jack Lemmon and Bob, soon to be seen in Columbia's* Fire Down Below.



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MAY, 1957

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modern screen

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Color portrait of Debbie and Eddie on the cover by E. Bordes Mangel. Debbie and Eddie can currently be seen in RKO's *Bundle Of Joy*. Watch for Debbie who'll soon be seen in MGM's *The Reluctant Debutante* and U-I's *Tammy*. Other photographers' credits on page 76.

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Grace Kelly still has a press agent? If so, why?
—P.T., N.Y.C.

A. *Grace still employs a press agent; feels she and Prince Rainier are not equipped to handle press relations alone.*

Q. Is the Judy Holliday-Sydney Chaplin romance finished?
—F.L., Pasadena, Cal.

A. *Not finished—fading.*

Q. When does Elvis Presley report to the Army? —E.L., Tupelo, Miss.

A. *Some time this coming Winter.*

Q. How much will Tab Hunter make from his record, "Young Love?"
—G.R., Rochester, N.Y.

A. *Recording officials say he may earn as much as $100,000. In the first month his record sold 1,600,000 copies, which means royalties of $51,200.*

Q. Does Audrey Hepburn wear falsies?
—G.K., Louisville, Ky.

A. *On occasion.*

Q. Is the Elvis Presley-Dorothy Harmony romance for real?
—H.S., Atlantic City, N.J.

A. *It was; is no more.*

Q. Does Pat Boone play around?
—W.L., Winchester, Va.

A. *Only with his wife and children.*

Q. Did Alan Ladd really turn down the Jimmy Dean part in *Giant?*
—O.G., Little Rock, Ark.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Can Esther Williams see without glasses? —V.F., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Not very far.*

Q. My mother, who is a waitress in Las Vegas, told me that Elvis Presley leaves a 50-cent tip for a party of twelve. Does Elvis do such things?
—J.R., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *He used to because he didn't know any better. He's learning rapidly.*

Q. Did Alan Ladd ever attempt suicide?
—L.R., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. *His mother died in that manner.*

Q. Will Doris Day make any money from *Julie?* —C.R., N.Y.C.

A. *Approximately $500,000.*

Q. Will Natalie Wood marry Nicky Hilton? —H.T., Moline, Ill.

A. *Too early to tell.*

Q. I heard that Mike Todd won Elizabeth Taylor in a gin rummy game. Can this be possible? —M.E., Elgin, Ill.

A. *Not true.*

Q. What is the true age of Maurice Chevalier? —R.D., Syracuse, N.Y.

A. *68.*

Q. Is it on the level that Grace Kelly's father bought Grace's baby a villa on the Riviera for $75,000?
—T.O., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *True.*

Q. What's happened to Frank Sinatra and Joan Blackman? Will Sinatra ever reconcile with Nancy? How much of the Sands gambling casino does Sinatra own? —T.B., Newark, N.J.

A. *Sinatra and Joan are friends; Sinatra sees his ex-wife and children frequently; Sinatra owns 4% of the Sands.*

Q. In *Baby Doll,* did Elia Kazan use only five professional actors? Where did the rest come from?
—I.B., Boston, Mass.

A. *Townsfolk from Benoit, Miss.*

Q. Can you tell me how much richer Jimmy Stewart is than Tyrone Power?
—L.Y., Cheyenne, Wyo.

A. *Stewart is a millionaire several times over. Power, owing to alimony and straight salary deals, is not.*

Q. Did Tab Hunter ever work as a soda jerk? Was he ever an ice-skating champion? —F.D., Duluth, Minn.

A. *Yes on both counts.*

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as Nefretiri



DEBRA PAGET
as Lilia

"I Saw 'The Ten Commandments'"

by Dorothy Rupenian
Age 19, Astoria, N. Y.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS is a spectacular movie, but more than that, it is an inspiring drama that left me with a reverence for freedom, a brighter faith and a renewed respect for movie-making.

Cecil B. DeMille could easily have made this a gaudy panorama of pagan revelry, dancing girls and all the other glamours that Hollywood has filmed in the past. Yes, THE TEN COMMANDMENTS has excitement, extravagant sets and costumes—and best of all a convincing Moses in Charlton Heston. But Mr. DeMille hasn't gone overboard to make fiction out of Bible truth; he has let the account in Exodus of the sufferings of the Jews in bondage under Egyptian oppression emerge as a real and significant drama of a people struggling for their freedom.

Liberty and freedom and the right to independence might seem far-fetched thoughts for a Biblical story, but they aren't when you consider that God gave Moses the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai so that men henceforth would have moral law to live by rather than the whims of each new ruler. There are words here that are as meaningful today as they were when Moses said them thousands of years ago to the Israelites.

This was a motion picture that appealed to me visually with its breath-taking scenes of the crossing of the Red Sea, the burning bush and the writing of the Ten Commandments on slabs of stone with fire from heaven. Spiritually, it was a moving experience to see a sacred book of the Bible translated to these immense proportions, through which more people could come to know the beauty and drama of the Bible's Old Testament.

REPRINTED FROM SEVENTEEN, JANUARY, 1957 ISSUE
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YUL BRYNNER
as Rameses



YVONNE DeCARLO
as Sephora



JOHN DEREK
as Joshua

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There was a marvelous,

marvelous party . . .

And some sad partings . . .



And here's the guest of honor herself, the lovely Merle Oberon, with her oh-so-charming fiancé Bruno Pagliai.



Danny Kaye and Kirk Douglas clowned for the photographer, and I didn't at all mind being hemmed in by these two! The party was such a happy occasion.



Dana Wynter, lovely as ever in white and gold, never left husband Greg Bautzer's side for a minute. It's love!

GOOD NEWS louella parsons'

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



THE SURPRISING BELLE of the ball at the fabulous affair given **Merle Oberon** in honor of her birthday by **Cobina Wright,** was **Eleanor Powell!** Eleanor, looking like a doll in a blue taffeta ball gown, danced dance after dance with one of our town's best amateur terpsichoreans, photographer Wally Seawall. **Glenn Ford,** who hates to dance, beamed his approval from the sidelines and frequently called to Ellie, "You show 'em, honey" and she showed 'em.

It was a wonderful party studded with stars in their loveliest gowns. Against the background of red hearts, and tables covered with masses of white-and-red camellias in the Valentine motif, I thought I'd never seen so many beautiful women in such beautiful dresses, most of them long.

Lana Turner, her blonde hair sleek and dignified, looked like a doll walking in an ice cream pink satin, very form fitting. She



Judy Garland tells a story like no one else can. And it's easy to see that husband Sid Luft gets quite a kick out of his wife's funnies.



The Tony Martins were a welcome sight. Tony and his lovely Cyd Charisse are stay-at-homes. But they didn't pass up this party!



That's Joseph Cotton standing just a bit behind Janet Gaynor and her designer husband, Adrian. Janet was so excited about her comeback.



It was so wonderful seeing the happiness of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. But the next day, Lana Turner was talking divorce to Lex.

didn't eat much dinner, either. She laughed, "In this dress—an olive would show on me."

Cyd Charisse, who manages to look so beautiful and yet completely natural and un-made-up, was wearing a green chiffon with printed white leaves tumbling from the bodice onto the skirt. She's always very quiet at parties, is Mrs. Tony Martin, leaving the whoopla to her good-looking husband.

Danny Kaye started things going with a vengeance when he took over the bongo drums—and I mean he gave 'em the beat! Funny thing is Danny had intended just stopping by the party on his way to Palm Springs —but in the wee small hours of the morning, he was still going strong.

Many of the girls were wearing the new greige color—which, as it sounds, is a combination of gray-and-beige. **Anne Baxter,** very slender these days, wore a v-e-r-y boufdant gown of greige satin along with a lemon satin stole, a stunning color combination.

Mrs. Kirk Douglas, the popular Anne, was another in greige, hers made of lace. Speaking of Anne, her Kirk looked unusually handsome and **Jack Benny** yelled, "Look at him. Came formal tonight. Both ears!" Of course Jack was referring to Kirk's recent role in *Lust For Life,* in which Kirk appears in a few scenes with just one ear.

Jeanne Crain and **Paul Brinkman** are not only reconciled, they continue to neck when they dance like they were never apart. Jeanne, in a green satin that was so effective with her red hair, said, "It cost Paul and me $100,000 to realize we're still in love."

I sat at the table with **Judy Garland** and **Sid Luft** and the **Danny Kayes** and all I can say is that Judy is the best audience for a comedian like Danny that I've ever seen. He just breaks her up—and when Judy laughs, she really laughs. She was wearing a white net skirt with a black top and her eyes were made up in a rather Oriental slant.

You so seldom see the **Robert Taylors** at a big party that they attracted more than ordinary attention dancing together and seeming to have such a good time. Their pals, the **Ronald Reagans,** sat at their table. Ursula Taylor is wearing her dark hair almost shoulder length. She wore a white sheath.

I asked **Janet Gaynor** if it seemed strange to her to be back before the cameras playing **Pat Boone's** mother in *Bernadine* after a screen absence of so long. "No," laughed Janet, "once you've learned to ride a bicycle you always know how."

Dana Wynter and **Greg Bautzer** are still honeymooning—and look it. Her dress was white with gold embroidered bodice.

All in all this was a formal party which was also lots of fun—and you don't always get that kind!

(*Continued on page 8*)



HUNTING or HINTING

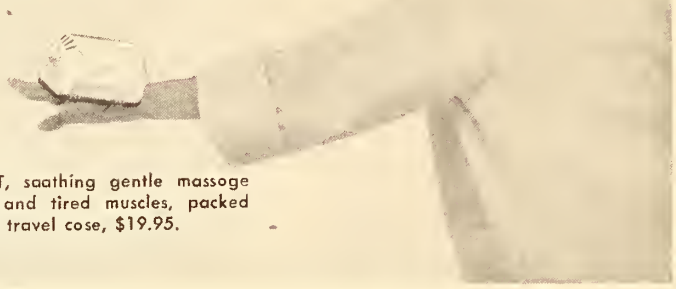
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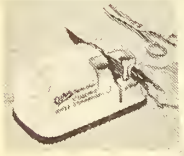
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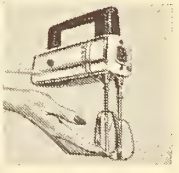
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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*



Anita Ekberg should change—to how she was!

OPEN LETTER TO ANITA EKBERG: Come on girl, snap out of it. I mean this brand new act of yours as the aloof movie queen, hiding out from the press, saying you don't want to talk for publication about your marriage to Anthony Steel and all that sort of nonsense. You aren't the type to play your private version of **Garbo.**

If I didn't like the Girl-You-Used-To-Be so much, I wouldn't be talking to you like this, like a Dutch Uncle—or rather, a Dutch Aunt. I remember when you first started to click in Hollywood as our newest statuesque beauty, when you were so thrilled by everything and grateful for your chance. I wrote you an Open Letter then, too, in this department.

I remember praising you for the smart way you were kicking off in your career. For your frankness with the press. For the really good scout you were.

It seems to me that the big change in your tactics came just before your marriage to Steel in Italy, where you had gone to make *War And Peace* as well as to marry the man of your heart. Was it Love or Fame that went to your head so suddenly? Or was it Tony, who is a Britisher—they are notoriously reserved with the press—who talked you into your new mood of turning a very cold shoulder to so many reporters who had befriended you?

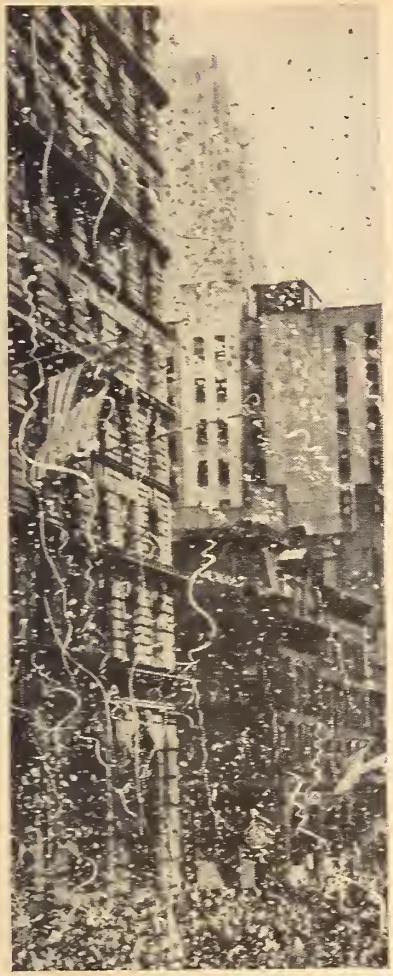
Whatever the reason, it isn't too late to change. Some actresses like **Katharine Hepburn** and the aforementioned Garbo can get away with the mystery lady act because they have enormous talent to back it up.

Let's face it, Anita, you are no Duse. You are a Glamour Girl with capital GG's, and the world and your fans want you to be a human goddess, too.

I'M ON MY SOAP BOX to say that I read with mild surprise the other day that **Frank Sinatra** is in his 41st year. I read the figure again to make sure it wasn't his eleventh.

Not that Frankie hasn't piled up enough years to have reached the plateau of maturity and self-discipline which 41 indicates. It's just that he continues to act like a spoiled eleven.

(*Continued on page 10*)



The screen has never come so close to the heart of a man, and an era--

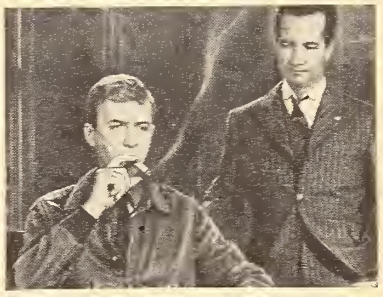
JAMES STEWART

in his role of roles as Charles A. Lindbergh

















WARNER BROS. PRESENT

the Spirit of St. Louis

as the world held its breath--

BASED ON THE PULITZER PRIZE BOOK BY CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

IN CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR

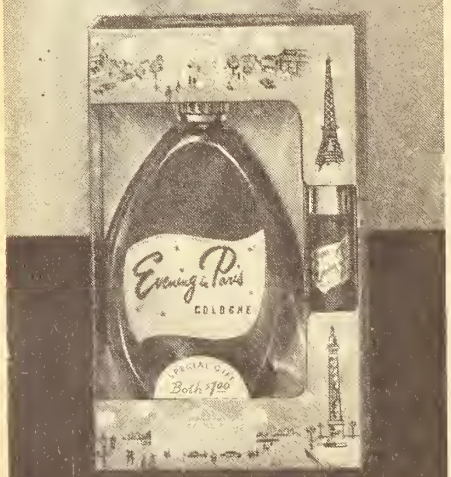
SCREEN PLAY BY BILLY WILDER AND WENDELL MAYES PRODUCED BY LELAND HAYWARD DIRECTED BY BILLY WILDER

MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN

DOUBLE GLAMOUR



Evening in Paris
COLOGNE AND PERFUME
BOTH FOR $1.00
the price of the cologne alone!



The famous fragrance the French adore in sparkling cologne and purse perfume. Perfect pair—to give or to keep.

CREATED IN PARIS BY BOURJOIS · MADE IN AMERICA



That Earl Holliman is big, as actor and man!



It's always Mrs. Boone with velvet-voiced Pat.



Rory and Lita got just what they wanted.

It was ridiculous and irresponsible of Sinatra to walk out on a long and well-planned tour of Australia after flying as far as Honolulu on the first lap. Then he indulged in a fit of pique to the point where he cancelled the whole thing and flew back to Hollywood. His temper centered around a pal of his not having a berth on an airline on the flight from Honolulu to Sydney.

Many performers who had been engaged to appear with Frank, the musicians, and the promoter of the tour were minus the star who had promised to appear, and thus suffered small and large financial losses. This little caper may cost Sinatra $75,000, not deductible from his income tax, in cold cash.

Frank has reached an age and a stage in his career where these small-boy headlines which keep peppering the papers should be well in his tempestuous past. In other words, grow up boy.

YOU GET A GOOD CHANCE to size up a person when they get either good or bad unexpected news in your presence.

Earl Holliman was at my house for an interview for a Sunday story when nominees were officially announced for the ACADEMY AWARDS for which Earl had been widely touted as a cinch for a nomination as *Best Supporting Actor* in *The Rainmaker*.

When we heard the news from INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE that the five favored ones were named and he was not on the list, his face fell with disappointment. But not for long. "I'd be fibbing if I said I didn't have a sort of sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach," he managed to smile, "but—Bob Stack was wonderful in *Written On The Wind* and Tony Perkins was just fine in *Friendly Persuasion*. I wish them both the best of luck."

"Better luck next time, Earl," I encouraged him.

"Oh, sure," he said, really brightening this time—"now what was I telling you about my fascinating life when we were so *rudely* interrupted?" We both laughed then—and I put this young man down as a really good scout in my scout book.

THEY MADE NO SECRET of the fact, when they were on the stork's expected list, that they hoped the baby would be a boy.

But after a darling little girl arrived **RORY CALHOUN** and **LITA BARON** were very cute about it with each other. "I said all along I wanted a girl," Rory said kissing Lita as soon after their daughter Cindy arrived as the doctors would permit him in her hospital room.

"Of course you did, dear," Lita said tenderly, "I distinctly remember that you insisted on a girl!"

PAT BOONE'S WIFE, Shirley, is not only as pretty as a picture, she has a really wonderful sense of humor.

The evening I interviewed Pat for my newspaper syndicate and we made a date for dinner at ROMANOFF'S, Shirley came along, too. Although it was an informal occasion and no one else at the place was particularly dressed up, Shirley was wearing what might serve as a dinner gown.

"I know I'm pretty dressed up for such a quiet night," she whispered in my ear soon after we were seated at the table, "but I've been pregnant almost all the time we've been married—and I NEVER GET A CHANCE TO WEAR MY PRETTY CLOTHES! I'm taking advantage of the chance while I can."

SPEAKING OF A SENSE of humor—**June Allyson** came up with an unexpected nifty after O. W. Fischer, her co-star of *My Man Godfrey*, and director Henry Koster battled so furiously on the set that the German actor left the cast in the middle of production. Cracked June, "This is one break-up they can't blame on me." Whatever did she mean by that????

(*Continued on page 12*)

Casual 'n carefree! These new softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"



BOBBI's soft curls are just right for the pert new *Honeycomb* hairdo. "Casual Pin-Curlers" make BOBBI easier, prettier than ever!

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer—your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.



BOBBI girls have soft hairstyles like *Silk-Fluff* right away, thanks to "Casual Pin-Curlers." No new permanent look—ever.



BOBBI with "Casual Pin-Curlers" gives you this flattering *Sea-Shell* hairdo *and* your permanent—all in one setting.



New "Casual Pin-Curlers" make smoother pin-curls! No loose ends. Can't slip, crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Curved to sleep comfortably. Use for setting after shampoos.



See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just "Casual Pin-Curlers" and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer—no resetting needed.



Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit complete with 55 "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers, all in pink plastic, plus new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.

Watch the BOBBI TV Shows . . . "Blondie" and "Valiant Lady"!

©THE GILLETTE COMPANY

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*



June Allyson, Dick Powell and the two little Powells . . . can June let this happy picture die?

"I DON'T KNOW WHY June wants this separation," **Dick Powell** told me sadly, "I certainly don't want it. I'm as much in the dark as anyone else about why she did it."

It had been no secret from anyone that **June Allyson** and Dick Powell had had their share of arguments and misunderstandings during their eleven-and-a-half years of marriage. And yet, because Dick is really understanding and indulgent with June, they always seemed to patch things up and go on—if not ecstatically happy, at least seemingly contented.

So it came as a surprise when June made an announcement that she and Dick were separating. Outside of saying "We haven't been seeing eye to eye for some time, but there's no other man and no other woman," June did not enlarge on the subject of the separation she had asked for.

Of course the gossips were quick to go into action. They pointed out that young, good-looking actor **Rod Taylor** had been almost a daily visitor on the set of *My Man Godfrey*, the movie June is making at U.-I., and he and June appeared to be most sympathetic toward one another.

Personally, it's hard for me to believe that June would break up her marriage because of any interest in a struggling young actor. It's true she likes to flirt, but Dick knows that and has always shrugged his shoulders with amusement over it. I've always thought he knows and understands June better than she knows and understands herself.

It was just last summer I ran into the Powells in Paris and they asked me to celebrate their eleventh anniversary with them at MAXIM's. Dick gave June a beautiful diamond brooch—*with much love and kisses*—and they seemed so happy.

I can only echo Dick's words, "I hope she comes to her senses"—and before it's too late, before she loses Dick's love, her children, her home and her happiness.

DROPPED IN on **Lauren Bacall** at home and found Betty at her desk answering the stacks and stacks of mail that have poured in since Bogey's death.

"So many of the letters from perfect strangers are so sincere and heartwarming I want to answer them myself," Betty told me. There are still evidences of the great strain she went through following Bogey's death and funeral—it shows mostly in her thin figure—but Betty has such remarkable inner poise and courage that I can truthfully report that she is coming along well—or as well as can be expected.

It seems to be a release for her to talk about Bogey.

"As I read some of these letters which refer to him as the nearest thing to a saint walking the earth, I think how amused and cynical about that he would be. I can just hear him saying, 'Tell 'em they're crazy in the head. I don't want to be thought of as a goodie.' He would be quite insulting about it outwardly—and inwardly he'd be so very pleased."

Outside of a short visit of a week to Palm Springs with the children, Betty hasn't been any place. When I suggested a trip while she's waiting to find a new picture she might like, she smiled and said, "I still take my heart with me. No, I think it best if I stay here with the children in familiar surroundings for a time. Being in this lovely home Bogey bought for me doesn't sadden me—it's comforting."

IF LEX BARKER HAS HIS WAY, he and **Lana Turner** will be all made up and a couple of turtle doves again by the time you read this.

Following a squall which started in a dentist's office—of all places—and really blew up a storm in a parking lot with both Lana and Lex telling each other off in no uncertain terms, Lana ordered her handsome, athlete husband out of their home. Or I should say *her* home. It was Lana's before their marriage.

Seldom have I talked to a sadder human than Lex the morning after he ankled over to a motel in the middle of the night and read in the morning papers that Lana was thinking in terms of divorce.

Sounding like he was going to burst into tears at any minute, Lex gulped all through our talk, saying to me, "I love Lana—and I want her back.

"We have been having arguments for some time over something that is very serious to us both and which I cannot discuss. Tension has been building up until, well—we just exploded the other afternoon when I met her and Cheryl at the dentist's office.

"After four years of a wonderful marriage, I just can't believe that Lana means it when she says this is final." I might add, neither do I.

However, in all honesty I must say that the coolness between the Barkers at the birthday party given for Merle Oberon just a few nights before the blow-up was remarked on by several of the guests.

As pretty as she looked, all dressed up in a pink gown, Lana spent a large part of the evening in the powder room leafing through a new magazine while Lex danced and joined the stag line swapping jokes in the bar.

Someone said to me, "Do you think Lana and Lex are having a tiff?"

I said, "It wouldn't be the first, and it probably won't be the last"—and I sincerely hope that this is equally true of their latest battle even if it did break into print.

ROSEMARY CLOONEY FLEW all the way back from London to give her son Miguel his second birthday party. Two of the belles of the ball were his pretty dark-eyed sister Maria, four months old, and Kelly Lee, daughter of **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis.** There were many other very cute children there.

Only a few days later, Rosemary telephoned me from Toronto, where she was appearing, to say she was expecting her third child in October. She seemed (*Continued on page 14*)



It's so hard for Lauren Bacall to accept Bogey's death. They were so very happy together.



A sad parting-of-the-ways for Lana and Lex Barker. But how he's trying to get her back!



HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

Veto deodorant

VETO is for you in more ways than one



Cream



Spray



Stick



or Mist

One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works.* In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

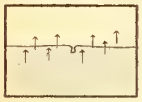
CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)



This was one party I wouldn't have missed for the world! Never had so much fun celebrating a birthday party for a handsome young man—aged two! Janet Leigh was as swamped as I was!



No use having a color photo of Karen Sharpe, 'cause everything she owns is black or white.



Venetia Stevenson's concentrating on her career these days, and a fine actress she is, too!

very happy. When Rosemary and **Jose Ferrer** were married, she told me she expected to have a lot of children and she's certainly keeping her word.

SPEAKING OF CLOTHES—every garment in **Karen Sharpe's** wardrobe is either black or white—or black and white. "It's a new kick I'm on, and I like it," the aqua-eyed, titian-haired Karen laughs. "Also, my new apartment is all in black and white—black floor, white rugs—and my new car is black and white, too."

She says her dates seem to like it. "One man I like very much said mine was the only girl's apartment he could walk into with a newspaper under his arm—without upsetting the color scheme!"

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—Venetia Stevenson: The nineteen-year-old blonde with the aqua-blue eyes and Grecian profile hopes that soon the fans will forget that she is the girl who stayed married to Russ Tamblyn for just ten months, and start recognizing her as a serious young actress.

"It is too bad that most of my publicity so far has been centered on our romantic Valentine's Day marriage in 1956—and our separation, which came so suddenly—two months before our first anniversary," she says. Venetia's only explanation is, "We were too young," and that's as far as she goes.

But you'll be hearing more and more of her as an actress; I happen to know they are planning big things for her at WARNERS after taking over her contract from RKO.

That this unusually poised and independent girl was born with talent is no surprise considering that her mother is the well-known British actress Anna Lee and her father, director Robert Stevenson. Born in London, March 10th, 1938, she escaped the Blitz of England during World War II when her father brought her to the United States at the age of two.

"I can't remember any background but Hollywood," Venetia says. "Even when I was going to school at CHADWICK and the WESTLAKE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, I was very conscious of my theatrical heritage and that my real business at hand was just becoming old enough to launch my career. Nothing else was important." Russ might say "Amen" to that, because when they parted he said, "Our backgrounds were too different for us to be happy." Venetia's current chance to shine is with **Jane Powell** in *The Girl Most Likely* and

(Continued on page 16)

"...takes to water like a duck"



It's the only pincurl permanent that's actually

WEATHERPROOF!

Soft, shiny curls! Guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl wave!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to *last!* New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer . . . you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. $1.75 plus tax.



New Siliconed

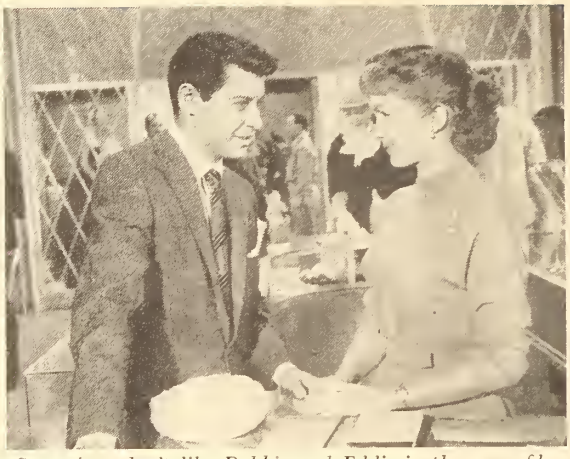
PIN·QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

©1957 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.



Some fans don't like Debbie and Eddie in the same film.



Awards for Dorothy Malone and Robert Stack? Could be!



There's a beauty about Pier that's different.



Is Kim Novak mean to beau Mac Krim?



Too many headlines for Natalie Wood?

just recently she was chosen by the GREATER LOS ANGELES PRESS CLUB as their *Miss 8-Ball of 1957*. I guarantee you'll be hearing more and more about this talented girl, and in a big way.

THE LETTER BOX: *"I'm a young married woman (20) and my husband raises you-know-what with me for being an* **Elvis Presley** *fan; says I'm too old for such hysteria. We've had some serious quarrels over it. He's 27—and his eyes pop out of his head over* **Marilyn** and **Jayne Mansfield!** *Who's right?"* asks WILMA WILLIAMS, DAYTON, OHIO. To each his own, Wilma—and don't take these things too seriously. . . .

Can't list all the letters received protesting that I "seem to be switching over from **Elvis Presley** to **Pat Boone**"—and the dire warnings I get that those letter-writers won't read me if such a dire fatality occurs. I'm neutral, girls, honest I am—I like both boys personally. . . .

T.M.K., BUFFALO, NEW YORK, speaks for one side of another controversial subject: *"I think* **Debbie Reynolds** *and* **Eddie Fisher** *were just wonderful together in* Bundle Of Joy. *It added to my enjoyment to know they are married sweethearts in real life."* . . .

On the other hand, ELAINE ELLIS, COLUMBUS, is just as firm in stating, *"If they want to kill off Debbie and Eddie in a hurry just keep teaming them on the screen. All I could think of during* Bundle Of Joy *is that they had to rush home to see that the baby got the right formula. This is romantic?"* . . .

"I like **Kim Novak** *as an actress but I think she treats her best beau* **Mac Krim** *shamefully,"* writes PRUDIE BEAUCHAMPS, BROOKLYN. If Mac can take it and keep coming back for more, I guess you can too, Prudie. . . .

From SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, HELEN YOKOI opines: "**Ray Danton** *is the most overlooked big bet in Hollywood today. What's the matter with those Hollywood producers?"* I must say you aren't the first girl to write these sentiments to me. Ray seems to be building steadily with you young ladies in your later teens.

JOYCE KIRK saw *Written On The Wind* and says: *"My girl friend and I can't stop talking about this picture—simply wonderful. We thought* **Robert Stack** *was the MOST!"* This has been one of the big box office smashes of the season, Joyce, so you aren't alone in your enthusiasm for the picture, or Bob. . . .

Many letters extending deepest sympathy to **Lauren Bacall** over the loss of **Humphrey Bogart.** ANN BOWERS expresses the sentiment of many fans when she states, *"Our hearts salute Bogey's beloved Betty for the love and courage she brought to his last tragic days. He will never be forgotten."* . . .

KIO, of TOKYO, complains: "**Natalie Wood** *deeply impressed as good actress in* Rebel Without A Cause. *But silly publicity in private life does not build her up. Take lesson, please."* . . .

DOTTIE GUARDO, EL PASO, states flatly, "**Pier Angeli** *is the most beautiful girl on the screen today. My mother agrees and says she is the only one who compares to the beauties of the days when she was a screen star, meaning* **Billie Dove, Katharine MacDonald** *and* **Norma Talmadge.**" Those are nice words for Pier, Dottie. I'm sure she'll be most pleased to read what you and your mother think about her.

That's all for now. See you next month.

the kiss of spring for your hair. . . Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo

. . . the outdoor fragrance, clean feel and young look that make you happy-to-be-alive! Exciting new Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo gives your hair a billion bubble beauty bath. Fine, rich lather cleanses thoroughly, gently . . . safeguards the precious natural oil that keeps your hair soft, easy to manage—sparkling with Springtime freshness all year 'round.

Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo by Lenthéric—*69¢ and $1.*



"I EXERCISE TO MAKE IT EASIER TO HAVE MY BABY"

by Gina Lollobrigida



I must admit it. Within twenty seconds after the doctor told me I was right, that Milko and I were going to have our first child, my thoughts drifted from the happiness of the *bambino* that was coming—to ecstasy over the coming months of laziness! 'I will sleep till noon, every day,' I thought. 'Then I will sit on the terrace until the sun goes down. And Milko will wait on me so I will not move from my lounge till it is time to go to sleep.' What blessed thoughts after so much picture-making and the years and years of starting the day even before the sun rises. But I did not know my doctor-husband!









'Exercise!' Milko commanded. 'Remember I am speaking to you as *Doctor* Milko Skofic!' And he explained to me that strong abdomen muscles make it easier for the little one to get itself born. So every morning—and I say this with such a great sigh!—I get up with the sun to do gymnastics. Milko is kind; he sits and keeps me company. And instead of lolling on the terrace with a book and a box of chocolates as I had previously planned to do, I walk for hours through the woods and along the seashore . . . after Milko is satisfied that I have strengthened my abdomen muscles enough for one day! And if God helps me, I should have my child toward the end of July. Perhaps then Milko will let me be lazy?





These are the hands of Mrs. Margaret Lane, Seattle, Wash. Only her *right* hand was treated with Jergens. This photo is *unretouched*.

Simple as 1 2 3 to stop "Detergent Hands"

It's simple to have lovely hands. Over 450 women proved it in a scientific test.* They soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In a few days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse, red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft, lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film...it *penetrates* to help replace the natural moisture lost to wind, weather and daily chores. Only 15c to $1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Hair with the

fresh young HALO look

is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean



—for clear, liquid Halo, unlike most shampoos, contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film. Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter . . . whistle clean!



NATALIE LOSES A BET

■ In *The Burning Hills*, Natalie Wood had to say a few words in Spanish. Tab Hunter, who co-starred in the film, was forever teasing Natalie about her pronunciation, and she was determined to prove to him that she had really mastered the language.

After the première of the film, Tab invited Natalie to a late supper, but she pulled a switch. "I'm inviting *you*," she said. "You keep saying I can't speak Spanish. Well, suppose we drive over to Olvera Street and have a bite in one of those native restaurants. I'll order in Spanish, and if the waiter doesn't understand me, I'll stand the check."

Natalie, who for weeks had practiced rolling her "r's" in the best Spanish fashion, ordered "enchiladas de morronga." The waiter seemed very startled.

"Enchiladas de *morronga*?" said he.

"Sí" answered Natalie.

Time went by. After more than half an hour, Tab asked the waiter what was holding things up.

"It's a special dish," said Natalie, "and it takes time to prepare, right?"

"Oh yes," replied the waiter, "we've never had an order like this."

"See what I mean?" said Natalie.

"Yeah, but what's so special about it?" insisted Tab.

"Well, Miss Wood ordered cat-meat enchiladas—and we had to send out for a cat," said the waiter.

"Cat-meat!" gasped Natalie. "I wanted enchiladas made with that spicy Mexican stuffing I've heard about."

"Oh, in that case," replied the waiter, desperately trying to keep a straight face, "you wanted 'moronga', not 'morronga'. In Spanish, 'morronga' means cat; 'moronga' is the stuffing!" And in Spanish, the difference in pronunciation between one "r" and and two "r's" is a big difference.

Tab roared with laughter. Natalie had overdone her Spanish pronunciation—by one "r" too many!

"But never mind, Natalie," grinned Tab, "I'll pay anyway. You save your money for more language lessons!" END



Watch for Natalie in Warners' Bombers B52. *Tab's in Warners'* Lafayette Escadrille

A SURPRISE FOR MERLE

■ When Merle Oberon recently admitted to the press that she was going to marry the millionaire Italian businessman Bruno Pagliai, she said "He is charming, clever, and sophisticated." What Merle didn't know was that he's also a practical joker.

It all started when Bruno—who, among other things, is owner of Mexico's swankiest race track—invited his future bride to weekend at his Mexico City villa. Naturally, he wanted her to feel completely at home. The servants were told to be especially attentive; the cook stocked up on the tea and jam Merle always has for breakfast; the chauffeur polished the flaming red Alfa-Romeo sports car which will be Bruno's wedding present to Merle. But Bruno *had* forgotten something: he had already invited an old famliy friend, an Italian countess, to spend a day or two at his estate.

Now Merle could not possibly be put in the main house, because there was no proper chaperon. But then again, neither could Bruno ask Merle to share the guest house with the countess—they didn't know each other. There was only one solution: get rid of the countess.

Chairman of the board of a dozen corporations, used to making snap decisions involving millions, builder of factories throughout the world—this time Bruno was stumped!

In fact, he was at his wit's end. When suddenly one of the oldest tricks in the world occurred to him.

Bruno let loose a dozen white mice in the countess' room. She fled!

But now Bruno was in even worse trouble than before. He had to get rid of the mice before Merle arrived!

He needn't have worried. As things turned out, Merle *likes* white mice, and she thought it was so sweet of Bruno to fill her room with her favorite pets!



"Love at First Sight"

WITH ROMANTIC

Flame-Glo®

"TRIPLE-STAY" LIPSTICK



only 39¢ each

3 New "Goin' Steady" Colors!

PROPOSAL PINK

soft and enchanting, like the tone of wedding bells!

ORANGE GLAMOUR

explosive! dynamic! "whistle stop" kissing magic!

CELEBRITY PEACH

the answer to that "love on your lips" look!

Enjoy kissable, *color-fresh* lips all day, every day, with romance-inspired Flame-Glo, made with exclusive "Fastenol". Assure yourself of satin-smooth lip beauty that remains dewy-moist and brilliant. *Never becomes pasty or stale-looking.* And the color stays until you remove it! All 3 exciting new shades color-compliment your spring-summer outfits.

Coordinated colors in glamorous golden swivel case only 39¢.
The same shades are available at 15¢ and 29¢. Slightly higher in Canada.

Flame-Glo®

Kissable Look

LIQUID MAKE-UP



Don't forget... Flame-Glo's "Kissable Look" Liquid Make-Up for that always-fresh complexion boy friends adore. Non-streaking, non-drying . . .thanks to its wonderful lanolin base. In unbreakable squeeze bottle . . . only **39¢**

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SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!

See lovely ELEANOR PARKER in M-G-M's
THE SEVENTH SIN in CinemaScope



SUPER-SOFT

LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars
because it's non-drying...
contains no lacquer...
mists hair with Lanolin!



HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net. Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for hard-to-manage hair. *5½ oz. can—a full ounce more!* Only $1.25 plus tax.

MAY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in May, here are some of the stars you share it with!

May 1 — **Glenn Ford**
Anthony Steel
May 4 — **Audrey Hepburn**
May 5 — **Tyrone Power**
May 6 — **Stewart Granger**
May 7 — **Anne Baxter**
May 8 — **Lex Barker**
May 15 — **James Mason**
May 16 — **Harry Carey, Jr.**
May 18 — **Ezio Pinza**
May 20 — **Jimmy Stewart**
May 21 — **Bill Williams**
Raymond Burr
Kay Kendall
May 22 — **Susan Strasberg**
May 23 — **Rosemary Clooney**
Joan Collins
May 25 — **Steve Cochran**
Jeanne Crain
May 26 — **John Wayne**
May 28 — **Sally Forrest**
May 30 — **Clint Walker**
May 31 — **Elaine Stewart**



Bing Crosby
May 2



Gary Cooper
May 7



Joseph Cotten
May 15



Henry Fonda
May 16



Laurence Olivier
May 22



Peggy Lee
May 26

Your birthstone is an emerald!
Your flower is the lily of the valley!

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.



Her love story...

will have a happy ending

She knows that she's in love *for keeps* . . . and, of course, she's dreaming of the kind of *home* that will keep their young romance alive for a lifetime.

Bit by bit—little by little—she's having the fun of collecting lovely personal things that will give that "dream home" warmth and character—things that will identify their home.

That's why a Lane Cedar Chest has become a tradition —symbolizing the importance of the future home in a *lasting* marriage—lives on and on, shaping the dreams of girls in love who plan for genuine happiness in the years ahead.



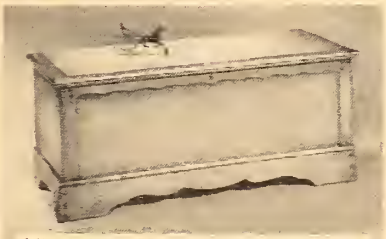
Continental. Modern Lowboy in Blond Oak. Base drawer, brass pulls and ferrules on tapered legs. Also Cordovan, Seafoam, Pearl Mahogany; Walnut. #6126

LANE Cedar Hope Chests

The gift that starts her future home



Solitaire. Diamond pattern, brass strippings. Self-rising tray. Shown, Softone Walnut; also Oaktone. #7161



Virginian. Hand-rubbed satin-finished Maple, solid Maple trim. Top opening; self-rising tray. #6241

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾ inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc.

In a Lane—your treasures are safe and private under lock and key—fully protected from moths, dust, dampness. Send for FREE booklet, "There's a Lane Hope Chest For You," helpful guide to hope chest collecting. LANE, Dept. 708-P, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

By the makers of Lane Tables and Lane Bedroom and Dining Room Furniture.

OVER 100 STYLES AND FINISHES . . . AS LOW AS $49.95 . . . EASY TERMS AT MOST DEPARTMENT AND FURNITURE STORES



DID YOUR MOTHER TELL YOU?

...about the need for regular douching?

It's astounding in these modern times how many women have to be told, by a friend or doctor, how a douche answers a woman's special needs for *complete* cleanliness.

Ignorance is no excuse. Baths and showers, perfumes and deodorants are fine — but *none* of them get at the cause of "embarrassing odor"—and who wants to be guilty of such an offense?

"Lysol" solves this problem. Rapidly, on contact, "Lysol" kills the very bacteria that would cause odor — before it can start. A teaspoonful of "Lysol" brand disinfectant in your douche spreads this desirable action into folds and crevices . . . assures you of *complete internal cleanliness.*

Try "Lysol". Enjoy that wonderful "clean-all-over" feeling. For the sure knowledge that you are at your sweetest and freshest, use new, mild-formula "Lysol" regularly in your douche. . . . Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-575.



Look for New Boule

Lysol®

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product • Also available in Canada

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
12 Angry Men
Fear Strikes Out
The Spirit Of St. Louis

FOR SUSPENSE
The Strange One
The Guns Of Fort Petticoat

FOR LAUGHS
Ten Thousand Bedrooms
Oh, Men! Oh, Women!

FOR SHIVERS
The Man Who Turned To Stone
The Incredible Shrinking Man

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Henry Fonda tries to make Lee J. Cobb see the evidence in the case, attempting to break through Cobb's emotional antagonism toward the defendant. But Cobb remains one of the 12 Angry Men.

12 ANGRY MEN
jury room drama

■ This is a brilliant movie, and it all takes place in a jury room without any scenery at all—which may come as a blow to the *magnificent spectacle* school of moviemakers. The story's about an eighteen-year-old boy on trial for his life. If guilty, he will be electrocuted. As the twelve men, the jurors, file into the jury room to make their decision after hearing the evidence, it's obvious that they've made up their minds. They've decided that the kid was tough and that there was no doubt he knifed and murdered his father. The foreman asks for a show of hands and eleven men vote guilty. They're all annoyed when Henry Fonda says he wants to talk about the case. After all, a boy's life is at stake. Surely, he deserves a little discussion. Fonda seems to be talking to the air, pleading for a boy who'd been brutalized since childhood, but the jurors agree to review the case and Lee J. Cobb conclusively marshals the facts. But Fonda's quiet self-assurance, his refusal to be bullied, his conviction that there is reasonable doubt rouses the others from lethargy and indifference. Bit by bit doubt is thrown on the supposed eye-witness testimony, the prosecution's case, the weak defense by the boy's own lawyer. One by one the jurors reverse their verdicts. In doing so, each man exposes himself. Cobb exposes his sadism and the gnawing bitterness he feels because of his own son. Ed Begley repels the others with his terrible bigotry. A young advertising executive (Robert Weber) is faced with his own indecision. A stockbroker (E. G. Marshall) is hemmed in by his narrow view of life. The movie is a stirring drama of twelve lives, even though the action never moves away from the jury table and the dialogue never moves from discussion of the case. Don't miss *12 Angry Men.* It is a fine study, not only of the jury system of our country, but of the men who are entrusted to deliver justice. Among the fine cast are Martin Balsam, John Fiedler, Jack Klugman, Edward Binns, Joseph Sweeney. Directed by Sidney Lumet.—U.A.

OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!
joke's on the psychoanalyst

■ If it weren't for women, men wouldn't have any problems. That's elementary. Of course, psychoanalyst David Niven doesn't have any problems to speak of. He just sits in a comfortable chair handing out Kleenex to his distraught clientele. After all, he's in love with a girl (Barbara Rush) that any man would be in love with. The trouble is, a couple of other men are too. When Niven finds out that one of them is his new patient (Tony Randall) and the other is the husband (Dan Dailey) of his long-lying patient (Ginger Rogers), he nearly collapses on his own couch. What he can't understand is why Barbara never told him and Barbara tells him it's because he never asked her. Now that he asks her, she won't tell him, and it's a toss-up whether he's going to lose Barbara or his mind. It's a lot of fun—Cinemascope, 20TH-FOX.

FEAR STRIKES OUT
Anthony Perkins in the big league

■ Every baseball fan has heard of Jim Piersall of the Red Sox; they know about the breakdown that sent him to a mental hospital, and of his return to big league ball in 1953. This is his story. It's excellent drama, a beautiful study of the relationship between a father and son—the dreams of all parents, and the tragedy that results from some of those dreams. From the day Jim (Anthony Perkins) was born his father (Karl Malden) was determined to make him a big league ballplayer. Anything else meant defeat. Jim was an only child, his mother (Perry Wilson) was often ill, his father didn't make much money. It was the dream that gave their lives meaning, and that drove Jim right out of childhood while he was still a child. Nothing mattered but baseball. And even though Jim was good—he won the State Championship for his high school team—he was never quite good enough for Dad. The night Jim sprains an ankle—which (*Continued on page* 26)

"Like-New" Softness, Fluffiness for All Wash-Hardened Clothes, Towels, Linens



The softest, fluffiest towels ever to touch your skin! That's what you'll say after you rinse them just once in amazing new STA-PUF. Every wash-hardened fabric . . . every matted fiber springs to new life from STA-PUF's magical action. So wave good-bye to scratchy, "boardy" towels. Be ready for a whole new sensation in luxurious softness and deep, fluffy body in *all* your clothes and linens.



Makes even inexpensive muslins feel like percales! You'll be astonished at the rich, soft feel that bed linens get from their first STA-PUF rinse. And ironing, too, becomes a breeze. (You'll find that much of your flatwork needs no ironing at all!) And wait till you see your blankets—so smooth, so fluffy, so soft!



Wonderful for shirts and dresses. Does away with "sandpaper" collars and cuffs—yet keeps the crisp, starched look you want. Another extra . . . Sta-Puf fluffs up matted down woolens . . . ordinary sweaters feel like cashmere! You'll be delighted with the downy richness and fleecy texture your favorite woolens regain.



Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee! Get STA-PUF at your grocer's today. See how unbelievably soft and fluffy it makes *all* washables, even when dried indoors. STA-PUF is extra-economical . . . costs only pennies a wash. *Double your money back* if not delighted. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.

Debbie comes out



A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.

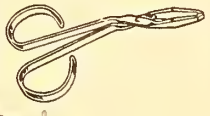
KURLENE®
tube **50c*** jar **$1.00***
**plus tax*





Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coif flatters eyes and face.)

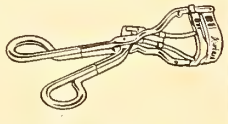
TWISSORS® **75c**





Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes ... new beauty to her eyes.

KURLASH® **$1.00**



See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash®
Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)

movie previews *(Continued from page 24)*

might keep him from playing for Red Sox scouts—his father reacts with a heart attack. But Jim does manage to play, and is signed up. During spring training in Scranton he falls in love with a nurse (Norma Moore) and marries her. Even though he loves Norma, it's still his father he must answer to, and his father's voice which has become his own—nagging him on, expecting and dreading failure. A young lifetime of straining to the breaking point finally does break Jim, and he goes berserk during a game. A psychiatrist (Adam Williams) gradually brings him back to the real world and helps him build a life of his own and helps him mature enough to lead that life.—VistaVision, Para.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS
Lindbergh flies

It's been thirty years since Charles A. Lindbergh thrilled the world by flying non-stop from New York to Paris. That solo flight, made in a plane that looks like a toy to us now, ushered in an amazing new age—the air age. Here is the story of that flight, and the story of Lindbergh's tremendous daring, courage and perseverance. Flash-backs trace his career from the day he traded in a motorcycle as part-payment for a plane he couldn't fly, through his days of barnstorming around the country, selling rides at five dollars per head, working in a flying circus, delivering air mail. Other pilots failed to cross the Atlantic Ocean. They were still trying, and failing, when Lindbergh got financial backing from a group of businessmen to build his plane, *The Spirit of St. Louis*. On a wet, foggy morning in 1927, Lindbergh, already a hero in the eyes of the crowd waiting for him to take off at Roosevelt Field, stepped alone into his plane. The camera follows to record his solitary thoughts, hopes and fears and his triumphant landing 33 hours and 30 minutes later at Le Bourget Field in Paris—where he was nearly stampeded by an hysterical public. But it was the challenge, not the glory, that motivated Lindbergh. Playing Lindbergh is James Stewart, and he completely captures the spirit of this man who captured the admiration of the whole world thirty years ago.—Cinemascope, Warners.

THE STRANGE ONE
exposé of military college

■ All you complacent folk who think that everything's hunky-dory at our military schools are in for a rude awakening. *The Strange One*—to put it mildly—is Jocko DeParis (Ben Gazzara), an upperclassman at Southern Military College. Next to him Jack the Ripper looks like a boy scout. Jocko is a model student by day. But after hours—oh, my! After hours he engineers sadistic little orgies which he attends in shorts and a flowered shirt. For instance, he frightens two freshmen (George Peppard, Arthur Storch) into setting up a poker game in their room to rook ninety dollars from a dumb football player (James Olson). The football player's dumb enough to lose it but Jocko figures that whiskey's quicker, so freshman Storch is ordered to keep the whiskey flowing into the football player—who is known to become a wild man when drunk. But that's just fine, because Jocko loves being a witness to brutality. A boy next door, who happens to be the son of the commanding major (Larry Gates), reports the strange night noises. *You've been hearing things, son,* his father tells him after inspecting the rooms. As soon as the major leaves, the party resumes and the major's son (Geoffrey Horne) dashes into the freshmen's room. Too bad. Because next morning the major's son is discovered nearly dead and reeking of alcohol. You see, after Jocko had him beaten, he had liquor forced into him through a tube. Well, no one rats on Jocko, they're all too scared. But those boys at the military school have a conscience, and they devise an ingenious plan to get justice. The end will really surprise you.—Col.

TEN THOUSAND BEDROOMS
and Dean Martin

■ You can spend a whole movie telling how a father finally gets *one* of his daughters married off. This movie goes for broke. I mean, the father in it (Walter Slezak) has *four* daughters, all of whom are led to the altar by devious routes. Dean Martin arrives in Italy to add a hotel to the chain his father owns. There he meets Eva Bartok. Eva's nice, but an impoverished Count (Paul Henreid) seems to have a lukewarm passion for her. That's enough to discourage Martin. He turns to Eva's kid sister (Maria Alberghetti) whose passion for him is all consuming, until she realizes that *Dewey* Martin's passion for her is likewise. Dewey is the pilot of Dean's private plane. But before Maria realizes how consuming everything is, she gets Dean to propose to her. Before Papa will consent he insists that Maria's three older sisters get married first. Dean runs in a couple of men from New York—that takes care of two girls; commissions Henreid to sculpt a few monuments for the hotel—that takes care of Eva, and throws a big party. That takes care of that. Except that Dean loves Eva. Naturally. So love conquers in all four cases, you'll be glad to hear.—Cinemascope, MGM.

KELLY AND ME
puppy love

■ Kelly is a white German Shepherd (dog). 'Me' is Van Johnson, a very corny hoofer on his way down. Kelly's cruel owner deserts him and Johnson, who's been glutting Kelly with peanuts, can't shake him loose. When it turns out that Kelly has more talent than Johnson, Kelly becomes part of the act. Meanwhile, out in Hollywood, a producer (Onslow Stevens) also on his way down is looking for star material. He has Martha Hyer, but apparently that isn't enough. He also has a teenage daughter (Piper Laurie) who meets Johnson on a train and tells Dad to star him in a dog picture. Dad does, and Kelly becomes a star. Johnson feels like a dog. Unfortunately, he isn't one. Kelly becomes so famous that his former cruel owner comes back to claim him. By this time, Johnson is furious with jealousy. He tears up Kelly's fan mail and leaves for San Francisco to do a single. Back in Hollywood, Kelly won't work without Van, and suddenly disappears. Believe it or not, he's smelled Johnson four hundred miles away in San Francisco. Talk about man's best friend.—Cinemascope, U-I.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN
the atom and you

■ Take a man (Grant Williams) six-foot-two who's been exposed first to atomic fall-out and then to a deadly insecticide, and what have you? You have a shrinking man is what. Not 2½% shrinkage either. I'm telling you, this man *shrinks*. Pretty soon he's only four feet tall and going fast. Quite a shock to the missus (Randy Stuart). What's happening is horrible enough but when he becomes a national freak with busybodies phoning all day and peering in through the windows it's more than he can take. Things look hopeful when doctors claim they've found an antitoxin and he meets a girl midget. But two weeks later he starts shrinking again. Ever see a man four inches tall? There he is, living in a doll's house, until the cat puts him out. Two inches tall—he's moved into a match box in the cellar and is fighting a spider for food in a duel to the death with a straight pin. Who said two inches? He's fading fast. Pretty soon he'll be invisible, but not dead. How can a man reconcile himself to that? You gotta have faith, that's all. With April Kent.—U-I.

THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE
you, too, can live to be two hundred

■ There's this group of scientists, all about two hundred years old. They run a girl's reformatory. Every now and then in the middle of the night a girl starts screaming, and the next day she's dead. It's because Frederick Lebedur has carried her up to the attic and put her in a bathtub. It's a special kind of bath: the girl dies in it and her life force is electrically transferred to one of the scientists, thus prolonging *his* life. It used to be that these scientists could survive for years on the strength of one charge, but in this day and age they're wearing out quicker. When they begin to wear out their faces look like skulls, their skin turns to stone and their hearts beat loud as jungle drums. You'll find Victor Jory, Ann Doran, Paul Cavanagh, Jean Willes and a lot of screaming girls in this one.—Col.

THE GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT
a western full of women

■ Who do you think's in there pitching for the rights of Indians to do their own hunting? Why, Audie Murphy. When Colonel Chivington decides to teach the savages a lesson, Audie deserts the Union Army and races down to Texas to warn everybody that there'll soon be a massacre. Those Texans'd like to massacre *him* for not having joined the Confederate Army. As you know, they were *for* slaves; but Audie was against them—against slavery, that is. So there you are. Of course there aren't many men around; it's Civil War time. There is one cowardly man (Sean McGlory) who took advantage of a southern girl (Jeff Donnell) but danged if he'll marry her. Nobody listens to Audie at first; they listen after a small band of Indians come to town and kill the blacksmith. Then Kathryn Grant, Hope Emerson, Isobel Elsom, her personal maid and a whole bunch of women, 42 altogether, convert the local church into a fort and wait there for the attack. When the Indians come those girls are ready, because Audie's drilled them just like he'd drill a regular army.—Technicolor, Col.

20th Century-Fox proudly presents

Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum



In all its abundant faith...glowing heart... surging power... and divine inspiration comes a motion picture in the magnificent tradition of "The Robe", "The Song of Bernadette," "Keys of the Kingdom," "Come to the Stable"!



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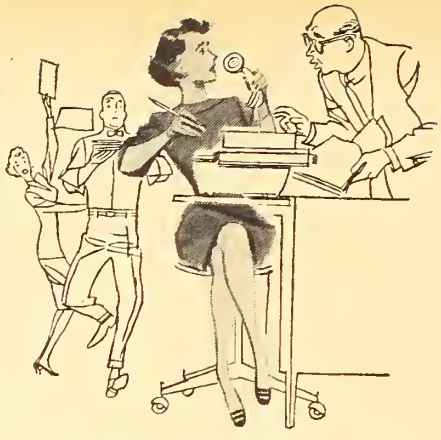
CINEMASCOPE

COLOR by DeLUXE

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY CHARLES SHAW



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use **Arrid** —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Rub Arrid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's rubbed-in protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

LACK OF ACT DEVELOPS NEW ACT FOR RON

■ The story of how the lack of an act developed a whole new act and started carving another career for young movie actor Ron McNeil all started when Ron was asked to appear as guest star at the famed Moulin Rouge night club in Hollywood.

McNeil is primarily an actor. What could he do on stage? Fence? Skin dive? Ride a horse? Recite his lines from one of his films?

It was then that the young newcomer to Hollywood decided that this was one movie star who would have something he could do on personal appearances besides just stand there and say *"I'm glad to be here."*

McNeil went to a famed dance studio and told the head instructor his problem. He worked out a routine with Ron and two lovely young starlets—with most of the actual dance steps falling to the girls. This sounded fine: McNeil went to work.

Six nights later the instructor threw up his hands in a tizzy, and said that McNeil was too manly, and hence too clumsy, for even that.

Hours before the performance, Ron was once again without an act.

Tired and disgruntled, Ron stopped by a friend's home.

The friend had the solution.

Why not get a dance partner, explain to the audience that he was an actor not a night club performer, tell them how he had worked all week and still came up with two left feet, then show them just what he meant, clowning it up, working at being clumsy and getting some laughs with it.

"Terrific idea." Ron exclaimed. . . .

P.S. The show went over with a great big bang and McNeil's routine drew so many laughs that a producer in the audience offered him time on a national television show to do the same act. Ron couldn't take the TV offer, as he had to start work on *Fear Strikes Out* with Tony Perkins the next week.

But he does have an act ready now!





DEBRA'S BEAUTY TIPS

■ "The main thing," says Debra Paget, "is to bear in mind that glamour isn't just a question of physical attractiveness. Beauty is within yourself: no amount of powder or paint can ever substitute for *personality*. How many women, forever experimenting with new cosmetics, pay no attention to their speech and their carriage? A girl who slouches or walks slumped over, who screeches or mumbles when she talks—even if she is physically beautiful—do you think she'll have a chance against the girl who is poised and charming?"

Debra says, "You know the answer!"

As for beauty secrets, Debra's are few and easy: cleanliness, simplicity, and color sense are the keys to perfect grooming. This applies to the care of her hair, nails, make-up and clothes.

"For example, before applying make-up," Debra says, "it's worthwhile to devote some time to your eyes. Many girls forget this. Naturally, an actress who spends hours in front of the Klieg lights has to know what to do about tired, lifeless eyes. But so should a secretary, a housewife, or even a teenager. Placing cotton pads soaked in witch hazel over the lids does wonders! In a few minutes, your eyes will sparkle and you'll feel better."

Debra also has some advice for women who slavishly follow the so-called dictates of fashion: don't! "Be yourself. What may be becoming to someone else may look hideous on you. Take a tall girl. Could she carry off an Italian Boy cut? And how would a very long pony tail look on a shorty? Never mind what others may say: you be the judge!"

And just to prove she knows what she's campaigning about, she's one of the best-groomed stars in Hollywood, and she's also the actress who spends the least time in beauty salons!

An individualist, Debra washes and sets her own hair, gives herself her own facials, and even does her own nails. "No matter how good the beautician, there are always some details a woman should take care of herself. *You* know better than anybody else how to dress and what make-up to use."

Debra can currently be seen in Paramount's The Ten Commandments *and 20th's* The River's Edge. *Watch for her soon in Paramount's* Omar Khayyam.



Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N. Y. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Charlene's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

You'll love
ANN BLYTH
in "THE BUSTER KEATON STORY"
A Paramount Picture.
In VistaVision.



ANN BLYTH LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries – it beautifies

thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!



Cream or Lotion

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS



YVONNE DeCARLO'S CLOSE CALL

● "If a place is dangerous. I'll go."

So spoke Yvonne DeCarlo. one of Hollywood's most widely traveled movie stars. And it wasn't a line from one of her pictures, either. Yvonne's wanderlust has taken her to all those places she dreamed about as a child. Iran. Spain. Scandinavia and Israel are some of the faraway countries this exotic actress has visited between pictures.

But her most hair-raising adventure occurred several years ago.

On a European trip with a cousin. Yvonne went to Rome to get passports for Austria. They started on their journey in the MG Yvonne was driving. and figured on reaching their destination by the following morning. After many hours of driving. they came upon a soldier in a green uniform. a rifle slung across one shoulder. He was fast asleep. They kept right on driving. without disturbing him. and soon found themselves in the American Zone of Austria.

After their long ride. the girls couldn't find a place to stay. In desperation. Yvonne asked to see the commanding general. He got them a room for the night. The next day. when she went to deliver a '*thank-you*' to him. she casually mentioned to the general. "I thought we'd have to pass through the Russian Zone to get here."

When he assured Yvonne that she was correct, she looked dumbfounded.

The general nodded when she asked. "Do Russians wear green uniforms?

"Then we must have passed through the Russian Zone without knowing it!" Yvonne described the incident of the sleeping soldier. and asked. "Isn't there any barrier at Semmering?"

"Certainly! That soldier you saw must have been sleeping on it. And it's the toughest barrier to pass."

"Should I have stopped?" asked Yvonne. wide-eyed.

The general said. "If that soldier had awakened and saw you attempting to get by without inspection . . . he wouldn't have hesitated to riddle you with bullets!"

Yvonne's in Paramount's The Ten Commandments. *Watch for her also in Warners'* Band of Angels.

Modern Screen's two-scoop special

We take you to Grace Kelly's nursery

page 32



We join Debbie and Eddie at Liz Taylor's wedding party

page 34





Modern Screen, the only movie magazine allowed to photograph Grace Kelly, Prince Rainier and their baby in the royal nursery, presents the . . .

EXCLUSIVE FIRST PICTURES OF

Princess Caroline





Her Serene Highness, Princess Caroline . . . fairy-tale princess to a fairy-tale land, her mother a queen in the world of make-believe, and her father a handsome prince charming who rules a kingdom by the sea. As yet, the little Princess doesn't see much beyond the cradling arms of her mother—the once-upon-a-time Grace Kelly—or the tweed jacket of the handsome, mustached Prince Rainier.









But one day she'll know all the nooks and crannies and secret hiding places of the nursery, with its delicate yellow walls and white lacquered wicker furniture and an animal-fantasy mural by French painter Barberousse. And she'll adventure up and down the double-staircase that goes right from her play-room down to the Palace's private gardens. But long before she's nearly old enough to read the thousands of letters she got on the day of her birth—if she wants to—she'll be almost big enough to handle the giant teddy bear presented to the Princess by the officers and men of the American submarine Half Beak.



"Debbie Reynolds gets a kiss from Liz' bridegroom. If Debbie's eyes look a little big, it's because Mike has just whispered that his wedding gift to Liz is a $90,000 bracelet!"



"Eddie Fisher's gone native, and Liz thinks he looks cute as a . . . as a . . . well, cute. By the time Liz finished saying hello *to Eddie, his Debbie was already lapping up the caviar."*

Modern Screen goes along with Debbie & Eddie to LIZ TAYLOR'S WEDDING PARTY

"Liz paused for a sip of champagne between answers to the questions I shot at her. But I didn't have time for sipping!"



Dear David,

Here's the story you wanted—Liz and Mike's wedding party. Incidentally, I almost didn't make it. Except for Eddie Fisher's pants, I wouldn't have. I had to borrow a pair from him at the last minute—'cause my own tropicals got lost in the shuffle. It was real mad! To get back to the wedding party, you can believe me when I tell you that it was just about the poshest party that's ever been thrown.

Mike flew in 15,000 white gladiolas from Mexico City to carpet the lawn of the Acapulco estate where the wedding and shindig were held. Twenty-two cases of champagne were iced and waiting and there was a buffet supper of giant crabs and baby lobsters, baked oysters, caviar, smoked turkey—and all the Mexican dishes that anybody could possibly want.

The ceremony was performed by the Mayor of Acapulco, Mario Lopeteguí. But enough of all this; one picture's worth reams and reams of my letterwriting—and here are fourteen of just about the greatest pictures ever snapped, in addition to my captions—telling all.

Look 'em over, boy. Feel like you were there, too?

Eric Lee
MODERN SCREEN'S
MEXICAN CORRESPONDENT



"When I met Liz' family, her mom, sister-in-law, brother and dad, Liz' dad told me that Mike's the kind of guy she needs. 'Somebody who can lay down the law to her' were his words. Mrs. Taylor agreed!"

"Liz, looking radiant but still not completely recovered from her recent spinal operation, is helped to a camp-chair by Mike. Then the skies over Acapulco were filled with fireworks. Many guests attended this party, but only Liz' family, Debbie and Eddie, Mike Todd, Jr., Cantinflas and their host Enrique Parra Hernandez were present at the ceremony."





MORE

LIZ WAS RADIANT AND MIKE WAS VERY HAPPY

Continued

"Just after the wedding cake was cut, Mike kissed Liz and turning to Eddie, said, 'See, Liz finally made it! Trying to hook me for so long and now she's really done it. I'll bet she's the happiest girl in the world tonight.' Mike was joking but Liz wasn't when she answered 'You're right Mike, I am.'

ME: *'When did you two fall in love, anyway?'*

LIZ: *'I guess I've always loved Mike. Always. Ever since I was a little girl.'*

ME: *'But Liz, you* did *marry Michael Wilding . . .'*

LIZ: *'I know, and I thought that I loved him then. I really did. But the truth is that I loved Mike.'*

ME: *'Even though you were married to Michael?'*

LIZ: *'Yes. Of course, I didn't know it then. But I know it now.'*

"Those words were enough for Mike. He put his arm around his beautiful wife, whispered a few words to her, and then kissed her."







"Tragedy struck while Liz and I were talking: the air conditioning unit broke down. So the party continued outside. Two orchestras were kept busy. One played Mexican music; the other Hungarian gypsy music. Then Léon Escobar's troupe of native dancers performed on the patio in the torchlight. When they finished, the party resumed indoors. Eddie Fisher sang several songs, everyone danced and ate. It was around 10:30 when Liz began feeling ill. I guess it was the heat, the crowds, the endless toasts even though Liz only sipped at her champagne, and the effects of her recent operation. When her dad suggested she retire, she gave out with a strong 'no'; said she wanted to stay with Mike on this, the most important night of her life."





Photos by E. Bordes Mangel





"The last to leave, Liz was helped to Mike's white Thunderbird by her new husband. Just as they were about to drive off, I got in one last question: 'Liz,' I shouted, 'What are you going to name the kids?' 'Samuel if it's a boy and Virginia if it's a girl!' she shouted back. And off they drove into the night."

Liz is in Warners' Giant. *Watch for her soon in MGM's* Raintree County.



INGRID BERGMAN: "I am not

■ *And Christ said, "Woman, where are thy accusers? hath no man condemned thee?"*

She said, "No man, my Lord."

And Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

Ingrid Bergman put it differently. "All right," she said. "I had a baby before I was married. It's not the first time that ever happened to a woman and it's not the last. Anyone can make a mistake. And if the two people love each other and marry, and if they have a happy family, isn't that what counts? It's how they act *after* the mistake that should be judged."

In the past seven years she has fought a hard fight back to happiness.

She had lost her little daughter Pia, hearing Pia say in court for all the world to hear, "I don't love my mother. I like her, but I don't love her . . ."

She had lost her adopted country, America, on whose shores she had spent ten years. And women wrote her that she was no longer fit to be called a mother, theatres ripped her name down from marquees, fan clubs disbanded—and on the floor of the United States Senate it was read into the Congressional Record, for history to copy, that "Out of the ashes of Ingrid Bergman, perhaps a better Hollywood will arise!"

She had lost her career, for who would hire an actress, however great, whose name had suddenly become a word for (*Continued on page 89*)


ashamed

WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT ONE OF LOUELLA PARSONS' GREATEST STORIES-

BOGEY



This informal at-home snapshot of Humphrey Bogart, his wife Lauren Bacall, and their two children Stephen and Leslie, was taken less than a year before Bogey lapsed into a final coma and died at 2:15 in the morning of January 14.

■ The last words he spoke were to his adored Betty. "Good-by, kid."

The last friends he entertained at the tragic and courageous cocktail 'court' in his home were Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

The last role he played was his greatest—that of a man whose body was ravished by cancer but who went down fighting with every ounce of the 110 pounds left to him.

It is an ironic footnote to his love for acting that no mortal dramatist could ever have written for Bogey the gallant, cruel, courageous, agonizing, brave, pitiful, wisecracking, reverent character that Fate wrote for him.

And his playing of it in the last months was so magnificently the measure of the man that even his cherished and carefully cultivated enemies prayed for him.

Let me repeat, no scriptwriter could have conceived for Bogey the role he played in the last thirty days of his life. As John Huston so touchingly told it at the funeral:

"He would lie on his couch upstairs until five o'clock when he would be shaved and groomed in gray flannels and scarlet smoking jacket. Then, no longer able to walk, his emaciated body would be lifted into a wheelchair and pushed to a dumbwaiter on the second floor landing. The top of the dumbwaiter had been removed to give him head room. His nurses would help him into it, and sitting on a little stool he would be lowered down to the kitchen where another transfer would be made. And again by wheelchair he'd be transported through the house into the library and his chair.

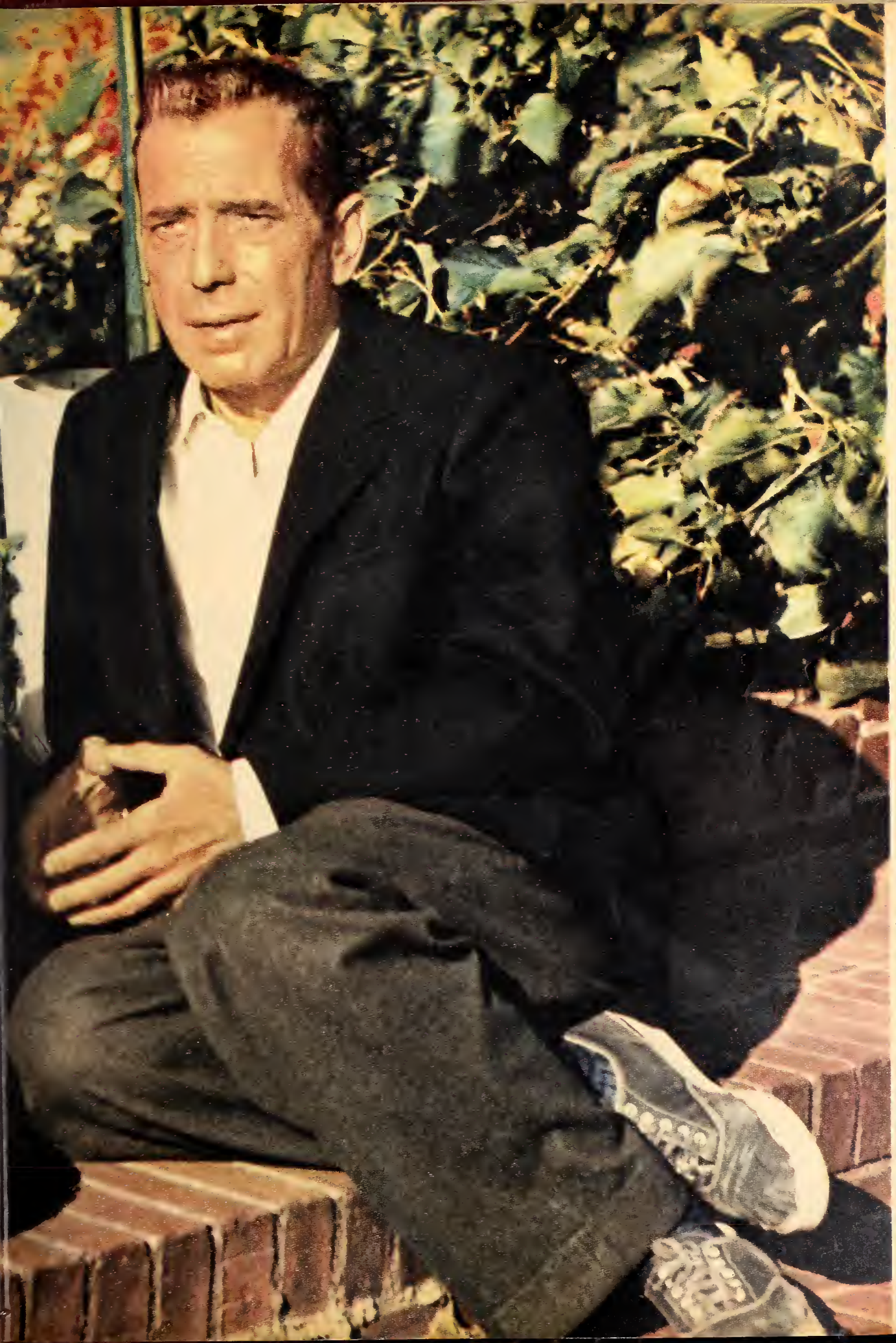
"There he would be at 5:30 when his guests would start to arrive, sherry glass in one hand and cigaret in the other. His friends stayed, two and three at a time, for a half hour or so until eight o'clock. Then it was time for him to go back upstairs by the same means he had descended.

"But his life was full. He had all he could ask for—and more. Let us not grieve for him, but for ourselves that we have lost him."

As a close friend—I have always been flattered that I was one of the columnists Bogey liked, and he said so—I have been privileged to be witness to much of the fullness of his life.

I try not to think too often of the last time I saw him, a week to the day before his death. Although I knew it was not so, I had printed an encouraging item in my column that Bogey was coming along fine and was getting ready to star in *The Good Shepherd* for COLUMBIA.

In a matter of hours I received flowers from him, one of the few times he ever sent me flowers. He didn't go (*Continued on page 92*)



Bogart's life at a glance *continued*



TWO YEARS OLD, *and Bogey was already facing cameras. But he wouldn't let go of his teddy bear, not even for a second.*



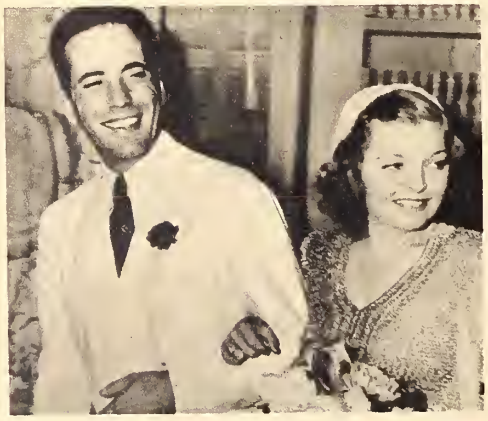
HIS DAD'S CAR *and his mother's pup were the props for this picture taken of Bogey when he was in his teens. Son of the socially prominent Dr. Belmont DeForest Bogart, he grew up surrounded by wealth.*



BOGEY *was very proud of himself in his sea-faring outfit, and loved to pose.*



BOGEY AND HIS SECOND WIFE, *Mary Phillips, looked happy here, but in 1937 she divorced him because "he regarded married life as monotonous."*



THE BATTLING BOGARTS, *Bogey and his third wife, Mayo Methot, fought their way across the headlines with many a quarrel flaring up in public.*



ON A BEAUTIFULLY SUNNY DAY *in May, 1945, Lauren Bacall cut the first piece of her wedding cake while her new husband and author Louis Bromfield watched. They met on a movie set, fell in love while the cameras reeled on, and married for ever.*



HIS FIRST BIG SUCCESS *had Bogey in the role of an ardent lover. The place was Broadway, the year 1924, and the play was* Meet The Wife. *It ran a solid year.*



IN 1935, AN ACTOR *shocked the world with his portrayal of a ruthless gangster. It was Bogart's first film,* The Petrified Forest, *and the start of a fantastic career in motion pictures. In this scene he's with Leslie Howard and Bette Davis.*





LAUREN BORE *Bogey a son and a daughter, and Bogey taught his Betty how to furl a sail. And always, for over a decade, they were friends as well as lovers.*



BOGEY, AS HIS *family, his friends, his fans knew him just before cancer wasted his body down to weakness and death. But only his body—to the day he died, Bogey remained the strong man he portrayed in* The Harder They Fall.

can an actress really be a good mother?



Deborah Kerr's story

■ Deborah Kerr was eight when her father died, and a few months later she was placed in a very correct—very cold—boarding school. And Deborah felt as if she'd lost her mother, too. That's when she first knew how lonely a child can be. The loneliness stayed with her, through adolescence and after she had become a woman.

Then one day during the war, while she was on an Armed Service Forces entertainment tour, she walked into a pub in Brussels.

A tall, blond, handsome flyer was sitting there, staring into his drink. She was introduced to him. They shook hands, sat down together, began to talk. His name was Lt. Tony Bartley. He said he'd like to whizz her around the city in his jeep. And she took him up on it.

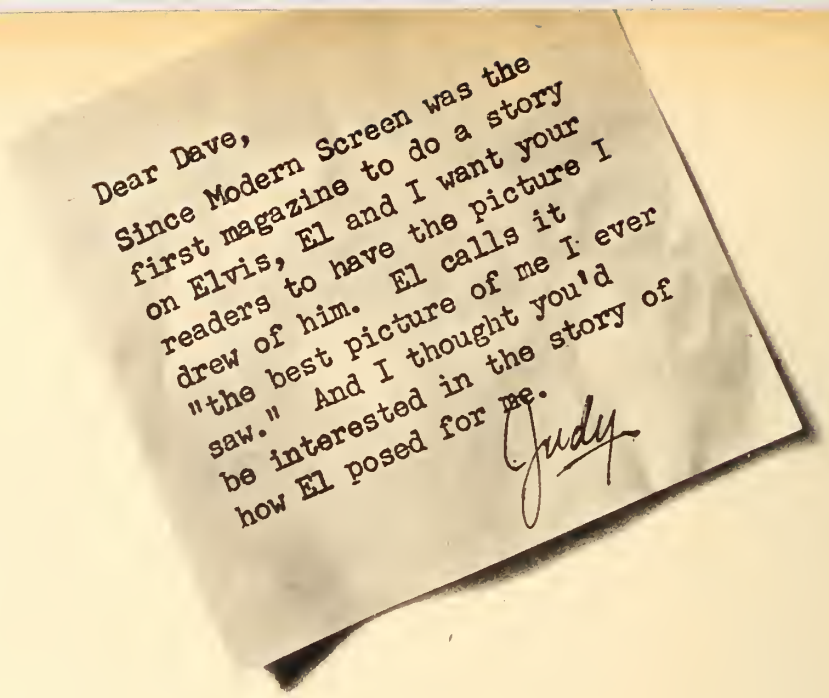
They fell in love.

Then he was sent to another theatre of operations. Deborah was heartbroken, and lonely again.

Until one night when she received a cable, *Will You Marry Me?* She replied with no trace of coyness, *Yes. Where And When?* The answer was a wedding in London on November 28, 1945.

(Continued on page 64)





El's favorite picture

(and the story behind it)

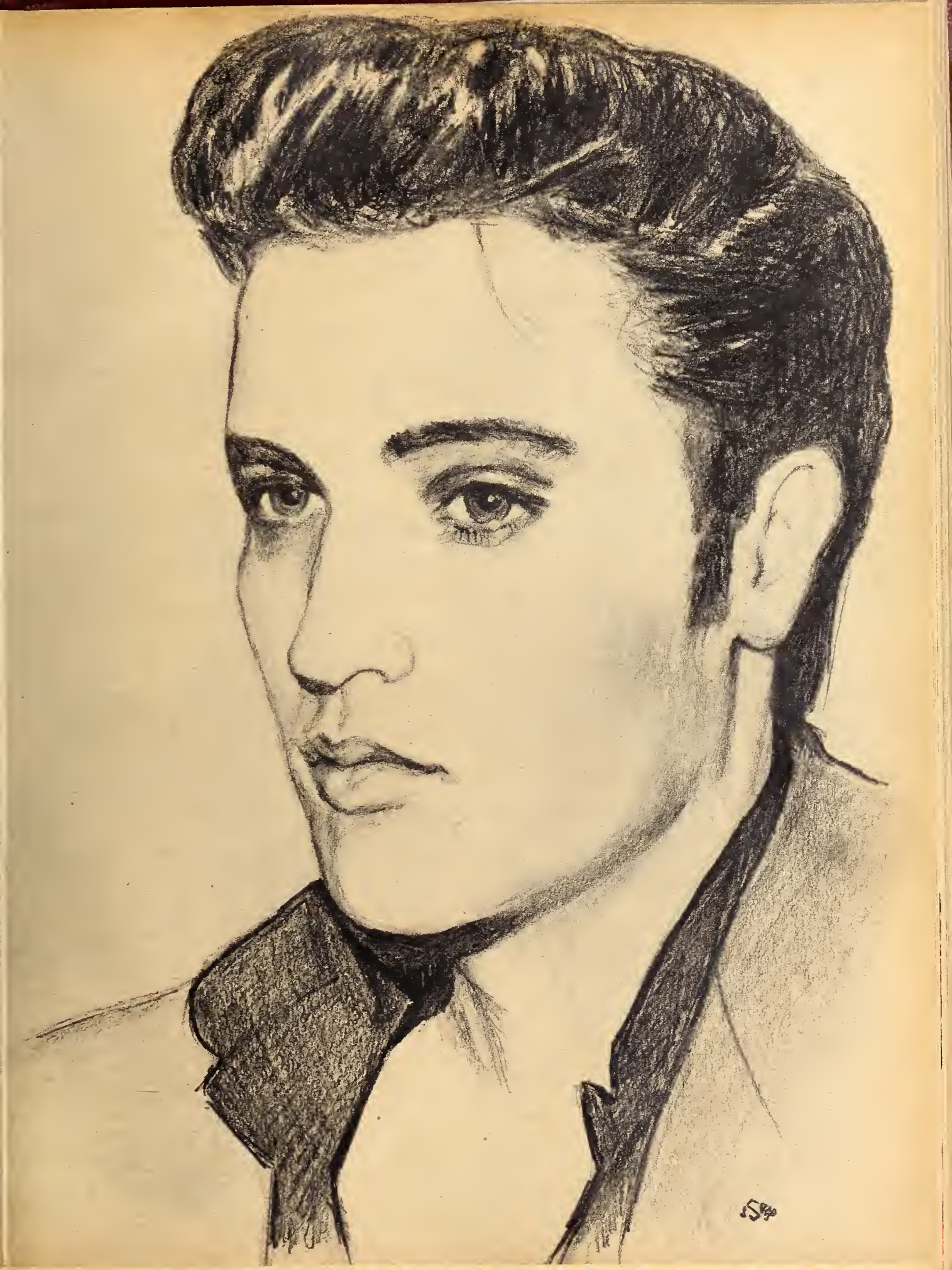


by Judy Spreckels

■ I had fun drawing the picture of Elvis which appears on the opposite page. I never expected to get El to sit still long enough for me to get him drawn on paper just the way I wanted him. I didn't want to draw him as a performer, or I would have copied a picture of him on stage. I wanted him to look like he looks to me, at certain times when he is deep in thought, and yet aware of my presence and his surroundings. In other words, the way he *really* is . . . sensitive, handsome, strong and yet with the tender boyish gentleness that really is Elvis.

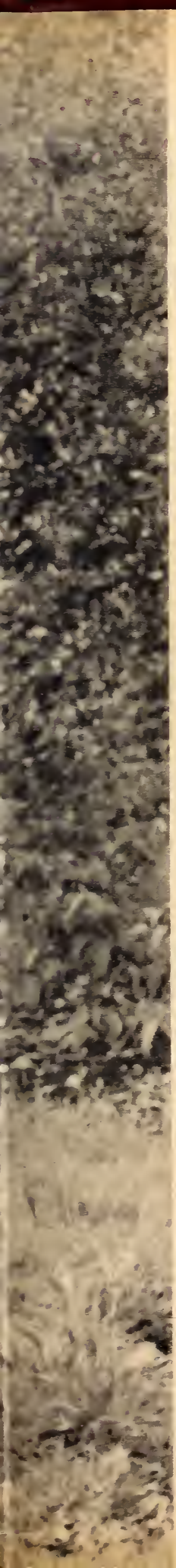
I never expected to get the break that I did, in drawing this picture. Several evenings while I was eating dinner with El and Gene, and whoever else was around, I always made sure to sit on El's left side, without his particularly noticing it. Then, in my mind, I'd sketch him as I wanted him to look in my picture. I'd study the outline of his head and face while he was thinking about something. Then after dinner, when I went home, I would work on the picture, a little bit at a time. After I had what I thought was a satisfactory beginning, I knew I'd have to have El sit for me to finish it—if I wanted it to be perfect. I also knew that getting El to sit still for any length of time was going to be a job. As a matter of fact, I thought it would be impossible. Fortunately, luck was with me.

One Saturday, I asked (*Continued on page* 68)



Deluxe version, suitable for framing, can be ordered from ELVIS PRESLEY FAN CLUB, Box 94, Hollywood, California. Price 50c.





by Ed DeBlasio

MARILYN'S dream is coming true...

MARILYN'S happiness is complete...

MARILYN'S prayer is being answered...

MARILYN'S going to have a baby!

■ The receptionist in the obstetrician's office was all excited. Marilyn Monroe, looking very intense, had come in a little while earlier with her tall, serious-faced husband, Arthur Miller, and intense-looking wives didn't usually come here with their serious-faced husbands unless they thought that maybe they were going to have a baby.

For the next half hour or so, the receptionist kept taking calls and telling people to *have a seat, please; the doctor's busy right now, very busy.* While her eyes stayed glued to the door through which Marilyn and her playwright-husband would soon come out, she knew the news would be good news and could see it now—the big smile on Marilyn's face, the grin on Mr. Miller's face, the way Marilyn would come over to her and excitedly say, "I have an appointment with the doctor two weeks from today. . . . Would you please be sure to put that down in your book?"

The receptionist was very surprised when the door finally did open. She saw Mr. Miller first. He wasn't grinning. Not that he looked sad, or anything—but he sure wasn't grinning. And the receptionist saw why when Marilyn came out. Marilyn was crying. You could see the tears streaming down her cheeks and you could see that her lips were trembling, trembling hard. Mr. Miller put his arm around Marilyn's waist and whispered something to her as they walked out of the office.

A few minutes later, a nurse walked out of the doctor's office. The receptionist called her over. "No baby, huh?" she whispered.

The nurse nodded. "Sure she's going to have a baby."

The receptionist looked stunned. "But she was *crying*!"

"I guess some people," said the nurse smiling, "really do cry when they're happy. And I don't think I've ever seen happier tears in my whole life."

The nurse was right. Marilyn couldn't have been happier than when the New York obstetrician told her she was pregnant. And according (*Continued on page 66*)

"I WAS WILD AND



■ My name is Nick Adams. I'm an actor. A few days ago I finished working in a movie called *No Time For Sergeants*. For one scene I had to show great surprise. For me it was the easiest bit of acting in the movie. Because underneath the make-up I *was* surprised—that I was in the movie at all!

Because ten years ago in Jersey City I was running like mad down the long street to nowhere.

My name was Nicholas Adamschock then. I was fifteen. And I loved every minute of it.

I had a mother and a father and an older brother Andrew. They worried about me. I gave them lots of reasons.

I stayed out too late. I was loud; I hung around pool rooms. I belonged to a gang. We hitched rides on the backs of busses, trucks, anything that moved in the streets. We chased girls, threw snowballs at strangers, sneaked into movies, started fights. We laughed and *yah-yahed* a hotdog-stand owner after we had showered him with ripe tomatoes and old eggs.

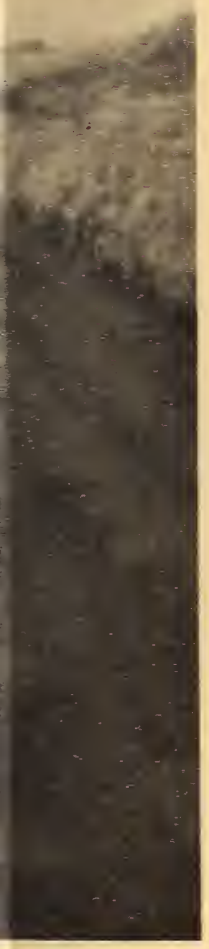
We tormented store-keepers, peddlers, and passersby. Anyone we could find who was minding his own business was our victim.

One day a man whose hat we had knocked off called us *juvenile delinquents.* We had been called everything, but that was a new one. The next day in school we looked it up in the dictionary. It meant, *guilty of misdeed or offenses; a person who fails or neglects his duties or obligations.* We were astounded at how well the word fit us. When our astonishment wore off, we (*Continued on page 86*)

WEAK"

Here's Nick Adams' own inspiring story of how he was saved from a life of crime

as told to Lou Larkin





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1957 FEB 19 AM 2 44

XOO1 PD=VD NEW YORK NY 19 228PME=
MISS SUSAN HAYWARD,
SHERMAN OAKS CALIFORNIA=

DEAR SUSAN AND FLOYD. CONGRATS. YOU FOOLED US.
MARRIAGE SURPRISE OF YEAR. SEND WEDDING PICTURE. GLAD
YOU FOUND THE RAINBOW. GIVE OUR BEST TO EVERYONE
LETTER FOLLOWS. LOVE=
THE GANG AT MODERN SCREEN=

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING T S SERVICE



Thanks for the picture, Susan— here's the letter we promised you...

Dear Susan,

Like the rest of the world, it was news to us—your marriage to Floyd Chalkley. And for once, we didn't mind not knowing the inside dope on a Hollywood romance. I'll tell you why a little later on.

We admit it . . . the first we knew about you and Floyd was when the Saturday papers flashed a picture of the two of you—a wedding picture. No items before that about the guy you met, started dating, fell in love with. Nothing in the gossip columns, nothing whispered along the Hollywood grapevine.

How you managed that, I'll never know. But that you *did* do it—well, I guess I kind of feel like tossing my hat off to you for knowing that this was one thing in your life that you *couldn't* have any publicity about. Because you've had too much of that. And all it's brought you is the kind of misery that made life seem not worth living at all.

And you even tried to do that—stop living. It would be hard to believe—if I hadn't seen the pictures myself, the pictures of a policeman carrying your unconscious body to an ambulance to be rushed to the emergency ward—and the headlines ACTRESS ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

And everyone wondered why . . . why . . .

Because you're one of the five most successful actresses in Hollywood. When you cash your salary check, the teller hands you $5,000—every week. The *Cannes Film Festival* voted you the best actress of the year. You're famous on four continents, and have been presented to Kings.

Why did you want so desperately to die? Maybe because night after night, you sat alone in a beautifully decorated house that was empty. And the long lonely evenings blended into each other while you sat and waited for the phone to ring, for someone to call and ask if you wanted company or felt like a drive or could drop over for a few games of gin.

You must have stood in front of your mirror many times and tried to figure out how come *some* man—you knew enough of them—didn't want to spend an evening with you. Or some friend care enough about you to call just to ask how you were.

You must have known the answer. Too many headlines about you, Susan, and too many people who are afraid of getting mixed up in the scandals that blasted your name across the country.

No, it really didn't seem quite fair that you should have to pay such a high price for your mistakes.

Like that glass-breaking, name-calling, hairbrush-throwing battle with Jill Jarmyn over actor Don Barry when Jill came to Don's home for breakfast—and found you there, wearing Don's pajamas.

When the newspapers hit the stand, one prop man threw the paper on the floor and raged, "Why did it have to happen to Susan? Poor kid. Some of these actresses feel they've got to make every leading man fall in love with them—and there are some I could name who've split up half a dozen marriages. But Susan's not like that. When she started working on *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, she didn't even look at Barry at first; he was just another actor. He was the one who courted her. He found out her favorite brand of cigarettes. After that he'd wrap a pack in gold paper and tie it with a ribbon and present it to her every morning. Then he started bringing her a single rose each day. And other little gifts. And Susan was lonely. How was she supposed to know he had a girl friend?"

And before that, the messy ending to your ten-year marriage to Jess Barker. (*Continued on page* 78)

TAB levels with us about LOVE

Two months ago we ran a story about Tab Hunter and his co-star Etchika Choureau, telling all he learned about love from this exciting French girl. Since then you've flooded our office with phone-calls and letters asking us if he's serious about her... asking if it's true that he's planning to fly to France just to be by her side. So we cornered Tab and asked him the key questions.

Tab, you've been broody without Etchika... Are you in love with her?

When you do fall in love, what one thing will make you want to marry her?

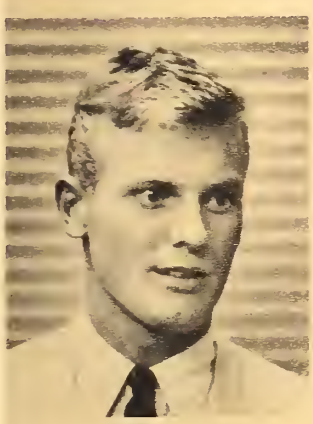
How gorgeous does a girl have to be to make you fall?

Do you want to marry an actress?

How about kids? Want a big family?

If I were really in love,
I'd go to France to see her.
Right away.





Heart, lots of heart. I'll expect her
to cry when she's unhappy, laugh in
joy... and have moments of serious thought too.

She can have flat feet, be cross-eyed
and fat--if she's got that special inner quality
she'll be beautiful!





not if I can help it. I'd prefer
a wife who didn't have shooting
schedules to keep us apart.



Two's the minimum, and there just
isn't any maximum to how many
little feet can patter around the patio.



Diana Dors and her husband

HOW WE SAVED OUR BROKEN MARRIAGE

■ *The whole thing was my fault.*

I wouldn't let Diana be a woman.

That's what the man said. Dennis Hamilton, businessman and super-colossal promoter of that super-colossal property Diana Dors, otherwise known as Mrs. Dennis Hamilton.

I never dreamt that just when Di had reached the very top that we would have any personal troubles. But it was entirely my fault. We had both planned for so very long not to give up until we had made a fortune that I forgot that Diana is also a woman.

I drove her to bigger and better successes, and more and more money. The real reason for our break-up—and it definitely reached that stage—was that Di wanted what every woman wants. A child. And in my selfishness I kept telling her that kids could wait. And then I'd drive her even harder. Even after she lost the baby she had wanted so much, and I had not wanted—not then, not yet.

It's just that . . . we'd planned for so very long . . .

For Diana the dream was even older than for Dennis.

When Diana Dors was nine years old she decided she'd be an actress because she wanted a big estate and a big swimming pool. When she was fifteen she got herself a movie contract. At eighteen she had her first lead. But when she hit nineteen, a general film industry crisis hit Diana and her contract was dropped.

That's when fate took a hand in young Miss Dors' life, and introduced her to jovial, part-time actor and part-time salesman Dennis Hamilton.

One evening, it wasn't more than a couple of weeks later, Diana and Dennis were walking hand in hand down a midnight darkened street. Dennis stopped; his arms reached for Diana, and against the perfume of her hair he whispered, "Di, I love you. You must know that. I want to marry you, but I can't. But I want you to *(Continued on page 76)*





Introducing

REBEL FROM DODGE CITY

the first complete story of Dennis Hopper

by JANE WILKIE

■ Fifteen years ago this summer, the body of a famous movie cowboy was transported from California to the East, and as the train sped across the shimmering Kansas plains, the actor received a final, unknown tribute from a very small boy. Standing in his grandfather's wheat field, no taller than the young grain itself, the tow-headed youngster waved frantically as the train passed, and kept waving until long after the thin black line was out of sight.

To Dennis Hopper, age five, death meant very little. All he knew was that his beloved cowboy, dearer to him than anyone in the whole world, was to be on that mid-day train. He had been stationed in the wheat field for an hour, had even dared to ignore the call for lunch, to make certain he would not miss the experience. For this was the nearest Dennis had ever been to an actor.

Actors were important to him. Each Saturday, when his grandparents drove into town in the jeep to buy the week's groceries, Dennis was deposited at the local movie theatre and left to revel in the deeds of daring he witnessed on the screen. There were two theatres in Dodge City, and Dennis necessarily went to the cheaper one. Plots mattered nothing to him and he was too young to appreciate the art of acting; it was the world of make-believe that he loved, and in his young eyes all actors were great heroes.

Dennis was an only child, the farm was six miles from Dodge City and the nearest (*Continued on page 90*)

HE: "I LOVE YOU.



AND YOU BELONG TO ME. BUT I



WON'T MARRY YOU."



SHE: "I TRIED TO RUN

AND I CAN'T. I WANT TO SEE



YOU ON ANY TERMS.

I CAN'T HELP IT."





THE GIRL *An actress on the threshold of stardom*

THE MYSTERY *Why did Jean Peters disappear?*

THE CLUE *This strange love scene*

■ In Hollywood, they say Jean Peters has been 'kidnapped.'

Then they look around and say nervously, "Well—not *kidnapped* exactly. But—she's—not exactly—allowed to go out."

And then they won't say anything else.

Does it sound fantastic? Wait. There's more. For instance:

Her studio can't find her. They've written to her, wired her, phoned her. Their letters are returned: *Address Unknown.* The wires are never accepted. The phone number has been changed. They haven't been able to speak to Jean Peters for almost four months.

Her best friends can't locate (*Continued on page 80*)

It could be YOU!

by BILL LEYDEN

NBC-TV Master of Ceremonies



Beverly—and my TV audience—had just gotten the news: Beverly was the winner! "See those people?" I asked her, "well, some day they'll be seeing you in the movies!"





That morning, Beverly had set the family table as usual—but these days it's lunch with Maureen O'Hara at ROMANOFF'S, *and rehearsals with Steve Rowland and Marshall Thompson!*



■ As you know, each day Monday thru Friday on NBC-TV's *It Could Be You,* we surprise many people with facts about themselves. Today, I'll tell you about the young lady in the picture with me.

Her name is Beverly Faye Robinson. Right now she's studying at the PASADENA PLAYHOUSE, and in a couple of years she's going to make a screen test. Then she'll know if *all* the dreams she dreamed are going to come true.

We're betting that in not much more than a couple of years you're going to be asking for her autograph.

It could be you.

It all started when Beverly was nineteen.

She wanted to be an actress. She wanted to very much. But when you live in Nashville, Tennessee, you sort of resign yourself to just dreaming—Nashville's a long, long way from the bright lights of Broadway and the kleig lights of Movietown.

So Beverly dreamed, until last September.

One lazy warm day, she was sitting over a coke and looking through MODERN SCREEN. After she finished reading the stories and the columns and the feature articles, she started looking at the ads; she had half a coke left, and it was much cooler inside than out.

Suddenly, as if the message had been printed just for her, she read about the MODERN SCREEN LADY ELLEN contest. The words caught her eye—words that were to mean a whole new life for the pretty brunette with the big, big eyes . . . *What Is Your Greatest Wish in Life?* That was an easy one to answer!

The LADY ELLEN MODERN SCREEN Contest told Beverly that all she had to do was write a letter telling her dreams—and they'd come true.

Maybe because it was so important to her, Beverly's MODERN SCREEN contest letter spoke right from her heart. And her dreams did come true! It wasn't more than a couple of months later that the starry-eyed Beverly stood in front of the stage-door entrance at the PASADENA PLAYHOUSE, about to enter its doors for the first time. Suddenly the tears welled up, "I never thought it would happen—I've wanted this so much, for so many years."

Then she brushed aside the tears of a longing fulfilled, and walked through the doors to her future.

Beverly Faye Robinson feels at home in Hollywood now. She's learning her craft—and having a ball. And when she's all through polishing the fine dramatic talent she possesses, you're going to see her face flash on a silver screen—and decide if *all* her dreams will come true.

The LADY ELLEN contest continues in 1957, so—

It could happen to you.

"thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face"



Your hair remembers its loveliest lines...when it's

trained with Helene Curtis Spray Net®



trains as it sets pincurls . . . trains as it holds your wave

If your hair inspires no poetry, is the fault perhaps your own? Are you using a mere pincurl spray? Or are you *training* your hair with Helene Curtis SPRAY NET and its exclusive "control" ingredient? Use SPRAY NET to set silky but long-lasting pincurls. Use it as always to hold your hair in place. Gradually, excitingly your curls get the habit of curling. These lovely waves remember their place from shampoo to shampoo. Use SPRAY NET faithfully and soon your hair will be trained to softest perfection—*poetic* perfection!

BOTH FORMULAS NOW IN GLAMOROUS NEW GOLDEN CONTAINERS:

SUPER SOFT
trains most hair and hair styles beautifully.

REGULAR *for hair harder to manage.*

69¢, Large $1.25, Giant Economy $1.89
plus tax

can an actress really be a good mother?

(*Continued from page 44*) That was eleven years ago, and since then Deborah has never felt that old ache of loneliness, not even when she and her husband are apart, separated because of their work. Their marriage is rock-solid.

There were a couple of other blessings too: her career zipped her to the top of the heap, and she and Tony had two adorable girls, Melanie and Francesca.

God's in his heaven, all's right with the world, and life for Deborah was just a bowl of cherries.

Until one day when Deborah heard a neighbor tell Melanie how lucky she was to have a movie star for a mother. "I guess so," Deborah overheard her child answer, "but this is the first time I've seen Mother in three months."

Deborah stood there, shocked into the past. Suddenly she was reliving a time she hadn't thought of for twenty years, a time from her own childhood when she lay on starched sheets at night and heard the soft breathing of her sleeping school-mates —while she tried to smother her own sobs of loneliness in the soft pillow.

And the days when Deborah had sat in classes, listening to the teacher who looked just a little like her mother, and wanted —with a want that really made her heart hurt—to feel soft protecting arms holding her . . . and brushing away her tears a light kiss that said *everything's all right; Mummie is here.*

This was what Melanie was feeling? *Her* child? Then Deborah was a failure!

A terrible fear

She walked over to the little girl she loved with all her heart, whose happiness was her own happiness—whose tears were her tears. She cradled a surprised Melanie in her arms and whispered, "Everything will be all right, darling. Mummie's here."

But she felt a terrible fear. *Would* everything be all right? Could she be a good mother, the kind of mother that a child had the right to have? A mother plus a wife—plus an actress?

When Melanie darted away, eagerly following a bright butterfly that skipped from flower to flower, Deborah made a solemn vow: *I'll have to remember how it is to be a little girl, Melanie; I'll have to remember you're too young to understand that even if we're not around—the people who love you are still with you.*

One day, weeks later, she sat reading the new script that had just been sent to her by the studio. All of a sudden her mind started racing and the words on the page were blotted out. Would she have to *choose?* Could that ever happen, a day when she would realize that she had to choose between the work she loved—and her children? No . . .

Deborah closed the script, turned out the reading lamp and sat in the twilight filtering through the window. Her head went back against the chair and she closed her eyes. She tried to picture what it would be like without the excitement of studying a new role, learning to live the part, to feel it, to get it across. To create.

Happiness for all of them

Then the door flew open and a small cyclone plumped itself down on Deborah's lap. "Help me with my 'rithmetic, Mummie," Melanie begged.

"Don't you think it would be better if you tried to figure it out yourself?" Deborah asked. Only the asking sounded more like a wail, because wrestling with Melanie's arithmetic problems is just about the only maternal chore that really bugs Deborah.

"No, Mummie, I think it would be better if you helped me," Melanie answered her mother, most emphatically.

So Deborah looked at it a bit, figured out what the trouble was—and calmly crossed off a couple of spare zeros that she didn't know what to do with!

"That's not the way my teacher does it," objected Melanie.

"Well," snapped her mother in one of her rare flare-ups, "you tell your teacher I said he's crazy!" Then, reconsidering, she added, "Well, perhaps you'd better not," and she swept the script off the table to spread out the math books and concentrate on the brain-teaser in comfort.

A quarter hour later, after much head scratching and pencil chewing, Deborah came up with an answer that her daughter was willing to settle for. Melanie trotted off to finish her homework, and again Deborah was alone in the quiet room. She stooped to pick up the script lying on the floor, and—almost as if there were two Deborahs sitting there, one of them listening and the other speaking—she heard herself say, "Of course there's no choice." That moment she knew that she could never just muddle along and take everything she wanted out of life . . . and do only a half-job if she didn't have time to do everything *right.* Not where her children were involved. If she had to choose, she knew where her choice lay—because Deborah knew what was really important to her . . . to keep loneliness from two little balls of fluff whose arms around her neck spelled happiness—for all of them.

Helen Hayes' only advice to her son, Jamie MacArthur, about his first movie job was: "Always eat in the studio commissary. It's better food than you can get outside, and cheaper."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

An important choice

She knew that the next months would tell her whether or not a choice would have to be made. Whether or not she could give of herself to the work she loved—without taking from her family. The next months of working on *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* would tell her if she could be an actress, without condemning her daughters to the kind of emptiness that her own childhood had held for her.

The months sped by . . .

It was almost Christmas. Shooting was finished, and Bob and Dorothy Mitchum talked Deborah and Tony into celebrating with them in New Orleans. "I'll show you New Orleans like you'll never see it with anybody else," Bob wheedled. "It's his favorite city," Dorothy laughed, "so he probably could, too!"

The weeks of working had taken their toll. Deborah felt as exhausted as she'd ever felt in her life. Days of vacationing in a strange city as exciting as New Orleans, days of forgetting everything except resting and having fun with Tony and the Mitchums sounded like just the kind of escape she needed to unwind from the tensions of living a role. She looked at Tony, saw the eyebrows go up in that way that means *anything you'd like is fine with me*—and felt her tight nerves begin to relax. "We'll go!"

And hours later they were on their way.

They were in New Orleans just one day. Just long enough to have New Orleans coffee and doughnuts in the one place that Bob Mitchum said was the only place in the world where they made the coffee just like it should be, with just the right amount of cinnamon—just long enough to taste shrimps prepared like Deborah had never tasted before—just long enough to catch a glimpse of the French quarter and insist to Tony and Bob and Dorothy, "I *know* I'm going to find something fabulous in one of those tiny little shops, and I'm going to go into every one of them before we leave!" Just one day, and she was telling Tony, "I'm beginning to feel myself unwind enough to think maybe I'll live. Even for the re-shooting on the picture!"

Then the telegram came: Melanie was to perform in a holiday play at her school the next afternoon. Could Mummie come?

Deborah knew how much she needed the relaxation that New Orleans held out to her; she had worked hard. What difference could it make to Melanie whether or not Mummie was at the play—there'd be plenty of others to applaud her. The children were well taken care of; their nurse loved them—Deborah had been home just the week before; they wanted for nothing. Tony didn't say anything. This was something that Deborah had to work out.

She sat in their hotel room, thinking of all the plans the four of them had made for the next days, thinking how wonderful it felt to be away from everything except fun. And thinking how lost a little girl can feel if she feels she's alone, even if she isn't—but just feeling that way . . .

Then she looked up at Tony. "Make the reservations, darling. And tell Bob and Dorothy. I'll pack," she said wistfully.

They took the next plane out, and Deborah was on hand to cheer Melanie in her dramatic debut.

Melanie shows her the way

As they drove home from school Melanie was a little chatterbox, telling her mother about all the things that almost made the play a flop, what with the ten-year-old leading man being temperamental and the scenery taking longer to finish and, and, and.

Deborah looked at her daughter and smiled. "Why, you didn't even have time to miss me," she joked. "Even if I hadn't been away, I'll bet you wouldn't have had time to even see me, what with all that going on!" Just so her mother's feeling wouldn't be hurt, Melanie generously explained, "Oh, I don't *mind* having you around when I don't need you!"

Then Melanie looked up at her mother, her eyes very serious, and explained, "You see, Mummie, if you're not here it doesn't matter too much—just as long as I know you'll come when I have to have you."

A smile played on Tony's lips, but he kept his eyes glued to the road ahead. Deborah hugged her child to her; here was the answer.

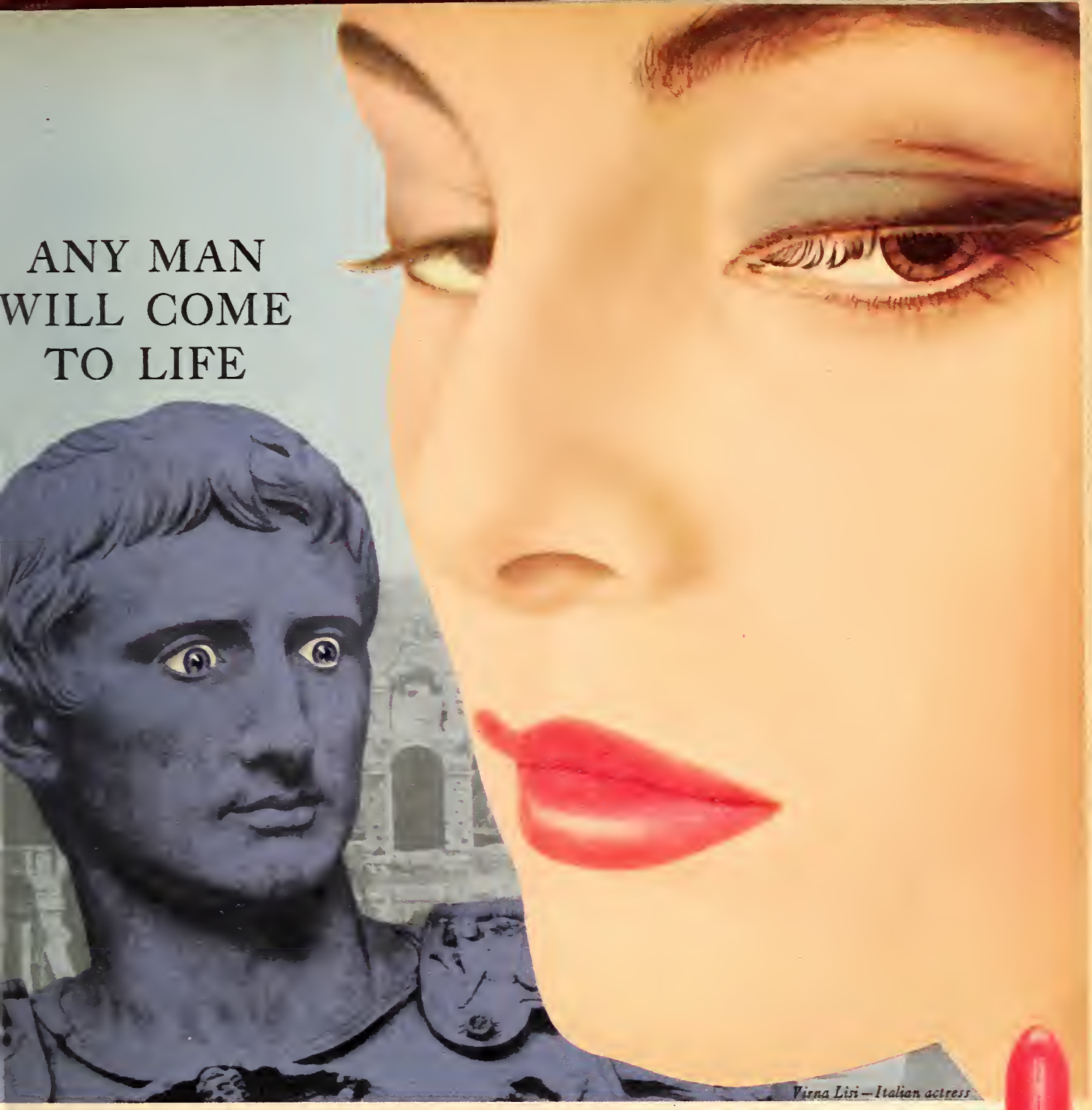
She would not have to choose!

Her children knew that every cry in the night would be answered—be the cry foolishness or not. And knowing that, their mummie could be away from them and she would still be with them . . . always.

Eleven years ago Deborah learned to be happy without loneliness. Now she's learned to give to the very little ones the same fulfillment that a gentle man had brought her when he showed her a love without fear. And she's teaching her children what she herself had never known—how to be alone, and know that you are *not* alone . . . **END**

Deborah can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison. *Watch for her soon in U.A.'s* Separate Tables, *20th's* An Affair To Remember *and Otto Preminger's Columbia release* Bonjour Tristesse.

ANY MAN WILL COME TO LIFE



Virna Lisi—Italian actress

WHEN YOU WEAR

ROMAN PINK

THE LIPSTICK COLOR BY MAX FACTOR THAT CHANGED THE FACE OF FASHION IN ROME, LONDON, PARIS

Roman Pink is a pink full of vibrations that can set off a whole chain of beautiful things about you . . . a delicate, rose glow complexion . . . richly accented eyes . . . softer hair—a whole new way of dressing in rich, melting colors. And it's only in Hi-Fi, Max Factor's entirely new kind of lipstick that's everything you want in one lipstick! Intense Hi-Fi color glides on, keeps lips soft, needs no blotting or setting, yet stays on till you take it off! Discover Hi-Fi Lipstick in Roman Pink. In an elegant, gold-tone faceted case $1.25 plus tax.



startling new pink in Max Factor's new hi-fi Lipstick

marilyn's having a baby!

(*Continued from page 49*) to some of her close friends, she was continually in and out of tears for the next three days. "But it's bad for the baby," her husband told her the next night when they were sitting at dinner with a few pals and Marilyn, just like that, began crying into her soup.

"The baby will understand," Marilyn said, putting down her spoon and burying her pretty face in a napkin. "The baby knows why I'm crying."

Later that night, Marilyn—normally a listener during these after-dinner conversation hours—chatted away. With Arthur sitting beside her, gently rubbing the back of her hand with his warm palm, she talked about the baby she'd just learned she was going to have, about how she and Arthur were going to do everything possible to make the baby healthy and happy. And as she talked, you couldn't help thinking back to the loveless misery and hurt of her own childhood and you couldn't help knowing the fight in this girl's heart to guarantee that her stillunborn child would never, never be touched by any of that misery or hurt.

"My little girl," says Marilyn—she's sure she's going to have a girl—"is always going to be told how pretty she is. When I was small, all the dozens and dozens of people I lived with—none of them ever used the word *pretty* to me. I used to have this very special dream. I used to dream that Clark Gable was my father and that he had five daughters and I was one of them and that when he came home from work at night he used to come running over to me—not any of the others, but *me* —and pick me up high and say, 'Norma Jean, you are so pretty . . . you are so pretty!' I used to wake up in the morning smiling, for a little while at least.

"I want my little girl to smile all the time. All little girls should be told how pretty they are and I'm going to tell mine, over and over again."

The horrible childhood

God, too, is going to be made very special and important to their baby. When Arthur was a boy, his Jewish upbringing taught him that God was love and God was good and He was the best friend anybody could have, along with mama and papa. But Marilyn's mother was away in a mental sanitarium and her father had never been her legal father. And, anyway, he was just plain away. So Marilyn was shipped off to live with a minister and his wife.

Here are the horrible childhood introductions Marilyn had to religion:

"When I lived with the minister and his wife," Marilyn says, "they told me that if I went to a movie on a Sunday, God would strike me dead. The first time I dared to sneak away and go to a Sunday movie, I was scared stiff to come out. When I did, it was raining. There was thunder and lightning and I ran all the way home, expecting to be struck dead any minute. Even after I was home and in bed, with my head buried underneath the covers, I was terrified. I don't think it's right to use God to frighten a child like that. I've learned in all the years that have passed that God is everything that is wonderful in this life—and that's something my baby is going to know from the minute she can begin to understand things."

It's no secret to anyone who knows Marilyn well that she's been waiting for this baby of hers for a long time. "After all," a friend of hers says, "she's thirty now and Arthur is her third husband and you might think that if she'd wanted a child badly she'd have had one a long time ago. But there's some kind of big justice in life—and looking back, it seems only just to Marilyn and her two former husbands that there was no baby then; equally right to Marilyn and Arthur that a child is now on its way."

When Marilyn was just a kid of sixteen and married to twenty-one-year-old Jim Dougherty in Los Angeles, she knew two things. One was that, like most new brides, she wanted a baby; the other was that she wasn't in love with her husband. Sure, Jim was a nice guy and all that. But a girl's guardians can't come up to her one day and say *we're leaving town soon and we'd rather you didn't come with us and we'd like you to meet a fellow we happen to know and we suggest that after you meet him you marry him pronto*—and expect that girl to be really in love with this all-of-a-sudden husband.

Well, that's what happened with Marilyn and Jim and, despite Marilyn's desire for motherhood she and that too-young husband were lucky: they didn't have a child. After a year of bickering and unhappiness, Jim joined the Merchant Marines, and that marriage was that.

Igal Mosensohn, the Irsaeli playwright, is truly the Man from Mars. When he was in N. Y. for his play, *Casablan*, he was invited to observe a session at the Actors' Studio. First he went to a nearby drugstore, and noticed an attractive blonde having a soda. He saw her again at the Actors' Studio. He introduced himself, then said: "You look like you'd make a good actress. I may have a role for you. What's your name?" . . . She told him: "Marilyn Monroe" . . . He took out a pencil, then said: "Spell it."

The Change: I quoted Goldwyn as siding with Marilyn Monroe in her desire to do *The Brothers Karamazov*. Charles Einfeld, vice-pres. of 20th Century-Fox, told me: "You can tell Goldwyn that if he would like to produce *Brothers Karamazov* with Marilyn, we'll release her for this picture" . . . The next week Einfeld asked, scoffingly: "Got a director in mind for that Goldwyn-Monroe-Karamazov movie?" . . . I mentioned one name, Elia Kazan . . . "In that case," said Einfeld seriously, "20th Century-Fox will do the movie."

When Marilyn Monroe checked into St. Vincent's Hospital in California, the admissions office questioned her about her religion. She replied "No" to specific denominations, then added: "But I do believe in God." After spending a week in the hospital Miss Monroe was called by one of the directors who said: "You have no private nurse. You haven't asked for one. In fact, you haven't asked for a thing. Isn't there something you want?" . . . "Well, maybe just an extra blanket," said Marilyn. "It's been cold here nights."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

A more complex marriage

Marilyn's life with Joe DiMaggio was a lot more complex. The wedding took place in 1954, some eleven years after Jim Dougherty had walked out on her. In those eleven years, Marilyn had become the most famous face and figure in the world, a pin-up girl, a Hollywood star. There was nothing now that she couldn't have. And she decided, after a couple of years of courtship, that she wanted Joe.

On the surface, it was all very glamorous and exciting. Marilyn had just rebelled against her studio for the first time, refusing to make *Pink Tights*. Joe told Marilyn to pack her bags and come to San Francisco with him. He asked her to marry him.

Yes, all very glamorous and exciting on the surface. But deep in her heart, Marilyn knew that as far as she was concerned, she was simply marrying the man she thought she was in love with, the man who would be her perfect husband and the perfect father of her children.

"And how she wanted children with Joe!" a very good friend of hers will tell you. "Of course, she was attracted to Joe for lots of the obvious physical reasons—big man, Yankee Stadium muscles, soft pleasant voice. But she was also attracted to the fact that he came from a large, happy Italian family, and to the idea that some day she, too, would have a flock of bambinos all over the place.

"Maybe someday . . ."

"She was so happy in the beginning," her friend continued. "I was with them in San Francisco once and she and Joe invited me over to dinner at his family's one night. As soon as we got there Marilyn made a bee-line for the kitchen to watch the DiMaggio women go to town with all the antipastos and the spaghetti and what-have-you. They were a quiet family and most of the time Marilyn just stood there watching, sort of not daring to ask any questions. At one point that night, I remember, one of the women started pouring raisins into the meat she was preparing for meatballs and then she sprinkled something else, a kind of white powder, over the meat and Marilyn whispered to me, 'I wonder what *that* is?' I said to her, 'Why don't you go over and ask?' And she said, still whispering, 'No, I don't think they want to be bothered now.' . . . But they were a very nice family and Marilyn liked them an awful lot and she liked it especially when it came time to sit down at the tremendous table they had in the dining room, and you could just see those beautiful blue eyes of hers looking from behind her forkful of veal scallopine and counting all the heads that made up the family and thinking, 'Maybe someday. . . .'"

That same friend remembers another night, a little more than a year later—a night that was *not* so pleasant. This time the place was New York, up in Marilyn's and Joe's fancy Sutton Place apartment. And this time a GRAUMAN'S THEATRE klieg light couldn't help you find any feeling of family love around the place.

The night Joe walked out

"A little while earlier, Marilyn had been out on Lexington Avenue shooting the famous wind-up-her-skirt scene for *The Seven Year Itch*," her friend recalls. "Joe had already made it obvious to the press that he was annoyed with the whole thing. Now, in their apartment, with a few friends around, he was making it obvious to Marilyn.

"Like just about anyone else, Joe had a temper on occasion. But this time it was more than temper he was showing. It was real deep-rooted anger. He yelled *wasn't she ashamed of herself standing in the street like that, her skirt being blown up*

r her shoulders with a couple of thou-d photographers and passers-by stand-around whistling and clapping?

Marilyn answered him at first. 'It was job, Joe,' she tried to explain. 'Every-y's got to do something they don't like lo for their job once in a while.'

And as Marilyn was talking, trying to lain, I remembered talking to Tom ell, Marilyn's co-star in that picture, a little while earlier that day. Tom told me about the day a week or so ore, out in Hollywood, when he sat in studio commissary having lunch at the e next to Marilyn. She was eating ie, and Tom noticed that she was read-a book. Out of curiosity, he leaned r for a peek at the title. It was The le. 'Marilyn's really a good girl,' Tom told me that day, 'really a good girl.' But right now Joe didn't think she'd n acting like such a good girl—and he her so, point-blank. And the more he ed and hollered the more Marilyn nmed up. She always does this when gets nervous, clams up completely.

Finally Joe went rushing out of the rtment. As soon as the door slammed t, I saw Marilyn go running off into bathroom. I waited for a moment. n I followed her. When I got to the nroom, she was letting the water run nobody could hear her crying. 'I wanted aby so much,' she sobbed, 'and now re through, and we'll never have one.'" was over, long before it became final h headlines and lawyers, the end of and Joe together; the end of that big ian family to feel a part of—and add to.

rilyn: a happy, pregnant wife

o Marilyn right now, that night with must seem like it all took place a long, g time ago. But it might not seem so g ago if Arthur Miller, whom Marilyn known and been a little infatuated h before her marriage to Joe, had not ie back into the picture. If they hadn't en very much in love with each other married. If they hadn't conceived the d that will be theirs soon.

Iarilyn's bad days did end and the py days were here—not again—but lly for the first time in her life.

Vhat's Marilyn like today?

he answer to that is easy. She's a hap-pregnant wife.

ight now, as this is being written, she Arthur are living in an apartment on w York's East Side, high over the East er and the Fifty-Ninth Street Bridge. e two very pleasant, very Irish door-n of the Miller building will tell you t Marilyn and Arthur are real stay-at-nes. "Mr. and Mrs. Miller might go out a party or a theater once in a while," y'll say, "but most of the time we only them when they have to come down walk their dog."

y day, Arthur usually sits in his study, head bent over his typewriter, finish-up a novel he's been working on for last year or so. Marilyn leaves him npletely alone—well, pretty nearly com-tely alone—during these working hours, passes the time reading, or studying her entry into the Jewish faith, or por-over the blueprint of the house in nnecticut she and Arthur are building, talking with a friend over the phone, calling her doctor about some little nptom or other.

Then, at night, family time begins.

w pretty she is

Just like Clark Gable used to do in her lhood dreams, Arthur comes out of his dy and hugs his wife, hugs her hard, tells her how pretty she is. Then he eeps her up off her feet, carries her vards the kitchen and tells her, "I'm going to throw you into one of those pots if you're not making something I like."

Then his face lights up into the kind of smile you rarely see in newspaper photos of him as he asks if it's gefulte fish or chicken soup or other favorites of his.

And Marilyn won't answer him until he kisses her—and then she'll say, very softly, "Just for you."

At least once a week, Arthur's mother and father drive over from Brooklyn for dinner with Arthur and another new daughter-in-law. And on that night, unlike those nights a few years ago when Marilyn used to stand back in a corner of that kitchen in San Francisco and watch the DiMaggio women prepare the big family meal, *Marilyn* prepares the meals from beginning to end with Mrs. Miller—who gave her a few lessons in cooking Arthur's favorites—allowed to do nothing more than help set the table and then sit back and enjoy herself.

After dinner, Arthur and his father—and brother Kermit, if he happens to be along—usually sit in the study and play some cards while Marilyn and Arthur's mother and sometimes Arthur's attractive sister Joan, sit in a corner of the living room sipping tea and talking about their favorite subjects—Arthur and the expected baby.

"I think it'll be a girl"

"Now I must tell you," the elder Mrs. Miller will say, "that in a Jewish family, before the birth of the baby, there must be no infant's furniture or clothes brought into the house because it's a bad luck sign. So no furniture or clothes for the baby."

"No anything for the baby," Marilyn will echo, nodding.

"And of course you know that the baby is named only after a relative who is dead," Mrs. Miller continues. "Of course, it doesn't have to be the complete name if you don't want it. Just the initial will do."

"Just the initial," Marilyn repeats.

"And if it's a boy. . . ." Mrs. Miller may start to say.

"But I think it's going to be a girl," Marilyn will interrupt.

"Never mind you think a girl," Mrs. Miller will interrupt right back. "Now if it's a boy we must get ready to have the *bris* eight days after the birth, and get the cake, and the wine to drink to you and Arthur and the baby. It's all very nice."

And all very nice it is for Marilyn right now, these few hours every week, sitting there with her down-to-earth mother-in-law, feeling good and important and happy with family love in a way that no mere movie star, no matter how beautiful or famous or rich, can just pick up a script and feel.

In fact, those mid-week visits by the Millers are as much fun as the weekly Sunday visits with Arthur's two children by his first marriage, Joan Ellen, thirteen, and Robert, nine.

Squeals with joy

Every Sunday morning at nine on the dot, Arthur drives out to Brooklyn to pick up his two children. He goes inside the house for a few minutes, says hello to his ex-wife, and then he and Joan Ellen and Robert all pile into the car and are back at the apartment by about eleven. A friend of the Millers, a photographer, who spent a week end with them recently, described the arrival: "Joan and Robert rushed up to Marilyn and gave her a big squeeze and kiss and then Robert asked if it was time to eat yet. Marilyn kidded him, saying she'd forgotten to do any shopping for the week end and asked Robert if maybe he'd like to walk up the street a few corners and get them all some hot dogs. Robert, a very polite boy, gulped and said sure he'd go. Then Marilyn laughed and took him into the kitchen and showed him the roast beef and baked potatoes she'd made and the ice cream cake she'd ordered and you should have heard that boy squeal with joy.

"After lunch, my wife and I hung around the apartment while Marilyn and Arthur bundled up the kids and took them up to Central Park for a walk and a visit to the zoo. They were gone a couple of hours and it was great to see the four of them walk in together, all holding hands and laughing and trying to outdo one another in imitating a sad-faced giraffe they'd obviously spent most of their time looking at.

"By this time it was time to eat again and Marilyn set up all kinds of luscious cold cuts and potato salad and cole slaw and ginger ale. We all sat around the living room eating buffet style and this was the part of the day devoted to serious conversation—Arthur sitting with Robert having a long talk about how the boy was doing in school, Marilyn sitting with Joan and talking about a few new friends the girl had made and, as I recall, about a very important dress Joan had just bought for a very important party the following Saturday night.

"After supper, we all relaxed for a few hours watching television—Arthur still sitting next to Robert, Marilyn sitting and holding hands with Joan. And then at nine o'clock it was time to go. The good-byes were very excited, filled with lots of exclamations of this and that and lots of laughter. I remember too that they took about half an hour to get over with.

"Then the door closed. Arthur had left to take the children back home. Marilyn was crying. My wife and I have known her long enough to know that she always cries when she's very happy.

"We've known her long enough, too, to know that she's going to make—you should pardon the expression—a damn wonderful mother!" **END**

Marilyn will soon be seen in an L.O.P. Limited Production The Prince And The Showgirl *for Warner Bros.*



These pix of Marilyn Monroe were taken on the run by a free-lance photographer. Marilyn won't pose: she's going to have a baby and wants privacy to treasure the moments of waiting.

Pampers Baby...and Mother too!



DRESS BY SUZY PERETTE

JAN STERLING (Mrs. Paul Douglas)
and her son, Adams Douglas

Modern Portable Crib Makes Baby Care So Much Easier



CONVERTS TO PLAY PEN— Patented slotted legs quickly convert bed into play pen.



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Port-a-crib is not only a fine baby bed . . . it's actually three pieces of nursery equipment all in one handsome unit —at less than the usual cost of a crib alone! Port-a-crib converts quickly and easily to a roomy play pen or sets-up inside your car to take baby traveling in comfort.

Port-a-crib is sturdily built of top grade hardwood—hand-sanded—with a lovely natural finish. Comes equipped with a custom wet-proof mattress. Get your Port-a-crib TODAY . . . at better stores everywhere or write for FREE literature and name of your nearest dealer.

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MANCHESTER, MO

el's favorite picture

(*Continued from page 46*) El if he and Nick and Gene would like to go horseback riding with me at Wild Bill Elliott's ranch. He's a famous movie cowboy, but he runs a real working cattle ranch. El said *yes* and we decided to go riding the next day.

So late Sunday morning, I parked my car in the hotel garage and took the elevator to El's floor. I was carrying my drawing tablet, with my Levi jacket thrown over it so it wouldn't be too noticeable. Gene and Nick were sitting at the breakfast table and Elvis was still in his room. I yelled, "Hi, El!" and he yelled back at me, "Mornin' Sugar!" I wasn't hungry, so I sat down on the foot stool left of El's vacant chair at the table. I put my art tablet, open to the drawing, on the floor where the long white table cloth partially covered it. From where El would be sitting, I was sure he wouldn't notice it. On the floor near El's chair was a phonograph and some records. I was shuffling through the records, picking out the ones I wanted to hear, when El came into the room. He was wearing frontier pants and socks; no shirt or shoes, and his hair was rumpled, because he had just gotten up. I laughed at him and we traded good natured insults about how scary looking we both were. Of course, El really looked perfectly all right, just not movie-starish, and I looked like you'd expect anbody to look who was about to go horseback riding—jeans, cotton cowboy shirt, and Indian squaw boots. Nick and Gene were wearing riding clothes too. Not fancy, just regular ranch clothes. El sat down at the table after giving a playf tug at at one of my pig tails.

El's LP album

The table was loaded with pla of bacon and toast, several sm bottles of milk, and six cantalou halves. Gene had already done aw with one of the melons and so h Nick. El asked me if I wanted an thing to eat, and I helped mys to some bacon. I like bacon as mu as El does, which means I really li it. As soon as El sat down, he jump up again. *There go my chances drawing even a line,* I thought, h he was only getting up to put the phono. When I found out wh record he was going to play I w really excited. It was his latest lo playing album, and it wasn't sche uled to be released for seve weeks. I was going to hear it now. RCA Victor had sent Elvis advance copy, which is just a roug cut version so to speak, though the numbers were included.

Little did I know when El fi sat down how fortunate I was go to be . . . because he sat there over an hour and never got up e cept once to fix the record. The r of the time he had me work t phono. Because it wasn't a ve good copy of the record, I could understand all the words. El just it play through once and every n and then he'd say, "Listen to th part there," or "that part really w sound better when the record com out" or "here's a part you'll lik Different times he would ask me I thought the record would be success or if I liked a certain part it. He never bragged about h good any of it was, but frequen mentioned how good the boys bac ing him up vocally and instrume ally were. One part came on t he didn't like as well as the r El said, "Let it play through on so you can hear it, then we wo play it any more."

El notices the pencil

Most of the time he was mun ing on the bacon and drinking m but soon he started in on the mel He takes enormous bites and can finish off half a cantaloupe a few minutes. Some of the ti he'd just lean back in his chair a sort of gaze off into space; that w when my pencil was busiest. would get just the look I like b and between trying to get it do on paper and listening to his r songs and fixing the phono when needle jumped, I was mighty bu

Finally El noticed my pencil asked what I was doing. I told h that I was working on the draw that I had been telling him about so long. He wanted to see it, bu told him he couldn't see it unti was finished.

Instead of becoming conscious the fact that I was doing his port and turning pose-ish, El didn't me any mind, and we all went listening to the record. I was so h py I could hardly stand it. H was Elvis Presley actually sitt *still* while I drew his portrait; was playing his new record a preview for me—and to top it off was singing along with it sometin I practically forgot all about go to the ranch.

Gene and Nick got up from table. Nick went over and sat

e chair to read some magazines. Gene appeared. But El and I just went on tening to the records. After a while El t up from the table and said, "I'll sit in s easy chair here by the record player, d we'll start the record over again. I'll l you the words that you can't under- nd on this warped record, and you can on drawing me." Boy, was I happy!

El moved to the easy chair and I turned ound to face him. He had taken time to mb his hair, and it looked just as I have awn it in the picture. Knowing how rvous Elvis is, I was very surprised at w long he sat still in that chair. Some- nes he closed his eyes, but mostly he st sat gazing off. Then one by one, he ng every record on the album to me, and the ones where the words were fast or tra hard to understand, he'd repeat them er and over for me until I knew them by art. Sometimes he'd say, "OK, now listen l close." I'd listen and then he'd sing ht in my ear, and I'd understand every rd. The next time he played it, I could g it right along with him. After a while aw that Gene had come back and was ting on the couch and Nick was gone. ne said that Nick had gone down to the ugstore. Pretty soon El played his record "Old Shep." He wanted me to particular- hear it and to catch all the words. He me over and sat next to me on the or. I had put the drawing aside because was getting tired and wanted to rest a v minutes. I was resting my head on the shioned foot-stool and El sat down by e and started singing "Old Shep" real tly. It was so sad—and El sang it with catch in his throat, sort of husky voiced, d he told me how he had been singing it ce he was a boy. I told him I had read at he won a prize for singing it, and he d that was true. "It wasn't first prize anything, but it was at the fair and I ng this song. It really makes me sad sing it."

He sang it so beautifully and with a sort far-away look, and I was about ready cry, because I had seen my little puppy t killed just a few weeks before that.

nimic Elvis

I guess I must have been looking *real* d because El put on a record I just love led "Paralysed" and he sang it for me d danced around. It's a rock 'n' roll ece, and I got up and was copying his ncing around in front of all the mirrors the doors there. El took one look at me micking him and he hollered at me, ey now, you cut that out." I just laughed d laughed, and he was laughing when copy everything he did—and pretty on I was laughing so hard I just flopped o a chair. El left the room then, and ne was in the kitchen, so I was all alone. hought to myself, "How can anyone say d things about a boy like that who never ed to hurt anybody in his life?" I was nking about how, just then, that whole rning, he had sat still for me while I d his portrait, and how he had the pa- nce and had taken the time to teach me e words to every song on the record. en he had made me happy by dancing, ging and clowning, when he knew I s sad about my pup.

It was a beautiful day and I got up and lked over to the wide-open window. t on the sidewalk several stories below, oups of cute girls were standing around their Sunday outfits, and when they saw e they all started yelling and waving, so waved at them. Pretty soon El came ck into the room and waved to them too. en he put on some Al Hibbler records d we listened to them while Gene and ck were getting ready to go. By now El d his shoes on and a green western cket that he'd bought in Las Vegas and off we went. What a wonderful day it was!

I was grateful that El had been so co-operative with me, turning his head this way and that, or looking off in a certain direction. For instance, several times—to make sure I had the right conception of his features and facial bone structure—I had felt his face, touched his high cheek bones and his famous sideburns, and tilted his head to the left or right for proper lighting. El never uttered a squawk. Even when I ran my fingers over the bridge of his nose and poked gently all over his face like it was made of putty, he didn't complain. No one could have asked for a better subject.

I finished the picture the following day, and that night I brought it over to the hotel for El to see.

Awaiting El's decision

You can imagine how nervous I was about getting El's opinion. After all, he had helped me so much by being so patient. He had never sat for any other artist, and it is doubtful that he would be able to find time to do so again in the near future, even if he wanted to.

El was resting. He had been working all day, and now it was time for him to leave on a personal appearance tour of Texas. I was really shook when I took the picture in to him. I held the portrait out to him in its white fold-over frame. He opened it real slowly and looked at it very closely. I was holding my breath so long I must have turned slightly purple. He held it out at arms length and just kept staring at it. Finally he said, "Man, it's just wonderful! It's the best picture of me I ever saw! How did you ever do it? I didn't know you were so talented."

He just kept looking at it like he couldn't believe it. He said, "It's *great*, man; I mean it is really *GREAT*." He hollered for Nick and Gene to see it and then the three of them all talked about how good it was. I was ecstatic over El's reaction to my artistic efforts. He gave me a mighty bear hug and said he was awfully proud of me for doing anything so good and for being so talented. I told him that's exactly how I feel when *he* does a real good show or makes a good record.

He put the picture up on the dresser and kept looking at it, not saying anything, while everyone also bustled around getting ready to leave. He asked me if he could have the picture. I said, "I'm sorry El, but it's my favorite picture of you, and to me it's so life like—so *really you*—that I just can't part with it. But I'll have it duplicated and send you one."

That's exactly what I did, and now Elvis has it in his home in Memphis.

When he was ready to go, we took the elevator to the garage, and after El signed a few last autographs we drove to the station. On the way to the station we were listening to the radio and we heard my name. I told El he was certainly lucky to be sitting beside a big celebrity like me. Boy, did we laugh! In the train station Elvis was surrounded by fans. I selected a bunch of magazines for him, and so did Nick and Gene. Some of the mags had big pictures of El and me together. We whispered a few words to each other, but it was so crowded with all the fans that he headed right for the train.

As usual I hated to see Elvis leave. But this time I knew that he'd be coming back to Hollywood soon . . . and that it was going to be *his* town now, at least while he's making movies, and that's going to be often. **END**

Elvis can soon be seen in Paramount's Loving You *and MGM's* Jail House Rock.

ELVIS ELVIS ELVIS ELVIS



Exactly one dollar gets you the life-like, four-color picture of Elvis right on your finger —to wear all the time!

His portrait is magnified under clear lucite in a ring that's out of this world: 18-carat gold plate; adjustable to any finger; guaranteed never to tarnish; designed with about the snazziest groove pattern. But best of all—Elvis on your finger!

Is the supply limited? Not on your life! We told the manufacturer to keep his factory going till the last order is in—from *you*. Of course, the longer you wait to fill in the coupon on the bottom of the page, the longer it'll take till the ring gets to you. So hurry, 'cause if you saw it—you *couldn't* wait!

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try a new hair color for Glamour

■ "What female would not like to be more attractive?" asks Arlene Dahl, movie star, syndicated beauty columnist and lingerie designer.

With that question Arlene really brought all of us gals up to attention. With a unanimous, "You bet we'd like to be more attractive." How to do it? Arlene suggests that you take one particular month and give specific attention to a special beauty project.

With vacation time but weeks away what better month to concentrate on your hair! Have it gleaming, bright and even a brand new color to excitingly compliment all of those beautiful duds you've been buying for the best vacation yet.

Nearly every girl has already used one or several of the many preparations that highlight, brighten, or color blend the hair—most have had the fun and excitement of streaking or tipping it.

But not nearly enough gals have come to the realization that they can become much more attractive and glamorous by changing the color of their hair completely. It is a wonderful and fabulous idea that has worked wonders on the popularity polls. So why don't you resolve to try a new hair color, too.

Movie stars must change the color of their hair to meet the requirements of the various movie parts they play. Many of them found they were even lovelier with a new hair color—all thought it great fun and some felt that a new hair color changed their life—even their personality.

Hair coloring has become a speedy and easy trick. Thanks to the never tiring effort of the chemists and manufacturers.

Are you a brunette and secretly thrill to the dream of becoming a beautiful redhead like Arlene Dahl who was born with flaming tresses?

Well go right ahead and take the hair coloring step. For today every gal you see is "doing something" or "wanting to do something" about the color of her hair.

You can accomplish a complete change of hair color all at once by completely bleaching your hair and applying a new hair color—or—by tackling the project in several steps with a series of bleachings that will take the color out of your hair gradually until in the last bleaching it is decolorized sufficiently to apply the new hair color desired.

Naturally, if you change the color of your hair slowly over a period of weeks the final change will not be so startling and you and your friends will have time to accustom yourselves to the transformation.

If you want to really be dramatic—make the change suddenly.

When you have bleached your hair to a completely pale blonde shade (or have decolorized it as a final bleaching is technically called) you can test your secret yearning to be a redhead by using a temporary hair coloring. A temporary hair coloring washes out—so if the hair color you choose is not too becoming you can simply wash it out and try another color. (*Continued on page 74*)

Globe Photos

added attractions





■ A gal just can't have enough bras, girdles and lingerie in her vacation wardrobe. Today sports and dress-up clothes demand their own particular underpinnings. Here are several garments you will want to add to your summer wardrobe. *Left:* A scoop for scoop-neck dresses. The front hook nylon alençon lace strapless bra—it has contour cups—a dainty lace edging—and a low criss-cross back of elastic, for perfect comfort. White. $5. By Hollywood V-ette. *Left below:* Sports Girdle—a velvety soft natural rubber garment that features gentle control, non-roll top, no bones, no stitching, no cutting and no binding. This all-over perforated garment is easy on and off—just great to wear with slacks, swimsuits and all sports clothes. White or pink. $2. By Kleinert. *Right:* For your vacation dresses, try this Helen of Troy nylon tricot half-slip with scalloped Florentine-type lace trim. White. About $4. A Stardust fashion—the fully-lined cotton bra with embroidered cups and double elastic band that gives 2-way stretch fit. White. $1.50. Slippers, Honeybugs. *Far right:* Peter Pan's nylon lace trimmed bra for every occasion—to wear with scoop, halter or regular necklines. It features a low back, contoured cups, removable straps. White or black. $5. Trim companion—Little X girdle by Peter Pan. Of featherlight weave nylon it is criss-crossed in front for firm tummy support. White, black, pink, blue or beige. $5.95. Sandals, Dr. Scholl. On the table Verkade's delicacies from Holland.

All photos by Roger Prigent

for your summer wardrobe





try a new hair color

(Continued from page 71) When you are sure of the hair color you want you can use a permanent hair coloring that will not wash out. When you use a permanent hair coloring you must bleach and color the new growth of hair about every two or three weeks.

If you are a light blonde and want to become a redhead no pre-bleaching is necessary. Just apply the color desired as in the case of the pre-bleached brunette described above.

If you are a blonde and prefer to be a darker color choose the color that becomes you the most and follow the same procedure as described for the redhead.

If you are a brunette and want to be a blonde—follow the bleaching procedure as for redhead. Bleach to the desired color. If that shade is not the shade you want, shampoo rinse, wash or spray on the desired shade.

If the blonde shade is too reddish, tone it down with one of the drab blonde, silver blonde or platinum rinses. To get a perfect color that is exactly what you want, you will have to experiment a few times—so don't be discouraged if the first job is not just as you dreamed it to be. When temporary blonde shade is perfect, you can permanently tint the color.

If you are a blonde and want to remain a blonde but feel that your hair looks dull and lifeless choose one of the lightening and brightening preparations. Your hair will sparkle anew and your compliments will soar.

There are also rinses, shampoos and sprays to brighten mousey looking brunette hair, too. These preparations will not permanently color your hair—they will just give your hair a golden highlight that adds up to a glamour look no gal can be without.

Among the marvelous preparations for coloring and bleaching your whole head of hair there are also a wide range of preparations that are especially made for tipping or streaking light or dark colors into your hair. Some of the regular coloring products can be used for this job and then there are others that are made especially to accomplish this intriguing and fascinating trick that is so much the vogue in Hollywood.

Remember that prematurely grey hair running as silver threads through your hair is not glamorous. There are special color blending preparations made to blend these grey strands to the natural color of your hair if you do not want to color your whole head to a new color. A whole head of prematurely grey hair can be most dramatic on a young face if it becomes you—however, while you are young if prematurely grey hair is yours, why not change it during these young years to a dramatic fashion color.

Blend it to a brunette shade or bleach it and color it to a brand new color. You can also make it a pretty great platinum blonde shade if a darker color is not for you.

There are many, many hair coloring and bleaching preparations on the market To arrive at just the right ones that you should use for your particular pleasure you should study all the ads and then use the trial and error method just as you do with your cosmetics, home perms and other beauty preparations.

Hair care between coloring and bleaching is quite important. Use softening shampoos, and shampoo rinses, to keep your hair lovely and soft. This added care is just an extra precaution against the drying summer elements even if otherwise not needed.

One caution about hair bleaching and coloring. Always be sure and read all the instructions that come with each particular preparation—and follow exactly.

All the gals in Modern Screen's beauty department have gone "hair-color conscious" and we are pretty happy over the whole idea. Why don't you try it—now. And, all anew—take a run to the movies and see Arlene in her next for Columbia *She Played With Fire.* EN

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE GRACE KELLY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE DEBORAH KERR
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE NICK ADAMS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE SUSAN HAYWARD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE DIANA DORS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE DENNIS HOPPER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JEAN PETERS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKED HUMPHREY BOGART:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ didn't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ
☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood ☐ part ☐ none

15. I READ
☐ all of The Inside Story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

16. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE (1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ MALE (2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ MALE (3)_____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN POLL PRIZE WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY

Elizabeth Anne Widger, Fairview, Illinois; Marietta Berkhimer, Humbolt, Iowa; Dorothea Jacoby, West Keansburg, New Jersey; Mrs. Gerald Hosick, Evansville, Indiana; Betty Kelch, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Mrs. Marjorie Wagner, Groves, Texas; Nancy Sams, Ashville, North Caroline; Josie Inserra, New York City; Carolyn Sue Brutton, Charleston, West Virginia; Jo Ann Raber, Amity, Pennsylvania.

Sneak preview of new things for you



1



2

modern screen exclusives

Watch for these exciting new products that will soon be in your favorite stores.

1. A new, fast, workless way to put topnotch shine on leather shoes—new self-shining liquid Esquire Lano-Wax. Just spread the wax with applicator, it quickly dries to a bright gloss.

2. Spray temporary color on your hair with new Nestle Streaks 'n' Tips now in black, brown, auburn. To highlight curls, waves—for quick touchups, and to blend graying strands.



Photos by Roger Prigent

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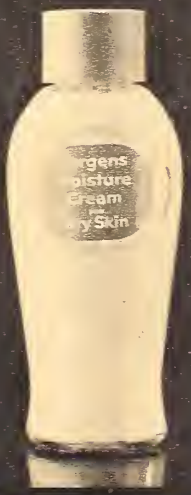


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3. Richard Hudnut's New Quick Home Permanent "Shampoo Method." The secret, a new wave lotion so efficient, you can actually shampoo your hair as the final step of your home permanent.

4. A new formula in a wonderful flowing cream deodorant your fingers never touch. Twist, it flows—evenly, rapidly, neatly. This modern miracle from the famous laboratories of Stopette.

5. Tint 'n Set is a new combination of a temporary color spray and curl set. Press a button—spray color on your hair and set it at once. Also wonderful for tipping, streaking, and blending grey.



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6. Jergens Moisture Cream is a new answer to dry skin problems. It is a super-rich lanolin, non-greasy formula that will help to restore lost skin moisture and keeps your skin feeling dewy fresh.

7. From DuBARRY, Color Glo, a new exciting idea in hair coloring. It is the easy way to give any shade of hair a "color lift." Washes right out, but is colorproof against brushing or rubbing off.

8. Figure controlling Nina Teez lastex sanitary panti with patented no-belt, no-pin Sani-Crotch insert pocket for your dainty protection. Ideal under sport clothes. Made by Nanina Mfg. Co., N. Y.

how we saved our broken marriage

(*Continued from page 57*) know—I want to."

Diana wanted to, too. She felt safe in his arms. He was big enough and strong enough to lean on; shrewd enough to rely on. And she loved him.

"Why can't you ask me to marry you?" she whispered against his lips.

There were many reasons, but they all boiled down to money. Dennis was having a tough enough time just supporting himself. "How much will I ever make selling water softeners? Sure I'm good at it. I know how to sell and I know how to promote. But to make money, I need a *product* that's sensational. Water softeners!"

Diana's mind was racing.

"Think I'm a sensational enough product?" she asked.

And they knew in that instant that they had it. Diana Dors had beauty and talent—and it wasn't a bit of good to her or anybody else until the big men who make out the contracts knew about her.

Jack Parr was driving past the George Washington Bridge. He told his daughter the name of the bridge. "How could that be?" she snapped. "I thought he had chopped it down."

Paul Denis

And knew that the public knew about her, and wanted her.

"We'll make a million," Dennis shouted, swinging his product up in his arms. "*And we won't stop till we've done it!*"

Five weeks from the day they met, they were married.

I was already driving Di; even on her wedding day. The campaign had already started. It was our wedding day, and instead of realizing how sentimental a woman is, and that all Di wanted was the somber dignity of the ceremony that joined us together as husband and wife—I was already using everything to make her a world star.

"Call the newspapers"

They went to the register office for the license. And were turned down.

Diana was only nineteen, under age. She would need her parents' permission.

That was no problem. Diana got their consent on an official form, and Diana and Dennis set another wedding day.

The evening before their wedding, Diana and Dennis sat in a small tea shoppe, drinking cup after cup because they couldn't say *good-night* to each other. "I love you, Di. Someday you're going to have everything you've ever wished for. That's what I want for my wife; I won't stop working at it until you have everything money can buy."

Then, suddenly, Dennis sat up like a ram-rod. "I'm going to call all the newspapers—and the newsreels. They're not going to turn us down a second time because you're under age, not with a mob of newspapermen there they won't!"

"But Dennis, we *have* my parents' permission; there won't be any trouble about it this time."

"We don't have to tell the reporters that! Just think what a spread it'll make! It'll get your name back in print . . . people will start remembering you. Maybe even a producer or . . ."

"But, Dennis," and her voice sounded very small, "it's our wedding day."

"We've got to make a splash, honey. That's what makes the difference. You could be the greatest, Di, and there'd be a dozen others just as great, just as pretty. Not to me, of course," he added with the little smile that always turned her heart over, "but success isn't just talent: it's making people want you. And to want you, they've got to know about you. Any way that it can be done."

So Diana Dors said *I do* to the accompaniment of flashlight bulbs.

But after the wedding, after they had paid the demands of Ambition, the two of them could be alone and Diana could begin to treasure her first moments as a wife.

They went to a movie—"My charming wife treated me," Dennis laughs, "I was flat broke"—stopped for one champagne cocktail, because it was their wedding day—"and then we were *both* broke!"

They got home to their flat, looked at each other and burst out laughing. "We found it so amusing," Diana explains, "that we had absolutely nothing but each other."

So they bought a Rolls Royce.

"We had only been married a few months," Diana remembers, "and were up to our eyes in debt, and I couldn't get any acting jobs. We barely managed to pay the rent—occasionally. But my headstrong husband decided, 'We are going to buy a Rolls Royce. Not next week, next month, or sometime. Today!'

"I must have looked at him as if he had two heads, because he added quickly, 'Honey, it's the only way to make you a big star, the quick way.'

A smooth talker

"Well, Dennis forgot all about the water softeners that he was supposed to be selling, and we stopped at a used car dealer's yard. This husband of mine is one of the fastest, smoothest talkers going, and after half an hour we left the place in a 1931 Rolls, having left our old blue wreck as a down payment.

"It was amazing the effect that car had on us. We felt as if we had money to burn right away. And Dennis was right about putting up a front. One man had offered me about a hundred dollars to do some work. He was so startled at seeing us drive up to meet him in a Rolls Royce that he agreed to triple the fee. Of course, we didn't tell him that we had to scrape up our last shilling to buy two gallons of gas!

"That money helped us pay some of our pressing debts. Then, a little while after we got the Rolls, we had to get out of our furnished apartment: we couldn't pay the rent."

Dennis and Diana sat on the couch of the only home they had ever known together, and looked at the small printed paper that told them they had one week in which to find another home.

"I'll start looking tomorrow, Dennis; we'll find another apartment somewhere."

"Apartment? We'll get a house!"

"Some day, honey, of course we will."

"No! Not some day. Now!" Then, seeing the look on Diana's face that meant she was a little scared of biting off more than they might be able to chew, Dennis added, "Look. It's the fast way. Like with the Rolls Royce. What difference does it make if it's just a little money we owe—or a lot? Either way we haven't got it. But this way, if we make a big enough splash and attract enough attention, some day we *will* have it!"

Everyone must know the Dors name

So they rented a furnished house "There was no trouble about references," Diana explains, "Dennis took the precaution of writing our own!" And they left the Rolls Royce parked in front of it—another attention-getter. "We raked in a fortune in parking tickets," Dennis admits "but it was worth it! A Rolls parked in front of our home, plus a few items in the papers, and there were quite a few people who knew that 'that's where that actress Diana Dors lives.'"

Diana was offered a part in a revue called *Rendezvous,* at a salary of $75. "Dennis fought, and got me double."

"Finally," sighed Dennis, "the breaks started coming. First we signed a contract for a show *Life With The Lyons* with Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. The salary was $300 a week, and we were so green that we thought that it was a fortune. Someone to whom I will always be greatly indebted is the agent Joe Collins—he's Joan Collins' father, by the way. Honest Joe, as we called him, taught me some more of the brutal facts about show business. 'Talent is just about the *least* important thing,' he said, 'if Diana is a *different* personality she will last. But she has to behave like a great star.' I took Joe's advice and promptly bought Di a pair of leopard-skin trousers, and had the car upholstered to match."

Di goes blonde

It was on advice from Dennis that Di went bright blonde. Dennis kept up his habit of thinking up ideas to put her name in the news; seldom did a week pass without some mention of the Dors name in the papers.

To help the Dors legend, I found house in the veddy veddy fashionable Chelsea section of London. I told Di just how we would re-decorate: in the garden we'd put a grotto, adding fish, love birds and a waterfall that would change colors. That should get quite a few columns of newspaper space!

When Dennis first told Di about the Chelsea house, she listened with a quiet that he was unaccustomed to. His enthusiasms, his publicity ideas, had always gotten her as hopped up as he got. At each little victory on the road they had planned together, she had felt the same thrill that he felt—feeling their goal of fame and fortune getting nearer.

But now she sat quietly, her shoulders bent with an unfamiliar weariness.

"What's the matter, Di? You'll love the house!"

"It isn't that. I'm sure it's lovely."

"Don't you think it's a terrific idea—fish, love birds, colorful fountain . . . It'll knock them for a loop. Stars haven't lived like stars for years . . . these days it's different. The papers will eat it up!"

"It's not that I don't think it will work."

"Then what's the matter?"

"It's just that . . ."

And suddenly her shoulders straightened and her eyes got that glint that means Diana was about to say something that was terribly important to her.

"Dennis, for the first time in years we're not in debt. We have some money in the bank. Jobs are coming in regularly—and even if they didn't, the real estate in

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estments you've been making for the ast couple of years are paying off—nough so we wouldn't have to worry.

"I want to have a baby, Dennis."

"*Now?*" he said, almost yelling in his urprise.

"I want a baby."

"But there's plenty of time for that. want children, too, Di; you know that. ut this isn't the time. If we take the me now—"

"It doesn't take that long to have a baby. Ve have enough money to carry us long."

"It isn't the money! Sure we have nough. But we haven't the time! Months way from the public, and we'll have to tart all over again, from the bottom!"

He walked over to her, sat down on he couch beside her, took her in his rms and brushed her forehead with a ght kiss. "Di, I love you. I want to give ou everything you want. I want to ake money for you so you can live the ay you've dreamed of living since you ere a kid. And we can do it. I can get ou to the top. Once we're there we'll e able to do anything. Once we're on top e'll have time for all the other things.

"Don't you think I want children, too? Don't you think I want to drag out my illfold every time I meet an old friend, o show him a picture of the wife and iddies? Don't you think I want a tyke s pretty as her mother or," Dennis miled, "as handsome as his Old Man?

"But not now, Di. This isn't the right ime. It would just spoil everything. When we've made that million, then we'll e able to do whatever we want to. Don't ou see, Di?"

So they took the house in Chelsea, and dded the fish and the love birds and a aterfall that changed colors. And it aid off.

hey have it all

At the beginning of 1955, the shrewd Mr. Hamilton decided that it was Holly-vood Diana Dors had to conquer before he'd reach the dream she'd dreamed all ier life.

For that she'd need a top film agent. The best in London, Al Parker, agreed o represent her, and the first result f the association was a marvelous con-ract with the RANK STUDIOS. And soon hey had it all—the swimming pool and magnificent new home to go with t, an airplane, yacht, new Rolls Royce, Cadillac, Jaguar, nine business companies, wenty-five real estate investments—and ots and lots of money. And one other hing: ever since they've known each other there's only one thing that they were *more* crazy about than making Diana star—and that was each other. They had that too, that crazy crazy feeling for each other.

Nobody has known till now that a year ago Diana was going to have a baby. When our doctor told her, Di was too surprised—and happy—to believe it. Then Sir William Gilliatt, the Queen's obstetrician, confirmed it . . . and Di walked around in a daze with the happiness of it all coming true at last. Her own personal dream, the thing she really wanted. The blow fell when Diana lost the baby. She was terribly ill for three months. But she never complained. And she kept her tears for when nobody was around.

When she recovered, I began driving her on again, always searching for ways to make her a world star.

Diana made a few films for RANK that were tremendous successes, and one of them, *Blonde Sinner,* was considered just right for release in this country.

It wasn't more than a couple of weeks later that Dennis came bounding into their home, shouting "*We've got it!*" He picked the startled Mrs. Hamilton up and whirled her around at the same dizzying speed that had sent her head spinning on that moon-lit walk so many years ago.

"Parker got you a contract with RKO in Hollywood! I wouldn't let them put in any options, and RKO agreed! In a few months we're going to be on our way—to the biggest, richest, gaudiest film capital in the world!"

But there was something wrong. Diana wasn't laughing or hugging him or looking as if she cared at all.

"What's the matter, Di? Don't you realize what it means? We're there, what we've been working for. We've hit the top and now all we have to do is sit and watch the money roll in."

Quietly Diana looked at her husband. "When do we stop?" she asked.

"What?"

"Dennis, when do we stop. When do we stop scheming and working and knocking ourselves out. And *really* start living?"

"What are you talking about? We never had it so good!"

"That's what I mean, Dennis. We have everything *now* . . . that money can buy," and like a cry in a desert of emptiness Diana asked, "when are we going to stop pushing; when are we going to start having children?"

Dennis looked at his wife as if he couldn't believe what he had just heard. "Di, you don't understand. The contract is the first step. A couple of pictures and you'll be famous throughout the whole world. *Then we're there.* Then we can sit back and relax and enjoy it and have children and take the time to watch them grow. But not yet. Not now."

I don't know. Even when I was talking to her, the words had a familiar ring. But I didn't realize that it was because I had said them so often to Di, each time we hit a new high—for us—and Di wanted to



TAB'S MILLION-DOLLAR LOVE SONG

■ One of the hottest singers in the platter world today is Tab Hunter.

How did it all happen? How did an actor who's never sung a note in pictures sell two million platters of his very first recording?

Love gets much of the credit for Tab's million-dollar love song. He cut his record at the moment when he felt, for the first time in his life, the genuine stirring of love.

It all began several months ago when Tab was in Chicago making personal appearances with *The Burning Hills.* The screaming ovation 10,000 girls gave Tab after his first number got him a call from DOT RECORDS in California.

"I'm strictly a showerbath singer," he told them. "I don't want to make a record and be laughed it." But he finally agreed to make the record on one condition. "You must promise that if I don't like the way I sound, you won't release it."

DOT agreed to gamble the cost of the recording session, about $5,000, on Tab.

At that time, Tab was going with the beautiful French actress, Etchika Choureau. Tab was gone on the girl and he saw everything through the hazy light of love.

"Why," replied Tab firmly, when asked what kind of song he wanted to record, "I want to do a love song. There's nothing like love."

That's how a new number called "Young Love" happened to be chosen over a rock 'n' roll tune that had originally been selected.

At the recording session, Tab was so nervous he opened his sport shirt and kicked off his shoes. He grinned shakily and muttered, "I'm just plain scared."

After fourteen hours of rehearsal, he stood before the mike, and began.

When the playback was turned on, Tab rushed from the room. "I can't bear to hear myself." But he peered through the glass booth at Randy Wood, the head of DOT RECORDS. When he saw Wood's face light up in a broad smile, he opened the door. "How'm I doing?" he grinned. Wood jumped up and grabbed his hand. "We've got a hit!" Only then did Tab sit down and listen to his record.

It was an instant click, and it hit the 1,000,000 mark in two weeks!

Tab's floating on air these days. He's just finished an album called "Tab Sings," and his fabulous success as a vocalist has opened a whole new career to him.

What made Tab's song such a quick click? "His voice is low and sexy," says one disc jockey. "He's got a commercial voice," explains Wood. Others describe it as a "healthily romantic style."

But a fan sums it up best of all. "Tab," wrote the girl, "you sing like a guy in love."

Tab will soon be seen in Warner Bros. Lafayette Escadrille.

take time out to rest, relax, enjoy the things we had worked so hard to get. And I'd want to push ahead, right away, while the iron was hot. It just didn't sink in, that I was pushing her too hard, that I was forgetting she was a woman with the wants and needs of every woman.

Who's Mr. Dors?

So they went to Hollywood.

"A lot more trouble started when we went to Hollywood," Diana said recently. "There nobody knew anything about Dennis. As far as they were concerned, he was just my husband. They labeled him as they label all film stars' husbands out there. He became *Mr. Dors.* I told them that he often earned more money than I did, and that he had big property interests at home. I explained that *he* was responsible for most of my success. But it was no good. And it was humiliating for him.

"And there was the swimming pool incident.

"One thing I'd like to make entirely clear to everybody is the facts regarding that dunking. Dennis gave the man who pushed me in the pool a jolly good hiding —because he considered it very bad manners to come to somebody's house, accept their hospitality, and then push the hostess in the pool just to get a good picture. Dennis would have laughed off the soaking he got, but when he saw me embarrassed and made to look a fool—just for a picture—it was too much for him. Particularly since I could have easily fractured my skull being pushed backwards into the water. Anyway, later we had an apology from the photographer and his employer.

"And just to help things," Diana went on, "I was always being misquoted. You can get very fed up with that. If I said I liked a Cadillac, next day the headlines would read *Dors says Cadillacs are superior to Rolls Royces*—or something of that sort. It was no good trying to get corrections made either. That only made things worse. But I got on very well with all the Hollywood gossip columnists —except for one. Don't misunderstand me—we made some wonderful friends— Louella Parsons and Cobina Wright— were particularly kind to us. But there is one man whom I'd like to match blow for blow when I go back again next June!

"There were others things, too. All day, I'd be working and Dennis would have nothing to do. He'd loaf about the big house we bought in Beverly Hills, getting more and more depressed. And he spent a lot of frustrating time on the transatlantic telephone trying to keep his business affairs going in England. Then I'd get home at night, tired from all day at the studio, and naturally Dennis would want to go out and have a little fun.

The arguments start

"That began our arguments. Some nights he'd arrange a dinner party, or something like that. I'd come home tired and irritable and bawl him out for not asking me first. Well, Dennis got more and more bored with nothing to do. And I got more and more tired with working from six in the morning to eight at night."

You know the rest. First the rumors in the gossip columns, then Dennis leaving for England—alone. Diana lost fifteen pounds during the last couple of weeks shooting on her first American film. A property settlement was made. Her name was coupled with Rod Steiger's. Divorce. Then Diana returned home to England.

The next day, Dennis and Diana met for several hours. "Reconciliation?" asked the reporters. "No," Diana answered. "Dennis will continue to act as my business manager, that's all. As a business manager—well, there's no one like him. I'm grown up enough to realize that there must be thousands of girls in the world who have far more to offer in beauty and acting ability than I have. That's not modesty—just stating a fact. But talent is nowhere near enough. To succeed in show business you have to showcase all you have—and persuade people that what you have to sell is different. By making so many people conscious of me, Dennis made me a star."

Five years of a supremely happy marriage, one of the most amazing rags-to-riches stories—and now it was their unhappiness that was making the headlines.

That evening Dennis and Diana met again.

"Reconciliation?" asked the reporters the next afternoon, catching them at lunch

"It's too soon to tell," answered Dennis

But within forty-eight hours after Diana was back in the same country with her Dennis, you didn't have to ask. You knew. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Hamilton were one again.

A new start

One sunny afternoon a couple of weeks ago they sat under a tree, looking at the water rippling on the swimming pool—*their pool*—and couldn't let go of each other's hand.

"Thank the Lord, Dennis and I have settled it all now," Diana smiled. "I don't know what I'd do without that man. He seems to sense when I'm feeling low or have had a bad day, and he doesn't leave me until he has me smiling again.

"The whole thing was my fault," Dennis added, holding Diana's hand a little tighter. "I wouldn't let my wife be a woman.

"All those rumors about her and Rod Steiger were ridiculous. She had never met Rod until they started work on *The Lady And The Prowler,* and then I drove her to work in the morning, picked her up for lunch, and collected her at the end of the day's shooting.

"Hollywood was just the place for her to make a big name. When Diana started getting homesick I wasn't patient with her. I was out to make a million pounds for us—and I forgot that Di didn't care about that any more. She was so tired at the end of the day that she would be fast asleep by nine o'clock. Stupidly I arranged extra interviews for her after she came home, tired out from the studios. I know now that I will never drive her so hard again. Now we've patched it all up and it is possible to talk about it. I'm sure I've learned my lesson. It's what Di wants that I want to give her. It's just that . . . I didn't know her dreams had changed." Then there was a laugh to lighten the mood and Dennis added, "We'll have kids now just any time Di wants them!" **END**

Watch for Diana in Columbia's The Long Haul *and RKO's* I Married A Woman *and* Lady And The Prowler.

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thanks for the picture, susan

(*Continued from page 53*) You fell in love with Jess when both of you were just about half-way up the ladder to success. You bore him twin sons.

At first Jess's career was equal to yours. But acting is a funny business. Maybe he didn't have the right parts; maybe he wasn't ambitious enough. As the years passed, Jess found it more and more difficult to get work. So he stayed home.

Maybe you could have made it easier for him, Susan—by choking your own ambition a little. Maybe it wouldn't have made any difference. You won an Academy Award nomination for *Smash-Up;* his income dipped a little lower. You signed a new contract; Jess took the twins to the zoo.

In 1953 you were on top of the world.

And your marriage exploded in the sudden splash of your naked body into the swimming pool one midnight. It exploded in a sudden quarrel and a black eye—and charges and counter-charges, and months of spilling out your guts in court.

The newspapers carried all the details. And you sent your sons to a boarding school *'somewhere up the California coast'* to protect them from being hurt.

And month after month you were alone —to think, to remember, to wonder *why*— until you couldn't stand it any more. And there were the sleeping pills in the cabinet.

But you didn't escape the scandal, the talk, the slander—it just started all over again, bigger than ever. Because, though you took the sleeping pills, you didn't die.

No one will ever know what it cost you to face the press and the public when you left the hospital.

Every detail of the incident—the color of your pajamas (*blue*); the description of your discovery by detectives (*"She was sprawled across the floor of her living room"*); the word-by-word account of your first few hours in the hospital—had been spread across the newspaper headlines for three days to be devoured by hungry readers like the jam on their morning piece of toast. You knew that the reporters would be at the hospital but you didn't sneak out of some back alley to avoid them. Instead, you fixed your face, dressed yourself in a pink polka-dot dress, and faced them. When the wheelchair stopped at the exit, you bounced out of it smiling and said, "I feel wonderful, and I didn't lose any weight."

You had a wardrobe fitting scheduled at the studio for the next morning. It would have been easier to stay at home, but you didn't cancel the fitting. You walked into the office with your head high, paused for a moment, and threw out the words, "Good Morning" as you had always done. Then you turned around and walked slowly back to the fitting room.

I guess that's the answer Susan. The answer to how you lived through those last desperate years. Only once did you lose the courage that made you fight for what you wanted—your career, your children. And now, your happiness.

Nobody knows exactly what it was in you that made Floyd Eaton Chalkley look at you and—finally—decide to stride across the whispers and the warnings. He knew about you, who you were and what your life had been, long before he ever met you. And it must have been hard for him to blot out the picture that the scandals drew. Or maybe, being an attorney, he was used to looking behind the evidence to discover truth. And he was strong enough to have faith in the woman he loved.

That's why, Susan, we didn't mind at all not knowing the inside dope on *this* Hollywood romance—with the happy ending. We're glad you kept it secret until the love Floyd felt for you had time to grow and be strong enough to stand the glare of headlines repeating old tragedies.

Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Chalkley.

Sincerely yours,
David Myers

Susan's currently in Warners' Top Secret Affair. *Watch for her soon in 20th Century-Fox's* The Sun Also Rises.

LIVE LIKE A MOVIE STAR FOR 2 FUN-PACKED WEEKS



Marshall Thompson.



Steve Rowland.



Bill Cord.



Darren McGavin.

- ***Have a Date with a Handsome Actor in Hollywood***
- ***Receive a $500 Wardrobe***
- ***Chance to become an Actress***

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HERE IS YOUR MOST EXCITING DREAM COME TRUE!

Imagine yourself traveling to the most glamorous city on earth . . . wearing a stunning $500 wardrobe created by well-known Hollywood designers . . . living in movie star luxury in the glorious semi-tropical wonderland of California for two whole weeks, with all expenses paid!

YOU'LL see the famous landmarks of Hollywood . . . meet people you've read about . . . visit movie and TV studios . . . and have a date with a dashing young movie star of your choice . . . Bill Cord, Darren McGavin, Steve Rowland or Marshall Thompson.

AND, you may have a **professional screen test** at a major studio! This is optional. You do NOT have to have talent or beauty to become the Lady Ellen Princess of 1957. You may enter the Search for the Lady Ellen Princess just for the two weeks of glorious FUN! EVERY GIRL AND WOMAN in the United States and Canada has a chance to WIN in this great Lady Ellen Princess Contest!

Whether you want a glorious vacation or a chance for a career

. . . it CAN happen to YOU! Beverly Faye Robinson, 19 years old, the Lady Ellen Princess of 1956, says . . . "It really IS true . . . it actually can happen! I was a receptionist in Nashville, Tennessee. Ever since I was a little girl I've dreamed of visiting Hollywood. It seemed too big a dream, but I sat down and wrote a letter, telling *my* greatest wish. I'll NEVER forget the day a call came from Hollywood. Now, here I am, right in the midst of all the glamour and thrills of this exciting city, seeing places and meeting people I've read about all my life." YOU have JUST AS GOOD A CHANCE TO WIN! YOU can be the LADY ELLEN PRINCESS OF 1957!

1000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!
Exquisite dresser sets and beautiful compacts!

***It's EASY! It's FUN!* HERE'S ALL YOU DO:**

Tell us your "greatest wish" in a letter written as if to a friend in your own way. Literary quality will not count. Just begin your letter, "My Greatest Wish is . . ." and complete your letter in 50 words or less. Then add one sentence, "I would like a date with . . ." and give the name of the star pictured above whom you'd like to date. Then purchase a 25 cent card* of LADY ELLEN Pin Curl Clips or Klippies at your neighborhood variety, drug or department store, beauty shop or food market. This card becomes your nomination ballot, so be sure to write your name and address on the back of the card and mail it together with your letter to:

LADY ELLEN PRINCESS, LOS ANGELES 51, CALIFORNIA

ASK YOUR FRIENDS and relatives to nominate you, too. With each nomination ballot submitted, you may send in another letter about your "Greatest Wish." (If you are nominating a deserving girl whom you know, simply print her name and address on the Lady Ellen merchandise card and write your greatest wish for her. Mail the ballot and letter to above address.) All girls and women of all ages may be nominated. (Any minor winning the Search for the Lady Ellen Princess will be accompanied by a chaperone, approved by parents or guardian, throughout her stay in Hollywood.)

All nomination ballots must be received on or before September 30, 1957. All winners will be notified by mail no later than December 31, 1957.

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Beverly Faye Robinson, Lady Ellen Princess of 1956

why jean peters disappeared

(*Continued from page 61*) her. And they will not discuss her, or her whereabouts or—most especially—her love life. They think it's better for all concerned to try to forget for a while that Jean Peters exists.

She was seen once on the street. The man who saw her was an old friend and he knew her, despite the fact that she wore shapeless clothes and—most incredible—a blonde wig. He knew her because "there's only one person in the world whose eyes are that unhappy. Jean Peters . . ." whose life is more like a mystery novel than anything else, whose story is one of the most carefully guarded secrets Hollywood has ever possessed—and never told.

Here is that story. It's complete. But it's only fair to say at this point that there is a man in this story whose name will not be given. If you know your Hollywood and its people, perhaps you'll recognize him at once. If you are baffled or disappointed, we apologize. But there is nothing we can do about it. The name cannot be given.

The mystery began in Hollywood, but the seeds were sown long before. They were sown in a small Ohio town when a bewildered eleven-year-old girl finally came out of a stupor of grief to face a world in which her beloved father no longer lived.

She was popular in high school and the class president invited her to the senior prom. She came home and told her mother about it without a flicker of interest.

"Honey," her mother said, "why, that's marvelous. We'll get you a new dress—something really special. What color would you like?"

"I don't know," Jean said. "I haven't thought about it."

"They're not the best"

Her mother sat down, folded her hands and looked at her daughter. "Jean, I don't understand you. Here you have a date with one of the nicest boys in town, and you don't turn a hair. Don't you like Ed? Isn't he nice?"

"He's nice," Jean said slowly. "Sure he is. They all are . . . all the boys are nice." Then suddenly, to her mother's surprise, she was down on her knees, holding the arm of her chair, talking urgently. "But I can't get excited about Ed, Mom. Or any of them. Look, they're not—they're not the best. Do you see that?"

"The best," Mrs. Peters echoed.

Her daughter shook her head, trying to find the words. "They're not *special*. There isn't one of them who does anything better than anyone else in the world. *I* can even beat them at half the things they do. Do you see? I—I don't care what it would be, Mom. But for me to get all excited about a boy—he'd have to do something best. Dig the best ditches, sweep the best streets, I don't care. But *something*." She straightened up. "Like Dad," she said softly. "He was the best. And I'm waiting for someone like him."

"They're all so dull"

When she graduated from high school, she went to college. The University Of Ohio, because they had a good education department and she wanted to be a teacher. Nights from eight to ten anyone who wanted Miss Peters could locate her in the college library, behind the two highest stacks of books in the room. Reading. Taking notes. Studying. She was going to be the best teacher in Ohio. When the library closed she packed up her books and took them back to the dorm with her. At the hall desk, they'd give eggheads had called. Freshmen and seniors. Once, rumor had it, a faculty member. It didn't matter who they were—they all called Jean. Most of them she turned down. Sometimes she'd accept a date with a little thrill of excitement—she'd heard about this boy—he was supposed to be quite something. Her roommate would wait up for her.

"Well?"

Jean would empty her evening bag, apply a brush to her hair. "Oh, he asked me to the game next week . . ."

"So?"

"I told him I was busy. Oh, why are they all so *dull*?"

featured in the
june issue of
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And introducing
to our readers—
the sensational
singer-actor,
harry belafonte
all this—and much
more—in the june
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The other girls didn't mind her being popular. Jean never took a boy completely out of circulation; one date or two, and she'd toss him back to the stag-line and the other girls. The longer she stayed in college, the fewer dates she accepted. When she had been there two years one of the girls remarked, "You know, Jean, they're going to vote you the prettiest girl on campus next month. Then you'll *really* be swamped . . ."

Jean's mouth dropped. "They couldn't. I'm not—"

"No, huh? Go take a look at yourself."

A contract and a trip

Jean looked, and her mouth set grimly. The next morning she came down to breakfast without a drop of make-up on, her hair pulled back behind her ears. That afternoon she went shopping. She bought three sweaters, two sizes too large, and a pair of baggy slacks. She wore nothing else for weeks.

But it didn't help. Someone sent her photo in to the judges, and they chose her Ohio's prettiest. The prize was a trip to Hollywood and a contract at 20th Century-Fox.

The dorm was a madhouse. "What are you going to do, Jean?"

"Do?" Jean said. "I'm going to take it, of course."

"But—you always said—"

"I always said I wanted to travel, didn't I? Goodness, do you realize how long it would take me to save up enough money to go all the way to California? I wouldn't miss this for the world . . ."

"But the contract—"

"Oh, that," Jean laughed happily. "When they shove me up in front of a camera with Gary Cooper and tell me to act, it won't be more than five minutes before they give me my return ticket. I'll be lucky if they don't ride me out of town on a rail . . ."

So she went to Hollywood.

In Hollywood, contest winners are a dime a dozen—on a good day. They gave Jean a hotel room, a tour of the city, a walk through the studio and a screen test with another unknown. She limped through it, agonized, wishing they'd let her go back to her sight-seeing. And the rest of her week was spoiled because every time the phone rang she was sure it was the studio calling, telling her to get out of town before anyone found out what a booboo they'd pulled, bringing her all the way here. But no one called. Finally, her heart in her mouth, Jean called. She supposed, she said, that the test had been reviewed and they had no further use for her; so if they'd just give her the return-trip ticket, she'd get back in time for the spring semester . . .

"Heavens, no!" they told her at the studio. "Why, no one's even seen your test yet. You mustn't leave town—you're under contract."

"Then give me some work to do," she said. "Give me a walk-on, or send me to acting school, or something. I don't want to just sit around here."

"Heavens, Miss Peters. You've only been here a few weeks. Now, you just settle back and pick up your check every Friday, and enjoy yourself."

Lonesome and bored

So she stayed. She took bus tours, and had the homes of the famous movie stars pointed out to her. She went out to Laguna Beach and perfected her back stroke, feeling somewhat out of place among all those mink-lined bathing suits. She went to the movies and to the theatre alone. She got lonesome and bored.

Finally she wrote her mother. *Dear Mom, I'm getting the creeps. No one here knows I exist. I miss you and school and everything. The heck with the money. I'm coming home . . .*

She bought her own ticket and got on the train for Ohio. Before she left, she decided, she'd telephone that man at 20th—the nice one who had called once or twice to find out if she had everything she needed while she was in Hollywood. She thought she should let him know she was leaving. But she wasn't going to give him a chance to keep her from going; she called from the station. "Train's pulling out—got to go," she said, hanging up. She dashed down the platform, collapsed happily into a seat. In no time, she'd be

hool teacher in Ohio.
But meanwhile that nice man back at e studio, the man who was to be such a od friend to Jean, hung up the phone d pushed his way past four secretaries to Darryl Zanuck's office. "Jean Peters s gone home!" he said.
"Peters?" said Zanuck. "Who's Peters?" So they dragged her test out and owed it to him. And while the black d white figures still flickered vaguely the projection-room screen, the voice Darryl Zanuck was heard.
"GET THAT GIRL OFF THAT TRAIN!" Halfway to Ohio, Jean Peters switched ains and was on her way back to Holly-ood.
They took her in to see Zanuck.
"I hear you don't want to be an actress," said.
"I don't want to be anything," Jean said, ot unless I can be good—or better than od. And I don't know anything about ting."
"Then let me tell you this," Zanuck aned across the desk. "Acting is a job ke any other job. You have a spark for But the rest is work. Do you know ow to work?"
"That," she said, "I do."
"Then we'll make an actress out of you." That was 1947, before the mystery be-n. Jean attacked acting.
And then came 1948, and Jean went to a arty, and fell in love for the first time her life.

aralyzed!

She didn't catch his name when they ere introduced. If she had, it would ave had a vaguely familiar ring. She oticed that his hair was graying slightly nd his face was handsome and consid-rably stronger than the other handsome ces scattered through the room. And he was definitely an older man. That was all she had time to notice, because before she had finished saying *how do you do* he had propelled her across the room, deposited her on a sofa and started telling her how bad an actress she was.

It brought Jean out of her polite smile like a bolt of lightning. "Now, just a minute. What do you mean, I'm no good?"

"I mean what I say. You have a talent, but you're using it all wrong. You—"

Her mouth was open, but she closed it carefully, wet her lips and said, "I never heard of such nerve in my life! Everybody tells me I'm very good. Everybody says—"

"There's one difference," he said calmly. "*I'm* telling you. And I know." He grinned. His face softened and his eyes smiled. "Why didn't you go to the première of your last one? I looked for you."

Maybe it was the smile. Maybe it was hypnotism. Jean said, dazed, "I don't know why, but I'll tell you the truth. I didn't have the nerve. I don't care very much what all those people think of me on the screen. But if they saw me in person—why, they'd take one look and they'd know how bad I am—you know?" She stopped. She shook her head. "What's got into me?"

The man was laughing. "Don't go away," he said. "I'll get us something to eat."

"Go away?" Jean muttered. "I can't move. I'm paralyzed!"

Powerful beyond belief

He got up and she watched him stride across the crowded room. She looked at his broad back and noticed that everyone, men and women, stepped automatically aside to let him pass. She turned to a woman sitting near her and asked, "Who is he? That man I was talking to. . . ."

The woman looked at her, startled. "Who is *he?* Good Lord, girl, where have you been all your life?"

So she told her. She told her his name. He produced movies. Controversial movies that everyone talked about. But if he never made another movie, he would still have been very, very rich. He owned factories. Stocks. Businesses. If the full extent of his many varied contributions to the national defense were known, he would be even more famous than any number of movies could make him.

He was athletic. A good dancer. Handsome, as anyone could see. Charming. school teacher in the whole state of Ohio. ful beyond belief.

Jean listened, her eyes still following the figure moving through the crush. The fact that he was rich made no impression. The fact that he was powerful meant nothing to her—she didn't understand power —then. But the list of this man's accomplishments—that was something else. "He —seems to do a lot of things well, doesn't he?" she said.

"Well? He does almost anything better than anyone else . . ."

Jean nodded, slowly. "Is he married?" she murmured.

Her companion laughed suddenly. "Married? No. And that's the rub. Never will get married. Ask anyone. Ask—"

She reeled off a list of movie beauties. but Jean wasn't listening. In her mind she was composing a letter home. *Dear Mom—I met a man today. It's funny how he reminds me of Daddy, and yet I don't feel daughterly towards him at all . . .*

Almost before he returned with the plate of cold cuts and a drink, Jean was in love with him.

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ALAN DALE'S special graduation

■ When Alan Dale was in his last year at David A. Boody Junior High in Brooklyn, he really had it made. He'd been voted the most popular boy, he was vice president of the student council, and everyone knew him as *the guy who sings real good.*

To Alan, Senior High appeared to be a cinch—like Junior High, only bigger, with even more chances for a guy to stand out—as long as he had something on the ball.

Alan was in for an awful let-down.

The trouble started with one person. His Senior High home-room teacher. Mr. Jones—that's not his right name—was just plain nasty. He picked on kids for no reason. He assigned loads of homework just before week ends and holidays. He did everything possible to make the boys and girls miserable.

At first Alan took it like the rest. He slumped in his seat, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. For a while it worked—he wasn't picked on.

Then one day his luck changed. He was walking through the halls, humming a tune, when someone grabbed him by the ear. It was Mr. Jones.

"Well, if it isn't Bing Crosby," the teacher said, still holding Alan by the ear. "Making a racket in the halls, disturbing all the classes."

"But there aren't any classes now," Alan answered. "It's between periods."

A few students who had stopped to watch laughed at Alan's answer. This infuriated Jones. He twisted Alan's ear even harder and dragged him to the dean's office.

This was the first of many trips Alan and Mr. Jones took to the dean.

At home, Alan's folks began to worry about him. He didn't eat, he barely talked, and worst of all, he stopped singing. Alan wouldn't tell them what was wrong.

To himself Alan kept saying, "Don't blow your top. Easy does it. Don't blow your top. Don't blow your top." Each week he would mark the calendar in his room—twenty more weeks to graduation, nineteen more weeks to go, eighteen more weeks.

And then it happened, three weeks before graduation.

A fellow in Alan's home-room started to giggle. It was contagious. Soon the entire room was rocking with laughter.

Jones ran up and down the aisles, shouting: "Order, order! Shut up! Shut up, all of you! Stop laughing at me! *Stop laughing at me!*"

That did it. Shocked silence. No one had been laughing at Jones. Shocked silence, except from the original giggler who couldn't muffle his hysterical laughter.

Suddenly, Jones muffled it for him. He struck him across the face with a ruler. Blood spurted from the student's cheek.

Alan rose in his seat, hands clenched. Jones pivoted to face him, ruler raised. Alan started towards the teacher. But then he heard his own voice saying: "Take it easy. Don't blow your top." Alan stopped, turned away, and left the home room—and Senior High—forever—or what he thought was forever . . .

A few years later Alan Dale was a famous radio, TV and night club personality. And the dean of Senior High, who was now one of his most fervent fans, invited him back to do a benefit. And Alan stood on the stage and listened to the cheers of the students in the auditorium . . . he had the funny feeling that this was more than a homecoming for him . . . it was his special graduation.

Alan Dale plays the lead in the current Columbia musical film, Don't Knock The Rock, *also starring Bill Haley and his Comets.*

dozen times, it hits even harder. When the man you love is famous for many things, but most of all for the number of women who have loved him—a girl doesn't stand a chance.

And from the very beginning, Jean Peters was wildly, ecstatically, adoringly, blindly in love.

He called her the next day. "Will you have dinner with me?"

Jean didn't mince words. "I can't wait for dinner. What's the matter with lunch?"

He burst out laughing. Hearty, rich laughter. "I didn't think I could be surprised any more," he said. "Chalk one up for you. Sure, make it lunch. I'll send my car for you."

She hung up in a daze of happiness. She hardly noticed the oddity of it. "I'll send my car for you." Not "I'll call for you."

At quarter to one they called her from the lobby. "Miss Peters, your car is waiting."

She went downstairs. A uniformed chauffeur opened the door, helped her into the back of a black limousine. It was then that she realized that he hadn't come for her—she was being brought to him

It was then that she entered the strange, unreal, almost unbelievable world of being the woman he loved.

She had known him two weeks when he asked her to stop her acting classes.

"I don't like your spending so much time at the studio. I want you where I can reach you . . ."

She looked at him, completely puzzled. "But honey, you have your work and I have mine. You know that. We—"

"I don't like it, Jean. Suppose I need you and you're in class?"

"Need me? Need me for what?"

"Just to be with you—isn't that enough? Sometimes I've wanted you so much at—at four o'clock in the afternoon. And where are you? Behind bars, practically. When I want to talk to you, or just look at you and know that you exist. Please, Jean . . ."

The next day she called the studio and told them she wanted to drop her classes. They didn't mind. Her name was beginning to pull box-office returns. They were satisfied.

A frightened Jean

She got a maid and sent her out to do the shopping and run the errands. Almost all the time when she wasn't at the studio she stayed home, waiting for the phone to ring. It always rang. Then they were together, laughing, dreaming, just being happy. Sometimes she got restless, wanted to take off on impulse, hike all over the beach the way she used to, alone. She didn't go. "He needs me," she whispered to her mirror. She felt warm, surrounded with love. It was enough. Months went by.

One night she called him. "I can't have dinner with you tonight after all, darling. I have to go to a première—the studio fixed up a date for me. Some new man they're trying to build."

"Tell them you can't go," he said.

"Now, look," she said. "Don't be like that. This isn't pleasure, it's business. I have to do it. I have to go to the première, and I have to go with this boy—whoever he is. It's like part of my job; I owe the studio *that.*"

"You don't owe anyone anything," he said, "except me. And I won't have you going out with anyone else."

His voice frightened her. "I don't belong to you," she said. "My life is still my own. I'm going to the movie . . ."

Half an hour later the studio phoned. There had been a change in plans. Miss Peters' presence was no longer required at the première. They hoped she hadn't been inconvenienced.

"Inconvenienced?" she said. "Nonnse. I'll be glad to go. I want to see e movie anyway."
"No," the voice said hastily. "As a matr of fact, we'd rather you didn't me . . ."
There was a click at the other end of e phone. Jean stood there with the reiver in her hand. Then she dialed a mber.
He answered the phone.
"Who are you?" she asked. "Do you run e whole world?"
There was a pause. "A little of it," he id finally.
Jean bit her lips. "You scare me," she hispered at last. "You scare me to eath."
"Oh, sweetheart," he said. "Don't. It's st that—you do belong to me. Why do ou want to fight it so? And anyway," s voice was suddenly normal, real, filled ith laughter again, "you hate premières. ll those people waiting to find out how usy you are . . ."
"I am not," she said. "I really have imroved. Haven't I?"

You belong to me"

"You're wonderful," he said. "And I ve you. And you belong to me." At those ords, her heart started hammering—*you elong to me*, he had said. "Everything all ght?" he asked.
Jean giggled helplessly. "I guess it'll ave to be," she said.
She put down the phone, then picked it p again. She called her friend at the udio. "Don't tell anyone," she said, "but think I'm sort of unofficially engaged."
At dinner that night he told her that he as going to be away for ten days—a busiess trip.
"Perfect," Jean said. "I'll come too."
He put down his knife and stared at her. "Now, what kind of a thing is that to say? People would talk . . ."
"Don't be silly," she said. "We'll get married the day before we leave. The studio doesn't need me for weeks. We might as well make it now as later."
Then she looked at him. "What is it?"

Not engaged, never to marry

"I feel," he said, "like something out of a second-rate magazine story. Where the girl says, 'Now that we're engaged, we'll do thus-and-such,' and the boy says, 'But darling, we're not engaged . . .'"
"But darling," Jean said, "we *are* engaged." Her smile grew a little set. "We *are*—"
"No," he interrupted, "we aren't."
He began to speak fast, words tumbling out. "Jean, a man doesn't get to be my age—to be over forty—without getting married unless—unless there's some sort of reason. Maybe I'm afraid of marriage—I don't know . . . something. It isn't just as easy as getting a license and a minister. It's complicated. It's—"
"You said you loved me. Was it true?"
"I never lie. Especially to you. I do love you."
"Then why?" she asked. "I don't understand. Why?"
"I don't know," he said. "Before God, I don't know, Jean."
They sat in silence for a few minutes. Suddenly he raised his head. "Look," he said, "we're behaving like a pair of characters. Give me a while, Jean. We hardly know each other yet, anyway. Maybe—by the time I'm ready to elope you'll have found fourteen other men you like better. Right? Come on," he teased. "Smile."
Jean raised her eyes from the plate. Her voice was dead. "I don't know what to do," she whispered. "I don't know what to do."
She did the only thing she could do. She waited. She told her friend she wasn't engaged after all, and refused to explain. Alone at night she cried, but in the morning her eyes were dry and her voice was bright when he called. He wanted her to make fewer movies. So she turned down parts. In the long hours when he was away, she sewed. They voted her Hollywood's best-dressed woman, never dreaming that she made all her outfits herself.
She made drapes, upholstered two chairs and wallpapered three rooms herself. When the phone rang, she ran to answer it. For a long time her eyes were bright with hope. But gradually, the hope began to fade. The list of women who had loved her man—and had not married him—was no joke now. It haunted her.
When hope was gone, she tried to break away. She went back to the acting classes. She gave interviews. She begged the studio for more work. She picked quarrels, made scenes. "I'm tired of being called for by a chauffeur," she told him. "I'm not a parcel, to be delivered. Why can't you call for me like everybody else?"
"If I were like everybody else you wouldn't love me. Right?"
"Right," she said.
From time to time she went out with other men. "You can't stop me," she told him. "You haven't any right." She dated actors, Bob Wagner among them.
He didn't stop her. He didn't have to. She stopped herself. There was no one else. She thought there never would be.

Nothing was right

Sometimes she thought she had talked herself out of it. Told herself that she couldn't love a man who didn't want to get married, that she no longer loved him. Then she would have dinner with him, tell



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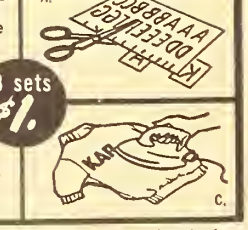
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him what happened that day on the set.

"One of the assistant directors was so upset. His wife is due to have her first baby any day now, and the hospitals are so crowded and he can't get her into any place he can afford."

He pulled a card out of his pocket, scribbled on it. "When the time comes, have him call this number. Don't tell him who sent it."

Three days later the assistant director was at her side, stuttering with excitement. "Miss Peters, I don't know how you arranged it, but I'll be grateful to you all my life. Annie called the number and an ambulance with a doctor in it was there in ten minutes. They drove her to some private hospital miles out of town, and she has a big room and nurses—and you'd think the place was a florist shop. And the baby's fine. A boy. I can't tell you how—"

"I didn't do anything," Jean said. "I'm glad she's fine." Then she went into her dressing room and shut the door and cried—because she was in love with a man who was everything in the world she had ever wanted, and still nothing was right.

And the days went by, and became long, long months.

When the studio told her they were going to send her to Italy for *Three Coins In The Fountain,* they were obviously nervous. Would she leave Hollywood for such a long time? Or would she turn it down? They needn't have worried. Jean clutched at that trip like a drowning man to a straw.

That evening, over a drink, she told him, "I'm going. I'm going the way parents used to send their daughters to Europe to get over an unfortunate love affair. That's us, honey. Unfortunate. But this will give us time to think things out. Maybe you'll change your mind."

"And if not?"

"And if not," she said steadily, "I hope that by the time I come back, I will have forgotten that you exist."

So young . . . so normal

So she went to Rome, city of lovers, and made a movie about people in love. And she told herself that she was getting along fine on her own, and didn't need him at all. Or miss him. And then she grinned ruefully, because she was such a liar.

When the day came to return to Hollywood she packed her bags with trembling fingers, hands shaking with excitement. At the Italian customs desk she handed over her luggage, came back half an hour later to claim it, completely lost in thought, impatient for the plane to take off. A lot depended, she told herself, on who met her when she landed in Hollywood—if *he* met her or sent a chauffeur. If he sent the chauffeur— She came back to life to hear an Italian accent repeating her name.

"Mees Peters, Mees Peters. An accident—so sorry. Your luggage is somehow confused with that of this gentleman—"

What gentleman? She turned and looked up into a tanned, blond-topped young face smiling down at her.

"Ah'm the gentleman, ma'am," he said apologetically. "Seems they got mah luggage going to Hollywood with you, and your suitcases off to Paris with me."

Jean started to laugh. "They won't do you much good, I'm afraid . . ."

They made conversation while officials scurried about fixing things. He turned out to be Stuart Cramer, young oil man of whom Jean had never heard. She turned out to be Jean Peters, whom, after an agonized minute of embarrassment, he remembered from *Captain From Castile.* His Texas accent intrigued her; everything about her obviously interested him. When the baggage was located and exchanged he asked for her Hollywood phone number.

Jean looked at him. He was about her own age, but after the past months he seemed very young, very—normal. She laughed and gave her number. "It won't do you much good," she added.

He didn't know what she meant. "Oh, it may," he drawled. "Texas isn't that far from Hollywood, you know."

On the plane, she forgot all about him. She was tense with anticipation when she landed in America. Her eyes scanned the crowd at the gates. She couldn't see him, but that didn't mean he wasn't there. He might be behind the barrier, over there—

He was. Tall and handsome, moving quickly to meet her, to take her in his arms. She felt as if she had come home.

But in a matter of days she knew she had come back to nothing. There had been no change. "Status quo, honey," he told her. "I'm sorry—believe me I am. But I just can't see my way clear to getting married now."

And the last little traces of hope left her, forever.

Two choices

In her room that night, Jean faced her future. She had two choices, clear and distinct. Break off with him for good. Pick up her life where she had left it that day at the party. Live like—like people again. Or—see him every day. Have the knowledge, never doubted, of his love. Have the knowledge that there was not,

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and never would be, a *Mr. and Mrs.* future for them. Live in a shadow-world for the rest of her life.

She moved restlessly from side to side all night.

At eight the next morning the phone rang. "Long distance calling Miss Jean Petahs," the operator said.

"Go ahead," Jean said.

"Hello!" The voice bounced across the country. "Miss Peters? Jean? You theah?"

Jean woke up a little. "Yes, I'm here. Who is this?"

"Well, now," the voice mourned, "Ah thought sure you'd remember me. This is Cramer, Stuart Cramer; the man with the baggage. Remember?"

"Oh, yes," Jean said.

"Well, Ah got back a little early from Paris, see. And Ah have a day or two to mahself before Ah get down to work. Ah wondered if you'd show me around Hollywood a little if Ah were to come—"

Jean sat up in bed. "I remember you," she said slowly. "Of course." Suddenly her voice quickened. "Mr. Cramer, what do you do for a living?"

"Do?" he said, bewildered. "Why, Ah'm in the oil business."

"Yes. I remember. Do you—are you a

-a tycoon? I mean—are you a very spe-ial, dynamic sort of man? Do you make nd break fortunes, that sort of thing?"

There was a long silence. Finally, "Well, Ah would say, no, not at all. Ah mean—'s a kind of queer question to spring on man at eight o'clock in the mawning . . . Ah would say Ah'm just a small fish—Ah'm not even very fond of oil, been hinking of doing something else, but Ah an't make up mah mind quite what. Ah'm a pretty normal type, Ah guess. Why?"

"Never mind why," Jean murmured. Do come, Mr. Cramer. I'll—show you all ver the studio. I'll be glad to. I'll have ots of time."

Help me—stay away"

She put down the phone, reached for paper and a pen. She stared at it for a ong time. Then she started to write.

Darling,

I don't know how to tell you this—but I want to break it off. Completely. I haven't met fourteen new men—just one, but he's enough. I know this isn't going to be easy. Please help me. Please don't phone or come over or try to see me. It would be the kindest thing you could do, just to stay away.

Jean.

She was going to write *Love*, but she couldn't.

A year later, in May of 1954, she married Stuart.

They had called her Hollywood's mystery woman for years by then, during the long time when she was at home to no one but the man she loved, who couldn't marry her. Now they called her the greatest enigma since Garbo.

Stuart couldn't understand her either. "Honey, what are you doin'? It took you all these years to build up a little investment in property in LA—why are you giving it away? You might want it someday, sweetie."

"I want to make a clean break," Jean said. All through the year with Stuart she had held herself tense. She had written home to her mother, *he's wonderful—so nice and easy and calm to be with. All these years I thought I wanted something else. I was wrong. I know that now.*

All this year she had told herself that, over and over, battling down her old longings. All this year she had walked with eyes straight ahead, lest a familiar limousine should come into view, lest she should see a certain face at a party. She had been lucky. The encounters had been few. From mutual friends she learned that it was as hard on him as it had been on her. But there was no word from him; he had done as she asked.

Relax, feel free

But now she was getting married, and she didn't want to walk tensely any more. She wanted to relax, to feel free, to know in her heart that she was right. She wanted to leave Hollywood for good. And she couldn't tell Stuart why. She couldn't quite admit it to herself.

So she said, "I don't want to be a movie star any more. It'll be bad for our marriage. I just want to be your wife. That'll be more than enough."

So Stuart smiled and watched, and she gave her Los Angeles property to her mother, and her jewelry to an aunt, and her evening clothes to the girl down the block, because she wouldn't be needing that sort of thing much any more.

And on a May morning, in Washington, D.C., wearing an organdy dress and holding a bunch of rosebuds, she was married, and set off on her honeymoon tour of the Cramers' southern relatives.

It was then that she found out she had



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That she had married a nice boy—and she was still in love with another man. That she had added to her private agony an extra load of sorrow and guilt.

A month after their marriage, the first separation rumors were mentioned in Hollywood. Another month passed, and the rumors became more insistent. Both Stuart and Jean tried to see their problems dispassionately.

"Maybe," Stuart suggested, "the trouble is your giving up everything too fast. That clean break you wanted wasn't such a hot idea. Why don't you go back for a while, make that movie they've been writing you about . . ."

"*A Man Called Peter,*" Jean said. "It *is* a good script . . ."

"That's it, honey. Try it. It'll give us a chance to think things out."

Suddenly she kissed him. "Oh Stuart, I will try. I'll go back for a while. Maybe it will help."

But when the picture was over, she walked onto the set for the cast party, and there he was. She knew him just from seeing the curve of his broad back, bent slightly to talk to a woman.

She ran. Where, no one knows. For two weeks, no one knew where Jean Peters was. But at the end of that time she walked into the office of the man she loved and stood before his desk, and said "I've come back."

"On your terms"

She sat down. "I tried to run away, and I can't. All I've done is hurt Stuart, and he doesn't deserve it. I'm going to get a divorce, and come back to Hollywood to live. I want to be with you. On your terms. I don't care. I can't help it."

Months later, one man saw her. He had been trying to reach her for days to discuss publicity plans—her old friend from the studio. He couldn't find her, but somehow Jean heard about his search for her. And one day she showed up in his office, sitting quietly, ready to discuss whatever was on his mind.

When they had spoken for twenty minutes, he stood up. "Blast it, Jean, I've got an appointment. Have dinner with me tonight, will you? We'll finish up then."

She looked up, startled. "Dinner?" Her lips tightened. "I will," she said suddenly. "He hasn't got any right to object."

"'*He?*'" her friend demanded. "Who's '*he?*'"

To his horror, Jean began to cry. She stood up, turned her back while the sobs racked her. When she turned around again to where her friend stood, embarrassed, she managed a smile. "I'm sorry," she said. "Sometimes I feel so tense—I feel as if I can't take it anymore. Never mind. Forget about dinner. I'd better not."

She left the office. Out of curiosity, he went to his window and looked out. A minute later he saw her stop on the steps of the building. Almost at once, a limousine drew up. A man in a uniform got out and opened the door.

Jean stood there for a second. She raised her head and half turned, and the man watching thought for a moment that she wasn't going to get in. Then, quickly, she bowed her head and disappeared into the car.

For a long time, now, Jean Peters' studio and friends have been unable to locate her. Where she is living, they do not know. There are those who say she has been kidnapped. There are those who say that she is secretly, actually married to him, but that no one is to know about it. Some say she is in a sanitarium, trying desperately to find again the will to live that she was robbed of—by a love that imprisoned her. And there are those who say that she is only following her heart, no matter where it leads her.

A strange, lonely figure, moving back into her world of shadows, living Hollywood's strangest story. **END**

I was wild and weak

(*Continued from page 50*) were proud of it.

We tossed the word around the pool hall the next day. We were big shots, drunk with a crazy idea of our own importance. Even high-class people, we figured, had considered us important enough to give us a fancy name.

I think the first time I realized I was on my way to a future full of zeros was the day they brought Curly Brodson home to his mother. He had been thinking about a little excitement—like hopping a freight train in the railroad yard.

He was a big strong kid, one of our gang. He was smart, too. And tough.

But it was a bad day for Curly. And the beginning of a new life for him. A life with only one leg.

I watched his mother when they brought him home. She used to work all day and half the night sewing to earn enough money to keep Curly from going hungry. The neighbors used to say that she was a wonderful mother. A woman who lost her husband in a truck accident when Curly was six. We didn't see her much. She worked most of the time. But when we did see her, she always had a smile for Curly's friends.

There was no smile on her now. She knelt beside Curly's unconscious body, kissing his face hysterically, while she sobbed and cried. I can still hear the sound, and I'll never forget the desperate look of misery in her eyes.

I couldn't take it any longer, so I left. Walking home one thought kept running through my head, *it could have been me.*

Back with the rat pack

Curly's tragic accident should have hit me hard. But as the days went by I was soon back in the routine of hunting with the rat pack. Who wants to remember unhappiness when you're fifteen?

But I wonder about it now. Wonder what happened around me and inside me that steered me so wrong.

I had always gotten all the affection and understanding a mother and father could give, even when we lived in the coal-mining town where I was born, Nanticoke, Pa. My father was a miner. So was his brother. The day my uncle was killed in a shaft accident, my father set his lips in a straight line until he and his family were miles from Nanticoke, but stranded and penniless on the streets of Jersey City.

Luck came along in a job for dad as caretaker of an apartment house, free rent and $30 a month. It was a good neighborhood, quiet and respectable.

Too quiet. Too respectable. As I got older I wandered farther and farther from the house. I was never home; I never studied. My brother, as far back as I can remember, wanted to be a doctor. And he always took time from his books to try and teach me the importance of preparing for when you're grown up. But I never listened to him.

In my first year of high school Andy told me, "Nick, you're going to have to decide what you want to do. Start thinking about it. You and that bunch you hang out with think life is some kind of a

ecial circus that will never leave town."
I pretended to listen, but when my
other was through talking, I went back
the Sunday comics. Andy went back to
s book on anatomy.
My father would look at me and say,
Nick you know Andy is right, don't
u?" And I'd say, "Yes, yes, dad, I'll start
etty soon."
Then my mother would say, "Nick will
happy. He doesn't know how or when
where. And neither do we. But it will
me to him."
Her faith in my future wasn't shared by
e two men in the family.
They knew the pool hall was the center
my world.

e gang looks for excitement

At sixteen I was just about ready to
ake hands with crime. We all were.
itch-hiking, street-games and snowballs
eren't enough any more. We never had
y money. But until now it hadn't mat-
red. Suddenly everything we did seemed
e kid stuff. We realized that the older
u got the more money you needed. So,
uch as I hated to, I went to work.
First I got a job in a suit-case factory.
ery Friday night I got eleven dollars.
aturday morning I was broke. I quit and
ap-frogged from job to job.
I couldn't stay on a job, but I stayed
ith the gang.
I hated my jobs, hated never having
oney.

"Before I got involved in the TV series, *Broken Arrow*," says John Lupton, "I used to room with Fess Parker and a Texas friend of his named Texas Bob. It seems all Texans visiting Hollywood had heard of our place, and they were always coming around. Most of them were big and tall like Fess, who's six-foot-four. And although I'm almost six feet myself, they would always pat me on the head and say, 'Come along, little feller.'"

Paul Denis

I was looking for excitement. The whole
ng was.
And, unfortunately, we knew just the
y who could help us find it.
Let's call him Zip Mullen. He was about
enty-two. He had a big mouth, beady
es, a sneer that lived on his face, a black
t, black suit, black shirt and white tie. He
as the nearest thing to a live gangster we
ew. He always had money, plenty of it.
And we thought he was the greatest!
One day we stood around the pool room,
atching him chew on a tooth-pick while
hefted the cue-sticks.
He caught us staring at him, then said,
ou guys doin' anything special tanite?"
We shook our heads. "Not a thing, Zip,"
answered.
He looked to the left and right. Then he
inked. "May have a little action for ya.
ick around." Then he began knocking
lls around one of the tables.
The four of us bunched up in a corner,
cited, trying to figure out what Zip had
anned for us.
I was looking through the doorway over
utzi's shoulder when my brother came in.
hen I saw him I tried to hide behind one
the tables, but Andy's sharp eyes
otted me.
"Nick," he said, "come on. You're leav-
g." He took my jacket off a clothes hook,
anded it to me and waited.
My face got red. My own brother was
barrassing me before my friends. And
front of Zip! I turned my back on my
other and said, "I'm not going any place."

"You're coming if I have to carry you, Nick." Andy's voice was low. I knew he meant what he said.

Then I noticed Zip very casually putting the cue-stick back on the rack. He walked over to Andy and brushed an imaginary speck from the lapel of his suit. He looked up at Andy and said, "The kid doesn't want to go, big brother, so why don't you drag?"

Andy didn't even look at him. "Come on, Nick. I said we're going."

A nasty frown crossed Zip's face. He had been ignored, insulted by a square.

A blur

Suddenly I had a frightened feeling in the pit of my stomach. I knew Zip's reputation. He was mean, a veteran of a hundred bloody street-fights. He knew every dirty trick in the book. Andy wouldn't have a chance.

I had just about decided to go with my brother when Zip reached out and grabbed Andy by his jacket.

What happened then happened so fast it was only a blur. Andy's right fist shot out, driving deep into Zip's middle. As Zip doubled over, Andy's left came like lightning to Zip's jaw. And the next thing we knew Zip was flying backward so hard his body splintered two chairs and a glass partition. And he just lay there on the floor. Zip was out cold.

For a moment I couldn't believe my eyes. My *square* brother had clobbered the toughest man I knew with two blows. The rest of the gang stared at the unconscious Zip. Andy wasn't even breathing hard.

"You coming, Nick?" I put on my jacket and we left.

Neither of us spoke. By the time we reached the front door I felt two emotions. Shame and pride. Shame for myself and pride in my brother.

But it wasn't till about a month later that it hit me—what I had become. My father had hurt his back and the doctors told him he couldn't work any more.

Sure it was too bad, but I couldn't figure why everyone was in such a blue funk. Then Mom told me, "Your brother's not going to medical school."

No one could count on Nick

Knowing how my parents and Andy had worked and planned for those years of study, I couldn't figure it. "He doesn't think he can leave you as the head of the family," Mom said, starting to cry. "Don't you see, Nick, with your father laid up—and the work in the apartment house, Andy won't go."

I don't know what came over me, but I think it was a kind of anger. Because suddenly it hit me what I had become.

A juvenile delinquent! Of no value to anyone, not even myself. I was a nothing. I was irresponsible. Nobody could count on me!

I sat up all night, looking out the window at the quiet street, despising myself.

When I came out to breakfast Andy was drinking coffee. "What's the matter with you?" he asked me. "You look awful!"

"You can go to college, Andy," I answered. "I *will* take care of things."

I'll never forget the look of hope that lit up my brother's face.

Mom got a job assembling electronic parts, Dad did what he could in the house and I did the rest. I finished school. I still didn't keep the same job very long, but I *did* work so Andy could be what he'd dreamed of and worked toward since he was a kid.

And then my own life suddenly found direction. It was a hot day, a couple of months after I'd gotten through school. I took a bus ride to New York City. I walked into a book store, figuring it would be cooler than the shimmering streets



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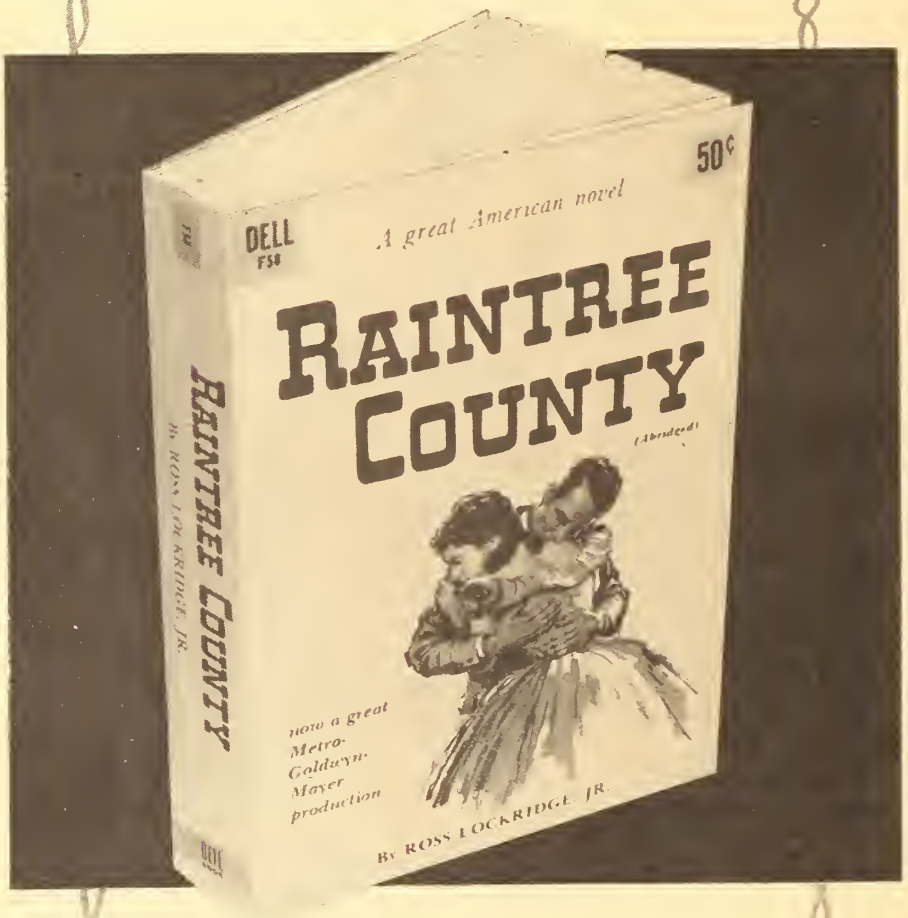
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As I passed the section with books
the theatre and drama, I laughed at t
thought of me appearing on the stage.

Then from out of nowhere a custom
walked up and asked me if I *was* an acte
For kicks I said, "Yes, why?"

"I think you fit a part I just tried f
and missed," he said. "The auditions are
CARNEGIE HALL if you want the role."

I'd been to New York before; the sigh
I'd seen already, so I figured *why n*
just for kicks.

The impossible comes true

When I got to CARNEGIE, I went to a ta
high-cheekboned man who looked like
was in charge. He wasn't, but when
asked, "Where do I audition?" he point
to the other side of the room. "Over the
You an actor?"

"Sure," I answered.

He laughed. "You don't look like
actor. What's your name?"

"Nick Adamschock. What's yours?"

"Jack Palance," he said. We shook han
And he got me a walk-on part in the pl

For the next two years I had the bug
played little theatres and studied dra
night and day.

In 1952 I hitch-hiked to Hollywood
worked as a fry cook, parking lot atten
ant, busboy. You name it, I did it. My fi
real job of acting was in a PEPSI-CO
commercial for television. Ten boys, f
girls. I became friends with one of t
guys. His name was Jimmy Dean.

Finally, after a year and a half, I
get into the movies—as an usher.

It was on this job as usher that I co
mitted my last act as a 'delinquent.'

One afternoon the theatre manager t
me to get the big sign up on the marqu
the one that said *Major Studio Previ*
Tonight. I decided to add a little somethi
extra. I got a bunch of two-foot cardboa
letters and stapled them to the bann
Then I hung it so it could be seen o
from the street, not from inside the theat

At 8:30 p.m. the movie stars began a
riving, the biggest stars in town.

About a half hour before the movie v
over, the manager went to the drugst
for a cup of coffee. On the way back
saw the sign—*Major Preview Tonigh*
Starring Nick Adams. He hot-footed
over to me and yelled, "As soon as y
take the sign down, you're fired!"

No job . . . no hope

I was high on the ladder, unhooking
only fame I'd ever really known, wh
the audience started coming out of
theatre. The stars were sparkling at
feet, the actresses beautiful and gay,
actors so well-known, so well-fed, so s
of success. I looked down at them fr
the top of the ladder and felt small.

I had no job, no hope.

I was a nothing, still.

That night I went back to my shab
furnished room. And started wond
ing what for. What was the use in fi
ing your work, in starving for it, if
that ambition for a good life only brou
failure . . . and wanting. Never getti
just wanting. Zip was probably having
ball—and I didn't have next week's re

But three months later I got a small p
in *Mr. Roberts.* Then *Picnic* came alo
and *Strange Adventure, Our Miss Broo*
The Last Wagon, Fury At Showdown.

And Curly's living his life with one
and Zip's body was fished out of the du
a couple of months ago. But my brot
became a doctor last year. And I? I hav
chance to be somebody, too. I'll try h
and hope hard. They are both things
for a man to do.

Nick can soon be seen in Warner B
No Time For Sergeants. *Watch for*

m not ashamed

tinued from page 38) immortality? all the Oscars in the world could out-h that.

d, almost, she lost her mind.

was in March, 1949, that Ingrid man left her husband and child at e in Hollywood and joined Roberto ellini on Stromboli to make a movie t love and violence on that volcanic d. It was in May of that year that wrote home to her husband and asked for a divorce.

ter Lindstrom refused to divorce her. id applied, by mail, for a Mexican rce. The divorce decree arrived in for her to marry Roberto on May 950. But on February 3, four months er, she had given birth to Roberto's Robertino, and the fury of an out-d world had fallen upon her head.

ie news had been published in Decem-by Louella Parsons. Louella had been od friend of Ingrid's in Hollywood, as a newspaperwoman it was her

lames Mason was at a party where ie met Jayne Meadows and heard t was her birthday. Mason took ut his handkerchief which had the ame monogram as hers—J.M.— nd gave it to her as a birthday gift . . . Rex Harrison was there, oo. Mason noticed Harrison's hirt with its "R.H." monogram, nd told him: "You're lucky this sn't Rita Hayworth's birthday."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

t and her duty to report the news. id knew that. She felt no bitterness rd Louella. "But I don't know who her about it," is all she would say. d I never want to know."

hen the word was out, she became a oner in the apartment she and Ro-o shared in Rome. During her eighth ninth months of pregnancy she never left the house because of the news- and photographers who kept a twen-our-hour guard at her door, every Once Roberto came in to tell her by some miracle there was no one e. He would get the car; Ingrid ld put on her coat and come down-s. They would go for a drive in the try.

amera shoved in her face

grid tied a scarf around her hair and t downstairs to wait for the car. Then an stepped out from behind a wall shoved a camera in her face. She t into tears, ran from the lobby. ase," she begged, "please . . ." But he what he was after—a picture of a tor-d woman, pregnant, hiding her face er hands, weeping. One newspaper ted it with a simple caption: *Is she or she?*

ie never tried to go out again, until night she *had* to go out—to the hospi-She was put to bed and two hours she heard the mob outside the hos-. She heard the screams as a re-er tried to climb the walls of the nds, and failed. She heard the ech of breaks and the sounds of shots, as she struggled to bring her son the world, the nuns told her that police had come.

here was no joy in birth for Ingrid. hours after Robertino was born the broke into the hallways and corri-of the clinic. Newsmen ran through hospital, hunting her. Nuns in their black habits chased them through the hallways, physically stopped them from breaking into the room where she lay. It was a scene from a nightmare.

The police sent two armed guards to stand before her door. They told her to keep the lights on at all times, that she must not open the windows. Across the street one group had mounted cameras with telescopic lenses, trained on her rooms. She was denied the sight of the sun and the sky.

If they wanted to drive her mad, they came very close. It was two months before she dared to take her child into the street. It was years before she could bring herself to look upon anyone who was not of her own family with anything but horror and fear.

If she had sinned, she had suffered for it.

A new life for Ingrid

Now she had to construct a new life. She had to save her new marriage. She had to rebuild her career. And above all, she had to insure that Robertino and the two little twin girls she gave birth to in 1952 would never—like Pia—have cause to say, "I do not love my mother . . ."

It was then that she realized the big mistake she made in her first marriage—she permitted Peter Lindstrom to tell her that no matter where Ingrid's acting took her Pia must remain in one place, go to one school, live in one house. "But I want her with me," she had said then. "I want my baby . . ."

"Ingrid, we must think of her, and not of us. A child must have security. She must not be dragged about with constant changes of scene, never knowing from one day to the next where she will be. She must have security. Do you agree?"

She had to agree. And so, during their first years in America when her husband decided to give up dentistry and study medicine, she agreed that she would leave him and Pia in Rochester and travel alone across the country to Hollywood whenever she had a picture to do.

Pia felt constantly abandoned by her mother.

And then, when Ingrid left her home for Roberto, to nine-year-old Pia it was only another of her mother's desertions of her—only this one was to last forever. *No*, she told the kindly judge who was to decide whether to send the child to Italy for a vacation with her mother—or keep her at home, *she did not want to visit her mother. She hardly knew her mother.*

And if it sounded like she had been carefully coached by her still embittered father, only a few had the courage to say so. Only a few whispered that Lindstrom had no right to call his former wife an unfit mother and deprive her of her child.

And in Rome Ingrid wept, "Other people get divorces like sensible persons and stay friends. Why must I lose my child?"

But in those months of tortured hiding, with nothing to do but think, she found the answer. And determined that she would not lose her new family that way.

"Security is a person"

In the course of reconstructing her career in these past seven years, Ingrid has had to do a lot of travelling. But wherever she goes, her children go with her. They run in and out of hotel rooms, pushing buttons, opening doors, exploring the place from top to bottom. When they are in one place long enough to make friends, they do, easily and quickly. When they are not—there are three of them; they have each other, as well as their parents, *constantly*. Their father, as Italian men do, adores his brood, considers no duty to be performed

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for them below his stature as head of the house. There is nothing he can imagine doing that wouldn't be more fun if his children are along. And their mother is there to wipe their noses and comfort their hurts and play their games. "You see," she says, "I have learned this: security isn't a place—it's a person. If you love your children and keep them under your wing, you can travel anywhere. And they will love it."

A terrific scene

Today Ingrid is a happy woman. With Roberto she learned to let go of her emotions. "The Italians shout and scream and you think they are going to kill each other. In Sweden where I come from everyone talks softly, but when they get angry they carry it with them for twenty years. In Italy they get it over with. Roberto can be very violent, but I'm getting used to it. I still hate screaming, but the Italian way is better . . ."

Yes, there have been many changes in Ingrid. But in one way she has not changed. Her greatest virtue—and perhaps her greatest fault—is still intact. Her courage. Her uncompromising dogged, honest, courage. It was that courage that made her reveal her love affair to the world when another woman would have hidden it. It was that courage that made her claim her child, though he was born out of wedlock, instead of giving him up, as other women have done. It was that courage that brought her through those terrible days with her mind and soul intact. It was that courage that made her confess that she had sinned, and ask freely for a chance to be judged by her future, not by her past. And it was that courage that brought her back to America, to the one place that had never forgiven her.

With dignity and assurance

Yet, the NEW YORK FILM CRITICS offered her an award for her work in *Anastasia*, and because she knew she deserved the award for a job well done, she came here to accept it. She obtained a thirty-three hour leave from the Paris theatre in which she was playing to rave reviews in *Tea And Sympathy*. She traveled, for the first time, without the supporting hand of Roberto—facing alone a condemning world.

And she regained her place in our hearts.

By her dignity.

By the calm assurance with which she met reporters and old friends. By the honesty of her smile and the sincere friendliness with which she said, "Fortunately I have a bad memory. I am not built to hold a grudge. Whatever was said about me—I have forgotten it. Let's go on from there."

By the misty glow in her eyes when she emerged from a half-hour telephone conversation with Pia, now a college girl in Colorado, to say, "I cannot talk about it. What is between a mother and her daughter is personal . . ."

And by the tears that came to her eyes when she found waiting for her at the airport the same kids, now grown up, who used to wait for her outside the ALVIN THEATRE night after night. With signs, held high and proud in their hands: *Welcome, Miss Bergman. Dear Ingrid, we missed you.* With the old respect, but a new understanding, on their faces.

And from one end of New York to another, faces smiled in at her car window and hands pressed through the crowd to drop little gifts—tokens of unforgotten affection—on her lap.

It was for Ingrid, for all of us, a memorable thirty-three hours. She appeared on a television program, and was not denounced in one single phone call or letter; she was photographed by a hundred magazines and papers, and treated with respect and dignity by them all.

"I am not ashamed," Ingrid said. "I am not doing penance for anything."

And that is as it should be. The time of shame and penance is gone now, and with it the old dead memories. We have taken Ingrid back to our hearts, and we should be proud that we have done so, and perhaps ashamed that in our righteousness we rejected her at all. For what was it that Christ said? . . .

"He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone . . ." EN

Ingrid Bergman can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Anastasia. *Watch for her soon in Warner Bros.* Paris Does Strange Things.

rebel from dodge city

(*Continued from page 59*) neighbor was five miles in the opposite direction. In all his very young life he had no one to play with, and the long days on the farm were spent in the companionship of animals. There was Porcupine, the pig he had raised himself and given special care, the goose and Puddles the dog. When he tired of the one-sided conversations, the boy threw himself headlong into his favorite game *I pretend*. By turns he was a soldier, a cowboy, a knight, a king, and whatever the character he pretended to be, he was always a hero, loved and acclaimed by those who surrounded him.

Today Dennis Hopper still plays the same game, for much the same reasons. He is an actor in his own right, and although he never had any dramatic training, he has the world of the theatre by the tail. His first professional stint, the role of an epileptic on TV's *Medic* brought him offers from four studios. Dennis signed with WARNER BROS., specifically because he knew that there he had a chance at the role of Jordan Benedict III in *Giant*. He got it, through the faith of director George Stevens. "I called him in to read for the part," says Stevens, "and for some

do it, so I told him I believed in him and would give him five minutes to decide if he could do the part. He went outside and when he came back he looked at me and said, 'I can do it'. I think his performance proves my belief in his talent. Dennis is an instinctive actor. He'll go far."

Pleased, but frightened

Dennis was eighteen when he began work in *Giant*, and two years later he stood in the lobby of New York's ROXY THEATRE, following the premiere of the film and was mobbed by fans. To Dennis it was a pleasing yet frightening experience, particularly when a girl in the crowd screamed "I've got to touch him!" It stunned him this sudden fame. Up to that point he hadn't thought anyone knew he was alive, then suddenly there was this hysteria swirling around him. He was pleased because it meant he had proved himself and he was frightened because he is shy and uncomfortable in crowds.

His early years made him shy and lonely. His parents lived in Dodge City his father working at the grocery store his mother running the town's swimming pool, and Dennis grew up with the companionship only of his grandparents and the farm animals. He longed to see a mountain, to see a skyscraper. The Sunday movies became for him the ti

escape from existence into life. He was
en when his brother David was born,
David was born too late to be a pal.
en Dennis began school he walked the
g miles alone to Dodge City, except in
l weather when his grandfather drove
n to town in the pick-up truck. The
er kids called him Clodhopper, and
nted him for his shyness. He became
re and more withdrawn, and vividly
nembers the day he tried to make con-
sation with a teacher. She was paint-
a chair as he entered the classroom,
l in a painful effort at sociability he
ed, "What are you doing—painting a
ir?" The teacher laughed. "Isn't that
art of Dennis?" she said to the class.
e thinks I'm painting a chair." Even
ay when he thinks of it, he squints as
ugh suffering. "I hated that teacher,"
says. "I don't think any kid had as
l a day as that one was to me." It was
ngs like this, small things that would
off the back of a less sensitive boy,
t turned Dennis into a rebel.

den changes

When he was twelve the family moved
Kansas City, where his father went to
rk for the RAILWAY EXPRESS and they
ed in what Dennis refers to as "a beat-
house in the tenement district." Streets
l alleys swarmed with kids, with adults,
n with trash. Dennis' grandfather,
ting Kansas City, looked at the team-
masses and littered streets and said,
ems like everybody's behind in their
lin'."

As for Dennis, he was bug-eyed. He
l never known there were so many
ple in the world. Because he had been
lonely, this sudden entrance into a life
ed with humanity, in Kansas City,
wed him for the first time real human
otions rather than just movie plots; and
began forming his own ideas. At
ool he bucked authority, was caught
oking in the halls, argued with teach-
because he refused to accept anyone
e's ideas, and more than once was asked
leave school.

Two years later the family moved again,
s time to San Diego. Here, at fourteen,
nnis mulled over the ways in which he
ght prove himself to other people. He
an to want, more than anything, to be
epted, to find a field in which he could
el. For a while he thought about be-
ning an artist, and painted pastels at
NELSON ART GALLERY. He tried writing
try, and at the same time played third
se on the school baseball team. He
ked in Golden Glove tournaments and
nt out for football too; but he realized
best field would be one in which he
ld express himself. Finally, he thought
ut acting. He became active in the
ool speech contests, won them all, and
led up by winning California's State
clamation contests three years in a row.
had found his work; he'd be an actor.

nind of his own

His family disapproved. All this talk
ut acting and poetry and painting;
se things would never bring in any
ney. They thought, and they told him,
t he was going to turn into a bum. He
regarded what they said, and continued
regarding his teachers' opinions as well.
refused to read books, to go to class,
study, to join organizations, and was
ain kicked out of school for arguing
th the staff. The other kids at school
re impressed. Dennis, they said, was a
der; he would never follow anyone.
ey began calling him the Conqueror,
d eventually, Napoleon, a name which
ck throughout school. His report cards
re splattered with D's and F's, yet his
ssmates voted him as the student most
likely to succeed after he graduated.

"It was pretty crazy," Dennis says now. "I remember Mr. Page—he had charge of the school annual—and he kept asking me if I thought I would graduate. My grades were so bad, and yet the kids had decided I was most likely to succeed, and poor old Page didn't know whether or not to put my picture in the annual."

"Some day . . ."

In the meantime, he was wetting his feet in the world of the theatre. For $25 a week he worked backstage at the nearby LA JOLLA PLAYHOUSE, where he painted scenery, played records, pulled curtains, drove the station wagon to pick up Hollywood's famous stars at the airport, "And," he grins, "latrine duty." Having decided to become an actor, Dennis was deeply impressed by the big-name stars with whom he came in contact, but his individuality, his personal pride, didn't buckle under. One morning he was sleeping in the theatre having worked all night to tear down scenery for a last-minute change, and had been asleep only one hour when a voice bellowed through the empty theatre. Dennis opened one eye to see Jose Ferrer, director of the current show, striding toward him. "Hey, you!" called Ferrer, "give me a dime." Up to this point Dennis had worshipped Ferrer from afar, considering him the zenith of actors, producers and directors. But suddenly he was very annoyed.

"I make $25 a week," he said stiffly. "I don't have a dime."

Ferrer apologized. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't realize. I only wanted a dime to make a phone call." He gave Dennis five dollars and left, and Dennis thought, "Some day I'll be an actor, too."

It wasn't long in coming. On the strength of his victories in the state speech contests, he was given the role of Lorenzo in San Diego's National Shakespearean Festival presentation of *Merchant Of Venice*—and was the only high school boy ever to play in the Festival, which ordinarily requires two years of college from its actors. Dorothy McGuire and her husband John Swope saw him in this and arranged an introduction to a Hollywood casting director, Ruth Birch. Miss Birch got him a part—ten lines worth—in a TV production of *Cavalcade Of America*, and from this came his first really professional job—the epileptic boy on *Medic*. This led to the WARNER BROS. contract, and the coveted part as Rock Hudson's doctor son in *Giant*.

Without training, Dennis gave a magnificent performance. Yet he is aware, now more than ever before, how much he has to learn.

Dennis and females

Today he lives alone in a second-floor apartment—"a one-room job and a bath with a marble shower." He says he's happiest when he's in the shower.

His most frequent date has been Natalie Wood, with whom he admits he can't get along. "Can't get along!" explodes Nick Adams, Dennis' closest friend, "Those two fight like cats and dogs. I spend all my time patching them up!"

According to Dennis, the rifts are his own fault. "We can't get along because I can't be a follower. I have to lead. I have my own thoughts and I can't agree with hers. Besides—maybe all females are that way—but Nat blows hot and cold. She's inconsistent, and it confuses me."

Insofar as "females" are concerned, Dennis figures he'll probably marry some day. "But I won't be easy to live with. I go off on strange tangents. Why, I might not even come home for three days. It wouldn't be fair to a girl to have to live



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with me—I'm still too involved with myself. Besides, I can't get along with people too well. Sometimes I try, sometimes I don't care!"

A new Napoleon

His next role delights him. He will play Napoleon in *The Story Of Mankind.* In SAN DIEGO'S COMMUNITY THEATER there hangs a portrait of Napoleon, underneath which is a copy of his famous tri-cornered hat. One day Dennis put it on, and those present sucked in their breath. Except for his blond hair, he was the living image of the conqueror. So there is a double reason Dennis has always wanted to portray Napoleon. He not only resembles him physically; he has great admiration for the man and feels he is very like him.

By now Dennis has his family's approval, as well as that of professional actors. Says Rock Hudson, with whom Dennis had most of his important scenes in *Giant,* "Dennis has great potential as an actor. He has a natural talent that is rare, and he'll go places."

So, for Dennis Hopper, the world is a rosy one. He has seen his mountains and his skyscrapers, and he has lost himself in a world of make-believe, only to find himself. For the Little Corporal, the stage is set. END

Dennis can be seen in Giant, *a Warner release. Watch for him soon in* The Story Of Mankind.

bogey

(*Continued from page 40*) in much for any outward display of affection. On the card he said, *You'll always be the best in my book. Love, Bogey.* I'll always treasure that card.

Several days after, Lauren Bacall—his Betty—telephoned and said if I could be there by 5:30, I could see him.

As I walked through the door of the library I managed to keep him from seeing how shocked I was by his wasted-away appearance. He was drinking sherry and, as usual, smoking a long cigarette. He said, "You'll excuse me if I don't get up?"

Then, after this unexpected bit of chivalry from him, he launched immediately into his favorite mood—at least, one of his best-known moods—of "giving hell" to another columnist who had just printed that he had been spirited away to the eighth floor of the LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. "I sent her a wire she won't soon forget!" he snarled happily.

I would have tried to calm him down a bit except that he seemed to be enjoying the fireworks so thoroughly. Having proven to himself, and me, that he was still the old fightin' Bogey, he was soon on another of his favorite subjects of conversation, his Betty.

What Betty meant to him

When she left the room to attend to some detail or other for his comfort, he said, "That's a great woman. My Betty is a good wife, a fine mother and a wonderful actress. She'll last longer than most of the broads on the screen because she's got it *here*"—touching his heart.

Betty may have many things written about her, but nothing will come so completely from the heart as those proud words of Bogey's.

I had been warned to stay no longer than a half hour and my time was about up. I rose to go.

"When are you coming back, Lol? Don't stay away now. Just call Betty when you're coming."

I told him I would be back the next week. But next week didn't come.

No, I try not to think of that desperately ill Bogey when I think of him over the long years of our friendship—as gallant as he was at our last meeting.

I like to think of him as he was, typically Bogey, one week end last winter at Palm Springs. He and Betty, David Niven and Hjordis, the Mike Romanoffs, Irving Lazar, Jack Entratter—all his boon buddies—were the houseguests of Frank Sinatra.

The deep friendship between Bogey and Frank surprised a lot of people, some cynics declaring, *They may be friends temporarily—but one day they'll haul off and let each other have it. Two battlers never hit it off.*

Bogey and Frankie not only hit it off but their friendship grew to such an extent that Bogey on one occasion was horribly insulting to a man in a cafe he had never met before!

When someone asked him why he had delivered such a tirade to a perfect stranger, he snapped, "The slob was nasty to Frankie!"

That's the kind of friends they were and Bogey loved being around the the singer and visiting him in the desert.

On the afternoon I speak of, five or six of them were playing croquet on Frank's lawn. The only person in the group who was an expert on croquet was Bogart, and under these ideal circumstances he was having a ball for himself!

Cheating like crazy, he made up one set of rules for himself, moving his ball with his foot when they weren't looking, swearing he had already been through a wicket when he hadn't, refusing to let opponents hit him when they were eligible to do so—and in general conducting a game of complete havoc all in his favor.

Realizing that I knew some of the rules he'd wink as he went by my chair in the sun. At the end of two or three of the completely chaotic games, all won by Bogey, the other players owed him quite a sum of money—they'd been playing so much given amount per wicket.

"Ahhhh, I don't want your money," he snarled. tossing back the five, ten, and twenty dollar bills they were handing him. "You're all such lousy players I would be caught dead with your cash on me!"

It was a typical Bogart stunt and one in which he enjoyed himself immensely.

The charmed circle

This same group, which called themselves *The Holmby Hills Rat Pack*—Judy Garland and Sid Luft also belonged to the charmed circle—kidded each other unmercifully, and were never happier than when pulling a practical joke or an "insult" on the other fellow.

Betty once said, "Sometimes it's like being with a bunch of children. Idiot children, I mean."

Later on, during this same week end, the gang was gathered around a cocktail table beside the swimming pool, Bogey having a few nips and diving into a small tin of caviar which Irving Lazar had brought as a present for Frank.

Bogey loved caviar and was spreading perhaps more than his quota of the expensive delicacy on small pieces of toast and popping it into his mouth.

"I really enjoy this stuff," he said with his mouth full.

"If you like it so much, why don't you buy a tin?" cracked Lazar, whose favorite sport was ribbing Bogey about his reputation for being a slow man with a buck.

I wouldn't enjoy it as much then," ined the irrepressible Humphrey Bogart. Ie got an enormous kick out of the fact t Frankie was doing most of the cook- for the group, all except breakfast. e's not awake for breakfast, and be- es you can't eat spaghetti at that hour. he's a mean man with a charcoal iler and a kernel of garlic."

As Frankie, arrayed in beige slacks, rt and an apron around his middle, t over the broiler to test the meat, his r end pointed in Bogey's direction, the er called, "Hey, Frankie. You're get- a little matronly!"

But with all their insults and gags, The mby Hills Rat Pack was perhaps the st devoted circle of friends in this town.

gart the actor

His marriage to his adored Betty had ught Bogey into contact with a much nger group than he had associated h during any one of his other three rriages, and he was known to stay up night *when he wasn't working* egging ly or Frank on to sing just one more nber for him.

emphasized that phrase—when he sn't working—because it's foolish to re- nt the nonsense he enjoyed so much ignore the larger part of his charac- his complete dedication to his work career.

Ie ate, slept and then dreamed films. ne public hasn't a damned bit of right my private life," he was fond of say- , "but if I turn in a lousy acting job fans and the critics have every right fire away at me."

Winning the Oscar for *African Queen* in 4 was one of the most important mo- nts of his life. He loathed a display of timent or anything that savored of otionalism, but I honestly thought he s going to cry when he made his speech er he had won the cherished prize.

Even so, he carried it off with a gag en I complimented him later for win- g Best Actor honors in that picture. ell, I should have won. I played a nken skipper, and that's one thing I ow about!"

nis, anyone?

Because of his undisguised appreciа- n for a nip or two, plus his rough-talk- , rough-man tactics, many people who n't know him assumed that he had n born in the slums. On the contrary, was born in a Park Avenue mansion in w York. His father, Belmont Bogart, s a prominent doctor and had hoped gey would follow in his footsteps. His ther, Maude Humphreys, was an artist d a magazine illustrator. His family d wealth, and he received a fine edu- ion at TRINITY and at ANDOVER, even ugh he did leave the latter hall of rning before graduation "by request." His high spirits gave him a one-way ket out of ANDOVER, but not before he d caught the acting bug in college plays. s first professional acting job came from oadway producer William A. Brady, e of his father's patients. I saw him in *ddle Snatchers*, in which he made fa- us the line *Tennis, anyone?* It was dur- the run of that hit show that I first t him.

also knew him through all four of his rriages, first to stage actress Helen nken; then Mary Phillips, and his most plosive mate, the late Mayo Methot.

The battles of Mayo and Bogey became nous both in Hollywood and on Broad- y. I was in a cafe one night when she ew a glass of whiskey in his face. But adored him. Often, after she left gey, Mayo wrote me asking me how gey was and if I had seen him.

three marriages was more than compensated for when he fell in love with and married Lauren (Betty) Bacall during the filming of *To Have And Have Not*.

The greatest happiness

His Betty brought him the greatest happiness a man can know in marriage. Gay, sophisticated, stunning to look at, young and very much in love with him, Betty gave him everything he could ask for in life. They had two lovely children, eight-year-old Stephen and the little girl, Leslie. Their four-year-old daughter was named after Leslie Howard, the devoted friend and late star who was responsible for launching Bogey's screen career by insisting on having Bogey in the screen version of their successful play, *The Petrified Forest*.

There was a line of dialogue Lauren spoke in *To Have And Have Not* which not only became very well quoted, but was sort of a private theme of their deep love story. It was, "If you want anything, just whistle."

During their romance, they exchanged little gold whistles on which were engraved those words. And Bogey's remained with him to the very end: at Betty's request, that little gold whistle was placed in the urn holding Bogey's ashes after his cremation.

Since last March when Bogey had the operation on his esophagus, my heart and thoughts have often gone out to Betty. The brilliant surgeon Dr. John Jones, a close friend of mine, had been completely honest with the Bogarts about his illness. "He has cancer and I hope the operation has checked it. But only time will tell," he told Betty.

In the beginning and in the first state of shock, Betty had wanted to give up everything—her career, her friends, going out.

Then she was told that this was the worst thing for him. He would think he was dying. So Betty, with pain in her heart and a smile on her lips, continued her screen work—and even accepted a social invitation occasionally.

"I feel fine"

It was Bogey who urged her to go with the Romanoffs to Las Vegas to celebrate her birthday last year. Frankie was playing an engagement at the SANDS, and he wanted to throw a party for her. "Go and have some fun," Bogey told her. "I feel fine."

And I think he meant that he would soon be well.

Many people believe that Bogey knew he was dying of cancer. I will argue this with anyone. Too many things point the other way, point to the fact that he thoroughly believed he would recover.

For one thing, he was going to sue a New York newspaper that printed that he was in a coma. Just a few days before his death, he had telephoned the men in charge of his boat, the *Santana*, to have it repainted. He was constantly getting COLUMBIA STUDIO head Harry Cohn on the telephone and suggesting ideas for "my next picture"—*The Good Shepherd*.

He told Mike Romanoff just before the last, "I'll start work when I put on some weight. I'm too thin now to photograph well and I need to build up my strength."

At three o'clock on the Monday morning he died, when a telephone call came through—Betty had promised to let me know of any change—I couldn't believe it. He had died at 2:15 a.m.

As one of his devoted friends and fans, I had hoped against my certain knowledge otherwise, that the courage back of the greatest performance of his life would pull him through.

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Mike Wallace's problem with women . . . Earl Wilson's dye job . . . Julie Andrews' cockney accent . . . and an incident about Jimmy Dean are part of this month's

TV TALK



Two fans recognizing Lawrence Welk were in for a delightful surprise.



Does this man look like a lady killer? Sgt. Bilk thinks so and now has Doberman believing i

Lawrence Welk is undoubtedly friendlier to his fans than any other big TV star. One day not long ago he was walking along the street in Hollywood when a couple from the Midwest thought they recognized him. They stopped him and asked if he really was Welk. He not only stopped and said *yes* and chatted with them, but went on to invite them to his rehearsal, even offering to send a car for them! Now *that's* the way to stay popular . . . You may have read an item that puzzled you about **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** when they were in New York to do *Mayerling*. And no wonder. It puzzled us too. It said that Audrey had given Mel a mink-lined raincoat! We couldn't quite see Mel parading around the streets of New York, or anywhere else for that matter, in mink. So we checked—and here's the real mink story in the Ferrer family. First of all, it's Audrey that has the fur-lined coat of course. Several seasons ago, when she made her spectacular Broadway debut in *Gigi,* she decided she wanted a mink although she didn't have enough money to buy it. So she got one on the installment plan. By the time she'd finished paying for it, the fur was showing its age, so she had the coat altered into a lining. Then she had three coats made—a raincoat, a white satin affair, and a flannel. The mink lining fits into all three, and the mink collar and cuffs (which turn back) show on all three. She can also wear the raincoat, the white satin, and the gray flannel by themselves. So she's got six coats in one. Pretty clever, we think—and a lot more sensible than Mel's wearing mink! . . . An incident about the late **Jimmy Dean:** He went to a party one night, and as usual kept pretty much to himself. He spent most of the evening lying on the floor in front of a blazing fire. Another guest accidentally knocked the fireplace screen over on Jimmy. But although it was almost white-hot and the sparks were flying every which way—Jimmy didn't move a muscle. He explained why: Jimmy had decided not to let outside things bother him, in order to keep himself from getting involved with other people and other things. That's why, he claimed, he didn't encourage confidences from his acquaintances. And that's why he refused to flinch when the searing metal screen fell on him . . . It's hard to believe, but when **Ingrid Bergman** was in New York for those fast thirty-six hours to accept an award from the New York Film Critics, she found time somehow to sit down at the phone and call all sorts of old friends just to say *hello.* A very thoughtful lady, for her schedule was so jampacked with interviews and shopping and parties that she'd have been excused if she hadn't said boo to anyone. Miss Bergman is dying to do a play on Broadway, incidentally . . . You'd think, after all the publicity surrounding the birth of a princess to **Grace Kelly** and **Prince Rainier,** that the parents could have dispensed with announcements. But no. A few weeks after the event, the formal announcements arrived in the mailboxes of all of Grace's show-business friends—even in the boxes of actors she'd done TV work with years before Hollywood ever heard of her . . . Many actors, in private, are a notoriously catty crew; each one thinks he can play every part better than anyone else, and says so—but not in public. That's why we nominate as the silliest scenes on television those interview spots where an emcee asks one actor how he enjoyed another's performance. In public, they *always* rave. No actor is going to sit in front of a TV camera and announce that he hated the play he just saw, or stand in front of a movie house at a première and say the show stinks. So don't pay any attention to any public endorsements . . . **Mike Wallace,** whose hard-hitting interviews on *Night Beat* are the talk of New York and will go network in June, has a terrible time getting women to go on his show. It's not because the girls are afraid of Mike's questions, however; it's because of the lighting on the show. Sitting in a small dark studio under a spotlight accents every little wrinkle. The girls can face the probing into their personal and professional lives, but not into their complexions! . . . Incidentally, don't believe the stories that all of Mike's guests are stripped bare and sit there divulging facts they'd prefer the audience didn't know. Some of the guests manage to keep all their secrets quite nicely—or slip out of answering questions so smoothly that the audience doesn't even know what's happening. Some of them even lie quite blatantly and get away with it . . . Most peop think that all uneducated Englishmen tal with a Cockney accent. This is not true. Cockney accent is spoken only by people fro a certain section of London. It just so hap pens that **Julie Andrews** *is* from that sectio and her opening speeches and songs in *M Fair Lady* are pure, correct Cockney. It's pure, in fact, that American audiences ha a terrible time understanding her at first. S and **Stanley Holloway** and **Bob Coote** ar **Rex Harrison** always know when Englishm are in the audience because only then do Ju and Holloway get laughs with some of the lines. *They* can understand . . . *My Fair Lad* by the way, is not the same show every nigh Coote and Harrison have been playing it f so long now that they sometimes stick some original lines just for the fun of it . You probably won't be seeing **Bradford Di man** and **Jason Robards Jr.** on televisi very much until the Broadway run of *Lo Day's Journey Into Night* is over. Their pa are so exhausting that they don't have t strength left over to do any television Sunday, the day Broadway stars have off a the day they swarm all over the TV cha nels. In fact, for a while they were havi trouble just getting through their lines in t play. They were getting so wrapped up the long parts that they were actually blac ing out. Now they're breathing into bro paper bags during the intermissions—and fi they can make it through the performan without fainting . . . **Earl Wilson** went alo with the gag the night the new *Tonight* sh had him get his hair dyed red in full vi of the TV audience. But he was really dyi of embarrassment, and tried to get it dy back to his own graying brown-black the ve next day. Unfortunately, the second dye j didn't take, and poor Earl had to keep going back until he finally looked like old self. Never again, he swears . . . **Mauri Gasfield** who plays **Doberman** on *The F Silvers Show,* has never had it so good p fessionally. His success in the part has boos his ego to the point where he's turned i a natty dresser. He even looks upon hims as a lady killer, just the way Doberman d when Sergeant Bilko has conned him into

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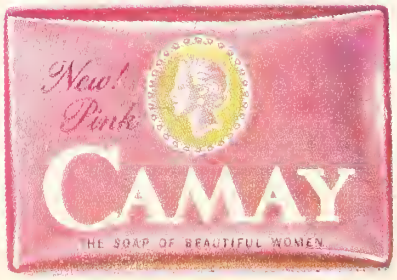
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*Color portrait of Janet and Tony on the cover by F.P.G.
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(*and two adoring men*)
were salvaged by gorgeous
Ava when their yacht was
lost. Lots of spice and
everything nice in
this very funny comedy.

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AVA GARDNER
STEWART GRANGER
DAVID NIVEN

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WIN AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC!

Enter "The Little Hut" giveaway contest. Get your entry blank from your favorite movie theatre, travel bureau or luggage dealer.

"You've both known me for years There must be something you can work out!"



"Philip, I'd like permission to marry your wife!"

Introducing WALTER CHIARI • Screen Play by F. HUGH HERBERT • Based on the Play by ANDRE ROUSSIN
English Stage Adaptation by NANCY MITFORD • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • A HERBSON S.A. PRODUCTION
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Isn't Elvis Presley secretly engaged to Rita Moreno?
—O.T., Memphis, Tenn.
A. *Just one of many he's been dating.*

Q. How old is George Raft and how come he manages to look so well?
—E.L., N.Y.C.
A. *Raft is 61, does not drink.*

Q. Did Bob Mitchum recently knock out three sailors in a bar fight?
—F.L., Norfolk, Va.
A. *Yes, the incident occurred in the West Indies when the sailors insulted Mitchum's wife.*

Q. Did Anita Ekberg ever go with a private detective named Otash? Did she ever go with Mario Lanza?
—S.L., Ely, Nev.
A. *Anita went with Otash, met Lanza on two occasions.*

Q. Did Anna Kashfi, Marlon Brando's Indian girl, have TB?
—N.T., Boston, Mass.
A. *A touch of it. She's now recovered.*

Q. What ever happened to English actor Richard Burton?
—C.R., Cleveland, Ohio
A. *Burton has left England, now lives in Switzerland to ease his tax burden.*

Q. Was Vera Miles a Howard Hughes discovery years ago?
—D.Y., Denver, Col.
A. *Yes.*

Q. Why can't Ava Gardner stay happily married?
—A.H., Fayetteville, N.C.
A. *The men she marries try to change her.*

Q. Did Sophia Loren ever pose in the nude? I've seen pictures in magazines.
—D.D., Ft. Worth, Texas
A. *In Rome when she was just starting out, Sophia did figure modeling.*

Q. During *Island In The Sun,* wasn't there a big fight between Joan Fontaine and Harry Belafonte?
—H.Y., N.Y.C.
A. *No; they got along.*

Q. Is Debbie Reynolds fighting with her studio? If so, why?
—V.U., Glendale, Cal.
A. *She is not happy. No parts, relatively small salary.*

Q. I've been told that doctors have warned John Huston. He either gives up smoking or he dies. True?
—F.K., London, Eng.
A. *Huston's doctors have ordered him to give up smoking.*

Q. Please tell me if Louis Jourdan is married, has any children.
—L.R., Rochester, N.Y.
A. *Jourdan is married; has a boy 6, Loulou.*

Q. Will Loretta Young ever make a full-length movie again?
—C.T., Chicago, Ill.
A. *If the right script comes along.*

Q. Who is the girl who took Kathy Grant's place in Bing Crosby's life? Why didn't Bing marry Kathy after she changed her religion and everything?
—A.H., Hartford, Conn.
A. *Crosby is seeing a lot of Inger Stevens, says he has no intention of getting married to anyone in the near future.*

Q. What are the real names of Tab Hunter, John Saxon, and Rock Hudson?
—H.R., San Francisco, Cal.
A. *Arthur Andrew Gelien, Carmen Orrico, Roy Fitzgerald.*

Q. Do James Mason and Hedda Hopper really hate each other?
—K.T., Louisville, Ky.
A. *No love lost between them.*

Q. Was there ever anything between Montgomery Clift and Jean Simmons?
—E.H., Raleigh, N.C.
A. *At one point Clift was exceedingly fond of Jean.*

Q. Was Dorothy Dandridge ever married? What is her relationship with a man named Dennison?
—V.M., Las Vegas, Nev.
A. *Dorothy was married to one of the Nicholas Brothers; has seen Jack Dennison for some time.*

Q. Which movie stars have the most children?
—S.L., Provo, Utah
A. *Bob Cummings and Cameron Mitchell both have five.*

Q. When will Ginger Rogers and Jacques de Bergerac get the divorce?
—L.R., Dayton, Ohio
A. *Friends say it's a question of time.*

BURT LANCASTER · KIRK DOUGLAS



GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL

co-starring RHONDA FLEMING · JO VAN FLEET · JOHN IRELAND

Directed by JOHN STURGES · Screenplay by LEON URIS · Music composed and conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN · A Paramount Picture

TECHNICOLOR®

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

A big party to celebrate a big picture was this month's highlight . . . and some new romances to replace the old . . .



Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner barely sipped a glass of champagne togeth at the Buddy Adler shindig after the Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison *premièr*

NATALIE WOOD'S BIG BROWN flirtatious eyes had **Bob Wagner** sulking at the big party the **Buddy Adlers** gave at ROMANOFF's following the première of *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison.*

Little Miss Wood was turning the full voltage on former beau **Nicky Hilton**, who seemed to have eyes only for his date **Joan Collins.**

But if Nicky wasn't giving Natalie the nod, some of our most dignified gentlemen—many of them old enough to know better—acted like young colts in the stag line of a college prom cutting in on Natalie every time she took the floor with Bob. After it happened three or four times, Bob retreated to their table on the terrace above the dance floor and just sat out the major part of the supper-dance.

It was a wonderful party with everyone singing the praises of **Deborah Kerr** and **Robert Mitchum**, who are so wonderful as the only two performers—aside from extras—in *Mr. Allison.*

Deborah, who looked like a doll in a bouffant satin ball gown that swept the floor, was so happy that her husband **Tony Bartley** had been able to fly in from New York to attend the première with her. He hadn't thought he would be able to make it, so Deborah had invited their nine-year-old Melanie to be her date. Even after her father showed up, Missy Melanie held her mother to her promise and showed up at the theater in a brand-new evening coat of black velvet trimmed in ermine, a very excited little girl.

Zsa Zsa Gabor was dripping in pearls, must have had at least ten strands around her neck. "Of course, zee are real, dolling," quoth Zsa Zsa.

Joan Woodward, said to be the girl in **Paul Newman's** life since his separation from his wife, had the most unusual hair-do in the room. Slicked straight back on the sides with little fringe bangs over her forehead, it made her look like a little girl in a daguerreotype. Joan's escort was TV actor **Bob Quarry**. Paul was off on a brief trip to New York.

By the way, watch for Joan in *Three Faces Of Eve*—they say she is a young Bette Davis.

The **Pat Boones** were the cutest couple, and danced every dance together. Pat whispered in my ear as we passed on the dance floor that he and Shirley had had a little domestic battle—and then they read my Sunday story about how happy they are and promptly made up!

"That's the fun about fights—kissing and making up," said Shirley smiling at Pa

Earlier in the evening at the theater, or of the biggest yells from the sidewalk fa went up for **Jeffrey Hunter**. Frankly hadn't realized he is is such a smash wi the kids. Jeff was with **Dusty Bartlett**, t model and TV glamour girl—and their clo friends say don't be surprised if this roman ends up in a wedding.

I saw **Rocky** and **Gary Cooper**, a their daughter Maria, and **Jody McCre** at the theater but at the party Rocky to me that Gary had been taken ill in the theat with chills and had gone on home.

Mrs. Gregory Peck was sporting a fu length silver mist mink coat. And you shou get a load of **Jayne Mansfield's** fu length white mink! Jayne, I might add, dressing in much better taste when s appears in public than she did when she fi came to Hollywood.

Jeanne Crain and **Paul Brinkma** appear to be very happy if you can jud by all the smooching they do while dancin Jeanne's gown was lovely, white taffe printed in pink roses.

All in all, it was a big star-studded night and lots of fun . . . thanks to the gracious h pitality of our hosts Anita and Buddy Adl



he Body helps The Body with her wrap. Or to put it other way, Mickey Hargitay and Jayne Mansfield.



Joan Woodward, who came to the party with someone else because Paul was away, wore this cute hair-do. But Paul Newman saw it first a week ago.



elieve it or not, we caught them NOT *kissing! Who? hy Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman of course!*



That's Joan Collins cheek-to-cheek with Nicky Hilton. He used to be Liz' husband.



Robert Stack and his Rosemarie share a smile over the doings of their young'un.

KIRK DOUGLAS AND HIS PRETTY ench wife Ann tossed themselves a party at was a party in their new home—a combination housewarming, and a farewell for rk. He was taking off for Europe to make *aths Of Glory* in a few days.

The decorations throughout the house and to the enormous tent where dinner and ancing took place were along the Viking nes. Kirk laughed, "I'm producing and arring in *The Viking* for my own company—hy should I plug another movie?"

As the gay evening wore on, I thought hat a good time **Doris Day** is having at arties lately. **Marty Melcher,** her husand, doesn't like to dance, but Doris was havg a ball for herself twirling around the floor ith one or another hot-footed gentleman the ntire evening. She looked as cute as all get-ut with her hair cut very short and in a snugtting sheath dress. Very smart.

That's more than I can say for **Burt Lanaster**, who ignored the usual dark suit niform for men in the evening and turned up a bright brown suit, mulberry shirt, bright e and house-slippers! (Continued on page 8)



Greg Peck and lovely Veronique, another new-parents couple, could hardly tear themselves away from the baby's nursery!



Glamorous Zsa Zsa, wearing strands of lovely pearls, was lucky Denny Slater's date for the party. He'd like to make her his.

Everyone got a big charge when **Eddie Albert** went and took over the entertainment department and sang and danced with the orchestra. He kept begging **Judy Garland** to come up and sing. But Judy was having too much fun applauding Eddie, who was really wonderful.

Van Johnson seemed unusually subdued sitting in a corner talking with **Eleanor Powell** and **Glenn Ford** and the **Gregory Pecks** most of the evening. Van wasn't even wearing his red sox!

Others who enjoyed the hospitality of the Douglases were the **James Masons, Mary** and **Jack Benny** and **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns.**

THE-CRACK-OF-THE MONTH: Bob Hope's remark that **Elvis Presley** should get some kind of an award "for the best performance by an audience!"

LANA TURNER WAS SPITTIN' firecrackers she was so mad over a story out of New York that she planned to get a quick divorce from **Lex Barker** and marry South American millionaire Luis Santos Jacinto.

"It makes me so mad I could scream," Lana told me. "Now that Lex and I are separated, I hope that every time I dine with a man rumors aren't going to start that I'm going to marry him!

"Eleven years ago, when I was on vacation in Brazil I met Senor Jacinto and we went dancing a few times. When I returned there recently after visiting the *Uruguay Film Festival* in a party with other Hollywood people, Luis and *twelve other* men asked me to dinner. That's all it was and that's all it's going to be. For heavens sake, I'm still married." And *that's* that.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: No bride ever had a longer drive from her wedding ceremony to her reception than **Linda Darnell.** The brunette Linda and airline pilot Captain Robbie Robertson said their vows at the FLIERS CHAPEL in the MISSION INN at Riverside, and then drove back eighty-five miles to say hello to their friends at BARRACLOUGH'S RESTAURANT in Hollywood. Even though Linda has been married three times, she wore a bridal veil and gown—but the color was PINK. . . .

After years of doing just polite leading man roles, it's wonderful to see the big upswing in the career of **David Niven,** wanted for more good roles than he can fill. Of course *Around The World In 80 Days* did it. Right now David has the role of his life, right up his street, in *My Man Godfrey.* He replaced the explosive German actor **O. W. Fischer** opposite **June Allyson.** . . .

As much in love as she is with Eaton Chalkley and as much as her Carrolltown neighbors in Georgia insist **Susan Hayward** is going to retire, I don't believe it. . . .

On the other hand, everybody figured **Dana Wynter** would bow out of films, that's how ecstatic she is just being Mrs. Greg Bautzer. But Dana just signed a new contract with 20TH.

Diana Dors was so incensed over reports that she is panning Americans and Hollywood now that she's back in London that she called me all the way from England and talked up a big, big telephone bill to heatedly deny it. "Why should I pan Hollywood? I was treated wonderfully there," said dauntless Diana.







Above Left *Linda Darnell and Capt. Robbie Robertson are flying high—they're honeymooning in Miami, soaking up the sun.*

Above *David Niven had more offers than he could handle in a month of Sundays, after his* 80 Days *success! David finally decided on U-I's* My Man Godfrey, *co-starring with June Allyson.*

Left *Dana Wynter's having such fun just being Mrs. Greg Bautzer, but that didn't keep her from signing on the dotted line when she was offered a great big new contract.*



Vikki Dougan is showing more than bad tas when she forgets that it's smarter to conce

OPEN LETTER to **Vikki Dougan:** you hadn't seemed like such a nice g when I talked with you and so sincere serious about getting somewhere on t screen, I wouldn't even bother thrashing c the subject of those awful backless dress you wear in public.

You must have a whole wardrobe of the gowns split right down to the end of yc spine in your closets. When you first ma the whole room at the Foreign Corresponde Dinner gasp and then giggle with that op back job, I thought "Oh, well—maybe just one of a kind." But since that time you' appeared in more of these pneumonia-traps cocktail parties—and in Palm Springs weari dresses cut just as low.

Vikki, you certainly can't enjoy bei laughed at—or embarrassing your esco Yes, I say that **Lance Fuller** was a ve nervous and uncomfortable young man at recent art exhibit with all the photograph sneaking up behind you to get pictures your, er—posterior!

You don't have to tell me that you doing it for publicity. You have been quo as saying, "Whether people like the dres or not—at least I'm attracting attention the first time."

I have an idea that if **John Wayne,** v has you under contract to his BATJAC C PANY, had been in town—instead of in Lil shooting *Legend Of The Lost*—he would h had you in for a quiet little talk on the merit good taste.

You told me that you really want a cha to show your acting ability on the screen. V not stick to that instead of concentrating showing your whole spine?

(Continued on page)



Brush Your Teeth with Colgate's... Brush Bad Breath Away!

And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!



Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

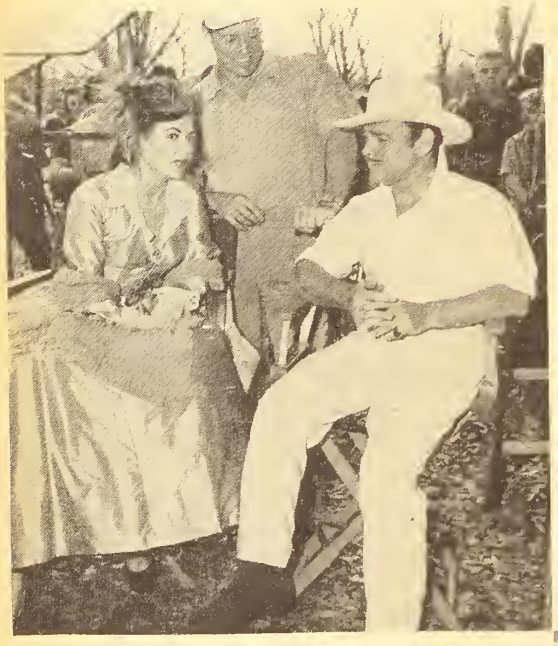


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*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Colgate's With Gardol CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*







Above *Yvonne DeCarlo takes time out to relax with Clark Gable and her husband during one of the scenes that Bob* DID *watch them make!*

Above Right *One of the happy stories to come out of Hollywood—and one of my exclusives! —made Jean Peters the news of the year.*

Right *Rita Hayworth is looking prettier than ever these days—and my guess is that producer James Hill has a lot to do with Rita's smile!*

Below *Quite a grin on that handsome Dick Egan —and he's wearing it more and more these days. Little Miss Pat Hardy, as far as I'm concerned, is one of the big reasons for Dick's happiness.*



THE HOLLYWOOD STORY of the year was my exclusive on **Howard Hughes'** marriage to **Jean Peters**. I printed it three days after it happened. Don't ask me who gave me the story, because I won't tell. I will only say that I know it is true.

Jean is so in love with Howard that she practically gave up her career to become Mrs. Hughes. But you can look to see the wife of the multi-millionaire return to pictures probably for Hughes' own organization.

Her last picture was *A Man Called Peter* made over two years ago. Since that time she hasn't been at her studio, 20TH CENTURY-FOX, nor has anyone known her whereabouts or heard from her until my story broke that she was honeymooning with Howard. I hear the marriage took place on a boat.

DON'T SELL Rita Hayworth and producer (with HECHT-LANCASTER) **James Hill** short as a romance. Although Rita tosses her red hair and says "Nothing to it" when you ask her about Hill, she is certainly spending lots and lots of time with him.

Many people ask me how I think Rita and **Kim Novak** will get along working together in *Pal Joey*. I think they'll get along great—because they work separately romancing **Frank Sinatra** in the script!

ONE AFTERNOON, late on the shooting of *Band Of Angels* from WARNERS, **Yvonne DeCarlo's** husband Bob Morgan decided to pay his wife a visit on the set. But when he got there, the guard stopped him and said the set was closed. Morgan asked why.

"Miss DeCarlo is working in a soaking wet nightgown that clings to her—and so no visitors," the guard said.

"But I'm her husband," smiled Bob.

"Can't help that," said the custodian of morals, "the only gentlemen allowed on the set are Director Raoul Walsh, the cameraman —and **Mr. Clark Gable!"**

THE LEAST SURPRISING Bulletin Of-The-Month: **June Allyson** and **Dick Powell** reconcile! Did anyone really think they wouldn't? Not with Dick carrying a torch for his Junie a mile high all the time they were parted. June really needs Dick's protective devotion—and as he hoped at the time of the rift she "came to her senses."

I'M GOING TO TAKE a running jump and predict that by the time you read this **Richard Egan** and **Pat Hardy** will be officially engaged—or maybe married.

If ever an eligible bachelor proceeded with caution it's the good-looking Dick. I think I can understand that. He comes of a very religious family: one of his brothers is a Priest, he himself is very devout—and he knows that when he marries it will be for keeps.

Dick and Pat have been dating for two years. She's a girl with innate poise and sweetness and she is very much in love with Egan. Although many people believe she could have an important screen career of her own if she wanted it, Pat has always put Dick's work ahead of her own. I know of one occasion when she turned down an interesting role because Dick was between films and she wanted to spend her time with him.

The sweet smell of orange blossoms is very much in the air. *(Continued on page 12)*



BOBBI'S "Heroine" adapts fashion's new wide and wonderful look for you—thanks to new "Casual Pin-Curlers." Only BOBBI has "Casual Pin-Curlers"... new easy way to make pin-curls behave.



Try "Spindrift," BOBBI's new "do" for that very special date. Soft waves sweep forward over ears. Bangs feather out from a new pinwheel curl. Lastingly yours . . . with "Casual Pin-Curlers."



"First Love" depends on BOBBI—the special permanent for casual styles—for those wide, natural-looking waves. Never tight, never fussy—BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls.

Casual 'n carefree! These new
softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer . . . your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.



See how smooth a pin-curl looks made with BOBBI's new "Casual Pin-Curlers!" They can't slip, can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Perfect for setting after shampoos.



See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just "Casual Pin-Curlers" and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer —no resetting needed.



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Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit *complete* with 55 new "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers . . . all in pink plastic . . . new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.

Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water ... that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-poge book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-67, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*



Jerry Lewis and his pretty Patty are shopping for baby clothes! They're hoping for a girl.



All Hollywood was saddened when Barry and Marie Sullivan parted—after nineteen years!

JERRY LEWIS AND HIS PRETTY Patti are expecting their fourth child, and Jerry cracks, "Once again we'll go shopping for a layette for a girl. But if it's a boy—we'll keep him."

The Lewis' boys are Scotty, one year old; Gary, eleven, and seven-year-old Ronnie.

A PARTING THAT REALLY CAME as a surprise was the separation of the **Barry Sullivans** after nineteen years of marriage. I could hardly believe it was true when Barry's press agent called me on Saturday evening and told me that Barry had moved out of their home and into a hotel.

Strangely enough, neither Barry nor Marie issued any kind of statement. Not even the old announcement *We're the best of friends—but just incompatible.*

When I asked the p.a. what explanation was given for the rift between these two people who were thought to be so happily married, he said "There isn't any."

Usually in the case of a Hollywood separation, there is some background gossip. But not in this parting. It's all very strange. But, perhaps it is strangest and unhappiest of all for their two children—John, who is fifteen, and Jenny, ten.

THE LETTER BOX. JUDY MARTIN, Springfield, Ohio, recently conducted a poll of the Springfield High School psychology class on the five most popular actors and actresses and male and female singers. According to Judy the results were—

Most popular actors: **Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter, James Stewart, Yul Brynner, James Dean.**

Most popular actresses: **Elizabeth Taylor, Debbie Reynolds, Grace Kelly, Doris Day, Audrey Hepburn.**

Most popular male singers: **Pat Boone, Perry Como, Harry Belafonte, Eddie Fisher, Nat "King" Cole.**

Most popular female singers: **Doris Day, Patti Page, Dinah Shore, Rosemary Clooney, Julie Wilson.** Very interesting Judy.

All the way from Quillota, Chili, JUAN ABUFOM writes a suggestion: *"Mrs. Rock Hudson is so beautiful and has such a lovely spiritual look in her face I wonder that she is not an actress. Is it that* **Mr. Hudson** *forbids her?"* No it isn't, Juan. It's just that Phyllis Gates has never been an actress and I'm sure the idea has never crossed her mind.

I can't count all the letters that poured in protesting the *Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences* ignoring **Charlton Heston's** portrayal of Moses in *The Ten Commandments* for the Oscar nominations. BETTY KLUG, St. Paul, Minnesota, speaks for many in writing: *"I think there is something fishy about these nominations when a great performance like Mr. Heston's is by-passed."*

KAREN KIRKPATRICK, Spokane, Washington pens an open letter to **Lana Turner** through this department: *"Dear Lana: Before you make any rash decision about your marriage remember the love you and Lex shared on the time you lost your expected baby. Remember how you leaned on each other in your unhappiness—and please, please try to patch things up."*

"I didn't think Baby Doll *was vulgar—I just think it was the* silliest movie *I ever saw* blasts BETTY MORRIS, Marshall, Texas.

B. E. MATTISEN, Troy, New York, writes a cute note saying he's *no teenager—he's seventy years old! "But I have as much right to express myself about* **Elvis Presley** *as anyone else,"* he says. *"A lot of stars do things worse than Elvis and no one squawks. I'm enclosing a picture of* **Kirk Douglas** *and* **Susan Hayward** *in a scene from* Top Secret Affair *that's far more suggestive than anything Elvis has ever posed for. And have you seen some of the pictures of* **Jayne Mansfield** advertising The Girl Can't Help It?" I agree, Mr. B.E. The picture of Kirk and Susan is very torrid.

"I'm furious that people in the record business refer to **Tab Hunter's** *smash recording of 'Young Love' as a freak!"* storms VIVIE VAN ALLEN, New York. I'm sure no disparagement of Tab is meant, Vivien. It is a bit unusual for a screen star to sing a record that goes to the top of the hit list.

FRANK MCDONALD, Dallas, is mad at me. *"I suppose because* **Marlon Brando** *doesn't call you and give you the exclusive every time he crosses the street—that's the reason you ignore him so completely."* Now calm down boy. I print all the news I get about Marlon, and I sincerely admire him as an actor. Plus, I don't care how often he crosses a street without telling me. I'm busy.

That's all for now. See you next month.



I dreamed I was Twins in my maidenform bra

I'm beside myself with joy! For when I walk down the street, everyone I meet looks twice at my glamorous Maidenform lines! The duet of dream bras: On the left, Pre-Lude* Six-Way; on the right, the same bra in a slimming long-line version. And each *can be worn six-ways:* strapless, with straps any way you like, for every neckline in your wardrobe! And whichever way you wear them—you'll agree they're the most comfortable, the most curve-snugging bras you've ever worn! Bandeau, 3.00. Bandeau, lightly lined, 3.95. Long-Line, 5.95.

HAT: EMME SUIT: TOWNCRAFT

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1957 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by Pimples!"



New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, *that really works.* In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were *completely cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR



1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.



2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.



3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. **Only 69¢** at all drug counters (economy size 98¢).



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

TV TALK

Charles Van Doren invited to meet the King of Belgium. . . . News about Bert and Harry Piel. . . . Geraldine Page's career problems. . . .

You can believe every word you read about **Tom Ewell** being just as funny in private life as he is on stage, screen, or TV. He is one of those comedians—like **Phil Silvers** and unlike **Jack Benny**—who doesn't need his writers' scripts to keep up his end of a fun conversation. Ewell also doesn't demand the spotlight all the time. One day recently he had a lunch date in the theater district and was given his choice of two restaurants—SARDI's, the theatrical hangout where first-nighters wait for the drama critics' verdict on the new play in town, or the ALGONQUIN, where the literati congregate. Almost any actor would have picked SARDI's because there, in that table-hopping atmosphere, he could receive congratulations and compliments by the score. Not Ewell. He picked the ALGONQUIN so that he could eat undisturbed. Not that he has anything against adulation—he honestly admits he loves it—but his ego doesn't demand it all the time. Ewell, incidentally, has a unique way of learning his lines. He gets behind the wheel of his car, puts his script on the seat beside him, and drives around the Connecticut countryside reciting as he goes. If he forgets a line, he just glances down at the script. Some of his neighbors who don't know about his memorizing routine are convinced Ewell is going off his rocker when they see him cruising around all alone and talking, apparently to himself, a mile a minute—and with facial expression too! . . . When you see **Audrey Hepburn** in *Funny Face*, you'll see her cuddling a puppy in one scene. She fell in love with the dog making that scene in Paris, and when she and **Mel Ferrer** went to New York to do *Mayerling* on TV, she missed it so much that they went out and bought one just like it for their own. Speaking of dogs and Audrey and Mel, the Ferrers include shaggy-dog stories among their many mutual tastes. They can sit around for hours telling them . . . Wouldn't you know it! As soon as **Charles Van Doren** got famous winning all that money on *Twenty-One,* the rumors started that he had always been the black sheep of the famous and intellectual Van Doren family, that his relatives had despaired of his ever amounting to anything. Don't believe it for a moment. There isn't a word of truth to it. His family was very pleased and proud, but *not* surprised. Winners on TV quiz shows, incidentally, sometimes get a lot more reward than just the prizes announced over the air. Van Doren's book on the Civil War, for example, will undoubtedly sell more copies than it would have if he'd never wowed the nation on *Twenty-One*—and that means more royalties for him. He also gets invitations to appear on other shows—for money. He gets theater tickets for free because it's good publicity for the play if he goes to see it. And—to top it off—he even got offered a European vacation! The Belgian government was so upset when he missed answering King Baudouin's name that it offered him a trip to Belgium to meet the king. And yes, said the Belgian representative, Charles could take a friend and two relatives! . . . It seems unbelievable now, but those wonderful brotbers, **Bert** and **Harry Piel,** almost never got on tbe air. It took one man *one year* to convince the Piel brewing outfit and its advertising agency that Bert (**Ray Goulding**) and Harry (**Bob Elliot**) could sell beer. Even then the sponsor and the agency insisted that the commercial be given a test try in one town. The results in that one town of course proved that Piel had the hottest commercial ever seen on television—and fixed it so we could see Harry and Bert again and again and again . . . While we're on the subject of commercials, here's a surprising piece of information: surveys show that the commercial on the **Alfred Hitchcock** show is more popular than the show! Now *there's* a switch. Many viewers, in fact, turn on the show, look at Hitchcock's introduction, turn to something else, and then switch back twenty-five minutes later for his sign-off . . . Most backstage dressing rooms in Broadway theaters are very small, and even a few visitors can result in standing on each others' toes. But **Bea Lillie,** now in *The Ziegfeld Follies*, has two good-sized rooms and a bathroom with a huge tub in it. This is *luxury!* Her suite's so comfortable that she gives parties in it, and many's the night she and her friends sit around sipping and talking and listening to Bea's collection of old musical comedy records . . . **Imogene Coca** spends quite a bit of her spare time painting. At the moment she's going in for landscapes, big ones in oil. But, just as with everything else she does, Imogene is racked with insecurity. She doesn't know if she's any good as a painter or not. When she meets someone she likes who knows something about art, she eagerly asks for advice . . . You can be sure when you see **Rosemary Clooney** or **Carmen Mathews** on a show that everyone who works on it is happy to have them. Both ladies are universally loved by producers, directors, fellow actors, and—best test of all—stagehands. Neither one has a prima-donna bone in her body . . . There's no one happier about television than **Louis Jean Heydt.** For years he rolled along playing feature parts in movies and did fairly well. But now, in TV, he's making more money than he ever bas—and the TV people give him leads. Television doesn't demand a **Robert Taylor** or a **Rock Hudson** type when it hands out starring roles—and Louis is mighty grateful . . . **Don Ameche's** wife of many years, **Honey,** is crazy about housekeeping. Even when the Ameches are riding the crest, she insists on doing all her own cooking. Even her own scrubbing! . . . Many actresses take up knitting to while away the time during rehearsals when they're not needed in front of the cameras or on stage. Others write letters, read books, or flip through magazines. Or watch television in their dressing rooms. They have to find something to do with the time they're not on. Now a new wrinkle's been added. All during the run of the **Edward G. Robinson** starrer, *Middle Of The Night*, the actresses have been making hats! One of them, who used to make hats for a living when she was *at liberty,* started it all—and now every girl in the cast is at it. Very professional job, too. Some of them could pass for $50 custom made numbers . . . **Geraldine Page** has a serious career problem. She's a full-fledged star but there aren't many roles she can play. Because she's a star, she can't take supporting roles in anything—or so her managers say. Our prediction: she'll start taking more parts anything that's good so that she can act more

Greatest Washday Discovery in 100 Years– Sta-Puf® Gives Clothes Like-New Softness!



Not a Soap, Not a Detergent, Not a Water Softener. STA-PUF is a totally new *kind* of washday product. All you do is pour a little STA-PUF into your rinse water and presto!—everything comes so soft and fluffy that you can hardly believe it! Harsh, "boardy" bath towels fluff up like magic! Wash-stiffened clothes lose their irritating scratchiness in a jiffy! And even muslin sheets come out feeling like percale! . . . STA-PUF is perfect for use in tubs, automatics or regular washing machines.



A Miracle for Diapers and Baby Clothes! STA-PUF makes diapers and baby clothes petal-soft as baby's tender skin itself! Prevents diaper irritation due to chafing. No more scratchy stiffness, even when you wash in hardest water. And STA-PUF makes diapers far easier to pin. No strong finger-pressure needed. Yes, life is far easier for baby—and *you*—with STA-PUF on the job. Kind to skin—kind to hands. Protects fabrics—makes clothes last longer. Used by leading diaper laundries and hospitals.



You SEE and FEEL the Difference! The bath towels on the left were rinsed the ordinary way—while the towels on the right (rinsed with STA-PUF) are more than *half again as thick*. This is visible proof of the washday wonders that STA-PUF performs.



Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee! Get STA-PUF at your grocer's today. See how unbelievably soft and fluffy it makes *all* washables, even when dried indoors. *Double your money back* if not delighted. Simply mail empty bottle to A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill. We'll refund *double* the price you paid. Don't wait! Find out now how STA-PUF Miracle Rinse makes garments and linens like new.

at last...
a deodorant talc
that gives you
all-over body protection!



april showers
deodorant talc

The smart woman's new beauty secret . . . April Showers Deodorant Talc used freely under arms, around waist, on feet . . . all over. Fine quality imported Italian talc combined with odor killing Hexachlorophene protects where ordinary deodorants never do. Only 50¢, plus tax.

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in June, you are sharing it with:

June 1 — **Marilyn Monroe**
Joan Caulfield
June 3 — **Tony Curtis**
June 7 — **Dean Martin**
Dolores Gray
June 8 — **Dana Wynter**
June 9 — **Mona Freeman**
Robert Cummings
June 11 — **Richard Todd**
June 12 — **Vic Damone**
Bill Lundigan
June 18 — **Maggie McNamara**
June 19 — **Pier Angeli**
Marisa Pavan
Louis Jourdan
June 20 — **Audie Murphy**
Rossana Podesta
June 21 — **Jane Russell**
Judy Holliday
June 22 — **Gower Champion**
June 25 — **Charlotte Greenwood**
June 26 — **Eleanor Parker**
June 30 — **Susan Hayward**



Paulette Goddard
June 3



Rosalind Russell
June 4



Dorothy McGuire
June 14



Ralph Bellamy
June 17



Charles Coburn
June 19



Errol Flynn
June 20

Your birthstone is a pearl!
Your flower is a rose!

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

JIMMY STEWART learns to fly— a 1927 plane!

■ The calmest man at the Culver City Airport one afternoon a couple of months back was James Stewart—who should have been the jumpiest.

He was flying a 1927-model airplane in a test run for his latest movie role, which happens to be that of Charles Lindbergh in *The Spirit Of St. Louis.*

So while his producer Leland Hayward and his director Billy Wilder paced the airstrip and reassured each other that good old Jimmy—a seasoned pilot—could fly anything with wings and an engine, good old Jimmy did it.

His maiden flight in the accurate reproduction of the famous Lindbergh plane was made in the interests of authentic acting. He should fly the plane *sometime* during the picture figured Hayward and Wilder, and Jimmy figured he might as well start practicing.

So they steeled their nerves, chomped on their fingernails and went out to watch their star cut some cloud capers.

"All I can say," said Hayward when Stewart skidded the little silver plane to a bumpy stop after the test flight, "is that I'm happy he doesn't have to fly clear across the Atlantic in it."

Stewart himself said he found flying the plane a stimulating experience. "It's awfully noisy and the fumes are horrible and it requires a lot of handling," he said, "but I'm beginning to know how Lindbergh felt."

He was to know even more how Lindbergh felt before the WARNER BROTHERS picture was completed because, now that he'd done it once, his producer and director had enough faith in both Jimmy and the plane to come up with all kinds of great ideas about photographing him in air-to-air shots with the fumes in his face and the noise in his ears.

"He'll *really* feel like Lindbergh!" chortled Hayward, dispatching the nurse and the oxygen tank on back to the studio.





Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleaning action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*





Now! *Even humdrum hair can seethe with excitement!*

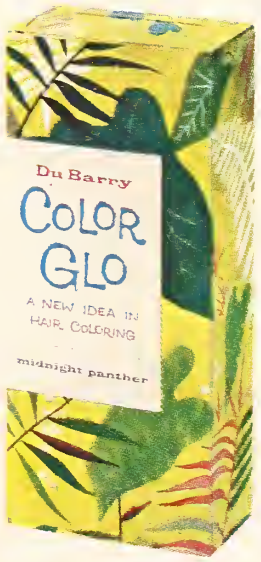
NEW DuBARRY COLOR GLO

- *Foams new living color right into your hair!*
- *Washes right out with your next shampoo!*
- *Looks so natural it's your own exciting secret!*

There's *never* been hair color like DuBarry Color Glo! Not a rinse—not a color shampoo—but a whole new way to color your hair. This fabulous foam gives a new *color-lift* to every shade of hair under the sun!

Foam in Color Glo after your next shampoo, and rinse. That's all! No mixing. no fixing. no fussing. It's fun, fast . . . and fool-proof! Color Glo *stays* on evenly . . . *conditions* while it's on . . . shampoos out *completely*.

With Color Glo you can *accent* and *intensify* your own hair color . . . or you can have a dramatic *new* color this very night! With Color Glo. blonde isn't bland . . . it's brilliant! Black isn't flat . . . it's fiery! Red isn't raging . . . it's radiant! And gray is never. never drab . . . it's pure shimmering silver! After your next shampoo. *foam* fabulous color into *your* hair with new DuBarry Color Glo!



Choose from these newest, truest-to-life colors . . .

Golden Leopard *puts golden gleam in blonde hair, a twinkle in brown hair.*

Midnight Panther *deepens black hair to sparkling jet. Gives brown a velvety depth.*

Red Cheetah *lifts hair to fiery brilliance. Gives brunettes a burnished glow.*

Brown Jaguar *adds richness and warmth . . . makes brown sparkle with highlights!*

Silver Mink *gives a fresh silver shimmer to faded white, gray or ash-blonde hair.*

DuBARRY COLOR GLO 1.50 PLUS TAX

VICTORIA SHAW DISCOVERS AMERICA

■ Victoria Shaw is just waiting to get her husband to Australia. There's a little score she wants to settle. . .

By now, Vici is fairly well Yankeefied. But a year and a half ago, she was just a girl from Australia and about all she knew about America and Americans was that they spoke English with a funny accent.

Then she met Roger Smith. The two fell in love, and Roger and Vici decided to take a long week end and drive from Hollywood to Nogales, Arizona, so that Roger's folks could meet his wife-to-be.

They piled into his car and crossed the desert and the Imperial Valley. Then they neared the Arizona border.

Roger pulled over to the side of the road.

"I don't want to scare you, darling," he said, "but we'll be going through Yuma in a little while. That town is still full of Indians."

"What'll we do?" asked Vici, remembering all the American movies she'd seen on the Wild West.

"Well, ordinarily they're not dangerous. But I think it would be a good idea to roll up the windows and duck down behind the dashboard so they can't see you when we drive through the city."

"But it's so hot!"

"Yes, I know, but it's better to be hot than to have an arrow in your face."

Vici agreed.

They rolled up the car's windows and Vici ducked to the floor. All the way through town. Vici was invisible—and Roger somehow managed to keep a straight face.

On the eastern outskirts of Yuma, Roger stopped the car again.

"ΘK," he said. "I guess we're safe. You can come up now and we can open the windows."

Vici wanted to know if he'd seen any Indians. Roger said he'd seen a few, but they didn't seem to be on the warpath that day.

"Look," Roger said, "pretty soon now we'll have to cross the Gila River. If the bridge is out, we'll have to carry the car across."

"Carry the car? How can we do that?"

"If the Indians have burned the bridge, that's all we can do. Folk around here do it all the time. The river is pretty shallow, and I'll take the heavy end—the front—and you take the light end and the tires buoy it up. We'll manage."

"I wish I'd stayed home," thought Vici.

They drove on and came to the river. They were in luck—the Indians hadn't burned down the bridge and they were able to drive across in comfort.

Some hours later, they got to Nogales and Vici heaved a sigh of relief as she walked into the Smiths' home.

"Did you have a nice trip?" Roger's mother asked.

"Well, it was all right," answered Vici. "We were lucky—the Indians in Yuma weren't on the warpath and they hadn't burned down the bridge over the Gila River so we didn't have any trouble."

"Indians? Warpath? Burned the bridge? What are you talking about?"

At that point, Roger couldn't control himself any longer. He sank into a chair and laughed and laughed. Vici stood there, her face getting redder and redder as first she became embarrassed, then angry, and finally hysterical with laughter herself as she saw the joke was very definitely on her.

The return trip was uneventful. But, like we said, Victoria is just waiting to get husband Roger to Australia!



They're happily married, but Vici hasn't forgotten the incident.



Roger's the bull and Vici the matador—and now's her chance to get even!

Fresh...young...alive! Here's the look you've been looking for!



Now! Give your skin tone the color lift it needs with

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

The Liquid Make-Up



Here is *your* glow . . . loveliest of all . . . a fragile, sheltered look that's, oh, so *naturally* feminine! Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' is a *delicate* touch—never caky, never drying. Every drop of this moisturizing liquid make-up is blended with Revlon's precious Lanolite to pamper your skin—keep it dewy-fresh. So just *touch* . . . and *glow!* You've found the look you've been looking for! Nobody knows you wear it but you!

Now in 9 living shades, 1.25 and 1.75 plus tax.
Face powder to harmonize, 1.25 plus tax.

©1957, REVLON, INC.


½ the time!
½ the work!
RICHARD HUDNUT'S
New Quick
New! The you
New Q U
©1957 Lambert-Hudson Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

only permanent dare wash at once!

Never before could you wave <u>then</u> wash! It's the loveliest wave in the world–and it's shampoo-fresh!



So easy! No need to shampoo first!

Unlike any other home permanent, Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! It's so easy! As soon as your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to *last* with Crystal Clear Lotion!



Wave and wash with ½ the work!

Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast, it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers —½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, right from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to see and be near. Use Quick today and be shampoo-fresh tonight!

2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped.
Use ½—Save ½. $2.00 plus tax.
(1-wave size, $1.25 plus tax)



ICK

Home Permanent by Richard Hudnut

for the smartest
lips and fingertips
this Spring,
Helen Neushaefer
creates for you:



HELEN NEUSHAEFER — ORIGINATOR OF CREME NAIL POLISH



Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish

still the only nail polish
containing PLASTEEN . . .
the miracle chip-proofing
ingredient *only* 15¢

and

New-Formula Iridescents

in fabulous jewel shades *only* 20¢

Super Lasteen Lipstick

in the improved free wheeling,
swivel case with the unique
color-teller tip *only* 39¢

all plus tax

Helen Neushaefer

at your favorite variety or drug store

MIKE TODD — FLOWER ARRANGER

■ That Mike Todd is a man of many talents no one would deny. But even his closest friends probably don't realize that Mike possesses a professional touch for flower arranging.

This hidden talent came out just before Mike's marriage to Liz Taylor.

The morning of the wedding day, with the ceremony only a couple of hours away, Mike was asking about the flowers he'd ordered. No one seemed to know anything about them.

Eventually, of course, the flowers arrived—less than an hour before the time set for the wedding—*a whole station wagon full of them!* Basket after basket of colorful blooms were unloaded, and carried into the front hall. But the florist had failed to send along anyone to arrange the bouquets!

Mike rose to the challenge in characteristic fashion. He drafted some of his houseguests, Eddie Fisher, Cantinflas, and Mike Todd Jr., and sent them scurrying through the house, rounding up every available container in which the flowers might be placed. Soon the room was full to overflowing with tropical blooms, just the way Mike wanted it.

And then Mike decided that he, personally, would arrange the flowers on the marriage table. Carefully, painstakingly, arranging one individual blossom at a time, he set about covering the cloth with a solid blanket of bloom.

As the time for the ceremony grew alarmingly near, Mike Jr. offered his assistance. Reluctantly, Mike Sr. allowed his son to help. But only for a moment. Mike Sr. suddenly ordered his son to cease and desist.

Curious over what had aroused the Toddian wrath, the onlookers asked what crime Mike Jr. had committed.

"Any fool knows a marriage cloth should be covered with only white blooms!" Mike Sr. spluttered, "this guy was putting *colored* flowers into the arrangement!"



WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR LOVE
Beau James
The Bachelor Party

FOR SUSPENSE
Gunfight At The O.K. Corral
Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison
Untamed Youth
The Tattered Dress

FOR LAUGHS
This Could Be The Night
Joe Butterfly

FOR SHIVERS
Abandon Ship

FOR ADVENTURE
Boy On A Dolphin

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



BOB HOPE portrays New York City's most colorful political figure, Mayor Jimmy Walker. Here he's shown with his wife, Alexis Smith, during an exciting scene from *Beau James*.

BEAU JAMES

the life and times of Jimmy Walker

▪ A tribute to New York and to one of its most popular Mayors—Jimmy Walker—*Beau James* will appeal to everyone who appreciates a man who enjoyed life and love. Nineteen-twenty-five in this city was a fine, gay, prosperous time. Walker (Bob Hope), who would rather have been Mayor of New York than president, and would rather have been on Broadway than in City Hall, stumps for office all over town with more than a flair for vaudeville. He's a sharp dresser and a lover of the limelight and good living—too easygoing a lover of both to suit his wife (Alexis Smith) who is politically ambitious for him. In fact, her ambition seems to be the real reason she hasn't divorced him, although her religion too was against it. On the night he's elected Mayor, Walker, still barred from his wife's room, goes down to a Greenwich Village nightclub. There he is appalled by the singing of a young chorus girl (Vera Miles). She finds him outside the club at five in the morning sleeping off the night on a bench, and takes him home. She is appalled to discover that he is the Mayor and gives him a lecture on civic responsibility. He responds by getting her a featured role in a Broadway show. He falls in love. As Mayor, he does a lot in the way of providing schools and hospitals for the city; he even appoints men he considers honest for big jobs. But even though he is honest himself, he is unable to stop the graft and corruption that flowers in his party. When he publicly reveals his love for Vera, the city turns against him. Though his charm carried him along for a while, an investigation into party politics weakens his position. *I may have been a chump,* he tells a vast audience gathered for a ball game at YANKEE STADIUM, *but I'm not the only one. You were the chumps who elected me.* And he resigns from his office. Debonair was the word for Walker and Bob Hope plays him to the hilt, bringing warmth and tenderness to what is also a touching love story. With Paul Douglas, Darren McGavin, Joe Mantello. Narrated by Walter Winchell. VistaVision—Paramount.

THE BACHELOR PARTY

middle-class love in the city

▪ Paddy Chayevsky, the voice of New York's middle class, offers another realistic portrait of somewhat dreary heroes and heroines. Don Murray is an average bookkeeper who lives in an apartment house project with an average wife (Patricia Smith) and goes to night school in hopes of becoming a certified public accountant. When Patricia informs him that he is also going to become a father, he shows an average amount of dismay. There is a young fellow (Philip Abbott) in Don's office who is going to get married— (*Continued on page* 26)

Debbie comes out



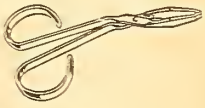
A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.
KURLENE®
tube **50c*** jar **$1.00***
**plus tax*



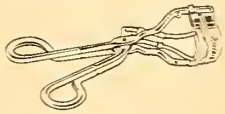


Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coif flatters eyes and face.)
TWISSORS® **75c**





Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes . . . new beauty to her eyes.
KURLASH® **$1.00**



See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash®
Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)



Discover the poise that comes when you're sure of yourself!

How marvelous that clean-all-over feeling, that sure knowledge that you're at your sweetest, your freshest! How much happier, more confident you feel, knowing there's not a chance in the world of "offending"—since you discovered the "Lysol" way!

"Lysol" belongs in your regular grooming routine. Just a teaspoonful added to your douche guards against "embarrassing odor," gives you a sense of complete cleanliness that nothing else seems to equal.

Indeed, "Lysol" means new freshness, new daintiness for you. For "Lysol" is more than a cleanser, more than a deodorant. It's an active germ-killer that gets into folds and crevices and kills odor-causing bacteria on contact. Its thorough action *lasts!*

Try new mild "Lysol" brand disinfectant today. Write for free booklet (sent in plain envelope) on medically-approved way of douching. Send your name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-576.



Look for New Bottle

Lysol®

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product • Also available in Canada

movie previews

(Continued from page 25)

why, he knows not. There is the average reaction of good fellowship among the other bookkeepers—Larry Blyden, who has sown his wild oats and now wears rimless glasses; E. G. Marshall, who is past forty and dying of asthma but bound and determined to see his son through medical school; Jack Warden, a confirmed bachelor whose casual ways with the ladies arouse the envy of all. They decide that Philip must be given a bachelor party. It is a night of revelation. They have dinner in Greenwich Village, watch some dubiously educational films at Warden's apartment, carouse rather tiredly in a couple of bars, and wind up at a very crowded, pathetically Bohemian party in some girl's apartment. During the course of all this, Don Murray grows up. That is, he rejects the advances of a lost girl, excellently played by Carolyn Jones, gets new insight into the souls of his fellow bookkeepers —Lord preserve him from being like *them*!— and runs home with the conviction that his own average life with his own average wife is nothing less than Heaven.—U.A.

THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT

New Yorkese comedy

▪ Here is a delightful adventure into the bistros that line 52nd Street in New York—a street of lightly-clad dancing girls and heavy spenders. Jean Simmons, a fresh young schoolteacher with a classy accent, applies to club-owner Paul Douglas for a secretarial job. He is completely charmed; he'd hire her just to hear her talk, if nothing else. His young partner Anthony Franciosa, whom Douglas saved from what would probably have been a life of crime, is not charmed at all. He feels inferior to Jean and shows it through boorish behavior. Jean, innocent and friendly, gets the nickname of *Baby* and spreads joy around. She gives strip-tease dancer Neile Adams a carrot-pie recipe with which to win a cooking contest. Neile's mother (Joan Blondell) takes it hard because she wants her girl to stay a stripper. She inspires the artistry of chef J. Carroll Naish. She is instrumental in helping bus-boy Rafael Campos pass an important algebra exam. She befriends the sophisticated, but not jaded, singer Julie Wilson. She cures Paul Douglas of chronic indigestion and she startles Anthony Franciosa into falling for her. This terrifies him since he is not the type to go to night school and become high class. The characters are warm and lovable; the dialogue is funny; the story, though not amazingly original, gains immeasurably from its very talented performers. With Murvyn Vye. —MGM.

HEAVENS KNOWS, MR. ALLISON

a nun, a Marine and an island

▪ Because John Huston directs, *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* has the aura and polish of an important film. The photography, the acting by Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum, the pacing are all first rate. But the story itself is not much more than a gimmick. The scene is a desolate atoll in the South Pacific during World War II. Mitchum, a Marine, drifts up to it on a rubber raft, all that's left of the submarine he was on. Cautiously searching the atoll he finds the remains of a small village and a church. In the church is a young nun, Deborah Kerr. They are alone on Kora-Kora. Mitchum is a rough, uncultivated Marine who "broke out" of an orphanage at fourteen and, as he explains to Deborah, "got the Corps like you got the Church." She has not quite got the church because she has still to take her final vows. But anyone can see that she is a fine and truly devoted nun. It turns out that Mitchum is a pretty fine fellow himself and, being alone, it's natural for them to be drawn together. Then Japanese soldiers swarm over the island, and the two take to a cave. Mitchum does some fancy and dangerous footwork to get some supplies from the Japanese camp. When the Japanese leave, he gets drunk on Saki and frightens Deborah with a marriage proposal. She's frightened because she likes him. When the Japanese return, Mitchum risks his life to steal blankets for Deborah who took quite sick on the night of his proposal. By this time he realizes he doesn't have a chance with her. He does get the chance, though, to help the Marines land. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

TAMMY AND THE BACHELOR

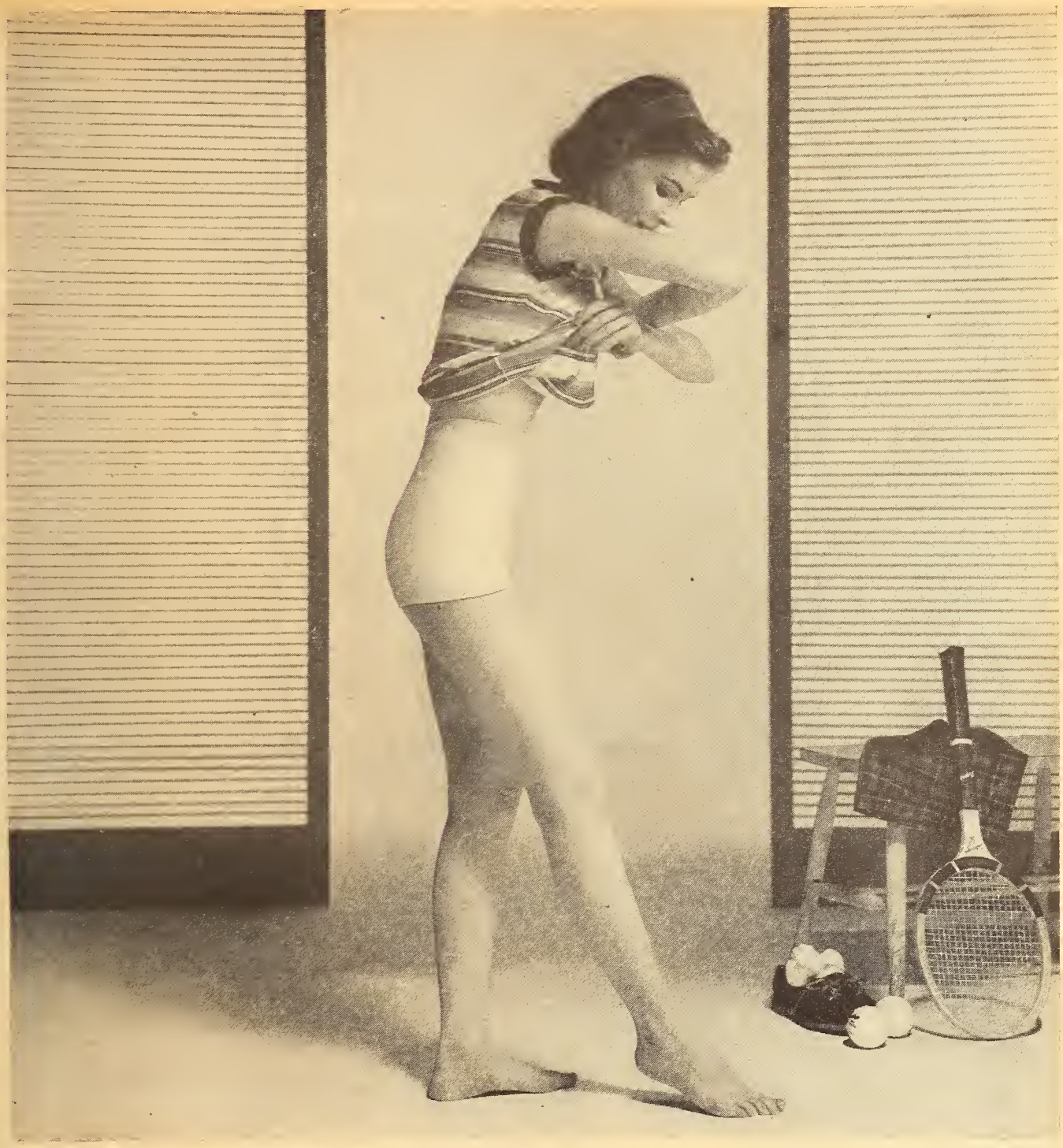
Debbie goes barefoot in Mississippi

▪ Somewhere in the Bayou country of Mississippi you will find Tammy (Debbie Reynolds) with her long tan hair and her wise swamp ways. Other people let their lives become hopelessly burdened because they don't know how to be themselves. But Tammy, living on a shanty-boat with a goat and grandpa Walter Brennan, knows what's what. One night a plane crashes nearby and Tammy has the opportunity to nurse survivor Leslie Neilsen back to life. When Grandpa is thrown into jail for manufacturing corn liquor, Tammy goes to Brentwood Hall, where Leslie lives. At the moment, Leslie is trying to save the plantation by planting tomatoes on it. His fiancée (Mala Powers) wants him to go into the advertising business. His aunt (Mildred Natwick), who wears Chinese kimonos and is bedeviled by cats, has always wanted to live in New Orleans. His mother (Fay Wray) dreams bitterly of old southern splendor. His father (Sidney Blackmer), a professor, has retreated behind his books. Tammy sets each and every one straight by and by. Only thing she can't save is the tomato crop. But there's the compensation of knowing that Leslie will keep on planting year after year with Tammy at his side. CinemaScope—U-I.

GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL

starring Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster

▪ This is a big, complicated Western which, along with all the shooting you can ask for, presents men's souls for scrutiny. First there's Kirk Douglas, an ex-dentist who gave up his practice because of bad health and has become a gambler, a drunk, an inviter of trouble and a very good shot—whose daring, one shortly learns, is due to his indifference to life. He has a girl friend (Jo Van Fleet) whom he abuses. She somehow reminds him, by being the direct opposite, of the graceful southern life he led as a boy. There is Dodge City Marshal Wyatt Earp (Burt Lancaster), respected by all, feared and disliked by outlaws. There is Rhonda Fleming, a lady gambler who'd give up gambling for Earp if Earp would give up marshalling for a ranch in California. It's about 1870 in Texas, and men are killing each other like flies. Lancaster rides into town looking for the Clanton gang led by Clanton (Lyle Bettger), but Bettger's been and gone. However, a fellow named Bailey (Lee Van Cleef) is about to have been. You see, he's come to town aching to kill Kirk Douglas, who killed Bailey's brother in self-defense. When Douglas (*Continued on page 28*)



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whatever form your special fun takes! And it's such a *comfortable* way to be beautiful on the beach, trim on the tennis court, sliver-slim when you bowl! Kleinert's pantie girdle is made of pure natural rubber. It's velvet-textured outside *and* skin-side...never feels sticky. It's perforated to let your skin "breathe"; has a non-roll top. It slims you the second you slip it on...yet gives you "no-girdle" freedom! Pink or white; small, medium and large. About $2.



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Debbie

REYNOLDS

Tammy and the Bachelor

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LESLIE NIELSEN · WALTER BRENNAN

MALA POWERS · SIDNEY BLACKMER · MILDRED NATWICK with Fay Wray

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY · Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY · Produced by ROSS HUNTER

Universal International

movie previews (*Continued from page 26*)

kills Bailey, Lancaster saves him from a lynching. A firm friendship is established, although neither one will admit it. Jo Van Fleet takes up with John Ireland, one of Clanton's hired guns. Rhonda Fleming takes up, and dismisses, Lancaster because he's bent on hunting down Clanton. Clanton has a herd of stolen cattle which he plans to walk to Mexico. Well, the upshot is the gunfight at O. K. Corral where Clanton and his gang face Lancaster and his gang. The biggest part of the gang is Kirk Douglas. Peace, as they say, is restored to the lawless frontier. VistaVision—Paramount.

JOE BUTTERFLY

G.I.'s in post-war Tokyo

▪ The occupation of Japan is not just a matter of moving in troops. Where to put the troops is one big question, and where to find an officer for the editors of *Yank* magazine is another big question with which this picture largely and amusingly deals. Enter Joe Butterfly (Burgess Meredith), a Japanese operator with an hilarious command of American slang and a willingness to traffic in anything from black-market cigarettes to on-the-spot delivery of Tokyo Rose. George Nader is more or less in charge of *Yank*. Audie Murphy was *Yank's* photographer until his irrepressible spirits got him deported home. He's a practical joker whose chief butt is Keenan Wynn, rival publisher out to take over *Yank's* printing press for his own. Being irrepressible, Audie arrives AWOL in Tokyo and moves into the charming house and garden Joe Butterfly commandeered for *Yank*. Quite a coup, too, since American Generals are haplessly wandering all over Tokyo looking for straw to sleep on, and the *Yank* staff rightfully belongs in a barracks. The house is also inhabited by its Japanese owner, his family and remote cousins; Joe Butterfly invited them along to share in the army's wealth. Well, there is a great deal of horsing around, stimulated by the attempt to keep the house, to keep commanding officer Fred Clark from finding out about the house, to keep Keenan Wynn under control, to keep Audie Murphy concealed and to keep still long enough to put out the first edition of *Yank*. It's a lot of fun. CinemaScope—U-I.

BOY ON A DOLPHIN

romantic adventure in Greece

▪ Here is another part of the world—Athens, the island of Hydra and the Aegean Sea—serving as a beautiful background for an equally picturesque adventure story. Sophia Loren dives for sponges to support herself, her little brother (Pierro Giagnoni) and her handsome, lazy boy friend (Jorg Mistral). One afternoon underwater she discovers a rare treasure—a statue of a boy riding a pure gold dolphin. Sophia hurries to Athens to find a rich foreigner to pay for the treasure. She finds Alan Ladd, an American archeologist in charge of the MUSEUM ACROPOLIS. She also finds Clifton Webb, a very elegant and wealthy thief who has often been thwarted by Ladd in his attempts to keep such treasures for himself. Ladd of course knows that they all belong to the Greek people. Sophia likes Ladd, but she likes money more. After spending a few hours on Webb's yacht she agrees to double-cross Ladd. While Webb makes plans to sneak the treasure out of Greek waters, Sophia and Ladd spend days diving together,

ut always in the wrong places. As the plot leasantly thickens there is much to delight he eye—especially the exuberant beauty of ophia Loren and the seemingly eternal beauty f Greece. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

ABANDON SHIP
too many survivors in one lifeboat

This movie is based on an actual happening which occurred about a hundred years ago. For films, the tragedy has been transposed o a present-day setting and characterizations. There is a luxury ship whose 'round-the-world ruise is interrupted by a stray mine that lasts it in two. A thousand people are killed mmediately, but about twenty-seven souls ind themselves in or around a lifeboat that s built to hold nine. A French poodle is mong the survivors, and just to reveal the nood of the movie—officer-in-charge Tyrone Power refuses to throw the dog overboard to nake room for one of the men in the water. The reason he refuses is because dog meat s edible—and things may come to that. The ifeboat is bobbing along amid sharks, debris nd the threat of storm. No SOS was sent ut and the nearest land is Africa, 1,500 miles way. Something drastic has to be done. Lloyd Nolan, who is about to die, tells Power hat the only way to save anyone is to lighten he ship by abandoning those who can't pull heir own weight. After which suggestion he lives overboard. No one feels inclined to fol- ow his example. So Power, with the aid of a gun, decides who shall be given up as sacrifices to the sea. His girl friend, nurse Mai Zetterling, is horrified by this, as are those whom Power puts off the boat—the play- vright (he's seasick), the ex-opera star (she's old), the young mother (cracked ribs), the atomic scientist (he's ill), and several others who are ill, hurt, or weak. Those left in the boat are strong and healthy, but with not much else to recommend them. Tyrone Power is never quite sure, even after the lifeboat is picked up, whether he did right.—Columbia.

THE BURGLAR
all about a diamond necklace

One day little Jayne Mansfield knocks on the door of Sister Sara, a wealthy Philadelphia spiritualist. When Sister Sara says *what is it?*—Jayne gives her a quarter for the cause. You wouldn't believe that Jayne is actually a case worker. That is, she cases Sister Sara's joint so that Dan Duryea can sneak in later and steal a diamond necklace from Sara's bedroom safe. But that is what happens. Dan has two assistants (Peter Capell, Mickey Shaughnessey) who keep nagging him to get rid of Jayne. *Who needs her?* they ask. As it happens, Dan really doesn't need her. But when he was a little orphan boy she was the daughter of a burglar who gave him a good home and made him promise to take care of Jayne ever after. Dan sends her to Atlantic City for safekeeping after the robbery. There she finds a boy friend (Steward Bradley) who is a corrupt police- man in plain clothes. Back in Philadelphia Dan finds a girl friend (Martha Vickers) who is a partner of the corrupt policeman. They all want the diamonds, but what they all get is what they deserve.—Columbia.

THE TATTERED DRESS
and the tattered court of law

Elaine Stewart staggers home with her dress all in pieces and a wicked smile on her face. Her husband (Philip Reed) races off in a car to shoot her boy friend. Obviously it's mur- der, but criminal (*Continued on page* 30)

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COMPLEXION
FADE-OUT
!



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the whole day through!

At last you can wear a make-up that needs no retouching from nine to five — from dusk 'til bedtime. Westmore's Tru-Glo won't fade, won't turn orange, won't even streak! Your complexion stays alive and glowing! Will your present make-up give you the same breathtaking results? Get Tru-Glo — the cosmetic creation of Hollywood's Westmore Brothers — and compare!

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1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use **Arrid** —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

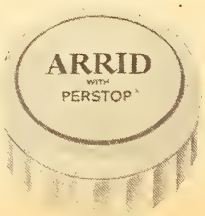
What's in it for you? Just this!

1. **Arrid keeps you safe** morning, noon and night! Rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night.

2. **Arrid protects you** against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. **Arrid stops perspiration stains.** Used daily, it keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never a hint the situation's getting warm. Saves clothes from ugly stains even on hot, sticky days.

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Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ *plus tax.*

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movie previews

(Continued from page 29)

lawyer Jeff Chandler comes from New York to California, where the crime took place, to get Reed acquitted. Chandler has his own problems. His wife (Jeanne Crain) took their two children and left him after there was one too many other women; the people in this California town despise New York lawyers, and sheriff Jack Carson does all he can to stand in the way of justice because Philip Reed's victim was like a son to Carson. Carson claims that among the jurors—who have acquitted Reed because of Chandler's silver-tongued oratory—is a woman (Gail Russell) who was bribed by Chandler to bring in a *not-guilty* verdict. Sheer nonsense, of course. But pretty soon Jeff's in court pleading his *own* case. And there's something about a day in court that leads to true humility. CinemaScope—U-I.

UNTAMED YOUTH
cages, everyone!

▪ Imagine anyone calling Mamie Van Doren and Lori Nelson vagrants and sentencing them to thirty days labor on a cotton-picking ranch! When she's not picking cotton or being treed by two fierce dogs belonging to ranch owner John Russell, Mamie flings herself around the company store singing frenzied rock 'n' roll numbers—much to the enchantment of the cotton-picking youths. How did all this come about? It seems that middle-aged female judge (Lurene Tuttle) has been somewhat starved for love and formed an attachment for young, handsome, cold-blooded Russell. So she keeps his ranch well-supplied with prison labor. Lurene can hardly guess that Russell is abusive. It isn't until Lurene's son (Don Burnett) comes home from war and goes to work as a harvester on Russell's ranch that she is forced to face unpleasant facts.—Columbia.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS: David Niven bets that he can go around the world in eighty days and proceeds to do so with his valet, Cantinflas. They have many exciting adventures, which include rescuing Indian Princess Shirley MacLaine, a battle with the Indians in America, and an exciting bullfight in Spain. Filmed in Todd-AO process, this movie has fifty stars, is two hours and fifty-five minutes long and is a grand, unique extravaganza.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Para.): The film traces the life of Moses from the time of his birth through his forty years of wandering in the Wilderness to his leave-taking from his people, who enter the promised land without him. Charlton Heston gives a fine performance as Moses, the son of Jews who was brought up by an Egyptian princess. Among the cast are Yvonne De Carlo, Anne Baxter, Nina Foch, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, Debra Paget, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Eduard Franz. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

ANASTASIA (20th-Fox): Ingrid Bergman plays Anastasia, and Yul Brynner plays Bounine—the man who is trying to prove to Russiau Empress Helen Hayes that Ingrid is the young Grand Duchess. Rumor has it that Anastasia may *not* have died in the mass assassination of the Royal family in 1918.

FEAR STRIKES OUT (Para.): A young lifetime of straining to the breaking point to live up to his father's ideals finally does break Jim Piersall of the Red Sox. Anthony Perkins plays Piersall, Karl Malden his father, and Norma Moore is the girl Jim marries. After his breakdown, psychiatrist Adam Williams brings him back to the real world and helps Jim to build a life of his own.



WHEN YUL BEAT THE U.S. MARINE CORPS

■ Everyhody knows that Yul Brynner speaks eleven languages. That he is an expert chef. That he is a world traveller. But what most of his fans don't know is that he's also a ju-jitsu champion.

One Marine found out the hard way! Shortly after Yul arrived in the United States, he was invited to a party. A typical wiseguy kept pestering Yul. First, he taunted Yul saying that he doubted he had ever been born in the Orient. A half dozen cocktails later, he jeered that Yul couldn't speak Japanese. As a clincher, he stated flatly that if Yul *had* been in Japan, naturally he would know ju-jitsu.

That's when Yul saw his chance to play a practical joke on this pest.

"No," he said quietly. "I don't know ju-jitsu. But I've wanted to learn."

"Aw, it's too rough for *you!*"

"I'm game," was all that Yul replied.

They agreed to meet the next day at a ju-jitsu academy run hy a former U. S. Marine Corps instructor.

A burly Marine sergeant explained to Yul the principal points of the sport. Yul was thrown a dozen times and his "friend" couldn't keep from laughing.

"I'll get the hang of it," said Yul slyly. "You wouldn't like to bet I throw *him* the next time, would you? Just a gentleman's bet, fifty bucks maybe?"

The guy jumped at the chance to pick up some easy money.

That's where he made his mistake.

Yul and the Marine grappled for a few seconds and then, to everybody's amazement, the sergeant found himself in an excruciatingly painful arm-lock. When Yul let loose, he went flying through the air. When he got to his feet, Yul slammed him against the mat so hard the sergeant's wrist was broken.

While the wiseguy paid off the bet, Yul apologized to the Marine.

"Heck," said the bewildered sergeant, "I don't mind. What I don't get is where you learned ju-jitsu so good?"

"Oh," said Yul. "I never did learn ju-jitsu. You see, *my* specialty is judo!"

Which just happens to be twice as rough!

Yul's currently in 20th's Anastasia.

LIVE LIKE A MOVIE STAR FOR 2 FUN-PACKED WEEKS

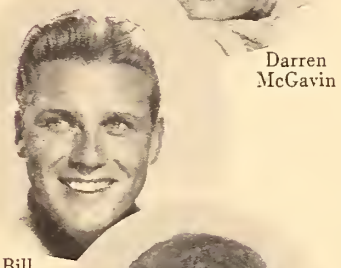
- *Date a Handsome Actor in Hollywood*
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Marshall Thompson



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Bill Cord



Steve Rowland

All can be yours as the

LADY ELLEN PRINCESS OF 1957!!

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It's EASY! It's FUN! Enter TODAY! Whether you want a vacation or a career, it CAN happen to YOU! Beverly Faye Robinson of Nashville, Tennessee, Lady Ellen Princess of 1956, was a receptionist when she won her trip to Hollywood! YOU have JUST AS GOOD A CHANCE TO WIN!

Here's all you do: Tell us your "greatest wish" in a letter written as if to a friend. Literary quality will not count. Begin your letter, "My greatest wish is . . .", complete it in **50 words or less.** Add one sentence, "I would like a date with . . ." and name one of the stars pictured above. (Any minor winning the Lady Ellen Princess Search will be accompanied by a chaperone approved by parents or guardian during her Hollywood visit.) Purchase a 25c card* of LADY ELLEN Pin Curl Clips or Klippies at your neighborhood variety, drug or department store, beauty shop or food market. This becomes your **nomination ballot.** Be **sure** to write your name and address on the back of the card and mail it, together with your letter, to: LADY ELLEN PRINCESS, LOS ANGELES 51, CALIFORNIA.

All nomination ballots must be received on or before September 30, 1957. All winners will be notified by mail no later than December 31, 1957.

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Beverly Faye Robinson
Lady Ellen Princess of 1956


DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
ISLAND IN THE SUN
by Alec Waugh
Directed by
ROBERT ROSSEN
The place is the West Indies.
The tantalizing sun
hides so many sins!
JAMES MASON as Maxwell Fleury
DOROTHY DANDRIDGE as Margot
JOAN FONTAINE as Mavis
MICHAEL RENNIE as Carson
JOAN COLLINS as Jocelyn
HARRY BELAFONTE as Boyeur
with
Diana Wynyard • John Williams • Stephen Boyd • Basil Sydney • John Justin • Ronald Squire • Patricia Owens
Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK • ALFRED HAYES
Screenplay by
COLOR by DE LUXE
CINEMASCOPE
Released by 20th Century-Fox

THREE MIRACLES

Harry Belafonte stood under a Florida moon that washed the street with golden light, and felt his soul knot as he heard the policeman say *Where you goin' Nigra?* . . .



page 36

Elizabeth Taylor's pain-tight body started to tremble in the circle of Mike's arms, and again a little disc in her spine—crushed and herniated—made her whispered words become a shriek of agony . . .



page 44

June Allyson, breathing the pure oxygen that filled the tent over her narrow white hospital bed, opened her eyes and—for the brief moment before she was in a coma again—thought *I'm alone. But perhaps everyone must die alone* . . .



page 34

These are three of the stories you'll read on the following pages. When we read them, we cried. Sad stories? Not at all! Our tears came because these are people who thought there would be no more laughter—and then, again, found strength to make life good to live. Sometimes the strength was within themselves. But when it wasn't from inside that a miracle came—somehow, always, as if through a vast and unknown Plan, each was given an unexpected arm to lean on and a soul to travel with. When *you* read their stories, you'll know what I mean.

Dawn Powers

JUNE ALLYSON BROKE HER HUSBAND'S HEART... THEN A MIRACLE SAVED HER MARRIAGE





■ "All right, Mrs. Powell," the nurse said gently. "I won't argue with you any more. If you don't want to eat, you don't have to." She walked to the windows, and with a firm snap the Venetian blinds closed, cutting off the view of Los Angeles spread out below them. "But you must sleep," she said. "The doctor said you must sleep. And with all those pneumonia germs racing around in your system, with your temperature, it's a wonder to me you can stay awake at all."

She walked to the bed, and with deft fingers straightened pillows, smoothed the sheet, fixed the oxygen tent over the too-thin, too-pale June Allyson. "There now," she said. "You *will* try to sleep, won't you?"

"I'll try," June said. She turned her head—away from the cheerful smile, the sympathetic eyes. She heard the door close behind the nurse. The room was quiet again. Nothing moved.

"I'm going to die," she thought. "I am going to die."

She lay very still, a tiny, pathetically thin, almost wasted body; a tired, tortured face. Faintly, through the window, came the sounds of the city below—cars moving through the streets, footsteps hurrying, a voice rising softly in the dusk. The sounds of life, of people who had a place to go, someone to meet, someone to love. "The way I did," she thought. "Before whatever it was went wrong . . ." She shut her eyes quickly. She could almost hear the nurse: "Don't cry, Mrs. Powell. The doctor says it's so bad for you to cry." But the tears came anyway, flooding the clouded blue eyes, tumbling down the cheeks. "The way I did once . . ."

Once, she had been the spirit of youth. Everything that was young and gay and right. And eternally happy —excited with living, but mostly— always happy—June Allyson, laughing and dancing and tossing her little blonde head through a hundred pictures, being to a whole world everything that meant youth and beauty. And being young, she could get away with anything. With marrying Dick Powell, eighteen years her senior, with babbling to everyone who would listen of how she loved him, worshipped him, of how he was teaching her to dress, to entertain, to live. Of how they wanted children . . . oh, she could do anything.

Anything—even—even get away with that silly nonsense, that school-girl crush on (*Continued on page 89*)



Here it is—one of the greatest stories ever to appear in a movie magazine—the complete life saga of Hollywood's first Negro star...

By Kirtley Baskette

HARRY BELAFONTE

One afternoon seven years ago, a tortured young man slammed the door of his hotel room in Miami, Florida, and then sank wearily on the bed to think things out. His tall body was trembling. Inside it his heart was sick. He had just been stopped by police and made to show the pass that was required back then in 1950 to cross from the colored section to the white. He had six separate passes, and he needed them just to work and move around in Florida after the eight o'clock curfew for Negroes. Harry Belafonte was a New Yorker. But he was also a Negro, singing in a Miami night club. What he was singing—the stuff from Tin Pan Alley—distressed him even more than the curfew and the passes. He felt like a traitor to himself, his hopes, yearnings. His ideals. He walked to the mirror and asked himself, "What am I doing down here taking all this stuff? What am I doing *anywhere*, singing this junk?" What Harry Belafonte was doing was making his living. In New York he had a wife and a year-old baby girl to support. Crooning in night clubs was earning him more money than he had ever made in his life. He had studied long and hard to become an actor, but he had never yet found an acting job. He had nothing else to take its place. But that night Harry Belafonte quit and went back home, telling himself, "I'll sing again when I can sing what I *want* to sing, when I can sing with dignity." He went to work in a restaurant to support his family. And when he sang again Harry sang as he vowed he would. That courageous decision has given America its greatest folk artist. By now Harry Belafonte is almost a national institution, and his name is a household word. His record albums of Americana outsell those of any two other leading singers, and top most disk jockey polls. In Hollywood two studios have big-budget pictures preparing to star him, and Broadway has musicals waiting. (*Continued on page 73*)

TONY AND JANET ANSWER 23 QUESTIONS



Q. *What's the worst fault you find in each other?*

JANET He's cranky when he gets up in the morning and usually says things without even knowing he's saying them. An hour later he'll come to and wonder why I'm a little peeved—not remembering what he said when he woke up!

TONY Janet doesn't know how to relax as much as she should. Leisure to Janet seems to mean busy, busy—checking on some household matter, emptying ash-trays or clearing out bureau and desk drawers. She can't sit still and enjoy the luxury of idleness.

Q. *Who does the baby look like?*

JANET She has Tony's nose, mouth and color of eyes. She has my shape eyes, high forehead, fair hair and coloring.

TONY In short, she's a living doll!

Q. *How often do you fight, and how—pillows, dishes, or words?*

JANET Maybe a flare-up once a week. That's an average; maybe none for two weeks and then two in a week.

TONY And it's but definitely in words! A few thousand of them on my part while Janet scores her points with silence. But that silence, let me tell you, speaks louder than any of my words!

Q. *Who makes up first?*

JANET I think we usually decide to start agreeing about the same time. After the first blast of letting off steam we're both usually ready to settle it and get it over with—because then it's not fun anymore.

TONY We alternate at the job.

Q. *Who gets out of bed first in the morning?*

JANET Depends on our work. If we're both working, I usually have an earlier call. If I'm working, naturally I get up first. If just Tony is working, he gets up first of course. If neither of us is working, I usually get up first. Tony loves to sleep late.

TONY Janet does. When I'm not working, I indulge myself by sleeping late. It's my favorite pleasure. (*Continued on page* 85)



MODERN SCREEN'S



Rock Hudson

PIN-UPS OF THE MONTH



Bob Wagner

by LOU LARKIN

When Kim was 13



■ This is a story for young girls who have never been kissed by a boy in love. And a story that any woman may remember from yesterday.

All of it happened to Kim Novak. And all of it she remembers.

"I know it's all over," Kim says, "but sometimes when I hear a certain song, or hear a voice, or see a special kind of face, it all comes back to me, quickly, without warning, as though it were just waiting in the back of my mind to be remembered."

Kim was curled up on a chaise longue in a dressing room of the once-luxurious Los Angeles BILTMORE, the city's only legitimate theater. She wore a *roaring-twenties* kimono to take the chill off her bare shoulders. Underneath she was dressed in an off-beige, heavily beaded gown, cut to the fashions of 1927. It was her costume for a scene in the *Jeanne Eagels* story.

"Problems," Kim sighed with a reminiscent smile, "there were times when I thought I was the world's most miserable girl! And all because of boys. But at least, they were the cure—as well as the cause!—of it all.

"I think the first time I regarded a boy as anything (*Continued on page 79*)





the truth about LIZ TAYLOR'S FRIGHTENING ILLNESS

by SUSAN WENDER

■ "I can't marry you, Mike," Liz Taylor said. Her face was drawn and white against the pillow, her eyes were blurry with tears.

Mike Todd sat down carefully on the edge of the bed. He reached for Liz' hand. "Come on, sweetie," he said. "Tell Daddy. Why can't you marry me—too busy this week?"

"Oh, Mike—don't joke. I'm so serious. I—I just can't tell you how much I mean this." Painfully, she pulled herself up a little in the bed. "I've been lying here—thinking and thinking. My head's going 'round. But one thing keeps repeating over and over. I'm not well enough to get married. Not to anyone. Not ever."

The tears spilled over, traced patterns down her pale face to the hospital sheets. "I'm sorry," she gulped. "I didn't want to make an idiot of myself. I was just—going to tell you—calmly. And tell you—good-by—and that would be that—only—"

"Only—" Mike said gently.

"Only I love you so much!" She was sobbing, her face contorted. With a sudden movement she buried her head in the pillow.

"Liz," Mike said, "don't throw yourself around like that, honey. It's no good for your back." He eased himself off the bed. "Look, sweetie, I'll tell you something else that's no good for you. Getting rid of me is no good. If there's anything in the whole wide world that's going to make you better, it's me. Just remember that for a change when your head starts going 'round. See?"

Liz looked up. "No, Mike," she said slowly. "I do love you, and I—I even love the way you think you can—change the world, just by saying something. But this isn't—isn't anything like that. Mike, listen. I don't know what's wrong with me. I have—all sorts of things. Colitis. Heart trouble. Things wrong with my legs. Blood clots. Flu. Things that—get into my eyes. All the time, there's something. I—can't even count how many times I've been in hospitals."

Suddenly her face was white, as white as if a bare spotlight had suddenly been turned on. Mike reached for her but, almost screaming, she begged "Don't touch me!" Almost screaming, she cried "Mike, it hurts so!"

He stood there, helpless . . . her pain mirrored on his face. Then, as suddenly as the pain had come, it left her. Her rigid body relaxed, and she tried to smile.

"They say—" she closed her eyes. He saw her suck in her breath. "They say it's all in my mind, some of them. The—the (*Continued on page 82*)



Eddie Fisher's kid brother reveals

"WHY EDDIE'S TEARING DOWN WALLS AND BUYING ELEPHANTS"

by Bunny Fisher



■ There have been a lot of changes in my big brother, Eddie, since he and Debbie got married.

Like, well, he thinks different now . . .

And what's important to him is different, too.

Maybe the changes are more obvious to me than to most other people because I'm his younger brother, and because we've been apart so much of the time lately—I was in the army for a couple of years.

But anyway, like I was saying, Eddie's different . . .

I guess I first realized it—*really* knew it—one day when I drove over to their house for a visit. I could hear the banging and hammering way out in the street. It grew louder as I pulled into the driveway, and when I walked into the living room, I found out why the noise. Eddie was removing the wood paneling from the wall! Splinters were flying in all directions. Perspiration dripped down his forehead, and his t-shirt was torn.

"What on earth are you doing, Sonny?" I burst out. In the family we've always called Eddie *Sonny*.

"I'm relaxing," he grinned, "so I want to see what's behind the panels."

Just then, Debbie walked in with a tray of cokes and some sandwiches. "Hi, Bunny." And to Eddie, "If you want to make like a workman, eat like one. Here, help yourself . . ."

Eddie grabbed a coke.

I couldn't take it any longer. "Will someone please tell me what this is all about? Two weeks after you buy a new house, you hack it to pieces. What gives?"

Eddie looked up. "It's simple, Bunny," and I could hear that 'older brother' authority come through, "we don't have a place to put our television set, so I'm ripping apart the paneling to see if it'll fit behind it. See?"

I saw, but I still didn't believe it. Eddie had never enjoyed that kind of fun before—making things, doing things with his hands. In fact, in his woodwork class in high school, he spent three weeks making a coffee table for Mom. When he was through, the instructor took one look at it and burst out, "What's that?"

And now here he was rebuilding his house!

After he rested for ten seconds (*Continued on page 95*)





Joan Crawford

HE MAKES ME FEEL SO YOUNG!

■ Very little has been written about Joan Crawford and her husband of two years, Alfred Steele.

But there have been the rumors. The stories about discontent between the Steeles. The talk now and then about Joan getting mad at Al for this . . . Al blowing up at Joan for that.

So we did some checking on the rumors. Talked to Joan and Alfred and friends of Joan's and Alfred's. This is the story . . .

Joan Crawford sat alone at a table.

The date was 1957. The place was one of New York's fanciest restaurants—21.

The table at the far left corner from Joan's was occupied by two elderly ladies having lunch. Their consommé spoons plunked down when one of them recognized Joan.

"Doesn't she look marvelous?" the more impressed of the two said to her friend. "Just look at that figure!"

"That's a girdle," the less impressed friend said. "I hear she wears the most fantastic girdle someone out in Hollywood invented just for her."

If Joan had overheard that remark, she would no doubt have calmly and coolly told the woman: "I keep my weight at 122 to 126. I don't diet. I just don't over-eat. And I most definitely do wear a girdle—a normal one that anyone can buy—it's made by LILY OF FRANCE."

When the waiter came to Joan's table, she glanced quickly toward the door.

"But her skin," said the first lady, still staring, still impressed. "Just look at how clear and (Continued on page 85)



Joan Crawford and Alfred Steele—the man who gave her back that gee-it's-great-to-be-a-woman feeling. . . . These two are the youngest of their four children, twins Cindy and Cathy.

"Sal Mineo's falling in love"

NOTE FROM JOE SANDS, PHOTOGRAPHER, TO DAVID MYERS

"Spotted Sal the other night at his favorite hangout, Miceli's, with pretty Susan Kohner. Shot lots of pix. Here they are, with my notes. Convinced Sal's falling in love."

■ I took these pictures Sunday night when I unexpectedly ran into Sal and Susan in a popular pizza restaurant out here. Looks like love in bloom, huh?

But the real story began on the set that same afternoon and I saw it happen. Right on the set when Sal's lips brushed Susan's cheek. From there it lengthened to a flaring urgent kiss that lasted three minutes. The cameramen gasped, the electrician standing next to me kept wiping his brow and the guy directing the kiss shouted a few times, "O.K. Sal, you can stop now." But Sal couldn't stop. Absolutely incredible! I've seen dozens of screen kisses in rehearsal but this is it!!!

Spoke to Sal a few minutes later. His story is this—"I couldn't break it off. I just couldn't leave her."

Want to know what else he said?

"She sort of leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. Tenderly. I came closer and kissed her on the cheek. I kissed her again. Closer to the mouth. I showered her with kisses. On the face and neck, her eyes, her nose. We were in a different world; you just can't break away from something like that. I heard the director (*Continued on page* 69)





Sal's got Susan alone at last . . . at MICELI'S, *his favorite pizza place. They spent the whole afternoon kissing for the love scene in* Dino *and then attended a posh studio party at* ROMANOFF'S, *but they hadn't been alone yet!* MICELI'S *chef spotted his old friend Sal and winked his approval of Susan. After ordering, they raced to the juke-box to play, as Sal said, "our song—Dino." That movie has a special place in their hearts—it introduced them to one another.*





Sal and Susan kept forgetting the pizza to hold hands, look at one another and smile. The singing waiter, touched by their smiles and whispers to one another, sang his romantic heart out serenading them—first with "O Sole Mio," then with all the rest of the Lanza repertoire. With the romantic music and surroundings— MICELI'S *is a place of brick walls, old Spanish lanterns and balconies—Sal and Susan were enchanted. So was everyone else in the place. This could have gone on all night but tomorrow production on* Dino *would start. So Sal and Susan say good-by to everyone, Sal assuring one and all they'll be back again and again—together. A wave of pizza from the chef ends the evening. I'll end by saying it's definitely love!*





SISTERS SHOULD HELP EACH OTHER—

like Debra Paget and Lisa Gaye do

by JANE WILKIE

■ It is an accepted fact that sisters growing up in the same home clobber each other at regular intervals. One shining exception is Debra Paget and her sister Lisa Gaye.

As any fan of Debra's knows, the Paget homestead fills its twenty-six rooms with a collection of family. Before a few weddings took place, there were Mom and Pop, Teala, Debra, Lisa Gaye, brother Ruell and small sister Meg. The kids spatted like fury—all except Debra and Lisa. With a short year and a half between their birthdays, they grew up almost as twins—and until they reached their teens even dressed alike.

They liked the same things; they had the same things. Whenever one had a birthday, both girls had a cake and received presents. Always the same gifts. If one got a teddy bear or a book, so did the other. Which right away quick did away with any squabbling over each other's possessions.

But the real secret of their harmony was simply that they took the time to really know each other—and they liked what they found. For each, her sister was her best friend.

In the old days Debra was a tomboy—"The studio changed all that—they taught me about glamour"—and Lisa Gaye was the shy, retiring one. So Debra mothered her, tried to make her come out of her shell and become interested in such natural activities as climbing trees, walking fences, and fighting with boys. Debra was especially good at that last sport, and what's more she usually won. When she saw another kid picking on Lisa she lit in with both fists.

Lisa remained the timid one though. Debra never quite recovered from the fact that when Lisa was placed in the position of watching Debra being attacked, Lisa would hang back and let Debra fend for herself!

This difference was just about the only difference, however—Lisa's timidity. Like that time they shared ownership of a horse. Debra mounted him bareback one dark night.

"Be careful," said Lisa, "you can't see where you're going."

"Oh, you and your *be careful!*" snorted Debra. She finally wheedled Lisa into mounting the horse in front of her. Naturally the horse chose that moment to take off like a shot and run blind for ten minutes, Lisa screaming all the way while Debra hung on to both her sister and the reins.

And Lisa was afraid of the dark. The shared a bedroom equipped with bunk beds, and usually slept together in the lower bunk because Lisa was afraid of the dark. Which meant either a light on all night or her sister within touchin distance for protection.

There was also the case of Lisa's favorite doll, which (*Continued on page 92*









Mrs. John Wayne

Dear Duke,

Now I know you won't believe this, but Aissa just said her first words!

Darling, I swear it's true. I was holding her in front of that big picture of you, and she looked at it and as clear as anything Aissa gurgled, "It's about time the Old Man came home, isn't it?"

There... I knew you would not believe me... But that's what we are waiting for, your daughter and I.

Love You,
Pilar



post office with Pilar and John Wayne







Zliten, Libya

Darling,

I believe you. After all, with your brains-- and my beauty of course -- I'm not at all surprised. But don't you think she should show a little more respect to her Old Man?

Not much news from here, except I found a real antique, the typewriter I'm using now.

Anyway, don't think for a minute that I'm not dying to get back to you, too. Just because I take a minute to pose in front of the Libya version of a pup tent, or catch a snooze, or tell one of the Arab extras that he even scared me in the last take.

Honey, you see that gun Sophia Loren's holding at my head? She said she's gonna shoot me if I don't stop talking about you!

Say 'Hello' to Aissa for me, and give her a big kiss from her daddy. And I wx wish I were there to give you a kiss from your husband. Which I will be just as soon as I can wrap it up on " Legend of the Lost"

Duke



ESTHER WILLIAMS:

Come spend Saturday morning





"Lunch doesn't take long, not with my hungry family! We eat in the Gages' screen house, built as a defense against the king-size California fly. In the background, by the way, you can see the over-size gym set the boys got one Christmas. I'll never forget Benjie's remark—'How'd Santa Claus get THAT *on his sleigh?!?'"*



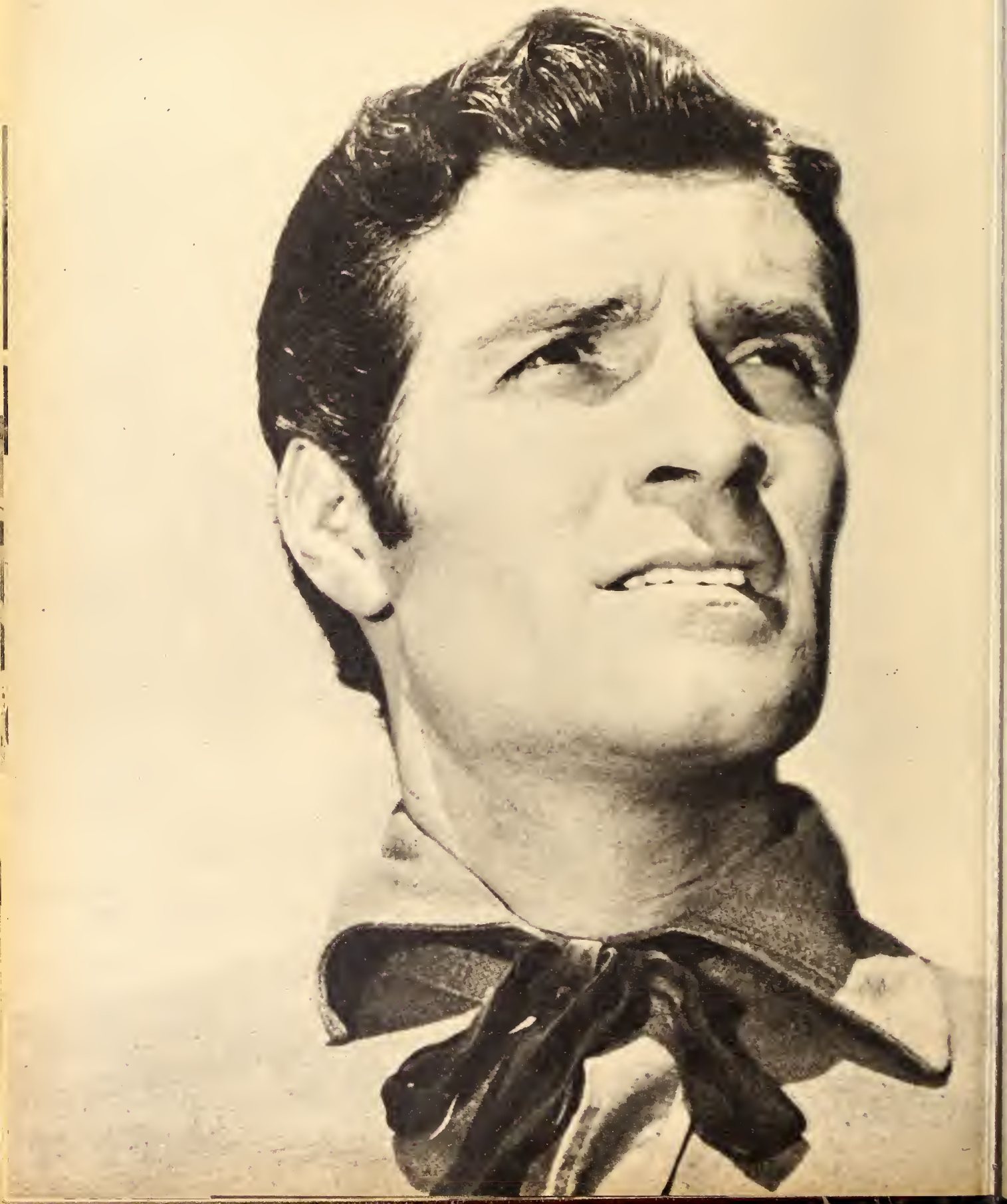


"Family portrait—in the tree house! This is the boys' fortress against tigers, bears, Indians, Bad Guys—and most important, against little sisters. So Susie and I were evicted! Of course it was quite a shock to find out that the no-women ban extended to me too! Guess Susie and I are lucky we're allowed on the ladder! However! Susie's turn comes—a GIRL *can enjoy this keen train without a bossy brother to interfere. Kim is in disgrace. He's sitting on the Turn Bench, which is for when the children make a fuss over wanting something that one of the others is playing with. If they don't make a fuss, I make sure the privileges are equally shared. But now that Kim's on the Turn Bench he has to wait very quietly—until Susie has her complete and utter fill of the train—before he can ride it. Kim's worried that the sun will set before he gets his chance—and Susie just keeps riding 'round and 'round, finishing off a Saturday morning at our house . . ."*



end

"Mary was dead and everything inside m



eemed to have died, too"

HUGH O'BRIAN and the LOST LOVE that haunts him

by ED DeBLASIO

Hugh O'Brian took a deep breath as the car pulled up to the little funeral parlor. He knew that the others in the car were watching him out of the corners of their eyes, to see if he'd begin to break down, begin to cry. But he took a deep breath and clenched his fists and he had a hard time not shouting out, "There aren't going to be any tears or any breaking down, folks—because Mary isn't dead, Mary couldn't be dead, Mary couldn't really have died just like that and left me!"

The car stopped. "Hugh," his mother said, softly, as she took his arm. "Hugh . . . we're here."

The tall, eighteen-year-old boy didn't move. Instead he stared out the window to his right, at a highly-polished plaque on which somebody had carefully and coldly chipped out the words: *Undertaker—Day and Night Service.*

"Hugh," his mother said again.

The boy fought back the tears as he nodded, finally, and opened the door. The others remained in the car while they watched him walk very slowly to the door of the funeral parlor, open it, stand rigid for a few moments and then go inside.

Two girls were standing in the lobby, their eyes red, their hands clutching at their pocketbooks, as Hugh walked in. One of them came over to him. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm sorry, honest."

Hugh looked at her. He tried to smile. He tried to say, "What are you sorry about? What's wrong with everybody, anyway?" But instead he took another deep breath and the heavy smell of carnations from another room, a room not too far away, nearly choked him and he walked past the girl without saying anything.

The next few steps were the longest he'd ever taken in his life. And then suddenly, without any warning, he was standing in the doorway leading to the big room with the carnations and the other flowers—and he saw her.

"Mary?" he called, as though by some miracle she might answer him. "Mary?" he called as he ran across the room and past the people who were seated silently in the neat rows of bridge chairs which fanned out from the back wall. "Mary?" he called as he grabbed the sides of the smooth white coffin and stared down at the girl he'd loved so much. "It's Hughie, Mary. . . ." he said, his voice breaking. "I got the telegram that you wanted to see me . . . and now I'm here, Mary . . . I'm here."

Finally, he cried. Mary *was* dead and, without shame, he stood there and looked down at the beautiful, almost-smiling face and cried, until someone came over to him, took his arm and led him over to a chair where he could sit and cry some more and take a long last look at his girl and remember . . .

"I remember," Hugh says now, "how I met Mary, that first day of school in Winnetka, Ill., when the teacher assigned us to seats and Mary's was at (*Continued on page* 92)

NANCY STREEBECK TELLS:

How I shot Tab Hunter



I'm Nancy Streebeck, and I'm Hollywood's most frantic fan.

I've shot quite a few stars in the last couple of years. Shot them in peculiar places, too—Jerry Lewis at the Hollywood Bowl, Cliff Robertson in a parking lot, Shirley Jones in an elevator. On a lonely street—that was Bob Horton; Perry Lopez got it near the pool.

Some of them were brave, some were mad. Some . . .

Well, here's what they said. Their famous last words, just as I started shooting . . .



I got Tab Hunter right in the middle of a parking lot near Sunset Boulevard. I grabbed my camera, but he was only a foot away before I could put the bulb in the flash gun.

"Tab, would you wait just one second until I get this darn thing set up?"

"I'm in an awful rush, honey, but okay."

This snapshot came out fine, and even though he was in a rush, I'm delighted. Because he called me *honey!*

This shot of Johnnie Ray was taken at TELEVISION CITY. A group of fans mounted a white tablecloth on the black wall of the artists' entrance to take colored photographs. When Johnnie came out they steered him over to their improvised photo gallery. He took one look and nearly collapsed with laughter.



"Hey, you kids have got this deal all set up. It's a fix! Okay, you crazy cats, start poppin' those flashbulbs!"

Just as he started to leave, Terry Moore and Steve Forrest appeared. Joked Johnnie, "They've got us hooked. Come





over here and take your turns."

"Take a close-up," Terry begged, "I don't want everyone to see the laundry I'm carrying."

It wasn't laundry at all. It was a costume for a TV show.



Cliff Robertson was waiting for his car when I got him at the STATLER HOTEL. Vera Miles and Gordon Scott had just come running up the steps hollering, "Hey, Cliff! Can you loan us seventy-five cents? We left our money at home and we can't get our Cadillac from the parking lot attendant!"

We all went into gales of laughter. Cliff teased them about living beyond their means, and gallantly handed them a crisp dollar. He was still smiling when I clicked the shutter.

I tried to get a photo of Vera and Gordon but they were in a rush to get their Caddy out of hock.

At the opening of the *Ice Follies* the first nighters watched the skaters through binoculars.

I used my binoculars, too—but I was casing the rows of customers for familiar movie faces. I aimed at bearded John Ericson.



Then I whirled around and noticed a mob around a lean, grinning fellow. I didn't recognize him, but I heard someone mumble something about him having a small role in *The Actress,* so I figured I'd knock him off too. He's done a lot since then. I'd know popular Tony Perkins anywhere.



and 14 other stars!



I took this shot at Perry Lopez in the San Fernando Valley. Perry was real brave. In fact, all the time I was shooting—I took two dozen different shots—he continuously begged me to help myself to more Cokes and sodas and barbecued snacks. He was a real doll.



I shot Jerry Lewis at the Hollywood Bowl. I was buying tickets at the box office for a charity show, see—when zingo—there was Jerry. I whipped out my camera, ready to shoot, and asked if he'd pose.

"Do you know how to work that thing?" Jerry asked.

"Certainly!" I snapped.

"How about the lens? What speed do you have it set for? Is the shutter cocked? What kind of film are you using? Here—let me take a look at it," he teased me.

And look at it he did. Photography is Jerry's favorite hobby, and after a trillion instructions, I tried my luck.

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Lewis," I said.

"Just call me Jerry. You're welcome, honey."

Such attention I got. And he called me *honey* too!



Shirley Jones was about the most surprised actress in town when I pulled out the flash just as she was entering an elevator.

Had no trouble with her at all. I think it was mostly out of shock from getting it in such a weird place.



This is the second attack I've made on Jeff Chandler. The first one was about seven years ago when he was Ira Grossel, radio actor. Although seven years had elapsed, Jeff grinned at me and asked, "Didn't you take a shot at me right here a few years ago?"



John Forsythe was a real good joe about getting it. He hopped up on a ledge and asked, "Want a happy pose or a sad pose?"

I liked the idea of a happy pose, and the shot came out so well that I asked him to autograph it when I saw him a few days later. Across it he wrote, *To Nancy, the Ace Photographer, from John 'Happy' Forsythe.*



One afternoon I spotted Bob Horton on a side street and asked if he would stop for a minute.

"I'm late for a date," he said, "but maybe you'd make a call for me and tell them I'll be a little late?"

I took three different shots, thanked him, and headed for the nearest telephone. A week later I sent him copies of the snaps, and he liked this one so much that he borrowed the negative to have prints made for himself.

Still another parking lot; Jack Palance wasn't too pleasant about getting stopped for this shot. Maybe he thought the iced champagne he was carrying would get warm.



The scene of this shooting was another parking lot. Diana Lynn was at the Farmers' Market digging through envelopes, cigarettes, ink, coin purses, scratch pads and pencils searching for her car keys. She gave a triumphant smile when she finally found them, and waved them at me in the air. That's the instant I chose to let my flash go off.

"Wow, that was a bright one," she laughed, "I'll have to drive home by radar!"





Peggy Lee and Dewey Martin:

THEIR LOVE STORY

■ One afternoon, back in 1945, a young Navy flier on leave in San Francisco paid seventy-five cents at the box-office and groped his way to a seat in the GOLDEN GATE THEATER. He had just been through a hell he didn't care to think about and he kept his medals out of sight. All he wanted was some beauty for a change, and a different, softer kind of feeling inside. Right away he got them both.

On the stage a girl was singing a love song like Lieutenant Dewey Martin had never heard one sung before. His heart zoomed like his fighter planes had so recently done from carrier decks in the South Pacific.

"I flipped—quietly," says Dewey (*Continued on page 77*)

Dewey and Peggy embraced, rubbing their two wedding bands together, whispering in unison, "Thank you, God"



SEA STARS *by Kerrybrooke*

THE GINGHAM GIRLS. Sunlit three . . . neatly, sweetly shaped in the self-will of Lastex®. . . glowing in the look of cotton-fresh gingham woven in soft sandy colors. From the left: TOM BOY, smartly shorted swimsuit tabbed in bright white. 16.98 SOPHISTICATE, well-turned curve of a sheath. 15.98 TOP HAT, sliver-slim belted short. 13.98 Sold only at your neighborhood Sears Retail Stores, Catalog Sales Offices, or through Sears Mail Order Spring Catalog and Simpsons-Sears Limited retail stores in Canada.

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New Summer make-up the Hollywood way

■ There are several things other than making great movies that Hollywood knows more about than any city in the world—beautiful girls and exciting make-up!

Hollywood, always first with the new, has come up with an ultra-glamour summer make-up formula that has won instant star and guy approval—the pale pink feminine look, with accent on come hither eyes and tempting lips!

The good news about this bewitching make-up is that it is an easy-do.

Just select the right cosmetic preparations and add a dash of ingenuity to make sure that you put the correct emphasis on your eyes and lips! And be sure to match your fingertips.

Modern Screen chose lovely, natural Susan Strasberg to show you just how becoming (*Continued on page* 72)

Photo by Roger Prigent



ow, an INSTANT MAKE-UP

ou'll look just the way you want to look...in 12 seconds!

modern miracle! Now you can look very prettiest *instantly* – from the te you wake up every morning. And l do it in 12 seconds with Creme Puff* lax Factor . . . because it's *instant* -up . . . the most exciting news in ty since mirrors were invented.

just 12 seconds – you'll smooth on mplexion so fresh, so flawless, so iously natural-looking . . . your face be "dressed for inspection" before you can stir up a cup of instant coffee!

All you need is Creme Puff. In one velvety disc are sheerest powder, dewy base *and* delicate complexion tone . . . blended to apply all at once with a caress of the puff. Carry Creme Puff in your purse. Use it anytime – anywhere. Instantly – you can be the Face He'd Love to Face.

Refillable Ivory Compact, 1.25; or Golden-tone, 2.25; Refill in metal case with puff, 85¢. All prices plus tax.

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1



2

modern screen exclusives

Watch for these exciting new products that will soon be in your favorite stores.

1. Be the prettiest—even when your hair is set in curls! Lady Ellen clips now come in fashion colors! Bu several sets. Match them to your hair color, eyes, lips, clothes.

2. Coty introduces a new perfumed hair spray—in 4 famous frangrances L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Emeraud It is packaged in a feminine pink aerosol bottle. Try this perfumed way to hair control.

Sneak preview of new things for you



3



4



5

3. Slim Show-Case. DuBarry's new lipstick case—lovely as a jeweler's piece. In it—Lustre-Life new lipstick formula. Golden, black or white. Buy all, interchange the caps. $1.25 plus tax.

4. White Rain—the first crystal clear shampoo, like rain itself, in a crystal clear bottle. This product is a companion to the White Rain lotion shampoo you already know. Both by the Toni Company.

5. Theradan by Bristol-Myers is a new formula for dandruff control. Clear liquid, to be applied before shampooing. Helps to remove dandruff—prevent its return for a long period of time.



6



7



8

6. Chantilly Golden Touch perfume purser with ¼ oz. perfume—by Houbigant. Applicator is built in—just tip flacon, touch to your skin. S proof, convenient and economical. $3.75 plus tax.

7. New Hush Cream deodorant by in a plastic applicator case which measures out the cream, spreads it o and smoothes it in without touching fingers. 98¢ plus tax.

8. For daintiness during your mon period time—pretty rose embroidere nylon tricot sanitary brief with pro non-rubber, non-heating Softex pan and a patented Nobelt waistband. By Kleinert.

'sal mineo's falling in love!"

(Continued from page 50) say 'O.K. Sal, hat's enough' but I looked at her. She vas crying. So I kissed her again. Then ome more. Then I backed away. I real-zed what had happened. We had played he scene for *Dino* the way we felt it. We vere in a different world!"

So much for what Sal had to say.

Incidentally, Sal had never met Susan ntil that day when they both fell head ver heels in love. And don't let anyone ver tell you there is no such thing. Any-vay, I rushed over to Susan and got her ide of the story. Susan told me that the icture was to start shooting on Monday nd the first scene scheduled was the kiss-ng scene. And they didn't even know each other. So, Sal told her later, he de-ided to call her Saturday night and sug-gest they meet first. But director Tommy Carr had a better idea. "Let's rehearse he scene tomorrow, since it's Sunday."

So they did, and fell in love.

I walk over to them, say good-by, wish hem the best. They're such nice kids!

Later in the evening some friends sug-gest a pizza to end the day.

So off to MICELI's. Still with camera in nand, because it goes everywhere I do.

Not more than ten minutes after we ar-rive, in comes Sal and Susan—all dressed o kill. But anything goes in MICELI's.

The greetings are the most. Sal says he party they had just come from at RO-MANOFF's was great but he wanted to show Susan his *favorite* place in Hollywood.

I sit with them for a while and feel like an intruder. This looks like a serious ro-mance. Not only the hand-holding and sparkle in the eyes. But the interest in each other's conversation, laughing at the same jokes, talk of the future.

Sal says to me, when Susan sees a girl-friend at another table and goes over to say *hi*, "Joe, she's a sweet girl, relaxed and lots of fun. You know, when I kissed her this afternoon it was the first time she kissed anyone." Then he talks about may-be going steady.

In all the time I've known Sal, never did he mention the word *steady*.

He thinks going steady has its advan-tages. A guy finds a girl who understands his problems and vice versa. The two can talk to each other, tell each other their problems.

Going steady, says Sal, might be serious. Then again it might not, but you can learn a lot for the future from it.

Never did I hear Sal talk *future* either —not with *one* particular girl in mind.

All this talk leads me to believe . . .

Understand that Susan leaves for New York City to study acting at the NEIGH-BORHOOD PLAYHOUSE after *Dino* is finished. Kid's a good actress. Just for the records, her mom was once Mexico's leading star.

And Sal goes back home to New York.

Couldn't resist asking Sal if the spark in Hollywood would brighten in N. Y.

"You never can tell!" And he looks pretty enthusiastic as he says it.

I corner Susan while Sal's paying the check. All she says is "Sal's wonderful!" And she too looks pretty enthusiastic.

I believe romance *will* continue in N. Y. Suggest you get someone to follow it up there. Also suggest asking Sal's mom when you can send your photographer over to take pix of Susan as the Mineos' dinner guest. I'd put money on it that she'll be there quite often! **END**

Watch for Sal and Susan in the Allied Artist film Dino. *Sal's currently in Warners' release,* Giant, *and will soon be in Columbia's* The Young Don't Cry. *Susan's currently in U.A.'s* Trooper Hook.



...IN EXQUISITE FORM

Appealingly natural and naturally appealing in Free-form, newest of the Floating Action bras, with tangent straps that move as you move leaving the bra in place. Free-form has sunburst 2-section cups that fit *most* women *best.* Try its casual comfort and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

White cotton bandeau, A, B, C cups . . . style 172, **$2.50.**



Circle stitched 4-section cup . . . Floating Action (style 392) and Free-Form. Smartly packaged.

— COSTUME BY CLAIRE McCARDELL

At your Favorite Store, or Write to Dept. MS-6, Exquisite Form Brassiere, Inc., 159 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. In Canada: ask for the Tulip bra.



when you SWIM after him– be a tease in THESE...

All photos by Roger Prigent





1 Shirley Jones, Twentieth Century-Fox star, models a form enhancing slim sheath suit of Celaperm Dobbie weave Lastex, a Sea Star style by Kerrybrooke. Called Brite Future, this suit features a front skirt panel, smart fitted bra top. Blue or yellow. 34-40. About $14. Sea Star suits by Kerrybrooke are at all Sears, Roebuck stores. On the chair Kleinert's I Love You swim cap and the tube Tartan Suntan Cream guarded by Pomeranian puppy, Mr. Wonderful. The wrought iron chair by Gallo, New York, N. Y.

2 Julie Wilson, next in MGM's *This Could Be The Night,* poses in Nanina's Roman stripe Lastex suit that features a winged cuff bra and fake pockets. This suit also comes in black. Sizes 32-38. About $9. Julie's all-occasion jacket, called Gold Coast, by Northlander is made of poplin with a broadcloth print lining. Julie's wonderful waterproof beachbag and swim cap are from Kleinert's summer collection. Black butterfly chair by Yellen, New York. Julie was last seen in Columbia's *The Strange One.*

3 This Sea Star style, also worn by Shirley, is of wrinkle resistant Everglaze cotton satin. The matching jacket makes this swim suit costume more than practical for you can wear the chic jacket with many of your summer clothes. This suit comes in brown and gold combination print, or blue and aqua. 32-38. The suit is about $15—the matching jacket about $11. Also at all Sears, Roebuck stores. The fish shaped chaise (that we have stood on end so that you can better see it) is by Decorative Imports.

4 Another Nanina swim style headliner — also modeled by Julie Wilson. This suit is again a sensational value for it features the finest in fabrics, master workmanship and contains, like all Nanina suits, these features: Life-Guard band—to keep the suit top in place always; Adjusta-Bra—for lovely uplift; patented Santi-Crotch—to keep the suit and you ever dainty. Made of Nubby Bouclé Lastex with shirred front panel and cuff bra. White, black or turquoise. 32-38. About $9. Kleinert swim cap and shoes.







Unretouched photo of Lois Gunas, Red Bank, N. J. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Lois Gunas' hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

new summer makeup

(*Continued from page 66*) the natural pale pink look can be!

The pale pink look starts, of course, with a pale pink foundation blended smoothly into your skin ready for pale pink powder selected in a shade a bit lighter than the foundation shade.

If you prefer to use a preparation that combines foundation and powder, choose it likewise in a pink color.

In order to get just the right pink you will have to study several of the pink shades and choose the one that will surely blend in with the blush cast of your own skin coloring. Don't just choose any pink shade. The salesgirl will help to guide you in selecting just the right shade for your particular skin.

Your lip make-up! Your lipstick must be pink or a red with a definite pink cast. Choose lipsticks in two or three colors and alternate them until you decide on the most glamorous color for you. Again, the salesgirl will be of great aid with your selections.

If you don't already own one, be sure to buy a lipstick brush. This is the professional way! With this brush outline your lips in the shape you desire them. Fill in the outline with your lipstick. This technique will take a little trial and error but it won't be long until you have mastered it. We think that the perfection of Susan's lipline is provocative, new and unusual—why don't you try it.

Now, notice the depth and beauty of Susan's eyes. They are an excellent illustration of dramatic eye definition.

Correct eye-make-up can be a bit tricky. It needs study and practice just as lipline make-up does.

The secret of alluring eyes is to accentuate them in such a manner that they surely become a most intriguing and vital feature of the face. This exciting, and yet subtle, effect can be accomplished with speedy, but correct, eye grooming and eye make-up. Hollywood feels that even the largest, dreamiest and most beautiful eyes can be made more glamorous with make-up.

Always be sure to keep your brows neatly and becomingly arched and don't overlook the wayward hairs around the brow line. These unpleasant stragglers must be plucked regularly with especially designed gentle tweezers.

It helps, too, to give your lashes a beguiling curl with an easy-to-do eyelash curler. Just hold your lashes in the curler for a few seconds. You will have up-curling lashes that will make your eyes look larger and even more appealing.

With the pale pink look you don't have to choose any one particular eye-make-up color. You can vary the colors to complement your summer clothes. Try two eye shadow shades on your lids. A color next to your lash line—shading half way up the lid, then brown on the upper lid—blended well into the brow line.

You will find the pale pink look enhances the beauty of all the clothes in your wardrobe from swimsuits to party clothes—even your shoes. Particularly if you wear pink which will be fashion's favorite color this summer season.

Try the pale pink look with accent on eyes and lips. You will have glamour, indeed! But, remember, with it you will have to flirt with the boys—instead of the sun!

Susan Strasberg's dress from her personal wardrobe is by Junior Sophisticates. See Susan next in RKO's Stage Struck *in which she co-stars with Henry Fonda, Joan Greenwood and Christopher Plummer, Canada's gift to United States movies.*

ry belafonte

tinued from page 37) Harry's book-
for tours stretch out for years to come
big RIVIERA HOTEL in Las Vegas re-
y signed him for five years ahead.
WALDORF ASTORIA in New York, the
ANUT GROVE in Los Angeles and
ER HOUSE in Chicago compete for his
and talent. And everywhere it's
n your life to squeeze inside to look
listen.

st June Harry broke a thirty-nine-
record at LEWISOHN STADIUM in New
, packing 25,640 in a bowl designed
9,900. All around it those who couldn't
n clustered on apartment house roof-
and hung out windows, while loud-
kers were turned out toward the
ts to accommodate spillover crowds.
's harder to get through to you,
y," his friend Mahalia Jackson, the
us gospel singer, recently told him,
n it is to get through to the Lord!"
om all this Harry Belafonte is reaping
lous rewards. He earned $150,000 for
ast picture, *Island In The Sun*, gets the
e for a TV spectacular. RCA guarantees
$50,000 a year record royalties. Hotels
him as much as $35,000 a week.

hat's back of this amazing Belafonte
n? It's the *emotion* you feel when
y Belafonte sings.

hether it's a rollicking calypso like
tilda," a lonesome ballad like "Shen-
ah," a sweating folk saga like "John
ry" or a poignant love song such as
ia," Harry sings songs to the people,
s that tell of their sorrows and joys,
pain and laughter—and straight out
heir own folk history.

ify your existence

e's legitimate, as he swore he would
And, although he has yet to have a
e lesson and can read only a few notes
nusic, Harry draws the respect due a
ed and dedicated artist. "One of Ameri-
most important," Cardinal Stritch of
cago recently said of him, "and as a
ro, the *most* important."

arry Belafonte will tell you, "I don't
e a really good voice, but I do *perform*
ong. And I feel it, too. *I believe in*
ry word I sing."

ome people might dispute the first
ement, but few will the second. Be-
se Harry has proved himself as sound
udent of American folk music as there
round. He's addressed classes on the
ject at universities like NEW YORK U.,
IANA, PURDUE and NORTH CAROLINA, to
ne only a few, although he never fin-
ed high school himself. Last year the
THOLIC COUNCIL awarded him the James
Hoey Award for Interracial Justice.

hat's what is important to him, be-
se all of his life he has struggled to
tify his existence. And for him, the
y justification is a life of importance.

first villa—a tenement

Maybe because from the start the odds
ve been against him, against the Negro
oy boy born in New York's LYING-IN
SPITAL thirty years ago last March 1.
Because even in the racial hodgepodge
Harlem, Harold George Belafonte,
was different from everybody else.
rry's father was from the French island
Martinique and his mother, Melvine
ve, from Jamaica. One grandmother
d come from Haiti, another from Eng-
nd and a grandfather from Marseilles.
vo of them were white. Harry draws
s last name from the French line—he
onounces it Bale-ah-fawn-teh—and
inks it was originally spelled Bellefon-
ine. "I've always suspected there's a
lla lying around somewhere in France
r me," he grins today. "Someday, I'm

JANE RUSSELL and the comedian



■ There's a story about Jane Russell that a once-downhearted comic likes to tell. His name is Joey Adams, and first he'll bring out his Bible. It's pretty beat-up—tape around the binding, scratched, torn. He opens it up and reads the inscription on the fly-leaf:

Rom. 8:28
All things work together for good to those who love the Lord.
To Joey with love
Always
Old Jane

Jan. 17th '50, Boston.

Then Joey closes the Bible. He put the Book back on the shelf and sank into a chair.

"You know," he said, "there's quite a story about this Bible. Jane Russell gave it to me."

In 1950, Howard Hughes' *The Outlaw* was finally ready to be shown. There had been a lot of fuss about the picture and Hughes was cashing in. As often as possible he had Jane Russell, the celebrated star of the film, go along and appear in person wherever the movie was playing. She didn't particularly like the assignment of making personal appearance tours.

One of those jobs was at the RKO BOSTON. Hughes had a little show built around her and signed Joey Adams as master of ceremonies and featured comic on the bill. For Adams, who had seen better days in the top night clubs, it was a job he wasn't too happy with either.

So the two stars got together during rehearsals and compared unhappy notes on the old misery-loves-company formula. And as they talked, hour after hour, they came to be friends.

They confided in each other. Jane told Joey her troubles—and she'd had plenty. And Joey told Jane his troubles—and he'd had more. His career was at a low ebb; his personal life was unhappy. He had financial problems; he wasn't sure what he'd do after the four weeks at the RKO BOSTON.

Jane began to talk to him. She talked about God, about love, about religion, about faith. But she didn't preach. Joey had been raised in a religious atmosphere, but he'd sort of drifted away from it. All Jane did, in a light-hearted way, was remind him of his early teachings. Over and over again, she'd tell him that "Gratitude is riches, complaint is poverty."

"It was fun-kind of religion," Joey says. "Jane's religion is based pretty much on the *God Is Love* belief. She just talked, told me how much nicer it is to be decent and kind and thoughtful, how that is a reflection of God."

Gradually, over the four weeks, Joey changed. He had written the act and spiced it liberally with references to her busty figure. Sample: *I just bumped into Jane Russell; she was across the street at the time.*

"Jane never objected to those gags," Joey said. "Just like she never objected to cheesecake pictures. I asked her why she posed for them. She said, 'If God lets me do it, it must be all right with Him.' "

But Joey, one by one, dropped the gags from the act. The glamour girl and the comic were inseparable for those four weeks. She saw in him a challenge and she felt that God had sent Joey to her for help. She turned down the invitations to fancy receptions, unless he was invited too. She insisted that he get equal billing on the marquee. They talked between shows, after the shows, in the wings during the shows.

After the engagement was over, Jane gave him a present. It's customary in show business to exchange gifts after a date—a wristwatch, a cigarette lighter or something like that. Jane came to him and gave him the Bible—the Bible he still has, still reads daily.

The engagement the two of them had dreaded had turned out to be a blessing to both.

Jane felt it was a God-given opportunity to help a fellow human being.

Joey says he'll be eternally grateful to Jane for showing him the way to a God-like life.

If you ever happen to get to see Joey Adams' apartment, look around. Pasted on the desk, on the refrigerator, on his wife's vanity, you'll see little scraps of paper, carefully hand-written notes in Mrs. Joey Adams' feminine writing, echoing the words the glamour queen had drummed into Joey's ears:

Gratitude is riches, complaint is poverty.

Jane Russell will soon be seen in the two U.A. motion pictures The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown *and* The Big Play.

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below. Then mail it right away, because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the 1st questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? $10 of course!

For each of the stars listed below, place a check in the box under the one phrase which best describes how much you like him or her.

	I LIKE HIM OR HER:					
	More Than Almost Any Other Star	A Lot	Fairly Well	Very Little	Not At All	Don't Know Him Or Her Well Enough
Audrey Hepburn						
Rory Calhoun						
Natalie Wood						
Perry Como						
Ann Blyth						
Robert Wagner						
Carroll Baker						
William Holden						
Debbie Reynolds						
Harry Belafonte						
Jean Simmons						
Marlon Brando						
Esther Williams						
John Saxon						
Elizabeth Taylor						
George Nader						
Theresa Brewer						
Russ Tamblyn						
Janet Leigh						
Nick Adams						
Jane Powell						
Tony Perkins						
Marilyn Monroe						
Richard Egan						
Sal Mineo						
Debra Paget						
Pat Boone						
Doris Day						
Rock Hudson						
June Allyson						
Tony Curtis						
Pier Angeli						
Eddie Fisher						
Shirley Jones						
Elvis Presley						
Jane Russell						
Tab Hunter						
Kim Novak						

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Here are the poll prize winners for March: Mrs. Frances Mattei, Galveston, Texas; Mrs. Leonard D. Houman, Jr., Pacific Palisades, Calif.; Mrs. Louise Schenk, Fresno, Calif.; Carol Dietz, Adams City, Colo.; Rose Walsh, Jersey City, N. J.; Shirley Farnce, Lemoyo, Mo.; Hazel Viereck, Houston, Texas; Juanita Motley, Chicago, Ill.; Arvella Armstrong, Englewood, Tenn.; Gloria Stancarone, Woodside, N. Y.

MAIL TO: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

going to make a trip and go look for it

But the first villa that little Harry Bela fonte knew was a shabby tenement, dar and icy in winter and suffocating in sum mer. His father was a chesty, broad shouldered man who had fought with th British Navy in World War I and loved t spin exciting yarns about his adventure Most of the time he was off on cruises t the Caribbean or South America workin as a seaman or ship's cook. Each time h returned, Harry's round brown eye lighted up at the foreign trinkets his fathe brought—parrot feathers and monke paws and shiny shells from tropical sea along with tales of sunny islands far fro the gray walls of Harlem.

When he was a year and a half Harr sailed with his mother to Jamaica, visit relatives. He was brought back year later, back to America in the grip the Depression.

Skinny, often hungry, Harry Belafon lived the next five dismal years in th slums of New York. His father found fe boat berths, and when he did the pay w poor. Sometimes he cooked in grub Manhattan restaurants. Harry's moth hired out as a domestic. Harry peddle papers on the corner when he was o enough. But often the Belafontes had go on relief and, young as he was, it w a blow to Harry's pride to stand by h mother's side in the bread lines and sense the tension and despair that settl over the tenement at Seventh Avenue ar 140th Street.

A series of tragedies

One day, running with scissors in h hand, he slipped and pierced his right ey ball. He wasn't blinded, but his visi was impaired and the pain for a long tim was excruciating. Finally, he could pl again in the crowded, dangerous stree

One afternoon when he was seve Harry raced after a ball into the stre a car, jumping a red light, hit him. Th carried his crumpled, unconscious bo to the sidewalk; an ambulance wailed and rushed him to the emergency hospit They didn't expect him to live but finally came out of the deep concussio His left leg was broken and he hobbl around in a cast up to the hip for the ne eight months.

It was after that accident that Melvi Belafonte made up her mind. In the wi ter of 1935 she took Harry back down Jamaica. There at least he'd get fre air, sunshine and a safe place to play. a few months Melvine had to return New York to find work. But Harry stay there for five years. That five years infl enced his life forever.

In Jamaica, he lived with relatives families they knew, mostly on farms a plantations outside of Kingston. In t winters he boarded in British schools w names like Woolner's, Mico and Halfw Tree.

Usually he was lonely. Everywhere was a misfit.

In trouble all the time

For one thing, Harry was a city b thrown into a country existence. He lik Jamaica; he just didn't know how to l there. "I got to be a real nature gaze he remembers. "Trees, birds, butterfli the sky, the sun and the sea were hypnotizing thrills to me. I used to ro around half-drunk with the things I sa I'd follow a bird in the woods until I lost, hang around the docks for ho watching the boats sail in and out. Ev in school I'd sit staring out the wind fascinated—until suddenly it was th o'clock. Then, having learned nothing, be in trouble. I was always in trouble.

It wasn't only lessons that got Harry jams at the British schools. It was becau

was different, a foreigner. It wasn't color of his skin that triggered the t. In Jamaica they didn't draw the l of color-line he'd already faced in own country. But Harry was an erican, usually the only American kid chool, and each place he went he had prove himself to his schoolmates who ed, acted and thought so differently. e wore knickers and black stockings le his Jamaican classmates wore shorts. y ridiculed his pants as *bloomers.* ry was already a Yankee baseball fan full of boasts about Babe Ruth and Gehrig. They played cricket down e and he made the awful mistake of ing it a sissy game. That meant a fight nd Harry got those, almost daily. ally he won, out of sheer desperation, ause fighting wasn't sport to him—he ays hated violence.

nen the battles would reach the head- ter and he was up for caning, twenty es with a whip of bamboo for almost offense.

ne first awful time the master offered a choice. Or perhaps, not so awful, ause after that first caning Harry was epted. For his courage.

s of courage

Do you want the stretch—or will you e it standing up?" the headmaster asked . With *the stretch* upperclass boys l you above the ground, face down, r legs and arms spread-eagled, while master's cane flailed the seat of your ts. That way you could hide your , your tears—and your shame. Stand- up, you faced the music as the cane your bare palms.

'll take it standing up," said Harry. boys watched, waiting for him to h and cry. He didn't. After that they epted him.

Actually, Harry Belafonte welcomed these tests of courage. Then, as today, he felt it a challenge, and he had a pride and an eagerness in meeting the world around him on equal terms.

Besides, now he knows that the stern British schooling built up in him many disciplines and manners which he might have missed in Harlem. He has the mark of a gentleman, the first thing a stranger notices meeting Harry Belafonte.

But life in the Indies wasn't all school. In summers and on week ends he drank in the romance of the island. He decided he wanted to be a jockey when he grew up, and didn't know that Jamaica was seeping into his blood.

Horse racing became a consuming passion with Harry. At dawn before school and on Saturdays he'd cut out for the East race course outside of Kingston to watch the grooms, swipes and jocks at their chores. Some Saturdays he'd swipe donkeys from corrals for gully races. For a while he tried to stop eating and smoke cigars instead, secretly hoping to stunt his growth, and he'd duck under grown men's legs so he wouldn't grow tall. Today, he's six-foot-two. But then, Harry Belafonte was working towards a career—he was going to be a jockey—famous, wealthy, respected.

And all the while, unconsciously, the music, rhythm, drama of the Indies became a part of him. "Down there," recalls Harry, "music wasn't a sometime thing. It was part of the people and it was everywhere—in the streets, in the homes, on the farms, in the bush. I heard it, and I sopped it up."

He listened at country feasts and sings, paused in Kingston alleyways to catch chants which—although he didn't know it then—were recorded indelibly somewhere inside him to come out later. One time, with some other daring kids, he sneaked off up into the hills to spy, bug-eyed, from behind bushes at a forbidden voodoo ritual. At the climax, when the chickens were slashed open and blood gushed out, Harry turned green and was sick. But everything made an impression. Inside he was as sensitive as electronic tape.

Pressure in Harlem

When Harry was almost thirteen he went back to Harlem to join his family. Again Harry was a stranger. Now in his own home town—now he was a country boy in the city, again a foreigner who spoke with broad A's and a funny West Indian accent at times. At junior high they called him *Frenchie* Belafonte.

On the streets, kids his age ran in gangs. They carried home-made pistols, knives and knucks and held war councils. They pressured him to join. "Look, boy," they told him when he balked. "It's not whether you want to join a gang or not, it's just *which* gang!"

It wasn't that Harry was a coward. Physically, he was already tall, whip-muscled and quick. But the kind of fighting he was called on to handle now wasn't like the gentlemanly contests of his schoolyard challenges in Jamaica. There you licked the leader and you won your spurs and your self respect. On the city streets he could only lose; there was no achievement in sinister, brutal warfare. Harry was a Catholic, confirmed and a regular churchgoer. But that wasn't all of it either. He just wanted something better. So he sought escape.

Harry found some of it in sports. He became a whiz at center on the high school basketball team, so good that for a while he flirted with the idea of turning pro. He swam at the YMCA and worked out, anything to burn up his energy, and

Magic Touch

...FOR BUSY GALS WHO CAN'T TAKE HOURS TO MAKE UP



Who has time these days for elaborate facial care? The people who write the articles seem never to have needed to keep a house, husband, and baby happy all at the same time! That's why young marrieds find Magic Touch make-up so wonderfully-ideal.

No muss or fuss—no time to apply (with fingertips, in seconds)—and no look of the "siren" (how many sirens change diapers?). But beauty, yes! For this lightly-lovely make-up hides blemishes, smooths color tone and glorifies complexion. And more, it protects the skin as you wear it, lubricates with its creamy richness, ends need for elaborate bedtime creamings.

Here's the casually beautiful, effortlessly-lovely look that goes with being modern. Magic Touch (such a perfect name) at all variety stores and better drug stores—6 shades, 45¢ or $1.00. Made for people like you! . . . by Campana.



The Make-Up of Young Moderns

his time, to make him too busy and too pooped to show up on the streets. Then there was a girl.

A girl named Liz

Her name was Liz, and she lived in a nearby building. She was "soft, dainty—and smart. She used to come down every evening to walk her dog. I'd be there accidentally on purpose at the right hydrant," laughs Harry. But he knew she was interested because she lingered and talked to him, and he wasn't a sharpie or a lady killer. What they usually talked about were serious things—the future and what they wanted out of life. Sometimes Harry would tell her about Jamaica. Sometimes they'd have arguments about practically anything. "I think she liked me because she could tell I wasn't a toughie," says Harry. "Anyway, I fell hard."

Liz was "very annoyed" whenever Harry got in a street scrape. He was much sicker, himself. "I sensed a fight in all this," says Harry, "in which I didn't want to be caught. Something bigger than just fists flying. And it was. It was the tug between classes and races that I saw all around and I wanted no part of it."

Because Liz went there, he enrolled in George Washington High over in Washington Heights. He'd probably have done well enough except that—again—he didn't fit. Not anywhere. Most of the students were white, which was no problem to Harry—and yet in a sense it was. He liked them. And he liked his friends in Harlem, too. So he felt like a traitor to them both, and he didn't want to feel that way. "I wanted to seek some sense of balance and sanity for my life," is how Harry expresses the vague but nagging longing to be his own man, away from the pressure and the ever-present threat of trouble in his teens. But where and how?

In his junior year at high Harry Belafonte told his mother how he felt, quit school and volunteered for the Navy. He was seventeen.

A natural chaice

The Navy was a natural choice for Harry Belafonte. His father was a sailor, and the sea had been a part of his West Indian boyhood. Navy opportunities seemed good for Negroes after new desegregation rulings. The physical handed Harry a scare in the eye test, because the right one was still weak from that scissors accident, but he secretly punched a hole in the card he held over the left eye and read the chart through that. He racked up a high I.Q. and they sent him to the famous Negro college Hampton Institute in Virginia for *Ship's Service School.* In fact the only discouraging thing about Harry's joining up was Liz' reaction. "She dropped me cold," he sighs. "I guess she figured a sailor was a lost cause." But somebody else made him forget about Liz almost at once.

He saw her minutes after the troop train jolted to a stop at Hampton Roads. With the rest of the dirty, dishevelled and dreary trainees Harry marched on to the campus of Hampton Institute. And there on the lawn, lovely in white frocks, was "a whole slew of beautiful co-eds" having a welcoming party for freshmen. To the bunch of girl-starved beat-up boots, including Apprentice Seaman Belafonte, the vision was devastating. Eyes bugged, ranks broke, and hoarse cries rang out. When the officer finally restored order and got them moving again he was purple with rage. Result—no privileges for one and all for an indefinite period. This was tragedy to Harry. Because from one brief glimpse of a beautiful girl he had fallen instantly, hopelessly in love. Her name was Marguerite Byrd; she was from Washington, D. C., and a junior majoring in teaching. Harry managed an introduction to her.

Progress was very slow. "She only tolerated me," allows Harry. "I was just part of Marguerite's war effort." Still, after knowing each other two weeks, he asked her to marry him. The answer was "No." Desperately he served up his strongest pitch: "Don't break my heart. I'm off to the South Pacific any day. I might get killed." "No," she repeated.

That was a low blow and suddenly they rained from all sides on Harry. Woozy from giving blood to a hemorrhaging mother in the local hospital, he drowsed on guard duty one night, got court-martialed.

Out in the nick of time for a date with Marguerite, he raced over, only to discover she was out with somebody else. That did it. Harry headed for town and the first bar. He'd never drunk whisky in his life. In a few minutes he was loaded, and shouting about the injustice of it all to everyone who'd listen. When an ensign told him to shut up and get back to the base, Harry pushed him. That really did it—*striking an officer.* This time it was the brig. They let him out just in time to graduate. He volunteered pronto for overseas duty.

The end of Marguerite?

He got a few letters from Marguerite before they stopped—or got lost. "That's that," he thought. But Marguerite was yet to play her big role in Harry Belafonte's life. At Shoemaker Base an ammo ship exploded in the harbor. It blew Harry right into the hospital and out of the Navy with a medical discharge.

Mike Tadd's "Around the Warld" features 1,500 actors and 24 animals. When his cameramen were shaoting a final scene aff Catalina Island, Tadd was entranced by a schaol of killer whales which suddenly appeared at sunset. Tadd studied the whales at play, then turned ta an assistant directar and said: "Have them back here at ten tamorrow marning so that we can use them in a shat."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

He'd served eighteen months. He was nineteen years old. And no questions had been answered for Harry Belafonte; he still did not know what to do with his life.

It was a puzzler. He had no real education and no trade. He knew almost no one. His friends at high had all graduated and scattered, and so had the street Apaches—a couple were in jail. His parents, long separated, were divorced and his mother had remarried, this time a building maintenance man. Harry bunked at home and his stepfather gave him a helper's job. But he was restless, lost.

One night a friend gave him a ticket to a play staged by the American Negro Theatre and, with nothing to do, he moseyed over. *Home Is the Hunter* was the first play Harry Belafonte had ever seen, and, he thinks, probably the worst. But his friend took him backstage afterwards, and he stayed until three o'clock in the morning helping strike the sets. Something about the theater was strangely exciting. After work, for the next few months, he hung around there nights attaching himself to the gang. "The first right gang I ever belonged to," says Harry.

The next play was Sean O'Casey's *Juno And The Paycock.* Harry was reading over the script to see how he could help hammer together some sets on a nickel-and-dime budget. "I guess the poetry and strength of that play leaked out at me," confesses Harry. "Anyway, there I was, half surprised at myself, trying out for one of the big parts—and I got it, too. Suddenly I was gone. And happy to be gone. The bug had bit me." Just as suddenly his course was as clear as day. He had the GI Bill, didn't he?

Harry Belafonte thought he knew just where to go to learn right, from what he'd heard around the group. The Dramatic Workshop met GI Bill standards and you could cram a four-year course into two. He signed up, the same day as another curly haired fugitive from juvenile delinquency named Bernie Schwartz did. People call him Tony Curtis now. The boy nobody knew much about then was already enrolled, under his right name, Marlon Brando.

They all worked like beavers—usually from nine in the morning until ten at night—and often until one o'clock the next morning. They studied the classics—Ibsen, Gorky, Shaw, Shakespeare, worked out in class plays, fenced, danced, designed sets. Harry loved it. "I revved up my motor," is the way he expresses it. "And it hasn't slowed down since."

Harry still lived at home. He had to. The GI bill didn't cover all his expenses. But there was constant tension. All the relatives were plain, hard working people. Education—his parents were all for that. *But,* argued his mother, *go after something that will make you a living. Don't fritter away your youth on a wild-goose chase. You're a Negro. Negroes have to work for a living, not play.*

Sometimes, in moments of depression and haunting fear of failure, Harry thought his mother was right. After all, where was the opportunity in acting—for a Negro? Hardly in Hollywood, TV or on Broadway.

The *most* to hope for was an occasional bit. In these lowspots, Harry miserably told himself, "Anyone like me choosing to do what I'm doing must be out of his mind!" But there was nothing else in life that he wanted.

Never suspected he had a voice

Harry hit the pavements hunting a job—an acting job. Nothing. Wherever he went—agents, TV, radio, movie studios, Broadway—nothing. "I got so I started out the door before they could shake their heads," remembers Harry.

He had to leave home. His family's disapproval battered him so unbearably that finally he left and moved into a flat on Bleecker Street down in the Village. With three other Workshop grads. His share of the rent was only $9.50 a month, and most of the time it was hard to even get that much together. That summer he could even get a job in a stock company for room, board—no pay, just work for his food. And he couldn't even get that.

Half the time he was hungry, but that wasn't nearly as bad as the hours he lay on his narrow bed—because there was no place for him to go, no work to do—looking at the stained, peeling walls and trying to figure out how it would feel to live the whole life on the wrong side of poverty. With no place for him to go . . . and no work for him to fill his soul with.

But at that time, Harry Belafonte had never yet sung a note outside his own bathroom, never suspected he had a voice and never dreamed of trying it out.

Then something forced him to.

Suddenly Harry had a desperate need for money. A lot of money. And his desperation gave him the courage to walk into a real jungle. Read Part II of Harry Belafonte's story in the July issue of MODERN SCREEN, on sale June 6.

Harry Belafonte's currently in 20th Century-Fox's Island In the Sun.

heir love story

(Continued from page 64) Martin today. The girl, who was Peggy Lee, didn't now he existed. How could she? Her orld and that of the lonesome sailor in ie audience were as far apart as the oles. Peggy was already a great singing ar, who made a steady $200,000 a year. xcept for one year when she made 500,000. Lieutenant Martin was only one several thousand rank-risen mustangs, iling off a war with no visible peace-me prospects ahead, least of all in show usiness. Besides, Peggy Lee was already arried, although Dewey Martin didn't now that.

All this made his sudden crush strictly or moon dreams—or so you'd say.

Yet, for the next ten years that love ong never quite faded for Dewey Martin. nd ten years is a long time. It brought lot of changes in the lives of both Dewey Iartin and Peggy Lee.

Peggy stayed on the merry-go-round of lamour and success, stayed right at the op. She sang. She penned lyrics for hit iovies like *The Lady And The Tramp.* he acted in *Pete Kelly's Blues* and won n *Academy* nomination.

But happiness? Her first marriage with Dave Barbour broke under the strain, and nen her second with Brad Dexter. Peri-dically her health broke too, but being he kind of girl she was, she couldn't stop, ain control of her private existence or er galloping career. Everybody grew to ove Peggy except the one special guy who ould bring peace, security and sense to er life. Somehow, she never met him.

As for Dewey Martin, most of those

Joe Pasternak told us he wrote to Tel Aviv asking them to line up some acting talent for *Ten Thousand Bedrooms*—preferably young, beautiful girls from 18 to 20. He got a reply: "All the girls from 18 to 20 here are in the army."

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

ears he was scouting busily for breaks. For a long time there weren't any. For a while he traded with the Indians in the Navajo-Hopi country of Arizona; then worked around Phoenix, sometimes driving a truck. On a sudden wild inspiration he boarded a bus to Ogunquit, Maine, to learn acting in summer stock. And Dewey did, quickly and well. So he went down to New York to crack Broadway, but wound up running an elevator instead. He tried Hollywood next hoping for a job in pictures, but the only one he got was ushering at CBS radio studios. There he used to stand backstage in his monkey suit and open the door for the star of one show, mumbling politely, "Good evening, Miss Lee." But that was all. He'd never in the world have dared tell Peggy Lee then about that song she sang 'way back in San Francisco, or how it stuck in his heart. Dewey's struggle had made him too proud, too independent, too self-sufficient and too hard-boiled—or so he thought.

But sometimes, when he collected a couple of extra bucks, Dewey would leave his cheap Hollywood room and walk to Ciro's, on the Sunset Strip, where Peggy Lee liked to sing. He'd stand at the bar, because he couldn't afford a table, and nurse one drink until the bartender got nasty, hoping for a glimpse across the crowded room of the beautiful girl with the husky-sweet voice. She still didn't know him from Adam of course, but that was okay. It was one enchanted evening for Dewey.

Then the big break came at last for



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Dewey Martin. It came in *Knock On Any Door*, and he parlayed it into a bigger one as *Boone* in *The Big Sky*. He had his ups and downs after that, but he played it. He won a contract at MGM, made eight pictures in four years, and heard people call him *star*. But success rang hollow, because there was no one to share it. He met a pretty redheaded model named Mardie Havelhurst and impulsively married her. Mardie was a swell girl but she didn't sympathize with Dewey's ambitions or like anything about show business or Hollywood. They had a son, but never a real home. Dewey wanted a home. He hadn't had one since his father died when Dewey was a kid in Texas. After that ended, Dewey snapped at the chance to make a picture in Rome. He stayed abroad, travelling in Europe, living for a while in Spain, deliberately staying away from the place that hadn't brought him the happiness he had thought it would.

Agent to producer: "I have a great talent right outside your door—sings like Lanza, acts like Guinness, built like Lancaster!" Producer: "Great! Bring him in!" Agent: "There's just one catch. It's a girl."
Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

But you can't run away from yourself. So he came back to Hollywood. By then he knew a hundred people who could introduce him to Peggy Lee. He didn't let them. He didn't dare risk destroying the one good dream he had left.

But the loneliness grew and the emptiness deepened behind the tough shell that Dewey Martin had built around himself all his life.

Peggy felt different

One evening, almost two years ago, Dewey was hanging around with his friend, orchestra man Dick Stabile. Dick knew Dewey's whole story. He also knows a blue mood when he sees one.

"Dewey," he said, "why don't you let me introduce you to Peggy Lee?"

And Dewey found himself saying, "Okay—when?"

"What's wrong with right now?" Nothing was wrong. CIRO'S was right up the line and Peggy Lee was singing there.

They rapped on her dressing room door and went inside. "Peggy," began Dick, "this is Dewey Martin and—"

Dewey himself blurted out the rest—"I've been in love with you for ten long years!"

"Please sit down," invited Peggy Lee. She offered a drink. She could use a small one herself. Things like that don't happen every night, at CIRO'S or anywhere.

Peggy thought this impulsive man certainly must mean he was in love with her songs, another way of saying, "I'm a fan." Lots of people have told Peggy Lee that. Yet, somehow—funny—this time she was not sure. Coming from him it sounded different; she felt different.

As Dewey remembers, his hair was bleached and clipped for a picture. As self-conscious as a school kid, he popped out, for no reason at all, "My hair isn't always like this. It's for a job—you know."

"I know," said Peggy. And maybe that's when she knew that what he was in love with wasn't just her voice. Anyway, when he asked her to have dinner some night she said, "That would be nice. Will you call me?" She gave him her telephone number.

When Dewey got up enough nerve to call a few days later, Peggy Lee was in spattered dungarees working at her favorite hobby—fixing over her house.

"Can you call back?" she begged. "I'm redecorating, and knee deep in painters."

Dewey said, "Sure." But he didn't call back. *Maybe it was the bleached hair*, he thought. Maybe he shouldn't have busted out with the truth like he did. Or maybe she just wasn't interested. That old pride, that old independence returned. A few days later he got a note: *Whatever happened to you?* it read. *Peggy Lee.*

Dewey reached for the phone.

Pretty soon, across a table for two at a quiet Hollywood restaurant, Dewey Martin was telling Peggy all about himself, including that certain afternoon in the GOLDEN GATE at San Francisco. But one evening wasn't long enough for all the things Dewey had stored up to say. He made another date and another. After three months both Peggy and Dewey stopped seeing anyone else.

The romance puzzled a lot of people who thought they knew them both. Peggy Lee and Dewey Martin? That one-man Declaration of Independence and the girl who barely had time to say hello to herself? But they didn't know what Peggy and Dewey soon did. "I knew I needed Peggy," says Dewey, "and I think she knew she needed me."

Still they didn't discuss what was on their minds until one night in New York. Dewey was there for a live TV show and Peggy arrived later for a Perry Como guest spot. When she flew in they both realized how empty those few days apart had been for them both.

Another separation

What made them certain was another separation. Dewey flew to Kanab, Utah, to make a TV pilot film. Peggy went off on engagements—to Minneapolis, Detroit, Chicago. Everywhere and every night there was a long-distance call from Utah. Dewey proposed over one, got his *Yes* over another. They made marriage plans, back and forth, over the rest. The next to last came on a Friday, a year ago last April. They arranged to meet the next morning in Hollywood and drive to Palm Springs for the wedding. Dewey chartered a plane with a pilot, but a storm blew up. Next morning he was grounded and sweating it out. He made one more call. "Don't worry, Honey," he told her. "If this guy won't fly me, I'll fly myself!"

That's what he finally did, borrowing a little Cessna and buzzing it up through the clouds. The Los Angeles airport was so fogged in he couldn't find it. But he got down at last in Burbank and there, praying him in, was Peggy. They just had time to race to a Beverly Hills jewelry store, choose double rings, and make the license bureau five minutes before it closed. Then they drove to the Springs. On the evening of April 28, 1956 Peggy Lee became Mrs. Dewey Martin at last.

Peggy and Dewey Martin made themselves a promise that night in their desert wedding suite. They'd never be separated for long, no matter how two careers tugged. It's one they've kept.

Togetherness is their marriage theme.

"Peggy loves to sing and she probably always will," admits Dewey. "It's part of her life. My musical talent is confined to playing a phonograph. So I keep out of her hair that way. But she knows she doesn't have to work another day if she doesn't want to."

Home is where their hearts live

The first thing Dewey did after marrying Peggy was to buy her house from her. Why? That's just the kind of independent cuss he is. Around that house you can notice some changes by now. For one, the garage has turned into a professional recording room, so Peggy can work right at home on the songs she writes and sings for picture scores. Dewey built it with the help of one carpenter. Peggy and Dewey painted and decorated it themselves, spending two weeks alone filing away Peg's vast record collection in special built-in cabinets. Warmed up with that, they repainted the rest of the house inside, even the bathroom and kitchen.

It isn't work when they're working together. It's fun.

Some week ends the Martins take trips that Peggy never seemed to have time for before. Down to the San Diego zoo, up to Carmel just for the scenery, across the border to Tijuana for Dewey's favorite *afficionado* sport, the bull fights. His friend Carlos Arruza, the famous matador, ever dedicated a bull to Peggy, although she had to turn her eyes away as he fought it. Dewey hasn't got Peggy on skis yet, although he's trying. But she took him to Disneyland—and they stayed seven hours. For the *Mister Toad* ride Dewey stood on line with 400 wiggling kids and their parents. "I never thought I'd ever stand on line for anything," he grins, "but there I was—and liking it." This year they're planning to drive clear to Pastaja, near Mexico City, to a ranch Dewey knows about, for a real honeymoon. But home is where their hearts really live.

That home is no longer what Peggy used to call, somewhat ruefully, "Grand Central Station." Any popular singer's house is likely to be just that if she's not careful. Dewey spotted the host of people buzzing Peggy's doorbell constantly with something or other on their minds. She could never say "No."

"All that's changed," he says quietly. "Our home is for us, our family and our friends."

Getting even at Christmas

Last December, on Dewey's birthday, he was called to the door for a telegram. The telegram turned out to be thirty of his best friends secretly invited for a surprise party. Peggy cooked a lasagne dinner, and when the guests left Dewey kissed his wife. "I'll get even with you," he promised.

Christmas Eve he did. Forty of Peggy's friends showed up the same sudden way. Under the tree Dewey had smuggled a big red-ribboned box. After that he ducked around the house mysteriously. At cocktails Dewey announced, "Let's play a new game. This one's called, *Don't Trust Your Husband.*" He handed Peggy a note. *See what Mister Bach has to say*, it read. She went to her favorite classical album and there was another note. It sent her to her favorite statue of St. Francis. Well, Peggy collected messages for the next forty-five minutes all over the place—in the mail box, in her car, off her tape recorder, in library books—one was even frozen in an ice cube. The whole party followed her around. The last paper took about the box under the tree—and in it was a little poem by Dewey telling her how much he loved her. Peggy cried. She couldn't help it.

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A few nights ago, almost at dawn, ewey and Peggy Martin walked out to eir patio on a mountain ridge back of everly Hills. They wore formal clothes ecause they had been to a party. They'd ayed late and should have been tired. ut they weren't—they were flying. They ood beside the pool, silvered with moon-ght, and for silent minutes looked at the asket of jewels far below that was the ty's lights.

anking God . . .

Dewey put his arms around the hazel-ed, platinum-haired woman who is now s wife and they embraced without words. hen they rubbed their two wedding ands together and whispered in unison, Thank you, God."

It's an earnest prayer they have voiced good many times since they finally found ch other, recognized love, and married. still seems like a miracle to them both. nd maybe it is.

For through the web that fate spun for ch of them for ten years, Peggy Lee and ewey Martin have at last discovered in ch other the one special person filling e special emptiness in their once-in-mplete lives—

No wonder they both thank God for a ng, sung long ago but never forgotten.

END

Dewey Martin is currently in MGM's en Thousand Bedrooms.

hen kim was 13

(Continued from page 42) more than just playmate was during dancing classes we ad in eighth grade.

"I saw one boy at the opposite end of e line, and now, for no reason at all—ell almost no reason at all—I wanted to ance with *him* and no other boy in the om. His name was Russ. He had dark lack hair, fiery expressive eyes and there as an air about him that just seemed to e to be everything that was masculine.

"I didn't get to dance with him that day -there was some kind of rotation system. he bell rang and the session was over. ut the next time, happily, we picked up xactly where we left off, and before that lass was over I danced with Russ.

"It may sound sentimental, but it really as one of the most beautiful moments n my whole life . . . when we finally put ur arms around each other and began to ance. But then something awful hap-ened. Although I had always felt a uoyancy and a wonderful sense of free-om doing folk dances with my father, I iscovered to my horror that with Russ was just terrible. I moved like a wooden ndian, and kept getting worse!

"The next dancing class the teacher aught us square dancing—*wonderful,* I hought, *here I'll shine.* She also intro-uced a new system of pairing a boy with girl. The boys drew a girl's name on a iece of paper from a box. Well, I watched Russ' expression as he looked at the name e drew. And when I saw the disappoint-nent on his face, I said to myself, 'Oh, hat's too bad; he didn't draw my name.' felt wonderful, because his look of dis-ppointment showed me that he really anted to dance with me.

Hurt for a while

"But then I noticed another boy, his ame was Ira, going from boy to boy omparing the name on his slip with the nes they had. When Ira came to Russ hey both looked at me. Then they dis-ppeared.



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"When they came back Ira came up to me and said, 'You're my partner.'"

"Only then did I realize that Russ *had* drawn my name! That was why he looked unhappy. And he had traded me for Ira's partner . . .

"I don't suppose anyone can imagine how hurt I was, even when Ira told me he had shelled over nineteen cents to Russ to get me.

"But the funny thing is that as soon as I began to dance with Ira I found that my suffering miraculously stopped, and for no reason that I could understand I just relaxed and *enjoyed* myself."

Which is a part of Kim's nature that was to be extremely valuable to her in later years, when she was a struggling young model-actress in Hollywood. What she did was simply refuse to allow her feelings of disappointment to continue. Once she realizes that something is inevitable, she accepts her lot and makes the best of it. She is that way today.

"I was much too young to be affected so seriously by Russ' lack of attention, but at the time it seemed as though my whole life would be empty without him.

Overheard at an Arthur Miller play: when it was over the audience shouted, "Author's wife! Author's wife!"

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

I spent hours sitting in my room looking out the window. I day-dreamed a thousand scenes of dates with handsome men and boys who couldn't hide how fantastically beautiful they thought I was—and we'd always run into Russ someplace, who would then—too late—realize what he had lost and how clever and smart and beautiful I was!

The bean-pole days

"One morning something else happened," Kim recalls. "One of my girl friends said 'Why are you wearing your dresses so short?' I knew my mother hadn't shortened the dress. I asked my grandmother, who made all my clothes, if she had. Grandma looked at me and then a gleam of understanding came to her eyes. She said, 'Girl, your dresses aren't getting shorter. *You're* getting longer.'"

Kim began to lengthen like a bean sprout. And a year later she was taller than most of the boys and a head higher than any of the girls.

Kim laughed as she recalled "my bean-pole days." But it was a serious matter to her then. Boys she liked shied from her, reluctant to be seen near tall-girl Kim—it made them feel so much shorter. And Kim, who yearned as much for a boy friend as any girl, often found herself relegated to the Siberia of the last row in classes, lines and school functions.

Kim was different enough as it was. She was a blonde in a neighborhood where other girls had hair of chestnut brown or black. She wore pig-tails or braids wound in a bun. The others didn't. All her clothes were hand-made by her grandmother. She was thin. The others were plump. To make her growing desperation even worse, she felt that her height made it that much easier for everyone to notice everything else that bothered her.

Kim's mom takes over

"My mother and grandma helped me through that phase," Kim said. "Mom knew I was unhappy, and very carefully explained that someday I'd be happy about my height.

"But I just didn't believe her. I felt—and I know there was no rhyme or reason to it—that the others were waiting to laugh at me, to make me miserable. My sister did everything she could to help me, too. But the more that people tried to explain that I was foolish for feeling the way I did, the more I felt that way and the more certain I was that they were just feeling sorry for me."

But Kim's mom was as stubborn as Kim.

One day Mrs. Novak told Kim she was taking her to downtown Chicago. Kim wanted to know exactly where. But Mom wouldn't tell.

A half hour later they were on the tenth floor of FAIR'S DEPARTMENT STORE. As they got off the elevator they saw a gaily colored sign which read *Fair-Teen Club*. It was a popular club for teenage boys and girls.

As her mother led her to the entrance of the club, Kim drew back.

"'I don't want to be laughed at,' I told Mom. But she insisted. I don't know how much longer I would have stayed miserable if I hadn't let her talk me into it. Anyway, we walked into the club room and the director, Mrs. Norma Kasell, greeted us and then took a long look at me.

Well, here it comes, I said to myself, *she can see I'm too tall, awkward, gawky, ungainly. She sees that there's everything wrong with me that could be wrong with a girl of thirteen.*

"We need you, Kim"

"Then Mrs. Kasell said, 'How *wonderful* that we have a tall girl at last! You have no idea how much we need you. And you're pretty enough to model.'

"I think my heart stopped beating. This wonderful woman said she *needed* me. Me, Marilyn Ann Novak. To have this happen was like being born again, I thought. Like shedding an unhappy memory as I would an old coat.

"There aren't words to describe how happy I was."

Mrs. Kasell took Kim to the dance floor. There, hundreds of teenagers were having the time of their lives jiving to a juke-box. Kim hadn't been in the room two minutes before a bashful boy asked her to dance. He didn't care at all that she was taller than he. Kim doesn't remember his name, but at that moment he was every hero in every book she'd ever read—come to life.

"Later when I came home," Kim tells you, "Mom sat me down and asked, 'Did you have fun?' And the only answer I could give her was to put my arms around her and cry because I was so happy."

But it was still difficult for Kim. Even with the help of her family and Mrs. Kasell, she had to keep reminding herself all the time that she wasn't an outcast, a misfit—unwanted and unattractive.

Like her height. As Mrs. Kasell put it, "What you have to do now, Marilyn, is remember—all the time, whenever you think about it—that what you once thought was your worst feature is really your best."

Kim tried. She stopped walking with her head lowered, her shoulders slouched, awkwardly crooking her knees—all of the silly little habits she had acquired in trying to shorten herself.

"And," Kim remembers, "I tried to change my *attitude* toward things, towards boys, school and making girl friends. I had become someone who refused to face problems, I'd just stay in my room, looking out the window, finding fault with a world I thought was against me.

"So I tried hard to change, especially on my Saturdays at the *Fair-Teen Club*. And one day, though I was only thirteen, Mrs. Kasell asked me to help a group of new girls learn about modeling clothes.

"It was strange, but the moment I stepped on the little stage we had for rehearsals I felt calm and sure of myself. The other girls suffered terribly from stage-fright. I never did. And in teaching them, I taught myself to forget about *me*. And that's the first thing I had to learn—to get over feeling I was such a misfit.

"I know now that in real life I had a terrible inferiority complex.

"The weeks went by and little by little I found myself thinking that if Mrs. Kasell needed me I couldn't be such a nothing after all. And if I wanted to become more a part of school activities and wanted to make friends—then I could do it!

"But how to go about it?"

It started in the least likely place she could imagine. In the noisy, swarming crowd of Christmas shoppers in one of Chicago's largest department stores.

Boys hold an important place

"I was trying to find a gift for my parents and my sister," Kim tells. "As I was going up on the escalator, I saw a boy on the down escalator who was considered the handsomest male in our class. And he smiled at me! As we passed each other I jokingly put out my hand. He put out his, and when our fingertips touched it was as though a bolt of lightning had gone through me."

Kim isn't sure, but something must have happened to Roy too when their fingers touched. Because from the next day on he was a very attentive young swain.

"I wonder," said Kim, "if boys know what big, important places they have in young girls' hearts at the age of thirteen. To me Roy was the most important human being in the whole world.

"My girl friend's crush was a fellow

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Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

---

named Joe, who was a pal of Roy's, and although it wasn't very lady-like, we used to take walks and suddenly find ourselves passing their homes. We even got bold enough to stand in front of their house and sing a song we composed:

We'll always be true,
We'll never be blue,
We're loyal to you—Roy and Joe.

A shock to Grandpa

It didn't really matter too much, Kim explains, that one night her little paradise ended, abruptly and completely.

She and Roy were sitting on the steps of her home. Roy, obeying an uncontrolable urge pecked her on the cheek with what he probably thought was sophistication.

Kim's grandfather, who was looking out the window, immediately assumed that Roy was an instrument of the devil. He chased poor Roy for two blocks, came back and scolded Kim for an hour. The customs of America were a shock to Grandpa and in his eyes Kim was practically a fallen woman at the age of thirteen.

"I never saw Roy again," Kim says, "because his family moved out of Chicago a few days later, which was the reason he kissed me. But as I said, it didn't really matter. Oh, I missed him all right. But the important thing is that his liking me—and his being considered such a catch

he other girls!—was enough to show me hat I couldn't be absolutely ugly. At east—I was almost convinced."

"Then I learned something else—very mportant. In my first year of high school, a boy invited me to a football game ınd I decided that I was going to be very nature on this date. I asked my mother if I could wear lipstick.

"That afternoon when my date came to pick me up, I was in my bedroom getting nore exasperated every moment. I hadn't realized, of course, that putting lipstick on took a little practice. So I practiced, using half a stick of lipstick—and half a ar of cold cream to remove it before I finally decided that it was on well enough. Then my hair bothered me. I combed it and recombed it at least fifty times. There was just one little curl that wouldn't turn he way I wanted it.

"I don't know how long I stood before he mirror trying to fix myself up, but I do know that when I finally came out of he room my date had left! He didn't want to miss the *second* half of the football game, too.

"So I learned one thing about boys, early. They'll wait for you—but just so ong!

"Then I fell in love, really truly in ove right up to today.

"I think it was the night of the first ugh school dance my mother allowed me o attend. That was the night I think, although I won't ever be sure, that I first fell in love. Not with a boy, but with a color.

"Most people think it strange that I have such a passion for a color. But I think having a favorite color is a little ike having a favorite flavor. Some people ike chocolate or vanilla, and they enjoy t more than anything else. I think that can happen with a thing you see, too.

The beautiful lavender suit

"For the dance, my mother had altered for me a beautiful lavender suit that my sister had outgrown. It was almost, but not quite, purple. And that evening when I tried it on myself I just didn't think there was anything more beautiful in the world than that suit I was wearing. And I felt a little beautiful wearing it. So don't ever underestimate the power of clothes—or a color! I remember we went to a movie after the dance. I don't remember at all what the movie was about. All I remember is that beautiful, beautiful lavender suit. And *feeling* pretty.

"The clincher came when he took me home. We stood at the front door of my home in the darkness. Without any warning, he said, 'Marilyn, I think you're very pretty.' He hadn't meant to say it so loud, but in the still of the night his voice carried a half block in every direction.

"Then quite suddenly, he kissed me and ran down the steps.

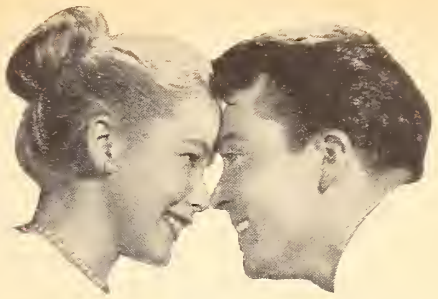
"I watched him hurry down the street, his hands in his pockets, not daring to look back. When I couldn't see him any more, I went into the house. My mother was sitting in a chair, sewing. She smiled; she had heard. Then she said, 'So? He thinks you're pretty?' I said, 'Yes, Mom, he thinks I'm pretty.'

"As I went up the stairs to my room, completely in a daze, I *knew* that I wasn't gawky, or different, or a misfit any longer. I was Marilyn Ann Novak. And a boy had kissed me because he thought I was 'pretty.' And I remember thinking that night before I went to sleep, that 'pretty' was even better than 'beautiful.'

"And that was the end of it. The curse —and the cure. My misery was over.

END

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liz taylor's frightening illness

(*Continued from page 45*) papers say so and even people I know." The eyes opened wide, terrified. "Mike, what if it's true? What if my mind makes up all these awful things? Maybe—maybe I'm—unstable—you know?"

"Honey—you're not unstable, you're nuts. For thinking so. The pain you're feeling is real. I know it is. I know you're sick. The doctors know you're sick. What do you care what the papers say? Liz, after we're married, I'll take care of you. You'll see. You'll—"

"No," she said. "I mean it, Mike. It's harder on me than on you. Sometimes—I think I can't bear it. But I've got to. I'm not going to marry you. Now please—let me be alone a while. Please?"

Mike Todd walked away from her. He was remembering what the doctor had said, the specialist who had looked at the X-rays and said there wasn't any danger of her legs becoming paralyzed—she'd just have pain, intense wracking pain—and always the danger that other spinal discs, above and below the crushed one that was causing all the trouble now, would become—what was the word the doctor had used?—herniated. A fancy word all right, Mike was thinking, and all it means is pain that turns her face into a mask as she tries to ride with it. At the door he turned. Liz had turned her face away from him again, toward the painting that hung on one wall of the hospital room. The painting he had sent to keep her company. She wasn't looking at it. Even from the door, Mike could tell that her shoulders were shaking.

Mike finds out the facts

In the morning he called MGM.

"This is Mike Todd. T-O-D-D. I want to talk to the person around here who knows Liz Taylor the best, the longest. Who is it?"

There was a startled silence. Then a voice. "Well—I guess I could find out for you—I guess."

An hour later he was sitting in an office, talking to the man who knew Liz Taylor the best, the longest. He wasted no words.

"Liz isn't going to marry me."

The man jumped. "Whatdya mean she's not? After all this publicity? That—that rock you gave her? What'd it cost, $75,000? After that, she's not going to marry you? Look, I know Liz. She doesn't just—"

Mike put his hand down on the desk, hard. "She isn't going to marry me because she thinks she's a perpetual invalid, see? Dying or something. In hospitals all the time. Look. You say you know her. Then tell me something. I've got to know. Is it true she's always sick? Is it true she's been sick all her life? Ever since she was a kid?"

The man behind the desk looked at him questioningly. "Why, Mike? What if it is true? In that case you want out?"

"Oh God," Mike Todd said. "I don't care if she's falling apart at the seams. I love her. I want to marry her. But the only way to marry her is to get her better. You see that? That's why I've got to know, why you've got to tell me."

Liz couldn't be a dud

"I see," the man said. He got up and stood with his back to the room, looking down at the METRO lot. There was a silence. Then he spoke. "I remember the first time I knew Liz to get sick," he said slowly. "It was when she was working in *Lassie Come Home*. A horse stepped on her foot. It swelled up to twice its size and we had to take her to a hos-

tal—to get a doctor to cut the shoe off."
'And—" asked Mike.
'And the next day she went downtown
d bought a bigger pair of shoes, so she
uld get the swollen foot in. She could
rdly stand, let alone walk, but she
owed up on the set and went through
r scenes without as much as a whimper.
aid to her, 'Liz, why don't you go home?
ve that foot a break. We'll shoot around
u.' She said, 'Oh, I couldn't do that.
hat—what if they gave the part to some-
dy else?' "
'How old was she?"
'Eight—ten—I don't remember. A baby.
id then the next time—it was after
itional Velvet, quite a while later. She
as about sixteen, I guess, pretty as a
cture. I went out to the place the
ylors had at Malibu Beach, and I re-
ember her mother was bawling her out
staying in the water too long . . ."
'Turn around, Elizabeth," Mrs. Taylor
d, "and let me dry your back. Honestly,
at gets into your head I'll never know.
ok at you, blue with cold—"
'I'm not cold," Elizabeth protested. Her
s were stiff and she couldn't stop shiv-
ing. "I'm fine, honest. It's h-hot out."
'Hot indeed," Mrs. Taylor said. "Four
ys ago you had a fever. You had flu;
u couldn't keep a thing down, and
day you're running in and out of the
ter. You know what the doctor said.
u'll be completely over this if you rest."
'Listen, Mother." Elizabeth dropped to
r knees in the warm sand. "You want

Jim Backus owns a home near Hollywood, but refuses to be a handy man around the house. "Actors here in California," he says, "are always talking about trimming the lawn, building a new wall, washing their car, planting petunias—but not me! I left Cleveland when I was a boy so's I could avoid doing just those things!"

Paul Denis

e to go out, don't you? Have dates and
. But Mom, I can't get friends and
ople to like me—if I'm always hanging
ound resting when everyone else is
t having fun—and doing things. I can't
a dud, Mom. Not if I want—to be liked."
She stood up, one quick, graceful move-
ent. The towel dropped to the sand.
Besides," she said lightly, "I feel fine. I'm
over the flu, honest." Suddenly she
as running, feet flickering over the sand
the water's edge.
"And what happened then?" Mike Todd
ked.

shocking rumor from Europe

The man at the window shrugged im-
tiently. "What do you think? She had
e flu half a dozen times more by the
d of the summer. She still gets it. But
e got what she wanted," he said, "that
as the summer she got Glenn Davis' gold
otball—remember all that fuss . . ."
Two years later, she married Nicky Hil-
n. Everyone knew about the wedding,
e angel-like bride, the handsome groom.
ne European honeymoon, hitting all the
ght spots, the casinos, the balls. Then
ck from Europe came a sudden, shock-
g rumor: Liz, the child-bride, had had
heart attack.
The people she knew in Europe came
nning. Some in America who loved her
ough flew to her side. They found Liz,
hite and shaky, rouging her cheeks and
vering her pale lips with lipstick.
"Liz, for God's sake, get to bed and rest.
Where do you think you're going to now?"
To most she said merely, "Out. Nicky's
waiting for me."
To one she said, "I've got to tell you
this, even if I can't tell anyone else. I'm a
bride, a couple of months married—and
there's something wrong with my mar-
riage. I don't know what it is yet. All I
know is, I'm scared. I'm so scared. Nicky
and I—we're losing touch. It happened so
fast. If I don't keep up with him now,
there won't be anything left at all. Nothing.
Nothing. How can that happen—so fast?
I've got to be with him now, all I can. He
doesn't like being cooped up in a room—
he likes things gay and noisy. I've got to
be with him evenings, you understand?
He doesn't know I feel sick—I wouldn't
tell him. And besides," with a determined
lift of the chin, "I'm not really sick any-
way. It wasn't a heart attack at all—just
a little indigestion. Whoever heard of a
girl my age having a heart attack?"
She told reporters, "It's a lot of non-
sense. A silly rumor. Don't believe a
word." The made-up eyes sparkled. The
pretty lips smiled. Who was to say Liz
Taylor was lying?
"I see," Mike Todd said slowly. "I see."

Not a funny story

"You want more? I remember reading an item even before that, when she was making *Conspirator* with Bob Taylor in London. Very funny piece. It said he made love to her so passionately that she dislocated a vertebra in her spine. The item didn't tell about the scream she gave that sent shivers down to your gut. It wouldn't have made such a funny story then. And a few years later she fell off water skiis, and cracked her back again. But she didn't want to be a damper on the party, so—"

"All right," Mike said. He waved his hand impatiently. "I get the picture. I see. But there's something wrong. Liz is no plaster saint, not by a long shot. Lots of ways, she's good and spoiled. So why this martyrdom, huh?"

"Mike," the man said, "I don't know so much. But one thing I do know. Almost anything a woman does, she does because she wants to be loved. Some women are lucky—a man comes along and loves them, and they know it deeply and truly, and then they can stop struggling. They can relax and be themselves; they can be happy. But some women never believe. They've got to keep running all the time because they figure if they stop, they lose the guy And beautiful women more than anyone else. They figure they're loved for their looks and nothing else. If the looks go, everything goes. And what makes looks go faster than being sick? So they stay well—even if it kills them."

Mike slumped in his chair. "It makes sense. But what about Wilding? Mike Wilding. Listen, I met that guy; he's okay. And he loved her. Whatever went wrong with the marriage, he loved her like crazy. And you can't tell me Liz didn't know it."

"My three men need me"

"I remember," the other man said thoughtfully. "I remember when Liz had her second baby. The little one, Chris. She was as sick as they come. They gave her drug after drug trying to bring her around. She couldn't eat. She couldn't sit up. Weak as a kitten. They gave her—how many tranfusions? Three, wasn't it?—before they breathed easy in that hospital. I know that there was a time there they thought she was going to die. That was the closest anyone came to admitting the plain, obvious truth—that Liz is constitutionally weak, that just the wear and tear of ordinary living is rough on a system like hers, that she's one of the

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"But you know who had them even more worried at the hospital? Wilding; you can bet your boots he loved her. To distraction, literally. They couldn't keep him away. Every time she moaned, he would just about die inside. When Liz was in pain, when anything went wrong with her, he wandered around the house like a ghost. And he couldn't hide it. Couldn't be bothered eating, lost weight. Couldn't sleep. He tried to be cheerful when he saw Liz, but it stuck out all over him. She couldn't miss it. That's why she begged them to let her out of the hospital early. That's why she wouldn't stay in bed when she got home, why she had to be up, doing things, pretending to be fine again. Oh, Mike took care of her, wouldn't let her lift a finger. But she should have gone away somewhere by herself, had a complete rest. I told her so. Know what she said? 'Oh, they need me—my three men. Nothing makes a woman feel better than being needed. Besides, I'm fine. Every woman feels a little weak after giving birth, that's all.' The same old story. And it was the same every time she got sick while she was making a movie. When she got a piece of metal in her eye during *Elephant Walk*. When she got the blood clot and the colitis and the flu again during *Giant*. When she got bursitis in the middle of *Raintree County*—'Oh, I can't stay in bed. Everyone's counting on me . . .'"

He came to a sudden halt. "That's it, Mike. That's the best I can do for you. From here on it's up to you."

A tough talk with Liz

Mike Todd got slowly up from his chair. He stretched out his arms and breathed deeply. "From here on," he said, "there are going to be some changes."

He stood by her bedside that night. The hospital corridors were quiet, the white walls of the room were dim—as dim as the tight white skin stretching across her face. He stood solidly, looking down at her with his arms folded on his chest, and he made no move to take her hand.

"Listen, Liz," Mike Todd said, "I've got something to say to you. I don't know if it will make any sense to you, and furthermore, I don't give a damn. Either way, it's what's going to be. Now," he said, "hear this.

"I'm going to get you well, Liz. I don't care how long it takes. You say you're not going to marry me. Okay. Don't. You don't have to. I love you, but I'm a big boy—if I lose you, I won't kill myself.

"But I'm going to get you well. Not for me. For you. I'm going to follow you around with a doctor and a nurse. I'm going to pad you with foam rubber in case you fall down. Every time you say *ouch*, every time you bump your nose, I'm going to put you in a hospital. Then I'm going to rent a room in that hospital and stay there, to make sure you don't leave. I'll hire every doctor in the country and they'll stick with you till they find out what's wrong. Then they'll patch you up and make you rest until for once in your life you really get over something. And I mean rest. If your kids need you, I'll hire them a nurse. If your studio needs you, I'll buy out your contract. If I need you, I'll go out and get drunk. But you're going to take care of number one. And when they finally let you out, I'll follow you around some more, just to make sure you're okay.

"And Liz, when you are okay, I don't care what you do. Maybe I'll have done it all so you can marry some other guy. Maybe you'll elope with Monty Clift. Maybe you'll go back to Nick Hilton, like the papers keep telling me. I don't know I don't even care. You get that, Liz? I'm not doing this for me, see, so you can marry me. If you do, that's great. But I'm doing it for you—so you can have what you want and be what you want—with me or without."

"Oh Mike," Liz said. "You great big idiot. You wonderful man. Come here . . ."

Mike went. He held her in his arms and he felt her body shaking.

"Sure, baby," said Mike Todd. "Cry. Get your face red and your nose red and your eyes red. I can look at beautiful women every day of the week. It's the red-nosed ones I go for. Someday honey, promise me you'll be a mess?"

"You're crazy," mumbled Liz.

"No, I'm not," Mike Todd crooned. "Why, Liz, sweetie, I'm the only sensible man you ever met."

The doctors say "operate"

She stayed in the hospital until her tests were completed. Mike stayed with her. When she had been in the hospital for seven weeks, the doctors came to see him.

"We've found it all right. A herniated disc and spine fusion. She's obviously had something wrong with her back a long time; this is the latest, and worst manifestation of it. Now it's just a question of operating. Can you get her to stay here?"

"She'll stay," Mike said.

She stayed. Then she stayed two weeks more, and rested. When the two weeks were up, she turned to Mike. "I want to leave now. I've got things to do."

"What sort of things?"

Liz smiled. "I want to go to Mexico. I want to marry this guy . . ."

"What guy?"

"Oh," Liz said, giggling, "no one you know . . ."

Mike went to the doctors.

"She can't leave yet, can she? She's still in pain . . ."

"She can go, Mike. She'll be in pain for a long time. But she'd be as well off outside. Just keep her quiet . . ."

A happy Liz

So he took her to Mexico. He carried her off the plane, deposited her in her rooms and forbade her to come out. He fed her chicken broth and jello. He screened her visitors. He made the arrangements for the divorce. He carried her, seated on a chair, to their wedding. He picked up her hankies, put on her shoes. He wrapped her in foam rubber and every time the screaming pain came, the pain that paralyzed her legs and turned her white, as happened after one short plane trip—he put her in a hospital again and kept her there.

And when Mike's bride told him that their child would be born in November, he permitted himself time out for just one whoop of joy—before he started thinking of ways to double the foam rubber cushioning he kept wrapped around Liz.

Liz is not yet completely well. In an operation of the type she had, it takes the bones a long time to heal—a long, long time. And if she's careless, or slips on a too-polished dance floor—for Liz Todd it can mean so much more than a bump on her rump—it can mean operations, and pain, and the kind of pressure on delicate spinal nerves that paralyze her and send her screams shrilling through the nights. But with rest, with care, with love, perhaps one day she will be well. It may take a long, long time. But the greatest step has been taken already. For the first time in her life, Liz Taylor is not afraid. **END**

Elizabeth Taylor is currently in Giant, *a Warner Bros. release. Watch for her in MGM's* Raintree County.

tony and janet's answers

(Continued from page 38)

Q. *Do you snore?*

JANET No, Tony doesn't.

TONY No, Janet doesn't.

Q. *Does Tony talk in his sleep?*

JANET No.

Q. *When the baby cries in the middle of the night, who gets up to take care of her?*

JANET Both of us. We both hear her and get up.

TONY We both do. I'm very good at taking care of the baby. I haven't stuck her once with a pin. And I'm self-taught, too—with lots of advice, of course, from my friends who are fathers.

Q. *Do you remember each other's birthday and anniversaries?*

JANET He remembers mine, but no one else's.

TONY You bet she does.

Q. *What is the most precious gift ever given you by each other?*

JANET Precious meaning sentimental—I loved the $1 earrings he gave me on our first date, just for no reason. Precious meaning valuable—two years ago at Christmas, he gave me the most beautiful diamond ring.

TONY It was a watch, inscribed in Hungarian. The words read *I love you.* Janet went to my father for the inscription.

Q. *What was your impression the first time you met?*

JANET I thought he was a very handsome boy with the loveliest eyes I had ever seen. I didn't know much else at the first meeting.

TONY She was lovely to behold, an oasis in the midst of a crowded cocktail party.

Q. *What is your greatest fear?*

JANET Bees. I hate bees, they scare me to death.

TONY It depends on who's doing the scaring.

Q. *What's your favorite food?*

JANET Tony loves rye bread.

TONY Italian and French cooking are my favorites, and they've become Janet's too.

Q. *Are you superstitious?*

JANET No.

TONY Not any more than anybody else.

Q. *How do you make each other snap out of it when there's a spell of moodiness?*

JANET I try to tread on very light ground and not raise any issues until he gets over it a little. Then we can talk about the moody spell and maybe find out why.

TONY I act like a clown, and adjust my performance to how moody she is.

Q. *What's your favorite hobby?*

JANET Cleaning house.

TONY Playing the flute. I've rented a flute and I'm practicing *A Lesson A Day* like crazy.

Q. *What one quality do you most admire in each other?*

JANET His devotion to me and his family.

TONY Her tremendous loyalty.

Q. *If you had three magic wishes, what would you wish for?*

JANET All wars to stop. Everyone to feel happy inside. A paid trip around the world for Tony and me, and Kelly and the nurse.

TONY If I had three magic wishes, I'd wish for twelve more.

Q. *If you could be anyone else in the world, who would you want to be?*

JANET Can't think of anyone I'd rather be than me.

TONY Cary Grant.

Q. *Why?*

JANET I don't mean for this to sound corny, but I sat here trying to think of all the people in the world that one would likely want to be, but thinking about it I realize they have problems I wouldn't want. And no one else could have Tony for a husband and Kelly for a daughter, so I really mean—I'm glad *I'm me.*

TONY Cary Grant has the kind of sophistication I would most like to have. To me he's not only a good actor, but a *great* one. I don't like to apply the word charming to a man, but Cary is *charming.* His is a fabulous masculine charm.

Q. *What do you most like about yourself?*

JANET I think—I hope—I'm a good wife and mother, or at least I like the fact that I really *want* to be.

TONY Oh, come now!

Q. *What do you dislike most?*

JANET My impatience about things that I know don't matter much, and that I should not be bothered by.

TONY Hey! You're asking that question of an actor!

Q. *What bugs you the most about each other?*

JANET When Tony doesn't eat well.

TONY There's nothing that bugs me about Janet. I'm ecstatic twenty-four hours a day on the subject of Janet Leigh. So what's the next question? **END**

Watch for Janet in U-I's Badge Of Evil *and RKO's* Jet Pilot. *Tony will soon be seen in U.A.'s* Sweet Smell Of Success *and* The Ballad of Cat Ballou. *He'll also be in the U-I film,* The Midnight Story.

he makes me feel so young

(Continued from page 49) *smooth it is. And she is forty-eight or forty-nine now, you know."*

The second woman had an easy answer for this one. "Face lift, my dear," she said. If Joan had overheard that crack, she would no doubt have told the lady about the woman who rushed up to her a little while back and declared, "It is impossible to look like you do, Miss Crawford. We're the same age! Have you had a face lift?" "I pointed to my hair-do," says Joan, "worn straight back from my forehead and ears into a chignon. 'Could I wear a hair-do like this if I had?' I laughed. I wasn't insulted. I was just happy that she thought I looked so well."

"Does Madame wish to order now," the waiter asked Joan, "or is Madame waiting

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ELVIS ELVIS



The girl had just walked out of the theater. It wasn't the first time she had been there . . . and maybe she had talked too much, or shown off the ring too much . . .

Anyway, as she told it to the police later, she was walking out of the theater and had stopped a minute to look at the big poster of Elvis that was out in front.

Suddenly she heard a whisper behind her—*That's her! Grab it!*

When she came to, her head was splitting—and her finger was bare. The ring was gone!

Who had taken it? The girl didn't know. The police asked her that, mentioning that it was just a $1 ring—and who'd bother committing a crime for a $1 ring? The girl gets quite furious at that part.

"Anybody would!" she told the officers quite heatedly, *"it was Elvis' picture ring!"*

Well, now, that *does* explain it! Because that Elvis picture ring is really quite a hunk of stuff. You see it's gold-plated, adjustable to any finger, designed with a snazzy groove pattern—and has a four-color picture of Elvis under a magnifying lucite lens!

Of course it costs only $1—now, ordered from MODERN SCREEN. Guess that dirty crook didn't know that Elvis-on-your-finger could be bought so easily.

P.S. The dirty crook was caught, only it wasn't a dirty crook at all—just another fan. When the girl found out she dropped the charges and together they started another Elvis fan club.

If you want one of these really stunning jobs so that you can look at Elvis' picture whenever you want to—don't steal—just fill in the coupon below.

P.P.S. We admit it—this isn't a true story. But we wouldn't be surprised at all if it *had* happened!

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

for someone to meet her for lunch?"

"And besides," said the second lady at the corner table, "despite all the glamour, isn't it funny that she's here all alone today? I know for a fact from the newspapers that her husband got in from a business trip this morning and you'd think . . ."

The lady clammed up fast when she suddenly noticed Joan look up at the smiling, gray-haired, slightly-heavy man who had just walked over to her. Alfred Steele, with the rugged good looks of a cigarette ad, the rugged poise and manners of an Army padre. Her husband, Alfred Steele.

Why Joan's very much in love

Alfred sat down beside Joan, giving her as discreet a kiss as a husband can give his wife in public. Then he reached into his pocket and handed Joan a package. Joan opened it quickly. She gasped as she picked up her present—two intertwining hearts with what must have been a hundred and one diamonds spelling out their Valentine's Day message. Joan was so thrilled she let out with a big loud "Oh!" She obviously didn't know what to do first, kiss Alfred or clip on her pin. Eventually she calmed down enough to kiss her husband, clip on her pin, then kiss him again.

"Despite all the glamour," said the first lady at the left corner table to her slightly-blushing friend, "I'd say that Joan Crawford is very much in love."

And Joan—if she'd overheard *that*—couldn't have agreed more . . .

"I need love," says Joan, who's no slouch at saying exactly what she thinks on any given subject. "Every woman needs it. To me, love is everything. A woman has to be wanted, needed, giving—or she is nothing. Yes, to me, love is everything. And now, bless my husband, I *have* love.

"It may sound funny, but in Alfred I have a man who opens doors for me. That's right. For most of my life I've had to open doors for myself, be man *and* woman to myself. But Alfred opens doors for me all the time and does the dozens of other little things a man should do for his woman, his wife, if he wants her to feel like a woman, like a wife.

"In Alfred, too, I have the kind of man who sends me dozens of flowers on the set every day when I'm working. He doesn't do this to show other people how much money he has, how many bouquets he can afford. He does it simply because he knows I love flowers.

"And in Alfred I have the kind of wonderful man who is forever saying that I look beautiful—whether we've just got up in the morning, are getting ready to go to bed at night, anytime. I remember one day when I was arranging the house for some dinner guests that evening. I'd been fixing flowers for about an hour when Alfred walked into the room. I was just about to ask him about the flowers, weren't they pretty and all that. 'My God,' he said, 'you look beautiful!' The flowers were ignored. But I certainly wasn't.

"It's strange, but a lot of women—let's say females—are happy when *anyone* tells them they look beautiful. That may be all right sometimes. But to me it's when your husband says it, when the man who loves you says it, that it really means anything."

The unhappy years

It's nice to hear Joan talk like this today. Because you know darn well that her outwardly gay and glamorous life hasn't always been one of doors being opened for her, of flowers on the set, of a good man around with a word of love first thing in the morning and last thing at night.

Joan was married three times before her marriage to Al Steele. And all three marriages—first to Douglas Fairbanks Jr., then to Franchot Tone, then to Phil Terry—ended in divorce and the kind of heartbreak a gal like Joan has always kept mum about, though her closest friends knew what she was going through at the time.

"Doug and Franchot were both very dashing young men," one of these friends says, "and for quite a while Joan was deliriously happy with each of them, as they were with her. But Joan's an incredibly strong-willed woman, a woman of tremendous inner discipline. And it wasn't after more than a few years with both Doug and Franchot that it became obvious she expected from them certain things—little, every-day things—which she had trained herself to do and which she thought others should do. Both these men loved Joan, but they couldn't keep up with her, and eventually the marriages went flooey.

"Outwardly, Joan pretended not to be too upset by the divorces. But in her heart, you knew that—while she was one of the most beautiful women in the world—she was one of the loneliest."

Out of sheer loneliness

When Joan met Phil Terry, she was wallowing in loneliness.

Things weren't so bad during the day. Joan has been called "one of God's finest mothers"—even though all four of her children are adopted, or "hand picked" as Joan says—and she'd spend hour after hour with the children when she wasn't working, seeing that they were happy, making sure they ate right, played right, listening to their problems, counseling them about this, that and every other thing. But at night, after the children were in bed upstairs and fast asleep, Joan had to sit downstairs in her huge living room and face the fact that she was alone.

"I married once out of sheer loneliness," she'll tell you—obviously referring to her marriage to Phil Terry. Of course, she liked Phil at the time. And she still does. But both Joan and Phil realized a little while after the wedding that you don't just up and marry someone you like.

On the warm side

Joan met Alfred Steele a few years after her divorce from Phil. At a party. A few minutes after Joan arrived, her hostess introduced her to a very pleasant-looking man standing a few yards away.

"Joan," said the hostess," I'd like you to meet Alfred Steele. Alfred's the president of PEPSI-COLA."

Joan and Alfred smiled, shook hands and said their *how-do-you-dos.*

The hostess smiled, too. She'd heard blasé how-do-you-dos in her time and she'd heard warm how-do-you-dos. These were definitely on the warm side.

"Now Joan," she said, "you tell Alfred all about movies and Alfred you tell Joan all about soda pop and things—"

The hostess then flitted happily away and, as she was to say a few years later, "I never realized at the time that I'd played a part in what has become my favorite love story."

For Joan and Alfred it wasn't *exactly* a love story from the very beginning. They liked each other very much—Joan liked the way Alfred laughed at things, not the chi-chi things one laughs about in Hollywood, but normal everyday downright funny things. Alfred liked the way Joan

---

Harry Kurlitz, the playwright-screenwriter, was intrigued by such Hollywood-concocted names as Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter. He thought that the next one ought to be named with a view towards the public good—a name like Drive Safely . . .

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

ooked all the time: he liked her natural harm, her honest approach to everything. They respected each other very much—oan respected Alfred's fantastically-wise usiness sense; Alfred respected Joan's etermination to continue to improve her lready fantastically-successful career, oan being the only movie personality in he world who has been a star for thirty-ne years.

But after about five years of seeing one nother on and off and recalling on and off hat they liked and respected one another, omething very funny began to happen to oth of them.

Alfred tells Joan

They weren't kids anymore, but Joan—he famous movie star and very sophisti-ated woman of the world—would find erself blushing a little when she'd happen o have a date with Alfred and someone vould come rushing up to them out of the lear blue and coo: "My, don't you two ook like a pair of lovebirds!"

And Alfred—the business tycoon and nan of sweeping decisions—would find imself stuttering a little when a buddy vould say to him, "Saw you and Joan at he theater last night. Holding her hand ecause you didn't want her to get lost, l?"

No, they weren't kids anymore. As a natter of fact. Alfred was in his early ifties. Joan in her late forties. But on the ight of May 9, 1955, Alfred decided to helve the stutter and do his part to put n end to Joan's blushing, and he made ike a very brusque high school boy, took is girl's hand and said:

"You and I are getting married tonight!"

"He didn't ask me," smiles Joan today, hinking back. "He just told me that we vere getting married and I said, 'That's vonderful!' and that was that."

A little while after he'd proposed to Joan and kissed her—with that special something that goes into a kiss between a man and the woman who is going to be his bride in a few hours, Alfred leaned back and said, "My plane is here. I'll call the pilot and co-pilot and we'll fly down to Las Vegas within the hour."

He picked up the phone so quickly he didn't have a chance to see Joan's face pale a little, to hear her ask softly—"Fly?" Joan had never been in a plane before. She'd always been deathly afraid of them. She remained frozen for a moment now. "Fly?" she said again, a break in her whisper. And then she looked over at Alfred, all excited on the phone trying to get a quick flight to Vegas, all excited to get married in a hurry. And slowly the color came back into her cheeks and she smiled and then she couldn't help laughing as she called out—"Sure we'll fly!"

She's never flown since

"It's sometimes hard," a friend of Joan's has said, "to pin down an answer to the old Hollywood question: these two people getting married, do they really love one another? Well, let me tell you that I've known Joan a long time and she must have been doubly nuts about Alfred for him to get her to go on that plane that night. She'd never flown before. She's never flown since. But that night she flew. And for me that's the answer to how she felt about Alfred Steele when she married him."

The wedding was performed at two o'clock the next morning. The honeymoon that followed was happy—but very short. Alfred had to fly back East for some very important business conferences and Joan had to get back to Hollywood for a picture she'd just begun to work on.

So they kissed good-by one morning and parted. And so the voices of doom—always on the wait—began to cry out that all was not well between Alfred and Joan, that wasn't it a shame how the soda king had left his movie queen like that, that you could bet your life this one wouldn't last six months.

Wrote one columnist, *Here was one of the most impetuous marriages in history. I won't be surprised if it ends just as impetuously.*

Wrote another: *Joan Crawford, the new bride, came back to town yesterday—alone. It will be a shame if this marriage busts up before it's even got a chance to get going.*

"Poor Joan," said some of the people who knew her. "With two strong personalities like theirs, it's going to be one battle after another."

Their first battle

These friends would have been very amused if they could have witnessed the first *battle* Joan and Alfred were to have. Actually, it was a very one-sided affair and it took place a few weeks after the wedding, when Alfred hopped on the first plane he could get and flew to Hollywood to be with Joan.

He arrived in Los Angeles late in the afternoon and drove right out to the studio where Joan was working. The director was nice enough to yell "Cut!" so they could embrace for a few minutes. And then bango, the director yelled "Action!" and Joan had to get back to work.

A couple of hours later, an exhausted Joan told Alfred she was through working for the day. She took his hand and led him to her dressing room, where they had dinner.

PHOTO DEPT.: Don Ameche and Jean-Pierre Aumont were being photographed for an ad. The cameraman asked Mr. Aumont to brush "that piece of lint from your lapel" . . . Aumont replied: "I beg your pardon—but that is the French Legion of Honor."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Midway through the dinner someone opened the door and said, "We've got a very early call in the morning, Joan. You're staying here as usual tonight?"

Joan had told Alfred once that while filming a picture she often slept in her dressing room during the week, that it helped ease the tremendous tensions involved in getting a picture made. Now Alfred looked at the man at the door, then he looked around the dressing room—a tiny eight-by-ten job. Then he looked at Joan, the wife he hadn't been with in so many weeks. And before Alfred had a chance to say anything Joan said, "We're *both* staying here tonight!"

The man at the door, stunned, closed it and went away.

"But darling," Joan said taking Alfred's hand, "it's going to be a little uncomfortable."

"Now tell me," Alfred said very imperiously, as if he were addressing an annual board meeting, "what do you sleep on around here anyway?"

Joan got up and opened a closet door. She pointed to two mattresses. "That's my home away from home," she laughed.

"Darling," Joan said, as she tucked in a sheet on her side, "I'm afraid you're going to have to get up pretty early tomorrow morning. You know, the make-up man, the hairdressers and the wardrobe people get here first thing."

"Any time you say," Alfred said, reaching for her hand.

Joan withdrew her hand long enough to pick up an alarm clock and begin to set it.

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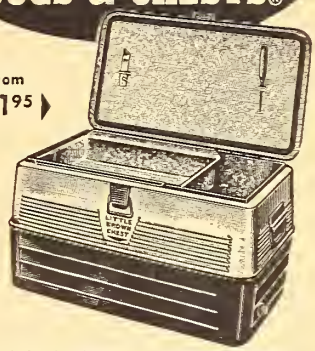


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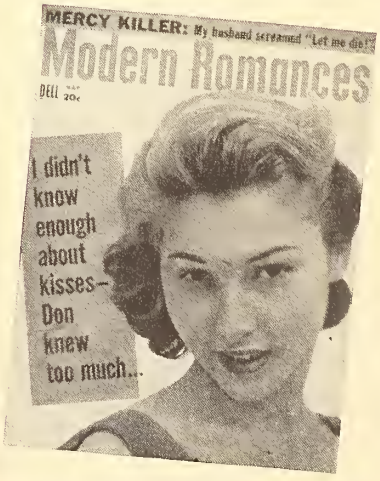
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She added, "When I say early, I mean 4:45!"

Joan still breaks out into a roaring laugh when she recalls the expression on his face when he heard about reveille that next morning. And she'll never forget what happened when the alarm did go off. "I shook and shook him," Joan says, "and told him that I'd have to get the mattresses off the floor before the others could even get into the room. 'Please, darling,' I said, 'get up and go to the house. Please—before anybody gets here.' Alfred finally opened his eyes and looked at me and shook his head. 'Sweetheart,' he said, 'you make it seem as if we aren't even married!' "

The voices of doom began to relax their vocal chords somewhat after Alfred had been in town for a couple of days. And the reason for this was simple . . . They *had* to. Because in all the years Hollywood had known Joan Crawford, no one in town had ever seen her more radiantly happy.

She was with Alfred every free moment she had. She spent hours during her days off with him and the children—"who loved him at first sight." She brought him to parties at night, proudly introducing him to those friends who hadn't met him yet, to people she herself barely knew—"just because I *was* so proud of him."

And, best of all, she spent many hours alone with the man who had been her friend for five years and was her husband now and—just like it had happened in her movies, but not in her life—she grew more and more in love with the man she'd married.

By the time Alfred had to leave again on a business trip, the voices of doom—with one or two exceptions—had croaked themselves hoarse, and speculation on whether or not *this* one would last was dropped.

Modern Screen checks

That was all two years ago. Very little has been written about Joan and Alfred since. Of course, there've been occasional rumors about discontent between the Steeles.

Well, MODERN SCREEN has done some recent checking on these rumors, talked to Joan and Alfred and friends of Joan's and Alfred's. And this is what we've learned:

Said a woman friend of Joan's in publicity at COLUMBIA PICTURES in Hollywood —"I was on an eight-week tour of the country recently with Joan, plugging one of her pictures. She's the most incredible woman I've ever known. You know how these exploitation tours are—a holy mess. You're in a different city every day and you're usually riding trains all night to arrive in Oshkosh or Butte at 7:30 the next morning. Well, Joan's a real clickety-clacker for something like this, always smiling, always gracious, always looking just divine. And there's me after about a week of this, dragging along behind her, wondering how long she can keep up the interviews, luncheons, dinners, presentations, premières . . . Well, anyway, for Joan it was clickety-clack and business and running around all day. But then suddenly, no matter what she was doing, everything would stop cold while Joan took off an hour to phone her children and her husband. She used to call Alfred at 5:30 every afternoon. One day, I remember, we were scheduled to catch a train at 5:28. The next train left at 11. I didn't bother checking with Joan about which train we were going to end up taking. I knew she would call Alfred at 5:30 come hell or high water—and she did . . . Me? I went to sleep for a couple of hours!"

Joan Steele—wife

Said a PEPSI-COLA executive who works in New York and is a close friend of the Steeles—"PEPSI had a big company convention down in Miami a few months ago. Joan came down for it and stole the show —not as Joan Crawford, the movie star but as Joan Steele, wife. It was really a pleasure to watch her go out of her way to mingle with everybody, old-timers like me and young fellows who'd only been with the company a year or so. And you should have seen her the night Alfred had to make his big speech. I was sitting next to Joan while he talked and I've seen tense and nervous and concerned wives—but this girl took the cake. And when he was finished, they smiled at each other in happy relief and spent the rest of the evening sitting there proudly holding hands, as if he were the head of a plant in upper Wisconsin and had just made a talk to the boys in lower Wisconsin and she were his young wife who'd heard the speech and couldn't have been more pleased."

Said another friend in New York—"Here's something Joan probably won't know about till she reads this. I tell it to you because it shows the kind of guy Alfred is, how he loves not only Joan—but her kids. It happened here in New York a couple of weeks ago. Christina, Joan's oldest daughter, was in town for what amounted to her first big fling in the big city. Her mother bought her a new dress, new everything, then arranged for the girl to have a date with a nice young fellow who works for one of the movie companies here. When the boy arrived that night he, Tina, Joan and Alfred sat around for a while, talking and generally getting the night off to a good start. At one point he called the boy aside and, as quietly as possible, but typically straightforward, asked the boy: 'Do you have enough money for tonight, son?' The boy nodded quickly and said *yes, he had.* 'You're sure?' Alfred asked him, concerned. *Positive* the boy said. I thought it marvelous that he was so concerned," said the friend.

"She has all the qualities"

Said Alfred recently about his wife Joan —"She has all the qualities I'd ever hope to find in a woman. She has a great capacity for giving love. She takes pride in how she manages her affairs, in my friends, in hers. Right now she's doing a terrific job of remodeling a penthouse we've bought here in New York. Even to a strenuous chore such as this, Joan is giving all her genius for doing things, all her love—throwing everything she's got into it for the simple reason that this is going to be our home and that it has got to be just right . . . You can add, for the record, that I love my beautiful wife very much, that to me she's most beautiful when she wakes up first thing in the morning, without any make-up, just with those eyes and with that smile."

Said Joan to us about Alfred: "I like to *be* with him. I like to be with him as much as possible. I like to be with Alfred because he makes me feel like I've never felt before . . .

"I'll confess that there is a time each day when I must be alone just to sit and think about the day—alone, in my dressing room.

"During this period, the tensions within me are relaxed and I'm content. And then I go home to be with my husband—and *then*, more than just content, I'm happy.

"I don't like to brag but let's face it, I've got me a wonderful man. For so many years what love there was in me, what feminine qualities I possessed, were lying asleep. What more can I say than that Alfred—a wonderful gentleman, a wonderful father, a wonderful husband—has brought this love and this gee-it's-great-to-be-a-woman feeling back to my life. He makes me feel so young!" EN

Joan will soon be seen in Columbia's The Golden Virgin.

how june broke dick's heart

(*Continued from page 35*) Dean Martin that she had so soon after she eloped with Dick. She could get away with that, because after all, that's just what she was, a school-girl, a kid, and all the kids had a crush on Dean then—it didn't mean a thing. Everyone knew that, didn't they? Dick knew it: he didn't mind at all. He even let her leave with Gloria de Haven, who was absolutely her best friend, and traipse all the way to Philadelphia to catch the Martin-and-Lewis nightclub act after they left Hollywood. Didn't that prove he didn't mind? "Because of course," June said to herself, her heart beating suddenly faster, "of course I wouldn't have gone if Dick had said *no*—he knew that. And he met me at the train when we got back and hugged me, and that shut up the talk—and of course it was all nonsense. There was never anything between Dean and me—it was Dick I loved, Dick I married. There was nobody else—nobody. . . .

"Oh, God," June whispered, staring suddenly down the long stretch of her eleven-year marriage that had come to an end a month before, "is that when it started? Is that what went wrong? Is that how—how the end began?"

A sign of growing up

No. No, it couldn't have been. They loved each other so much, then. They were living in the house in Brentwood, that pretty house, and they were hoping for children. Dick had a daughter by his first marriage to Joan Blondell; he loved being a father, he wanted more. And to June, it was such a wonderful thing to dream about a baby, a little doll of a baby to cuddle and love and play with—she could hardly wait. But as the years went by and no baby came, it didn't pull them apart—it made them closer to share a trouble, to comfort each other. Once Richard even said, "In some ways I'm glad of this, June. You take this so—so maturely, so calmly. It's a sign you're growing up, sweetheart." Funny. At the time she hadn't liked his saying that.

But now, lying in the hospital bed with her hands stretched out on the sheet before her, hands that looked so thin that they seemed the knuckled hands of an old woman instead of a girl, the words came back like a benediction, filled with gentleness and pride.

"But I didn't hear them that way then, Richard . . ." she thought. "Was that it?"

A time to be dignified

But they had been happy anyway. The day they drove back from the foundling home with baby Pamela in their arms—that was almost eight years ago, and they were so happy to have adopted her that it seemed they could never be happier. And then—then to come home to the news that June's upset stomach had turned out to be the first symptoms of the pregnancy they had prayed for—oh, it seemed like the world would explode with their happiness!

Ricky was born, and Richard said to her, "Now you're a mother twice over, Junie. You'll have to start being dignified. . ." And she remembered she was annoyed because there he was, talking like that again. But just because she was annoyed didn't mean she didn't love him!

And then Dick got penicillin poisoning on the way to Cuba. Oh, God, what a time that was. They took him to the hospital in an ambulance. June was making a picture then—a musical. In the middle of a scene she heard herself saying not her line: "How wonderful everything is—how beautiful the world can be," but instead, "Richard . . . Richard . . . Richard." And then she was running off the lot, tears pushing their way down through the make-up, running to the hospital to be with him. What had the studio done?—fined her, suspended her, lectured her? She couldn't even remember. All she remembered was taking a room next to Richard's and lying awake every night, praying, "God, let him live. Please let him live. . ." until her weight went down to eighty-six. And when Richard finally did come home from the hospital, he had to put Junie to bed and nurse her!

Too dreadful to remember

That was in 1952.

1952. In the quiet hospital room, the sick woman shuddered. 1952—just thinking of that date made her want—her head moved restlessly from side to side—want to die, to get it over with. But why? What had been so bad about 1952? Why was that one year too dreadful to remember? No, she wouldn't think about it. Not now.

Her eyes were closing. "*Sleep*," the nurse had said. "I'll think about it tomorrow," June told herself. "Now I'll go to sleep. . ."

Out in the corridor, footsteps paused at her door. It must have been the fever—fever makes people able to hear acutely. For the doctor spoke softly, but June heard him say, "Well? Any better?"

And the nurse reply, "No better. Worse. I can't get her to eat. She hardly sleeps a wink. She just doesn't seem to care."

And the doctor: "I wonder how many patients we lose to *that*—to the worst killer of them all . . . just not caring. Not wanting to live. But why her? All right, I know she split with her husband. But so what? She's famous, lovely, she has her kids—she's got everything in the world to live for." And then a sigh. "Don't disturb her now, nurse. I'll look in in an hour."

Everything to live for. "I'd laugh," June thought bitterly, "except like they say, it hurts to laugh. Everything to live for. . ." Oh yes, she was famous. But Richard had chosen her scripts for eleven years. Richard had decided on her hair-do, coached her in her lines, guided her career. She was famous when she met him, but he was the one who had kept her that way. Now—now she was on her own.

And it didn't feel good.

And the kids—sure, she had them. She'd have a lifetime of bringing them up alone, of trying to put Pam's world together again after shattering it, separating her from her father. A lifetime of telling Ricky why he couldn't bring his troubles and joys to his father every night like the other fellows did, a lifetime of trying to keep him from feeling that he was the only man in a houseful of women. Oh yes, she had the kids—but what did *they* have now?

1952. When she had recovered from her illness after Richard's bout with penicillin, she found a world that seemed to have changed. Was it because she was so tired that she seemed to see with different eyes? Was it because she was conscious

---

A half-century has passed since Helen Hayes first trod the boards and began the rise which has made her without a peer, with the possible exception of Miss Barrymore. Even those closest to royal families recognize her legitimate rule, onstage or off. Once, in a beauty parlor, Helen sat under a hair dryer and wanted something to read. She called out: "Anyone got a Harper's?"

A copy was placed in her hands. Helen Hayes looked up to thank the lady—the Duchess of Windsor.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

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Richard's Intentions: Honorable!

■ There have been many glad-sad moments in June Allyson's life, but the most memorable of all, June said once, was when she met and married Dick Powell.

Their first meeting took place on a movie set; Powell was the star in that one, while June merely had a small role. Then she got pneumonia. Dick phoned her, and casually said, "When you get well, I'll take you to dinner."

"I got over my pneumonia in two days flat," June recalled. "We had dinner—and I've been moony about the guy ever since! You know, I'd have married Richard five minutes after I met him if I could!"

After June and Richard's eighth date—eighth, mind you—the blue-eyed blonde decided he'd had enough time already, so she up and asked, "What are your intentions?"

Taken aback, Dick spluttered that his divorce from Joan Blondell wasn't final yet. Besides, he bluntly informed her, he had no intention of marrying again!

June wept. "We'd better not see each other any more," she said.

So Powell left her on her doorstep, and drove off in something of a huff. By the time he got home, he'd had a chance to cool off. He phoned to say good night, but Junie was too choked up to talk to him. That did it! He climbed into his car and rushed right back to her.

"I met him at the door with a red nose and my eyes swollen," June remembers, "and he demanded to know why I was crying. I told him it was because he didn't love me."

"But I *do* love you," he insisted. And then it happened.

Flinging herself into his arms, June cried, "And I love you, *Tommy*!"

You see, before Powell popped into her life, June had been dating a boy named Tommy—for fully four years.

Credit Powell with a strong sense of humor. He married her anyway.

"Know something?" June said once—not too long ago. "The only fight we've ever had was over furnishing our home. That was when we were first married. Richard let me have my way about the wallpaper in the hall, probably because he got tired of my talking about it so much. But he warned me that it would look terrible. Sure enough, after the men put it up, it *did* look terrible. And Richard insisted on leaving it that way! Guess he wanted to make sure I'd listen to him next time!

"And I sure love to listen to him," she smiled, her eyes misty. "Especially when he sings *I Only Have Eyes For You!*"

of not looking her best, dark circles under her eyes, her neck thin above the Peter-Pan collars—that all the new women seemed to look so good by comparison? And so—so different? Marilyn Monroe. Jane Russell. This Italian woman everyone talked about, Gina Lolo-whatever-it-was. Women with big, sexy—features?—and masses of thick hair. Had there always been so many of them?

"But it doesn't matter to me," she had thought then, looking down at her slender body, touching her soft hair. "I'm the sweet, innocent, *young* type." But she looked in the mirror, and the face with the rings around the eyes and the tiniest of lines beginning around the mouth—was that face so young after all? Could it still look like eighteen? Was it possible that it looked more like—thirty?

"No!" she cried, panic-stricken. "No. It can't be. I won't let it!" She bought new make-up, discarded her pink lipsticks for fuchsia and cherry-red. She bought a gown—if it had a Peter Pan collar, the collar would have had to be pinned on her neck—because the gown began far, far below that. "Richard, take me out. Take me to a night club. Let's go dancing!"

"Aw, honey," Richard said. "I had a lousy day—we did one crummy scene fourteen times. Let's stay home."

And she thought, "I don't excite him anymore. He isn't proud of me. He doesn't want to show me off. Maybe he's ashamed of me now."

She thought, "I'll show him. I'll be prettier than I ever was. I'll show him I'm not old and worn out, not by a long shot. I'll show him. . ."

Didn't he see at all?

They went to a party. She danced with every man in the room. She laughed and chattered, and they laughed with her, loving her gaiety. Her head whirled. Richard gave her odd, puzzled looks all evening. She pretended she didn't see. Her feet flew. "I haven't felt this way," she thought, "since before I was married!"

In the car on the way home, she waited for him to say something. He said only, "Junie, you shouldn't be knocking yourself out like this. You know you're supposed to take it easy for quite a while yet."

Was that all? Didn't he care? Didn't he see at all?

They moved. It was Dick's idea to buy the thirty-acre wilderness on top of Mandeville Canyon, live in that great big house instead of their nice Brentwood home. June threw herself into redecorating—Dick footed the bills for her Christmas present. Had he liked what she did with the place? The glamour that gilded every room? "I can't find a chair to sit down in," he complained, but of course he was only joking. It was a perfect house—a house to go with a new June Allyson, gayer than ever. But Dick didn't seem to like her gaiety, her parties. He spent more and more time flying his airplane, all alone up in the clouds. June couldn't bring herself to complain. He'd given up his beloved yacht just because she was a bad sailor and couldn't like it no matter how hard she tried. But the plane wasn't any better as far as she was concerned—Dick never even asked her to go up with him.

She gave more parties.

The awful thing with Sue and Alan Ladd

And at all those parties, there were men. Dozens of admiring men, who clustered around her no matter how many big-busted beauties lined the walls. "See!" Junie wanted to shout, "I'm still attractive. I'm still popular. See, Dick?" But Dick didn't see. He wrapped her up warmly when they went out, brought her home when she got tired. Even when she flirted so outrageously that it made her gasp with a little schock at herself, he said nothing.

And she thought he didn't care.

1952 passed. 1953 came and went and then—and then came that awful, awful thing with Sue and Alan Ladd. Even now, years later, it made her cringe to think of it. And nothing had happened. Nothing at all between her and Alan. But they were making a picture together and of course they were friendly—and maybe, maybe she hardly knew how to be friendly any more, without sort of testing, just a little, to see if she was still June Allyson, darling June Allyson, whom no man could resist. But that was all. Even if no one believed her, that was all.

All—until the day Sue Ladd strode up to her on the set and said, "June, I want a word with you!" And the next day, Sue left Alan.

She had thought she would die then. Die of sheer shame. All the papers talking about it, all the columnists who had been her friends, saying such awful things. Everyone talking. Everyone—but Dick. Dick said casually, "Let's you and me go skiing, June. . ."

The whispers regarding Lemmon

"Don't be so darned understanding," she wanted to cry. "Yell at me. Hit me. Tell me to behave myself!" But Dick never did. Not then, not all during the filming of *You Can't Run Away From It*, when she and Jack Lemmon were together all the time, even though Dick himself was directing them in the movie! Other people whispered—she knew that. One of the columnists came out and said she'd divorce Dick and marry Jack when his divorce came through. Imagine—marry Jack after being married to Dick. Why Jack was a sweetie—but he was a baby compared to Dick. Marry Jack indeed!

But in a queer way, it was good to see her name in the columns again, no matter what they said.

A TV producer insists that audiences prefer happy endings to stories. He'll do no plays that end in a sad downbeat. He hired a writer to do an adaptation of *Gone With The Wind* . . . The writer tried to avoid any tragic note in the big scenes. "In my version of *Gone With The Wind*," he insisted, "anyone who lived in Atlanta had fire insurance."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

But no marriage could stand up under this. If Dick never talked about her flirtations—well, he hardly ever talked to her at all any more, unless it was something about the kids. And even then they fought. They fought over where to send Pam to school. They fought over what to buy Ricky for his birthday. They fought over Dick's daughter Ellen living with them, over June's brother living with them. Why, she didn't know. She loved Ellen, and Dick liked her brother and nothing, no school, no gift, was as important to their two children as their parents' togetherness—and they knew it. Yet they fought. They couldn't reach each other any more, they were angry strangers, living in the same house.

And then, Europe. "Was that only last summer? How long ago it seems," June thought, staring into the dark. "And now spring is coming again. . ."

They had wanted to go to Europe for so long. Neither had ever been there and it was a dream of their earliest years together. But every year after year something would keep coming up: a picture for June, a TV series for Dick, something about the kids—they never went. Last

summer they woke up to find themselves free, able to go. June would make a film in Munich. "How wonderful," they both said. "How wonderful!" But inside June couldn't seem to work up much enthusiasm, no matter how much she gushed about it to others. *Maybe it was waiting so long that took the thrill away* she thought, and the truth was that her heart was dead. The dream was something left over from another life.

And in Europe, it was so bad that Dick left her in Munich to finish up *Interlude* with Rossano Brazzi and took off with Edgar Bergen on the grande tour that they, June and Dick, were supposed to have done together. Then he went home to Mandeville Canyon, leaving June to follow with the kids whenever she liked.

They even talked to their business managers about community property and California divorces.

She had never been so scared in her life.

And then the picture was over, and she couldn't stay any longer. She had to go home, to talk to Richard, to try again.

She rushed the kids through their packing, scrounged plane reservations. "Where's your pride?" she asked herself. And answered, "Wherever it is, I don't want it."

The nightmare was really over

She flew home to Richard. The separation had been as hard on him as on her. He welcomed her with joy. For a week—for two weeks—for a month she hardly dared think. for fear of shattering this happiness, this song in her heart. They were together again, she and Richard. The nightmare was over.

There is a scene in *High Society* showing Grace Kelly, on the eve of her wedding, studying her engagement ring and rubbing it gleefully against her dress. The ring was not a movie prop, nor was it borrowed from a Hollywood jeweler. It was her own 12-karat diamond ring, the engagement gift from Prince Rainier.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

And then the trouble started on her pictures. She came home exhausted, and Richard wasn't there—he was making a telefilm. She was annoyed by the time he got home.

"Honestly, Richard. You're a movie director now; you work all day—do you have to work all night, too?"

"June, you know I signed for this series months ago. Don't hound me."

She cried all night. When they got up in the morning they might have laughed at the sight of the two of them, bleary-eyed and worn. But it wasn't funny.

"But I never wanted it to end," she thought, rubbing her face over the pillow, trying to find a cool place. "Even after I left. I called. Oh, I called him fourteen times from Palm Springs before I got sick. I didn't have anything to say, even. I just wanted to hear his voice, know he's all right. I would have told him if he'd asked me. I'd have said, 'I love you, Dick. I always loved you.' But he didn't ask. And I didn't even know what went wrong. And now I know. All of a sudden it is so clear. He was waiting for me to grow up—waiting for me not to need him to tell me right from wrong any more, waiting for me to do the right thing by myself. But I didn't. I did it all wrong, because I didn't know!

"And now," she thought, "now, unless I'm delirious and I'm making all this up—now I know. When there's nothing to do about it, because there's nothing left for Dick and me after all of this. I've killed it as surely as I'm going to die, because the doctor's right—I'm going to lose out, to just not caring. To having nowhere to go and no one to love and no one I could make happy. Now I know, and it's wasted.

And despite the doctor's warning and the nurse's warning, the tears came again.

Do you believe in miracles? It doesn't matter. Coincidences happen. The most unlikely things occur every day. Maybe this was only one of them—the sort of thing that would happen to anyone. But when June Allyson tells it, it sounds somehow like a miracle.

For the door to her room opened, and through wet and tired eyes, through the transparent oxygen tent enclosing her bed, in the narrow shaft of light falling into the room from the hall—she saw Richard.

"I took it all away"

"June?" said Dick, peering into the dark. "June, I came to see how you were. It isn't visiting hours; I don't know why they let me in. Are you—"

"Leave me alone," she wept. "I took it all away from you, can't you see that? Your—your yacht and—Ellen—and your peace and qu-quiet—and I made you look—s-silly in front of people—and now the children—I'm taking them too—because I didn't know anything—your home and what—what did I leave you with—nothing—not a thing t-to be with—"

Richard stood in the doorway, listening. When she was done he stepped into the room, walked to the window, pulled at the blinds. They opened and he stood with his back to June, staring down at the flickering lights, at the people, the city below.

Then he said slowly, "You're right, Junie. You did—you have taken—a good deal. But not quite all. One thing you left." He took a deep breath. "I love you.

"You never touched that. Nothing you did or said or ever could think of could take that away. Because I don't love you for your youth and your beauty. I just love you. For what it's worth, it's still there. And I want you—to come back to me."

Two lovers back to each other

There was no sound from the woman on the bed. No sound for a long time and then a whisper, almost too faint to hear, but carrying in itself all the love and joy of the world.

"Oh, Richard. Oh, Richard . . ."

The man at the window bowed his head. But only for a moment. Then suddenly the head was up, the voice was firm and clear. "And now that that's settled," said Dick Powell, "when am I going to take you home?"

"Tomorrow." June said. "Tonight. This minute. Oh, Richard, I have so much to tell you. You can't imagine all I have to tell you. All the things I—"

"When you're well," he said firmly. "Not now. When the doctor says you're well."

"Oh, that," June said. One pale hand rose from the covers, waved briefly in the air, dismissing forever sickness and doctors. "I'll be fine by—by day after tomorrow, anyway. Richard, I know what went wrong. That's the difference now, see? That's why this time it's going to work, you and me being together. That's why we can try again, because this time I know. . . ."

Outside the hospital, the world moved in its accustomed ways. Cars sped through the streets, voices spoke, people hurried to those whom they loved. Inside the hospital, though, a miracle had taken place. A simple, quiet, unimportant miracle, that would, when all is said and done, serve only to give two lovers back to each other again. . . . END

June will soon be seen in U-I's Interlude *and* My Man Godfrey.

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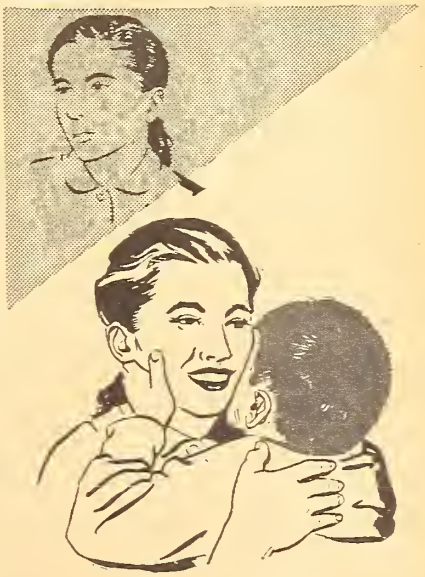
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sisters should help each other

(Continued from page 52) went to bed with her regularly. It became tattered and worn, but Lisa loved it just the same. Debra's unhappiness came when, in the middle of the night, she found the *thing* tucked under her own chin.

There were also the nights when the doll could not be found at bedtime, and Lisa refused to go to bed until it was dredged up from somewhere and deposited in the bed.

Like we said, it was the sole fly in the ointment between them, this dependence of Lisa's.

Lisa's day was coming, however. In her early teens she became more outgoing and independent, and developed a talent as a comedienne. And Debra suddenly became the shy one!

But the switch didn't affect their fondness for each other. Maybe because they couldn't even get mad at each other's borrowing—they seldom borrowed each other's clothes. Simply because the dresses wouldn't fit. If there was any borrowing, it was done by Lisa, who sometimes split a few seams. Debra didn't complain; Mom was the only one who had a fit.

No "I told you so"

The seam-splitting was due to Lisa's tendency to gain weight, for which she was almost always dieting—and should have been when she wasn't! Free of the weight problem herself, Debra ate anything and everything she could get her hands on—while Lisa groaned as she watched Debra gorging on candy and cake and loads of butter on the mashed potatoes and bread!

"How can I stay on a diet with you around?" Lisa used to say, snitching a spoonful of ice cream.

"The answer is, *you* can't stay on a diet," said Debra very pityingly. "Now, if *I* had to diet, *I* could stick with it."

And there's proof that their relationship is a happy one: now that actress Debra must watch *her* calories, Lisa doesn't even say *I told you so!*

Their main interest in common has been their careers.

But once again, a big fat difference came up between them.

Lisa seemed every bit as serious about her career as Debra . . . until Lisa began dating. Debra kept her nose to the grindstone of her career. When boys showed interest in dating her, Debra merely waved them to her sister—a gift which Lisa happily accepted.

Anybody could see which way the wind was blowing, and two years ago Lisa was married. Her husband's name is Ben Ware, and the family—gleefully referring to him as *B-Ware*—accepted him into the bosom of the clan.

Briefly, for the first time in her life, Lisa didn't know Debra existed. She and Ben decided to be married in four days, rented an apartment—and that done, Lisa sat at home and stared dreamily into space. Debra was working every day in *The Ten Commandments*, but Lisa couldn't do anything but dream on. So Debra squeezed time out for shopping for her kid sister—she bought Lisa's trousseau, arranged for the wedding at home, furnished the apartment as a surprise gift to Lisa. It wasn't hard keeping it as a surprise, either. Lisa was so wrapped up in daydreams that she never visited the apartment, not once, after the lease was signed. Furniture was bought, wall-to-wall carpet installed, pictures hung on walls, the new refrigerator stocked with food, one hundred guests invited to the wedding—and Lisa went through the ceremony on a pink cloud, totally unaware that the rest of the family was near collapse. Particularly Debra, who just barely managed to stay right side up as bridesmaid.

Sisters—under the skin

The Wares still live in the apartment, a brief ten minutes from Debra's big house. And now that Lisa has had a little time to learn how to keep in touch with this earth while living on that cloud, it's as though Lisa never left home.

She's working steadily in television and spends a great deal of time talking shop in the family home—where just about everyone is involved in show business.

But Lisa and Debra still go off together. No one knows what they talk about particularly. There's just one thing the family knows for sure—the two girls are, as always, helping each other.

They've grown up together; they look and think alike.

But even more than that, they're sisters under their skins. **END**

Debra's currently in Paramount's The Ten Commandments *and 20th Century-Fox's* The River's Edge. *Watch for her soon in Paramount's* Omar Khayyam.

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hugh o'brian's lost love

(Continued from page 61) the desk next to mine. She was very pretty, the prettiest girl I'd ever seen. I remember how the first time I saw her I just enjoyed looking at her and how a couple of days later, after we got over our first shyness, we began talking to each other. It's fantastic, but for the next ten years we were together all the time, practically every hour of practically every day.

"Mary lived only a few blocks from me and every morning I used to call for her on her porch and we'd go to school together. Then, at lunchtime, we'd always eat together—if we went to Mary's house her mother would usually make bacon and peanut butter sandwiches, which we used to gobble up, Mary two and me three. Or we'd eat together at my house. My mother usually had a stew for us or spaghetti, and Mary always used to say, 'Mrs. O' Brian, when I get big, will you teach me how to make this for Hughie?'

"After lunch, Mary and I would go back to school and you'd probably figure that at three o'clock, for a few hours at least, Mary would go her way and I would go mine. But no, Mary would come with me, wherever I wanted to go. If I went to play baseball or football or anything, Mary would always tag along with me. Some of the other kids didn't think very much of this, but it always made me feel nice to know that she was there, just watching me, just with me.

The talks rubbed off

"At night, after supper, we'd get together and do our homework. Then, if we were at Mary's house, we'd sit and listen to the radio. Or if we were at my house, we'd listen to my mother talk about Life. My mother had a feeling about living—I learned it from her, and follow it to this day—*I enjoyed yesterday . . . I love today . . . I look forward to tomorrow.*

"Or she'd talk about the theater and movies and acting. She thought it was very glamorous and a lot of fun and she would tell us how she wanted to be an actress when she was a young girl, and she'd always add, 'And maybe, Hughie, you'll want to be an actor some day?' The thought of being an actor seemed so silly, then. But I guess some of that talk rubbed off on me those nights I used to sit there with Mary listening, all wide-eyed, to my mom. 'Wouldn't that be nice,' Mary would say to me as I walked her home, 'if someday you did become an actor and I was your wife and we went to the movies every night and just sat looking at *you!*'

When did they fall in love?

"I don't know just when, during all those years, Mary and I fell in love—or just how. But we did come to love each other. And now, looking back on it, I can't help feeling that no matter how young we were, how unknowing we were, it was as strong a love as two people could ever know.

"Mary wasn't happy when I had to leave to go into the Marines. I wasn't happy about leaving her, either. But there was a war on, I was eighteen, my dad was a Marine captain—and I'd always wanted to be a Marine, too, for a while, at least. We loved each other, I told her, and it was a cinch the war had to be over some day and then we'd get married and everything would turn out okay. We'd live happily ever after—forever . . . Mary and Hughie . . .

"Well, everything didn't turn out okay. Mary got sick soon after. Forgive me if I don't make public the details of her illness. And then, she died. It's hard to tell you exactly how I felt when I realized that she was dead. I guess that sometimes, even now, it's hard for me to feel that she really isn't here any more . . .

"Anyway, Mary was dead and everything inside me seemed to have died, too."

After the funeral, Hugh returned to his Marine base in California.

He was promoted to drill instructor—the youngest in Marine history. He was lucky: hour after hour, in this tough new job, he was out on the dusty marching field growling out orders to hundreds of green Leathernecks, yelling for perfection, *hup-hup-hupping* his lungs out from dawn to dark . . . sweating out some of his sorrow; so dog-tired at the end of the day that he'd be in his sack by ten and fall right to sleep. And forget about Mary, for a little while at least. Except for dreaming about her. But in the dreams she was always alive and laughing, so that was all right.

That year was a bleak one for Hugh. Especially the Sundays, when his buddies would go out on passes or their girls would come visit them on the base. Hugh rarely left the base on these days. Twice a good friend of his had his girl bring along another girl—just to sort of casually introduce to Hugh and maybe get him to smile and talk a little. But both times Hugh simply shook hands with the girls and then made some kind of excuse about having to go somewhere and do something and he'd take off for his barracks, to sit for hours and write a letter to his mother. Or maybe pick up a book—usually something on law. He'd always figured he'd eventually wind up being a lawyer. And then he'd just fall back on his sack and wait for the chow bugle, then a movie, then back to his sack and to sleep again.

A date with Virginia Mayo

It was at about the end of that first year after Mary's death when one of his buddies, who thought it was high time his pal snapped out of it—got an idea. It was going to take what some might call, psychology, his buddy figured, but it was sure going to be worth the try.

"You want a date, O'Brian?" he asked

Hugh after drill one day, knowing just what the answer was going to be.

"No. Thanks," Hugh said.

"Aw, come to think of it, you probably couldn't get this one anyway. It's with one of those big, beau-ti-ful movie stars."

"I said I don't want a date, period."

"And *I* said you probably couldn't get this one anyway!"

It worked. After about half an hour of take taunting, Hugh got his Midwestern dander up and the next morning he was standing stiff at attention in front of his colonel asking for a 72-hour pass.

"What do you want it for?" the colonel grunted.

"Well, Sir," said Hugh, "there's a radio show up in Los Angeles I'd like to go on. It's called *Blind Date.*"

"*Blind Date?*" asked the colonel, squinting his eyes a little bit.

"Well, Sir, some of the boys were kidding me about . . ." Hugh started to say.

The colonel, who'd been studying Hugh's record and noticed that this was the first special pass he'd ever asked for, interrupted him. "You can go, O'Brian," he said. "But," he added, "don't bother to come back here if you don't win!"

Hugh went up to Los Angeles and met both his friends' and his colonel's challenge. He won. His prize was a date with Virginia Mayo.

Hugh had a lot of fun that night, the first fun he'd had in a long, long time. They went out to dinner, then dancing—and Virginia didn't mind at all when she felt his arm tightening around her in that

Jayne Mansfield says, "My mother always urged me to 'amount to something,' and my father had terrific drive. But their drive was nothing like mine . . . mine is a built-in drive to success.

"If you don't have it, physically, it doesn't matter. What counts is stick-to-itiveness, drive. It's 20% talent . . . and 80% determination."

Paul Denis

tender way that always meant a boy was dreaming he held someone else in his arms. Then they went somewhere for a nightcap. As they said *good night,* Virginia invited him to come visit her on the set the next morning. She was making a movie with Danny Kaye. "You'll really have a ball," she urged, waiting for an answer, remembering the once or twice during the evening Hugh had let something slip about a girl he'd had.

Hugh refused the invitation at first. But Virginia insisted. "You don't want to be the only man in the world who'd turn down a chance to meet a whole flock of Goldwyn Girls, do you?" she asked.

"Well . . ." Hugh said, giving it some serious thought. ". . . No."

"Then," said Virginia, pausing to give the big Marine a kiss on the cheek, "I'll see you at the studio tomorrow morning."

Hugh falls in love

Hugh O'Brian fell in love that next day. Not with any of the gorgeous Goldwyn Girls—and Virginia made sure he got to meet them all. Not with any *girl,* as a matter of fact—Mary was all the girl he'd ever want. But, in one fell swoop, he fell in love with that thing his mother had been talking about all these years—the excitement of Hollywood, the lights, the tremendous cameras, the fuss and tension and camaraderie. The tremendous thought of maybe someday becoming an actor.

The memory of those few hours on Virginia's set remained with Hugh all the way back to the base that afternoon, and all during the remainder of his hitch in the Marines—while he ate, drilled, dreamed.

When he left the Corps—in 1947—he didn't know exactly what to do. *Do you want to be a practical young man?* one part of his conscience would ask him, *and become the lawyer you originally wanted to become? Or,* the other half of his conscience would ask, *do you want to struggle a little bit and become an actor?*

The first half of Hugh's conscience won out—for a while. Maybe because so much of that dream had been lived with Mary.

He applied for entrance to the law school at YALE. He felt pretty good about his choice, right up until he got a letter telling him that he'd been accepted. He read the letter over a couple of times. *Security,* the first half of his conscience smiled at him. *Aren't you glad?*

Hugh shook his head, very emphatically. *No!* he thought, out loud. Then he reached for a phone and called Jack Holland, a friend who ran a small theater group in Hollywood known as THE STAGELIGHTERS.

"Can I come out and try for a part in one of your plays?" asked the young man who'd never had any experience.

Next thing he knew, Hugh was packing his suitcase.

A rooming house with swimming pool

Hugh got his first role, a lead, in an elegant little comedy by Somerset Maugham called *Home And Beauty.* "He was pretty rough around the edges," says Jack Holland, reminiscing about those early days, "but he worked hard!"

"Hugh didn't come from a poor family," another friend will tell you, "but when he decided to become an actor he also decided to do it completely on his own."

To supplement the few dollars he got from his acting at the little playhouse at night, Hugh became a private businessman by day. The businesses included gardening, garbage collecting and selling nylons.

"While I was doing all this," Hugh remembers, "I was living at a boarding house called THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GARBOS. I remembered hearing about this wonderful place from some of the Goldwyn Girls I'd met on that set a few years earlier. They'd said it was nice and cheap and this was definitely for me at the moment. You could have knocked me over when I got there with my suitcase in hand that first day. What I expected to be a run-of-the-mill boarding house turned out to be a mansion on top of a hill with a swimming pool and a couple of tennis courts. The woman who operated it, bless her, had bought if from somebody who'd been very anxious to sell it fast and she'd converted it into a palace of rented rooms for young kids trying to break into the movies—Ruth Roman was one of us sharecroppers at the time.

Indigestion time

"For fifteen dollars a week, I got a room and a good hot family-type dinner every night. For breakfast and lunch there was an honor system in the kitchen that worked something like this: you marked down everything you took from either the icebox or the pantry on a big master pad. If you took a couple of slices of bread, you marked down two cents, I think it was. If you took a wad of peanut butter, you marked down three cents. Tomatoes were four cents apiece, I think.

"Actually, though, the best eating came at about one o'clock in the morning when most of the girls would come back from their dates. We poor guys were so broke we used to have to sit around alone on nights we weren't acting over in the playhouse—reading or studying new parts or just chewing the fat. This wasn't only

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lonely—but a fellow can get pretty hungry just sitting around like that for hours.

"Well, the girls took good care of this. Somehow they would hoodwink their dates at CIRO'S and ROMANOFF'S and MOCAMBO into getting them an extra steak for their 'dog' or a slab of roast beef for a 'poor roommate who's sick tonight, poor thing, and didn't even have the strength to go down to supper'—I'll never forget the cute little blonde from Tennessee who would always finagle an apple pie 'for my blood condition' from whichever guy she went out with—and what a feast we fellows would have when the girls got back, called out *good-by* to the departing Cadillacs and Jaguars and came rushing up to our rooms with whatever they'd managed to get their hands on, shouting, 'Come on, boys . . . it's indigestion time!' "

It hurt bad as it was happening

Hugh was still living at THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GARBOS a year later when he got what looked like his big break. A talent scout had seen him in a play at THE STAGELIGHTERS on a Saturday night and phoned him Monday morning, first thing. The scout told him that a big producer at a big studio needed a tall, young type for an important role and that he'd just arranged for Hugh to meet the producer on Wednesday morning.

" 'This is it,' I told myself," Hugh says now. Or maybe he was telling Mary—forgetting that it wasn't both of them anymore that he was dreaming and working and planning for. Only—it was, always. Because the dreams were just work if there wasn't Mary. "This was the big chance I'd been waiting for. I went to the producer's office, all right. And I was out of his office a couple of minutes later, minus any big break and any part in any picture. Looking back, I'm glad it happened that way. I'm glad now that the next twenty-five interviews, too, went exactly that way. After all, I needed experience and experience takes time, lots of time. Yep, I'm glad now—but it sure hurt bad when it was happening."

It took more than another year before Hugh really began to hit it right. He was selling hosiery as a sideline by this time—"Having given up as a gardening and garbage tycoon," he says—and, wisely, he made a point of calling on producers' and agents' secretaries a couple of times a month and asking them (1) did they need any stockings, and (2) did their bosses need any fresh talent?

"You're in the movies now"

One day the secretary to agent Milo Frank greeted him with a big smile. "Park the valise, Hugh," she said, "straighten your tie and come with me." She took his hand and led him into Mr. Frank's office. "This is the young man I was telling you about," she said to her boss.

Frank nodded. "Can he act?" he asked his secretary.

Hugh answered for himself. "Yes, Sir," he said.

"We'll see," Frank said.

That evening the agent watched Hugh in a play and two days later, Hugh was screen-tested for the Ida Lupino movie, *Young Lovers*. Three days later, he got a call from Frank's secretary. "You've sold your last pair of nylons, Hugh," she said happily. "You're in the movies now!"

After *Young Lovers* was finished, Hugh went back to Winnetka to spend Christmas with his folks. His thrilled mother met him at the railroad station, bursting with pride. "You've made good in Hollywood," she whispered, over and over again, hugging him, kissing him.

"Well, you can't say I made good yet . . ." Hugh tried to say.

But Mrs. O'Brian would have none of this. "You've made good," she said, "and you've made today the happiest day in my whole long life."

At Christmas dinner that evening there was lots of good food and talk, and even a little laughter when Hugh could blot from his memory the little girl, the grown woman, who had sat at this table with him so often during the years they had had each other.

The few happy hours

And immediately after dinner, Hugh handed his mother a gift. "This is for you and Dad," he said as he handed her a large, red-ribboned envelope. "I guess I should wait till midnight, like we always do . . . but I'm kind of excited and I'd like you to open it now."

His mother wept, just like that and right there at the table, when she saw what the present was—two round-trip tickets to Hollywood and two special preview tickets for Hugh's first picture on the night after they got there. "Hughie. . . ." She cried; she took his hand. She couldn't say anything more. *It should be three*, Hugh thought, and he could feel the tears that wanted to fall. *Oh Mary, it should be three tickets!*

"Well, Mom," Hugh said, smiling, "you're the one who prayed me into becoming an actor. So I guess you should be the first one to have to see me in a movie."

Mrs. O'Brian nodded. Then, suddenly, she got up from the table, walked into the adjoining living room and placed the envelope on the big Christmas tree at the far end of the room. "No sense getting all these tickets blurred with my tears," she called out. "The usher at that theater in Hollywood's liable not to let us in if he can't read what it says."

When *Friendly Persuosion* was being mode Gary Cooper ond Dorothy McGuire in one scene were to melt into each other's orms. Director Wyler wotched them clinch, then colled "Cut." He said to Cooper: "Don't you think you're holding Dorothy in your arms just a little too long?" . . . "Well, gosh, Willie," Cooper replied, "I don't smoke or drink."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

"The next few hours were very happy," Hugh remembers. "We opened the rest of our presents at midnight and we sat around and talked some more and we sang a little—carols and songs we used to sing when I was a boy. And then it was time to go to bed. I shook hands with my father and brother, kissed my mother and we all went to our rooms.

A shocking sudden quiet

"The house was very quiet the next morning when I woke up, much quieter than I ever remembered it being. I got dressed and went downstairs for breakfast. My father was in the kitchen along with a few of our neighbors. They were just sitting there. None of them was saying anything. Then one of them came over to me and asked me if I wanted a cup of coffee, like he was saying, *Hughie, I could cry for you.* 'What's wrong?' I asked. He couldn't answer. Then a neighbor woman came over and told me, as gently as she could, that Mom had died in her sleep sometime during the night. Just like that, Mom was gone."

When Hugh got back to Hollywood after the funeral, his determination to make good, *really* make good, was stronger than ever. "I know," he says, "that the Good Lord gave my mom a choice seat up there so that she could watch me down here—and I wanted her to be proud of me as proud as she had been that Christmas Eve. I wasn't going to let her down."

It was a tough fight for the next nine years . . . with too many hours of solitude, hours spent remembering two tickets that should have been three, that—shockingly sudden—need not even have been two.

"Someone named Wyatt Earp"

Hugh got parts, nice parts, in pictures now and then, and everybody thought he was a fine young actor and all that. But somehow that lucky firecracker that explodes under one-in-a-thousand actors in Hollywood and sends them zooming to fame wasn't having any truck with Hugh O'Brian. That is, not until the day not too long ago when a friend called Hugh and asked him if he wanted to try out for a half-hour television series about someone named Wyatt Earp.

"About *who?*" Hugh asked.

"Wyatt Earp," came the answer. "The Wild West marshal . . . one of the greatest law officers of all time."

"Wyatt Earp," Hugh mumbled.

"Yeah."

"Sure I'll try," said Hugh.

The success of his try was, as everyone now knows, phenomenal. The pilot film which Hugh made rang up the quickest sponsor sale in TV history and, soon after, Wyatt Earp became one of the most popular shows in the country.

Wrote one TV critic: *Here at last is a* ACTOR *playing a Western hero.* Said another critic: *The kids love him. The ladies adore him. And I've never heard a man-critter say a word against him . . . Here's one guy who's really going places.*

And how does Hugh O'Brian feel—now that he's really going places?

About his career, he'll tell you, "It feels great, of course. A lot of hard work went into it, goes into it, will continue to go into my becoming the kind of actor I want to become."

He's found the girl

About life in general, Hugh will tell you, "I'd like, very sincerely, to get married. I'm a little over thirty now; I've got a good job; I've got a lot to be thankful for. But there's something missing, and that's somebody to share my life with—and my good fortune," he adds, with a laugh that's so rare from Hugh.

"Just between us, I think maybe I've found the girl. I don't feel I should tell you her name right now. I don't think it's right to say anything specific about her now.

"But I'll tell you this. She's a girl who is sweet, and gentle, and understanding, and who makes me feel like a man. Not just like another human being who happens to be hanging around—but a *man.*

"And she's a companion to me. Maybe it sounds silly and unromantic to use the word companion, but to me there's no more beautiful word in the English language. It means she's interested in the same things I'm interested in, shares the things I love—she's a *companion.* That's *really* something to build a life on!

"Yep, I think I've found the right girl. It's going to take a little more time for both of us to be sure. But I think we may be making a nice announcement very soon. If we do, I know it'll make me very happy."

And as he talks about his new girl and their possible marriage, you can't help but get the feeling that Hugh's mom and his Mary . . . watching from up there . . . will be made very happy, too. EN

Hugh can currently be seen in the U... film The Brass Legend.

eddie's tearing down walls

(*Continued from page 46*) or so, he got back to the job. He chopped at the wall for another fifteen minutes.

Then he faced the awful truth: behind the paneling was a brick wall—part of the fireplace. To put in the TV set where he had planned would mean tearing down the chimney as well!

"Well, we'll find another place," he laughed when he put down his tools.

"Not till after the paneling is put back!" Debbie said. So he put back the paneling.

His idea didn't work out so well, but the point is that for the first time in his life, Eddie had taken an interest—and gotten a charge—out of things that had nothing to do with his career. Like fixing up his home.

Then there was that day I walked into their living room and Eddie didn't even hear me, he was so wrapped up in the book he was reading! *Must be a murder mystery,* I figured, *and he's at the final clue.* But it was a *Home And Garden* magazine Eddie was reading!

He and Debbie have just about every available publication on decorating, and discuss decorating plans by the hour. Of course, at this stage it's impossible to tell how much effect his reading has had on him. So far, except for their bedroom and kitchen furniture, the house has only one other piece—a great big leather chair! Debbie gave it to him as a surprise for their anniversary. When I asked Eddie why they didn't simply hire an interior decorator, he looked at me like I had just lost my mind. "That isn't the way to have a home," he said, "you've got to make it *yours!*"

And—slowly!—he's doing just that.

Debbie teaches Eddie

And that interest in a home is just one of *many* changes that have come over Eddie since he and Debbie have been married—since Debbie taught him what's *really* important as far as living goes . . .

Maybe it doesn't seem like much, but you see I remember when we were kids, even then, Eddie's one ambition was to become a singer and I've never seen anyone sacrifice more than he did to get what he wanted. And he'd never take time off to have fun—just have fun like other kids.

When other kids played baseball, went to the movies, yakked over an ice cream soda or—later—went out on dates, Eddie sang, studied music, or played the piano. Nothing else mattered.

I remember one afternoon when we visited our sister Miriam in Philadelphia just before Eddie went into the army.

"Let me hold the baby," he begged after she took him into the nursery.

Miriam looked a little worried. "Sure you'd like to hold him?"

"Of course I would." And he picked him up like he was a doctor instead of a kid in his teens.

"Some day," said Miriam, "you'll make a wonderful father . . ."

"Some day I hope I will," Eddie agreed, "like maybe when I'm thirty . . . Then maybe I'll take the time to think about something besides singing." He meant it.

His way of thinking has changed

Eddie had no intention of getting married till he was in his late twenties or thirties—and usually when he doesn't want to do something, he doesn't! So who could picture him going steady, getting married.

Except that, like I said, Eddie's way of thinking changed a couple of years back, when Debbie came into the picture . . .

I was at their house the evening he and Debbie came back from Acapulco, on their first real vacation since they got married.

It was close to eight when they pulled up in front of the driveway. Eddie jumped out of the car, rushed inside, and hardly noticed me as he raced past me and up the stairs. The nurse hurried out of her room excitedly. "What's wrong?" she cried out.

"Nothing's wrong, just wake up Carrie and tell her her daddy's home . . ."

"But Mr. Fisher . . ."

By the time she had finished her objections, he was already holding his daughter in his arms and making faces at her. You could hear Carrie gurgle clear at the other end of the house.

And the presents he brings her! Eddie, who wouldn't buy a candy bar for himself when he first went to work so he could turn more of his earnings over to mom, thinks nothing of walking into a toy store for half an hour—and transferring half

SIGN LANGUAGE OF THE STARS

■ Most of the movie stars have offices, on studio lots or in private mahogany-lined hide-aways in Hollywood buildings, where they answer fan mail and attend to business details.

And it's within these walls that you frequently find the star's attitude toward life summed up on small signs placed under the glass top of a desk or hung in a corner of the room.

If you should walk into the swank sanctum where much of Elvis Presley's business is transacted you'd see:

You ain't learnin' nothin' effen you're talkin'.

A small cardboard in Bob Wagner's:

Keep your eye on the ball! Put your shoulder to the wheel! Keep your ear to the ground!—Now try to work in that position!

John Wayne's motto is:

A man is as big as the things that make him angry.

As far as Tony Curtis is concerned:

My mind is made up. Please don't confuse me with facts!

Jerry Lewis thinks that:

Collibberating on the primiskance is strictly forbidden!

Tab Hunter, no believer in excess wordage, originally posted a sign which said, in bold black lettering:

THINK!

But it fell prey to a humorous visitor who, in letters equally big and black, wrote under *Think*:

Or THWIM!

A Charlton Heston card reads:

If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs—don't come back. We need you now!

A poster of William Holden's says:

Take advantage of me today. Tomorrow I'll be smarter!

But for the most personal advice, the sign in Frank Sinatra's office takes the prize. The card says:

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their stock from the store to Carrie's playroom! Like that toy elephant that was so large he couldn't get it inside till he had taken the front door off the hinges!

Of course he's a typical father in other ways, too . . . I don't think he's fed Carrie more than twice or changed her more than once. "That's woman's work," Eddie insists as he hands her to Debbie.

All I can say is, Eddie is very lucky to have married such an understanding girl!

A different kind of fun

Then there are the little changes, that may not seem—or really be—very important.

Eddie has become more conservative. He's sort of, well—grown up. I don't think there could ever be a repetition of what happened in a New York hotel a few years ago, the first day it snowed.

I had come from Philadelphia to see him, and just as the hotel elevator door opened, I felt a cold snow-ball smack in my face. The elevator boy, who had been through this before, quickly pushed the *close* button, and went to the next floor up. "I suggest you walk down the back stairs," he said, as he wiped the snow off my suit.

I wasn't even halfway down when I heard the hollering and shouting of about six guys, with Eddie the loudest of them all. They had opened every window in the hotel's hallways, and had a first class snowball fight for the better part of an hour! I'll never know why nobody complained—except maybe because Eddie made everyone clean up the mess when they finished. They even mopped the elevator dry!

It's a different kind of fun that living has brought to Eddie today. A quieter kind, the kind that a man enjoys—after he's learned to out-grow the kid stuff.

In some ways Eddie hasn't changed

But don't get me wrong. In so many ways, Eddie's never changed, and that's good, too.

Take his generosity.

A few days after I moved to Los Angeles, I was at one of his TV shows. When he was through he hung around the studio a while, kidding with the audience, talking to them and singing more songs.

When he got ready to leave, a teenage girl in the audience asked him for some momento of the occasion. "What would you like?" Eddie came back.

The girl hesitated for a moment. "Your handkerchief."

He handed it to her. That started it. A dozen other kids begged for souvenirs, and every one got something. His cuff links, pen, tie, shoes—it nearly got downright embarrassing!

Sure he can afford it all right, today.

But he was just as generous when he didn't have the money!

Like that dreary, chilly Sunday morning in Philadelphia when I was five and Eddie was eleven.

Between the two of us we had twenty cents. More specifically, he had eighteen cents and I had two.

"Let's throw it together and have a treat," he suggested.

So we walked into a drugstore and ordered two cups of hot chocolate, to get warm. Eddie saw how much I enjoyed guzzling down mine, so he drank a third of his cup—and pretended he didn't want any more. And insisted I drink the rest.

Big brother to all

And he's never lost that *older brother* attitude of his, either . . .

I don't mind it, I guess because he's been the *big brother* to the whole family—mom and dad, our sisters, and our brother Sidney. But mostly he's worried about me, maybe because I'm the youngest boy.

Once when I was twelve I got into a fight with a neighborhood bully who was two or three years older, a head taller, and five times as strong. His first punch gave me a bloody nose.

Eddie saw me run up the street when he came back from the radio station. "Who did it?" he shouted. He wasn't even interested in whose fault it had been, he just took off after him. Fifteen minutes later Eddie came back with a bloody nose, too, but he managed a big grin. "He won't bother you again," he promised.

He was looking out for me just as much when we were separated by over six thousand miles.

While I was in Korea, I got a letter from him about once every five months—he's never been much of a letter-writer—and even then the letters came only when something really startling had taken place. Like when he was floating around on cloud number eight, their particular private cloud, after meeting Debbie Reynolds.

One day I suddenly got very sick with a severe virus. Less than an hour after I was rushed to the company hospital, Eddie was in touch with the doctor who looked after me. To this day I don't know how he found out about it so fast! But he always has, when the people he loves are concerned.

in the next issue of **modern screen** you eavesdrop on **george nader, richard egan** and **ben cooper** and their dates . . . you learn all about **susan hayward's** marriage . . . you read **elvis** and **judy's** answers to more than 40 questions . . . you are introduced to **johnny saxon** . . . watch for the july **modern screen** (on sale june 6) with **doris day** on the cover

The cabbie was right

Another trait of my brother's, is his ability to listen to advice. And then make up his own mind what to do.

He always says he listens to people for two reasons: out of politness, and because he can benefit from their experience. He doesn't take advice blindly, but he listens.

Like that time Eddie and I took a cab and the cabbie started talking about Eddie's TV show. "You've got a great voice," the driver said, in a way that made it quite obvious that there were things he didn't like too much about the program.

"But—" my brother bluntly asked.

"The numbers you sing—"

Eddie moved up to the jump seat to be closer to the man. "What's wrong with them?"

The driver hesitated for a moment. "I don't know—they all seem the same . . ."

Eddie thanked him for his frankness, and for the next two weeks conducted his own survey. He came to the conclusion that the cab driver had a good point, and made some changes in his selections. Yes, Eddie'll listen all right.

There's another thing about Eddie that hasn't changed. I guess it'll seem silly to anyone who isn't crazy about animals. But it's a part of Eddie that's still the same, that all the money in the world couldn't change. And it showed up in connection with two pets Eddie had.

Skippy in tow

The first one, Skippy, was Eddie's simply because Skippy showed up one day while Eddie was playing in the street—and followed Eddie from then on in.

A while later we were going through our toughest financial period and my parents decided that Skippy had to go. It was simply too expensive to feed him properly. They didn't want to take him to the pound, but they figured if he got lost he'd probably find himself another home—just like he'd found Eddie. So Skippy was left a few miles from the house.

When Eddie found out, he got a flash light and set out to find Skippy.

He didn't come home till four the next morning, with Skippy in tow!

He was no less upset a few weeks ago when Charlie got hurt. Charlie is his boxer, who became rather confused when Debbie and Eddie moved to Beverly Hills. In their old home, Charlie used to jump out of the one-story building to the ground, about three feet below. Unaware that he was now on the second floor, he did the same in his new home. Eddie rushed him to the veterinarian.

A constant visitor

But just spending money to buy him the best of care wasn't enough for Eddie. Till Charlie was allowed to go home, my brother visited him every day, so he wouldn't feel scared and lonely. The way he loved that dog! Which led to something really funny on an evening when Eddie was talking about Charlie and a dinner guest didn't realize that Charlie was a dog—who would, from hearing Eddie talk about him? "Charlie's doing much better, particularly after I brought him a box of biscuits today," Eddie said.

"Biscuits? To the hospital?" the girl burst out. "Wouldn't candy have been more appropriate?"

"Candy? For Charlie? Of course not! A good, hard biscuit . . ."

Their guest looked at him like he had just lost his mind.

"Really, it's good for him," Eddie assured her. "You should hear him bark!"

Debbie set the poor girl straight.

Well, I guess that's about it, what my brother Eddie is like . . . a guy who hasn't changed much with success and money and dreams come true—just enough to know now how to *really* live, to take the time to pitch ball a little with a neighbor, watch TV for the fun of it, play with his baby, build a home.

That's what Debbie taught him—how to relax, to enjoy what he has, to *live*.

END

Debbie and Eddie are in RKO's Bundle Of Joy. *Debbie will soon be seen in U-I's* Tammy And The Bachelor *and MGM's* The Reluctant Debutante.



because *you* are the very air he breathes...

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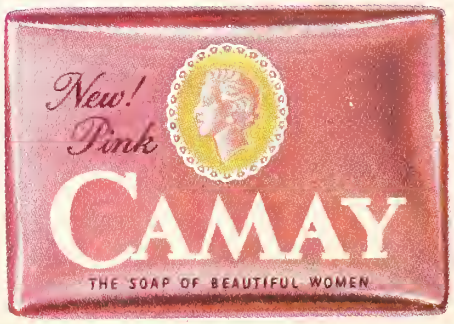


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DORIS DAY'S SUMMER WARDROBE

modern screen

JUL. 25c

JUN 11 1957

When is Elvis going into the army...

Will they cut his hair...

answered!

ALL YOUR PERSONAL QUESTIONS ABOUT ELVIS

by Judy Spreckels



hila parsons: SHIRLEY TEMPLE RETURNS!



. . . for your hair

You sparkle with Springtime freshness when your hair has a dew-fresh fragrance . . . a sunny, younger look. TWEED Soft Fragrance Shampoo gives your hair a billion bubble beauty bath. Cleanses thoroughly—yet so gently it safeguards the precious natural oil that keeps your hair soft, lustrous, easy to manage. Let exciting new TWEED Soft Fragrance Shampoo capture the spirit of Springtime for you all year 'round. *69¢ and $1.*

JUN 10 1957

But how long will it last?



Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll *stay* sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

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JULY, 1957

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*Color portrait of Doris Day on the cover by Dick Miller of Globe.
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to dramatic star.

A new first in the exciting car

Bing Crosby



The comedy phase of his career brought new fame. He co-starred in the funny "Road" pictures. This is "Road To Bali".



With his role in "Goingh vealed another facet. He Barry Fitzgerald and won



Last year, Bing reverted to his first love and starred in the big musical, "High Society". Its songs made the Hit Parade.



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real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen. 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting ll appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

ou tell me if the Paul New- e Woodward romance is ous?
—H.R., San Francisco, Cal.

true that Judy Spreckels, who ose stories about Elvis for Screen, is seriously ill and has er engagement to that South- she was going to marry?
—J.H., NYC
y was very ill, blood poisoning, lled off her engagement during g hospitalization.

y did Audrey Hepburn turn he female lead in *Sayonara?*
—L.Y., NYC
couldn't picture herself as a se.

ere did Gene Kelly get $500,000 e on his wife in their divorce?
—E.L., Scranton, Pa.
ly has been working for twenty has always been thrifty.

w many children does Ingrid an have and by whom?
—S.L., Akron, Ohio
e step-son, Renzo Rossellini; girls and a boy by Roberto Ros- i; one girl, Jennie Ann Lindstrom, Dr. Peter Lindstrom.

s the Loretta Young-Tom Lewis riage on the rocks?
—G.T., Troy, N.Y.
Geographical separations, resulting m his being in N.Y. while Loretta is Hollywood, make it difficult for them.

Q. Was Luana Patten really married at the age of sixteen?
—E.P., Los Angeles, Cal.
A. *Yes.*

Q. How much money did Ingrid Bergman get for *Anastasia?*
—S.H., Chicago, Ill.
A. *$250,000.*

Q. How come Kirk Douglas never wins an *Academy Award?*
—I.T., Ellenville, N.Y.
A. *He is not particularly well-liked in Hollywood by his voting colleagues.*

Q. Is it true that Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly sold pictures of their baby to the press?—J.Y., Philadelphia, Pa.
A. *Yes; the money goes to Monacan charities.*

Q. Didn't Bing Crosby have his heart set on playing *The Rainmaker?*
—T.T., Seattle, Wash.
A. *Yes.*

Q. Does Fred Astaire go out only with young girls?
—K.T., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
A. *On occasion.*

Q. When Frank Sinatra opened at the Mocambo in Hollywood, did he really ban part of the press from the club?
—G.L., Los Angeles, Cal.
A. *Yes. His press agents notified the management that Sinatra considered certain press members unacceptable.*

Q. Does Debra Paget's mother really weigh more than 300 pounds?
—G.D., Elgin, Ill.
A. *Debra's mother has dropped a hundred pounds, is still rapidly reducing.*

Q. Is Mamie Van Doren's hair bleached?
—A.R., Albany, N.Y.
A. *Yes.*

Q. Is Vera Miles pregnant? How many children does she have?
—K.R., Wichita, Kan.
A. *Vera is pregnant; already has two.*

Q. Can you tell me the real name of Vikki Dougan, who wears backless clothes? Where does she come from?
—R.Y., Rochester, N.Y.
A. *Vikki Dougan was born Edith Tooker in Brooklyn.*

Q. Why did Lana Turner's daughter run away from school? Didn't Joan Crawford's children do the same? Why?
—G.T., Richmond, Va.
A. *Lana's daughter was unhappy at school. Joan's boy thought his mother was too strict; thinks so no longer.*

Q. Will Ezio Pinza ever work again?
—Y.T., Milano, Italy
A. *Only as an actor, he says—not as a singer.*

Q. Bing Crosby's new leading lady, Inger Stevens—isn't she sweet on Bing?
—L.Y., Los Angeles, Cal.
A. *Inger Stevens and Crosby have been dating.*
(Continued on page 24)



He held her for the first time . . . and knew there'd never be a last! The love story of a guy who gave up City Hall for the arms of a beautiful girl!

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in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

Story-book happiness—

And story-book tragedies—

And here and there a welcome laugh

For Our Town's twinkling stars . . .



Lauren Bacall, who held down the fort for the New York première of Designing Woman, *shares the spotlight with two pups.*

NEVER WERE THE FANS IN THE grandstands treated to such a show as MGM put on in the lobby of the PANTAGES THEATRE for the première of *Designing Woman*. Some wag said he hoped the show inside would be as good—and it was that, and more! The delightful comedy is by far the best thing **Lauren Bacall** has ever done and **Gregory Peck** is always charming.

But to get back to the exciting goings-on outside. A raised platform had been erected in front of the theatre, and forty minutes before the picture started a wonderful fashion show was paraded. Models swished and twirled in all the lovely clothes Helen Rose designed for the film.

The models had plenty of competition from the glamour girls who were parading past into the theatre.

Kim Novak, who usually won't be seen doing even her marketing in any color but lavender, showed up as the most surprisingly gowned girl of the evening. She was wearing, believe it or not, a white sheath with long green gloves! She came equipped with her standard escort, however: the devoted **Mac Krim.**

Before I had a chance to ask Kim how come she'd changed her color scheme so radically, she asked me breathlessly, "Oh, do you think you can get Mac and me in to hear **Frank Sinatra** at the MOCAMBO after the show? I hear there aren't any reservations." Considering that Kim was Frankie Boy's big moment and vice versa not too long ago, this request certainly came out of left field!

Greer Garson was another belle attracting much admiration, wearing a flowing red chiffon gown topped by her bright red hair.

Tony Martin flew in from New York to take his best girl **Cyd Charisse,** who was all in white—including white mink. Cyd just won a place on HARPER'S BAZAAR'S *The Best Dressed Motion Picture Actresses.*

A wild shout came from the fans when **Gregory Peck** showed up with **Veronique,** who was wearing the most stunning coat I have ever seen. But for my money that attractive French wife of Greg's is becoming too thin.

Sheila (Mrs. Guy) Madison looked like a breath of Spring in a pale pink chiffon. "I don't feel like Spring," she whispered as we entered the theatre together, "I'm freezing"—and her teeth were chattering.

I've never seen **Ann Miller** in the same gown twice, and this event was no exception. I bet Ann has more gorgeous bouffant white gowns in her wardrobe than anyone else in the world.

It was a big night and I just wish my good friend **Lauren Bacall** had been on hand to enjoy it. But she was doing the honors for the première in New York while **Gregory Peck** held down the West Coast event.

THE REALLY DIFFERENT DINNER party **Greer Garson** gave at the CLUB SEVILLE in honor of the visiting **Steve Allens,** and to celebrate her mother's birthday, was an eye-opener as far as what some of our stars have been up to!

They've been taking mambo, samba, cha-cha-cha and Calypso dance lessons at this newest Hollywood night spot from a very good looking young man whose name is Steve Peck.

Thought I'd fall over when **Rocky Cooper** told me that Gary—of all people—was taking lessons, and **Norma Shearer** and her husband Marty Arrougé are regular pupils!

I even got *myself* on the floor and did some of the dancing, although it's pretty strenuous!

Greer attributes her new figure to this form of exercise—and believe me, that's a mild word for it. Anyway, Greer is thinner and is looking more svelte than she's been in years.

(*Continued on page 8*)



Loved that peck on the cheek from that Greg Peck! Greg's wife, Veronique, was nervous as a kitten till Greg got his just reward—deafening applause from the West Coast audience!



Guy Madison was there, with his pretty wife. That attractive two-some is going to have a new baby.



Bob Stack and his Rosemary take a short cut. "It's illegal," grins Bob, "but easier!"



See that proud-papa look on Rory Calhoun? Lita agrees the baby's exceptional!



Greer Garson stopped to chat with Phil Reed, who never looks a day older.



Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman are still looking as ecstatically happy as ever.



Kim Novak DIDN'T *wear lavendar! Mac Krim looks like he'd like his arm around Kim permanently.*

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *(Continued)*



Rita Hayworth remembers too well the legalities she endured to keep her child.



That smile on Betsy Drake may be there because husband Cary Grant has just told her about that amusing letter he got from Ingrid . . . or maybe it's there just 'cause she's out with her fella.

I'M ON RITA HAYWORTH'S SIDE about not sending her daughter Princess Yasmin to the bedside of the little girl's grandfather, the seriously ailing Aga Khan.

The Aga is supreme ruler in his realm, and his son Aly Khan is his heir. If Aly, the father of Yasmin, should decide to keep the child in Europe—it would take a terrific international legal hassle for Rita to get her child back.

CARY GRANT GOT SUCH A chuckle out of the personal letter **Ingrid Bergman** sent thanking him for accepting her Oscar for her. One part of her letter to Cary reads:

"Early in the morning I heard my name coming over a transmission, on wire, with a French commentator, about the awards. In back of the commentator I heard your voice. You were saying something about "If you can hear me now, Ingrid, wherever you are in the world"—and I replied, "I'm here, Cary, in the *bathroom!*

"That was the moment I really received the Oscar and I felt tears coming to my eyes. While Hollywood was so kindly applauding me—there I was with cold cream on my face, brushing my teeth, getting my Oscar in—what a place—the *bathroom!*"

A ROMANCE I EXPECT TO BEcome really serious is that of **Tony Perkins** and **Maria Cooper, Gary's** daughter. The tip-off is that they are so casual about one another outwardly. Which seems to be the teenage code this season. The kids say: the more you care, the less you show it. Anything else is being a square!

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: THE Jack Bennys always give wonderful parties and their Easter-Saturday formal affair at the Crown Room of ROMANOFF'S was no exception.

Mary personally supervised the decorations and she kept everything very Spring-like in green and white. The walls and tablecloths were green and all the flowers, either in tall silver urns or on the tables, were white roses, white stock and gardenias.

Merle Oberon, who was the honor guest —the party was for her and her wealthy fiancé Bruno Pagliai—kept to the color scheme in a lovely white taffeta dress and her fabulous emeralds.

The gown Mary chose was a Dior of turquoise satin, slightly bouffant and long.

June Allyson showed up in a high-necked blue sweater, appliquéd with lace, and a short blue chiffon skirt. She and **Dick Powell** held hands most of the evening and showed the world how thoroughly they've made up.

Kay Gable looked so chic in black with her beautiful diamond necklace, earrings and bracelet and **Clark** was very proud of her. Clark likes ladies in black, and Kay likes what Clark likes.

Another black dress was **Cyd Charisse's** —although Cyd's was relieved by white trimming. **Judy Garland** not only wore a chic black dress, she brought along the man who designs them!—Norell of the famous designing house of TRAINA-NORELL.

Having such a good time were **Deborah Kerr** and **Tony Bartley,** with Deborah looking so pretty in the dress she wore to the *Academy Awards*—white lace over nude chiffon.

The **Dean Martins,** William Goetzes and **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns** were among the 150 guests who danced and danced till the wee small hours.

I'M ON MY SOAPBOX TO ASK: What's with **Anne Francis** and **Russ Tamblyn**—and I *don't* mean romantically? For reasons best known to themselves, Anne and Russ have teamed up in a series of off-screen gags that aren't too funny, if you ask me, but which are plenty puzzling.

To give you an idea—at the première of *Designing Woman*, Russ and his date Anne, showed up dressed informally and sat in the bleachers yoo-hooing at their movie-star friends and diving into bags of popcorn when they weren't busily chewing gum.

When the picture started they abandoned their bleacher seats and mosied into the theatre, not at all self conscious about their casual dress—contrasting with the formal attire of the rest of the audience.

Well, this might have been just a nutsy mood and soon forgotten—although I hear MGM, where Anne is making *Don't Go Near The Water*, wasn't too pleased about this stunt at one of its big pictures. But Anne and Russ seem to be keeping it up.

A few nights ago, for example, they walked into a popular cocktail lounge in Beverly Hills carrying their own cocktails in a milk bottle and asked the waiter for just "ice and glasses." When they were refused the set-ups, they said they'd keep trying cocktail bars until they received such service! As both Anne and Russ drink very little—what's this all about?

It isn't even election year. They can't be paying off bets. (*Continued on page 11*)

THE CHARMING MYRNA LOY

■ "It is rather eerie to hear your voice come through a TV set when you least expect it," admits Myrna Loy in her soft, gentle tone of voice. And that's exactly what happened to her one evening in her Washington, D. C. home.

"It must have been the late late show. The next thing I knew my husband (Howland H. Sargeant, former Secretary of State for Public Affairs) and I were watching a movie, an *old* movie," and Myrna was slinking all over the place playing the part of a sexy vampire. This picture was made in the days when she was typed as the exotic or Oriental villainess. "That's when you'd see me popping out from behind beaded curtains," she giggled.

After seeing a movie like this, she must have felt tremendously grateful to fate that she finally found her niche in comedy roles.

"You know," she says, "many people don't realize it, but comedy is the most difficult form of drama, both from a directing as well as acting standpoint. Timing is essential."

The actual shooting of this type of picture takes a long time. "Look at *The Ambassador's Daughter*. I was in Paris for four months," she said.

In the near future Myrna is scheduled to go out to Hollywood to make two GE television pictures. Putting into practice that feel for timing plus a charm that never fails, she remarked: "For those TV pictures, you rehearse three days and shoot two days for something that is one third the size of a regular full-length movie. Then they carry you out. But I love it!"

Myrna leads a full life with her varied interests. And it makes no difference where she is, be it the nation's capital, New York, Hollywood or Timbuktu, she enjoys life and shows it.





Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*





1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use **Arrid** —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. **Arrid keeps you safe** morning, noon and night! Rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night.

2. **Arrid protects you** against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. **Arrid stops perspiration stains.** Used daily, it keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never a hint the situation's getting warm. Saves clothes from ugly stains even on hot, sticky days.

4. **Arrid's rubbed-in protection** starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ *plus tax.*

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

THE LONE STAR STATE INTRODUCES . . .

■ Remember the song that goes, "The eyes of Texas are upon you!"

The eyes of the whole world have been on many movie stars who hail from The Lone Star State. They include:

Dewey Martin—*Katemy*
Debbie Reynolds—*El Paso*
Zachary Scott—*Austin*
Gale Storm—*Bloomington*
Jody Lawrence—*Dallas*
Ann Doran—*Amarillo*
Linda Darnell—*Dallas*
Kathryn Grant—*Houston*
Karen Sharpe—*Dallas*
Martha Hyer—*Fort Worth*



Ann Sheridan
Dallas



Gene Autry
Tioga



Steve Forrest
Huntsville



Cyd Charisse
Amarillo



Audie Murphy
Kingston



Joan Crawford
San Antonio



Ann Miller
Houston



Mary Martin
Wetherford

LOUELLA PARSONS
n hollywood *(Continued)*



hat Inger Stevens, with her delicate air and r down-to-earth talent, is just delightful.

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM: ovely, blonde **Inger Stevens**—and I bet **ing Crosby** agrees with me. Not only is e Swedish beauty his leading lady in *Man n Fire*, but she's his favorite date these eve- ngs. However, don't look for a marriage. ger's just recently divorced.

Although *Man On Fire* is her first motion cture, the girl who was born Inger Stensland Stockholm about twenty-two years ago has d much TV and stage experience in this untry. Coming to the United States with her her when she was thirteen, the first thing e set out to do was to master the English nguage without the trace of an accent.

"I kept my ear tuned to all the American cents I heard as my father moved from llege to college as a teacher," she explains. Ve lived in New York for two years. Then nsas. Then Texas, where he is head of Adult Education Department of TEXAS CH at Lubbock." By the time she had been posed to these territories, Inger was speak- a very good brand of American-English, d no accent.

Her next mission was to gain experience an actress. At eighteen she took off for w York, where she soon received jobs on commercials, later in TV shows. Her first ney was spent improving herself under the e coaching of famed **Lee Strasberg.**

Summer stock companies took her time for ouple of years before she was again paged TV, this time for feature roles.

She came to Hollywood to test for *Tin Star* h **Tony Perkins** and **Henry Fonda,** didn't get it because she looked too young. her test was so good it rated her a PARA- UNT contract and a loan out to MGM Bing's movie. Inger likes golf, tailored thes—and Bing! (*Continued on page 12*)

New Spray-Set
by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!



See lovely TERRY MOORE,
in "BERNADINE"
A 20th Century-Fox Production
in CinemaScope.
Color by De Luxe.

SUPER-SOFT
LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars
because it's non-drying...
contains no lacquer...
mists hair with Lanolin!



HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!
There are 2 types of Lustre-Net. Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for hard-to-manage hair. *5½ oz. can—a full ounce more!* Only $1.25 plus tax.

Brush Your Teeth with Colgate's... Brush Bad Breath Away!



And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people . . . with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes,* Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing!

Gardol's invisible shield fights tooth decay all day . . . with just one brushing.



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



Colgate's with GARDOL
CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH



"Now you shush!" might be what Shelley Winters is trying to make Tony Franciosa do—better late than never! Tony got into quite a to-do with the law, and ended up in handcuffs!

BEING A NEWSPAPER WOMAN I naturally deplore **Tony Franciosa's** losing his temper to the point of kicking a camera out of a photographer's hands when the cameraman attempted to take a picture of him and **Shelley Winters** at the Los Angeles court house. Shelley and Tony were there to put in a bid on a public auction of a home they wanted in Beverly Hills, the late Bert Friedlob's house. They were in a public place, and the cameraman had every right to take their picture. And that's what a Judge later ruled, too.

But Tony has made an abject apology for the scene he put on tussling and kicking and fighting police before he was hauled off to jail with Shell crying her eyes out and begging him, "Please, darling, don't do this."

On Tony's part, it was a bad display of temper. But he's said he is deeply sorry, and apologized to everyone concerned.

I can't see that there is any particular reason to keep on sniping. As the old song goes, *What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry?* Just watch that temper in the future, Tony. One display like this is enough.

EDDIE FISHER CALLED ME THREE times from Las Vegas—I was week-ending in Palm Springs—so I wouldn't be too worried about the automobile accident he suffered. He was still shaken up after a car smashed i the rear of his automobile, and it could ha been very serious for him. He was so up at first that he didn't know whether he co go on for his TROPICANA show. **Bing Cros** was standing by to take over for him. Eddie told me, after he'd rested a few hou he was going on himself and "Please do worry," he said.

SHELLEY WINTERS IS GETTIN careless about her clothes again, after bei such a well-groomed girl for so long. See that every time Shell falls in love, she pulls switch and forgets all about being chic. M women are just the opposite.

Remember when she was so madly in lo with **Vittorio Gassman**—before they we married? She lived in slacks.

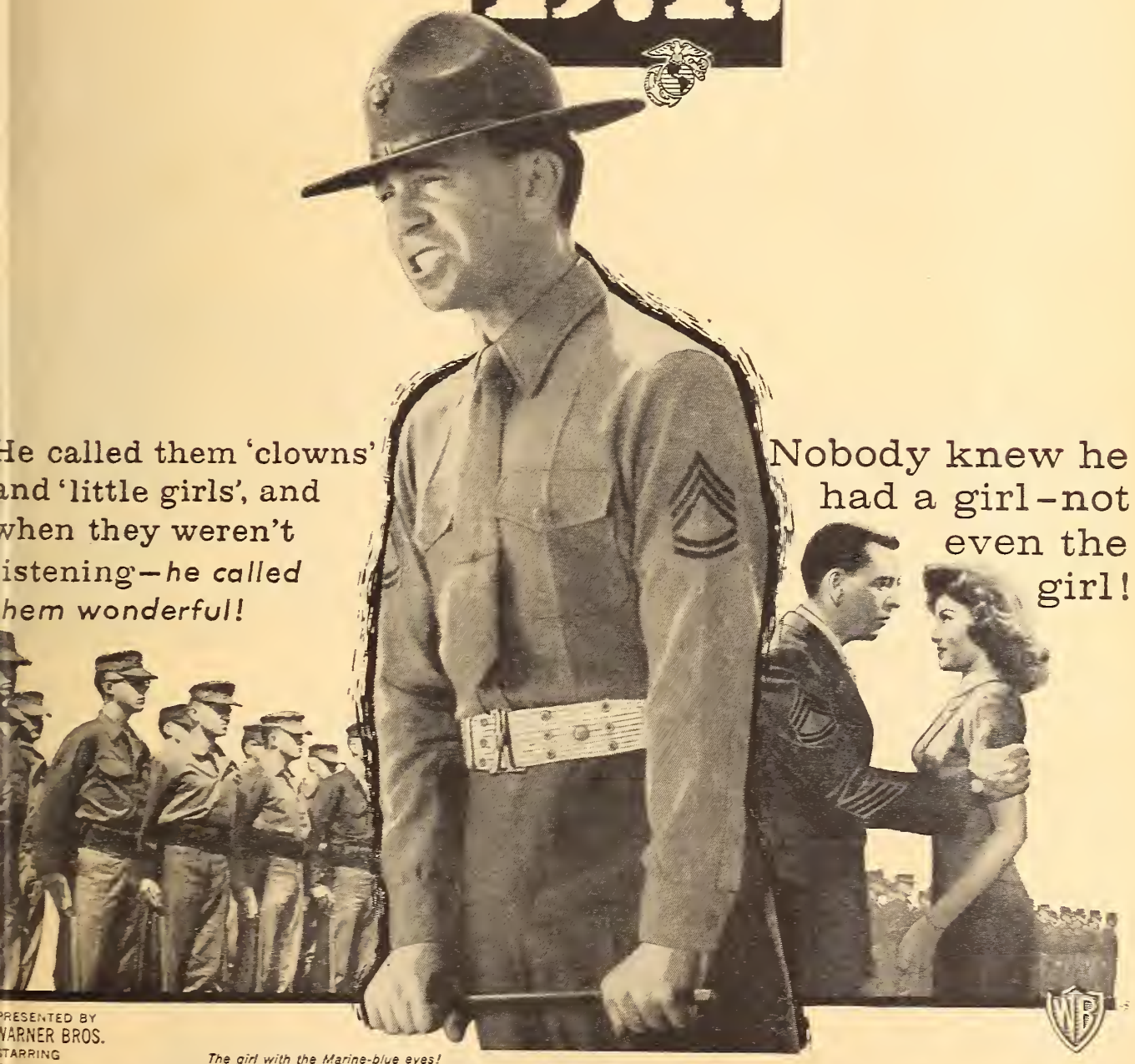
Now she's madly in love with **Tony Fra ciosa,** and she's back in 'em.

THE INSIDE ON WHY S Laurence Olivier took a walk, not on o but *two* films for HECHT-HILL-LANCASTE *Separate Tables* and *Devil's Disciple*—is t after he arrived in Hollywood he found t he and **Burt Lancaster** got on each othe nerves and did not see eye to eye on p duction methods. (Continued on page 1

JACK WEBB

AS T/SGT. JIM MOORE, U. S. MARINES—ROUGH AND TOUGH IN A SURPRISING NEW ROLE, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL SCREEN PERFORMANCES!

THE D.I.



He called them 'clowns' and 'little girls', and when they weren't listening—*he called them wonderful!*

Nobody knew he had a girl—not even the girl!

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

STARRING

The girl with the Marine-blue eyes!

DON DUBBINS · JACKIE LOUGHERY · LIN McCARTHY · MONICA LEWIS · VIRGINIA GREGG

AND "PLATOON 194"—REAL MARINES WHO MAKE A GREAT STORY RING TRUE!

SCREEN PLAY BY JAMES LEE BARRETT PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JACK WEBB · A MARK VII LTD. PRODUCTION

A TELEPHONE CALL AND SOM
flowers from **Eddie Fisher** asking me
be sure to come to Las Vegas for his openi
at the lavish, lush, new TROPICANA HOT
took me there a day earlier than I usua
make these Las Vegas week-end jaunts.

Our table was so crowded with visiti
firemen that we could scarcely breathe, b
Eddie was so good and we were all so pro
of him that it didn't matter.

In our little ring-side group were **Debb**
—whom Eddie almost forgot to introduce
his excitement!—Eddie's mother and ste
father, **Jeanne** and **Dean Martin, Shei**
and **Gordon MacRae,** the **Guy Madiso**
—and scores of others.

Loretta Young, who rarely goes nig
club stepping, came with **Jo Wayne**—t
first **Mrs. John Wayne**—and Loretta look
stunning in a green dress. She's also put
some weight—most becoming.

The lobby of the TROPICANA looked like
gangster's funeral with all the big flo
pieces wishing Monte Proser well on the ope
ing of this most fabulous Las Vegas hotel.

A week after the TROPICANA opened, **Bi**
Crosby visited Eddie and the introducti
Eddie gave Bing is still talked about as t
all-time superlative—certainly from one sinc
to another.

Eddie called Bing "an American institutio

(Continued on page 1





Above—*As far as Eddie Fisher was concerned, the big news in Las Vegas was Debbie's birthday—not the lavish ¼-million-dollar musical he starred in at the* TROPICANA! *That's love.*

Left—*I took just a minute to tell Eddie how much I loved the flowers he had sent me.*

Right—*That's Nat "King" Cole and Groucho Marx telling Debbie not to be so nervous about it all—it's Eddie who's on stage!*

Below—*And even rival singer Dean Martin told Debbie how well her handsome husband sang.*





New! The only permanent you dare wash at once!



Leaves your hair soft, sweet and instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work! RICHARD HUDNUT'S New Quick

LANOLIZED HOME PERMANENT



So easy! No need to shampoo first!

Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized lotion. *A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave!* So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to *last* with exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion!



Wave and wash with ½ the work!

Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast, it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 new-style waves for the price of 1

Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped. Use ½—Save ½. $2.00 plus tax. (1-wave size, $1.25 plus tax.)

© 1957 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *(Continued)*

ATTENTION, YOU TEENAGERS who think you are old enough to smoke: **Natalie Wood,** your idol, underwent hypnotism—and that's going strong—to help her give up the habit. And as this is written, she hasn't smoked in three weeks. Keep up the good work, Natalie, and be a good example to your teenage fans!

A LEGAL BATTLE BETWEEN Marilyn Monroe and Milton Greene was inevitable. Milton feels that he gave up a lucrative business as a photographer to guide Marilyn's business affairs, while Marilyn's position is that he did not represent her properly and that he made commitments for her that she could not possibly fulfill.

When I was in London last summer, Mrs. Greene suddenly left for the USA, taking the Greene child with her—and there were many rumors that Marilyn and Milton were battling constantly.

How much truth there was in this I don't know, because there were just as strong rumors that Marilyn and **Laurence Olivier** were at it hammer and tong all the time they were making *The Prince And The Show Girl.*

All this would have made Marilyn the busiest battler since Jack Dempsey.

All I can say is that Marilyn is always influenced by the people with whom she is associated at the moment, and I suspect husband **Arthur Miller** had a lot to with her decision to divorce herself Greene and his advice.



Natalie Waad, dining with that handsome Nicky Hilton, cauld be laaking aver her shaulder at that habit she's tassed aside—and far three weeks naw!

Marilyn Manrae's latest rale had her starring in a caurt raam. Cauld be it's husband Arthur Miller wha was the advisor behind that legal hassle.



THE LETTER BOX: NEARLY FI over at the amount of fan mail this m about—now hold on—**Mike Todd! Taylor's** indulgent husband has made a hit with the girls. MARY LOU BEVACQUA, L THOMPSON, JILL ADAMS and many, many r wrote in about Mike, but perhaps PEGGY TER, of Milwaukee, sums it all up in writ

"Oh, golly! No wonder Elizabeth tell this terrific, vital, loveable man! He's just TOO! Instead of acting like a stuffed shi the Academy Awards, he was so natural ning down the aisle—then dashing bac kiss Liz—and you could just tell he was b ing with happiness. And those DIAMONDS *gives her! The other girls can have* ***Elvis Rock.*** *Make mine Mike!"* . . .

"I resent the fact that **Yul Brynner** *discuss his family life with the fans,"* compl MRS. BURT WESTMAN, Cincinnati. *"His looks so pretty on TV at the premières and sure we'd all love hearing about her."* It's thing Yul is adamant about, Mrs. W. Just give. But don't let it interfere with your li him on the screen. . . .

CLEO SALE, Memphis, Tenn., let's **B Crosby** have it. Taking issue with Bing having said that **Elvis'** sideburns "will to go," Cleo snaps: *"As for Elvis' sideburn if Bing Crosby had that much hair, I be wouldn't let it go!"* . . .

"I never read anything from the fans a **Jimmy Stewart** *and* **Gary Coope** *your letter box department,"* chides MRS. E ADAMS, Houston. *"Have the fans dese them?"* You wouldn't think so if you saw salary checks, Ellie. . . .

CAROLYN CARTER COLLINS, San Franc writes: ***"Frank Sinatra** leads suc charmed life he can't even hurt himself. all that bad* WRONG-DOOR *publicity he around and walks through* THE RIGHT DOO *the* MOCAMBO *singing for nothing to help a friend and winning back all his frien* Right you are, my friend. . . .

"If **Robert Mitchum** *isn't up for Oscar next time 'round after* HEAVEN KN MR. ALLISON*—they might just as well call whole thing off,"* is the high praise B BARCLAY sends Bob from Detroit. . . .

MRS. STEVEN BAXTER, Amarillo, Texas, w the world to know: *"My little girl Billie, is six years old, printed out a little lette* **Deborah Kerr** *asking this lovely lady her photograph. Not only did Miss Kerr one, but she printed such a nice messag Billie could read it herself."* That's the of person Deborah is; she's very loved.

FRANK WISBAR, Brooklyn, says: *"I am se teen years old and a drama student ho to become a professional actor. When I s learn more about my chosen work from wo ing* **Glenn Ford** *than any other actor on screen, I think that is quite a compliment. D you?"* I do indeed, Frank. . . .

CONNIE CHAPMAN, Pasadena, California, claims: ***"Mitzi Gaynor** is the best-dre girl on the screen. Any arguments?"* No a ments—but Mitzi has a running start with lovely figure, Connie. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

IT'S JUST AN OLD G.I. CUSTOM WITH A BRAND-NEW JAPANESE TWIST!!

The uproarious saga of those hilarious heroes who "took" Tokyo in OPERATION KIMONO!!



JOE BUTTERFLY

ACTUALLY FILMED IN JAPAN!

CINEMASCOPE TECHNICOLOR®



starring

AUDIE MURPHY · GEORGE NADER

co-starring

KEENAN WYNN

KEIKO SHIMA · JOHN AGAR · CHARLES McGRAW · FRED CLARK and **BURGESS MEREDITH**

As JOE BUTTERFLY, that lovable con-man!

DIRECTED BY JESSE HIBBS SCREENPLAY BY SY GOMBERG, JACK SHER AND MARION HARGROVE PRODUCED BY AARON ROSENBERG A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
A Hatful Of Rain
Reach For The Sky
The Buster Keaton Story
The Garment Jungle

FOR MUSIC AND DANCE
The Pajama Game
Silk Stockings
Let's Be Happy

FOR SUSPENSE
Dino
Beyond Mombassa

FOR LAUGHS
The Monte Carlo Story

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Two strangers stand at the door, but they are strangers only to the wife and father of the young drug addict. He knows them, and their brutality . . .

A HATFUL OF RAIN

outstanding drama of drug addiction

■ Here at last is a movie dealing with moral degradation that doesn't fall victim to itself. *A Hatful Of Rain* is concerned with drug addiction, but it is also concerned with the close relationships between understandable people and it is brilliantly acted. Eva Marie Saint and Don Murray are a young married couple who live in one of those projects in lower New York. Eva is pregnant, but there is something wrong with her marriage. She doesn't know what it is, but she suspects another woman. Murray's brother, Anthony Franciosa, works as a bouncer and boards with them. Franciosa is a good-natured likable fellow to whom Eva is increasingly drawn due to the withdrawal of her husband. The movie opens with the boy's widowed father, Lloyd Nolan, arriving in town, and the old pattern of father and sons soon reasserts itself with all its former pain and rejection. Nolan is a rigid, swaggering man who is ashamed of any show of tender emotion. He never liked Franciosa and now calls him a bum for not coming across with $2,500 he needs to complete the purchase of a saloon in Florida. Franciosa can't tell him that the money went for the drugs to which Murray is addicted. Murray is Nolan's favorite. Indeed, Nolan shouts his relief in having at least one son he can believe in. Although Murray is victim of a fatal habit about which his whole life must revolve in order for daily survival, Franciosa is a victim too, whose lack of self-esteem distorts his sense of loyalty so that he unwittingly contributes to Murray's self-destruction. Drug addiction itself is presented in all its brutality, but the drama is inclusive enough for even a very humorous and skillful piece of acting by Franciosa.—20TH-FOX (*Continued on page 20*)





She's brushed out her new Bobbi wave—and right away (without resetting) her "Souvenir" hairdo looks pretty as you please.

Just brush it! That's it!

No resetting—no "breaking in" with Bobbi—the special permanent for casual hairstyles like these

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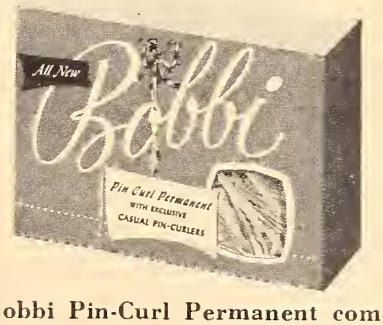
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BEYOND MOMBASSA



THE PAJAMA GAME



DINO



THE MONTE CARLO STORY



THE GARMENT JUNGLE

THE GARMENT JUNGLE

a drama of blood and needles

"There ain't no love in the dress business" is the way Lee J. Cobb's foreman puts it to Lee J. Cobb's son, home from Korea and anxious to join Pop in the business. Can't argue with that. Pop's partner, who was eager to sign up the shop with the union, has just plunged down twenty-seven floors via the elevator shaft to his death. Robert Loggia, a union organizer who has the nerve to come in and mingle professionally with the sewing machine girls, gets beaten regularly in dark alleys. Pop doesn't want to join the union. He is one of those early pioneer types who thinks his multi-million-dollar business belongs exclusively to him. *Can this murder and mayhem be the doings of my Pop?* asks idealistic young Kerwin Mathews. Well, no, it's the doings of racketeer Richard Boone, from whom Pop has bought protection against unionization all these years. Well, sooner or later, Cobb has to see that it's his hand that pulls the trigger, lowers the boom and thrusts the knife into the vulnerable but stubborn flesh of underpaid workers on Seventh Avenue. With Gia Scala, Valerie French.—Col.

BEYOND MOMBASSA

adventure in Africa

Wouldn't you know that after all the trouble it took for Cornel Wilde to get to East Africa he'd discovered that his brother has been murdered? Was it because brother had discovered uranium in his mine? *No, no,* says Leo Genn, a very sympathetic missionary, *it's the dirty work of the Leopard Men.* The Leopard Men, it turns out, run around in leopard skins and claw white men to death just so they'll get the idea to stay out of Africa. *Well, we'll see,* says Cornel Wilde, and prepares to hike out to his brother's mining camp beyond Mombassa. Along on the trip, beside the shifty-eyed native bearers, are late-brother's shifty-eyed partners (Christopher Lee and Ron Randell), Leo Genn and his niece Donna Reed. Plenty of action and romance in this well-paced African western.—Col.

THE PAJAMA GAME

the garment industry's lighter moments

Now manufacturing pajamas is a different kind of story entirely. There's a happier bunch of people working in pajamas. But danged if the union doesn't come between management (Jack Raitt) and labor (Doris Day) again. He's the new superintendent; she's head of the grievance committee that is now grieving because the workers aren't getting seven and a half cents an hour more. Jack wants to forget all about business and buy a set of *his* and *her* pajamas, but Doris won't stand still to be measured; she wants justice done and a raise rendered to the Sleeptite Pajama Factory workers. There are some wonderful songs, especially a show-stopping duet called "There Once Was A Man," sung by Raitt and Day, and some wonderful dancing by Carol Haney and crew, particularly in a sunny picnic scene and at a union meeting. Eddie Foy, Jr. is extremely funny as Carol's jealous suitor, and the atmosphere—plus the unusual characters in the factory—is refreshing and gay—CinemaScope, Warners.

THE MONTE CARLO STORY

high and romantic comedy

If you are looking for a couple of sophisticated, handsome and irresistible people, look no further than Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica, who looked no further than each other when they met in Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo, home of break the bank or pawn the jewelry. In this sparkling comedy, De Sica plays an impoverished count who has friends in high places—the head waiter (Mischa Auer), the desk clerk, the chef, a chauffeur with limousine, a little boy who can be counted on to steal flowers. All of them conspire to present Vittorio to the world as a well-heeled gentleman who likes to gamble; he always loses. Actually he lives on a motorless yacht he won from a Greek. Marlene is an impoverished marquise who has a magnificent wardrobe, a case-full of jewelry—which now belongs to a pawnbroker since she likes to gamble, too—and the need to marry a wealthy man. De Sica, in the market for a wealthy widow, makes himself available. Everything's dandy till he proposes and asks her to buy him a motor for his boat. She kicks him in the shins and flashes a handful of pawn tickets she wants redeemed. But here comes multimillionaire, American widower Arthur O'Connel in a yacht as big as the First National Bank. For cargo he's hauling two hayseed relatives and a marriageable daughter, Natalie Trundy. When De Sica and Dietrich swoop down on them, all the money in the world can't help.—Technicolor, UA.

DINO

Sal Mineo reforms

There once was a boy named Dino (Sal Mineo) who wound up in reform school at thirteen. He comes out like a tiger, ready to chew up the world. You can't blame him. Nobody ever gave him a kind word in his life. His mother and father were poor and hard-working, but their idea of love was a slap in the face. Now that Sal's back, they can't help him; in fact, they're ashamed of him. His probation officer, Frank Faylen, wants to help him; so does Brian Keith, an overworked caseworker at the settlement house, but Sal thinks they're for the birds. Sal's little brother, Pat De Simone, is proud that he's already a member of a gang that plans to hold up a garage, and that the gang has offered Sal its leadership. By the time the big night rolls around Sal has learned how it feels to be understood (by Brian Keith) and liked (by Susan Kohner, settlement girl) and he's not too anxious for a future in the death house. This is a fine, warmly human story about juvenile delinquency, and Mineo's acting is first rate.—Allied Artists. (*Continued on page 22*)

don't buy a bra till you see...



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You'll lead the field in high-powered glamour in your new convertible hra hy Lovahle! Every one is a pace setter for fashion versatility . . . all are foam contoured and cleverly underwired, all have convertible straps. No wonder they lift so beautifully, take curves like a dream. So, before you huy a convertible for '57, be sure to ask for Lovable!

A. 6-Way Convertible...Most uplifting low-priced bra in the field! Cotton. White. Only **$1.50**

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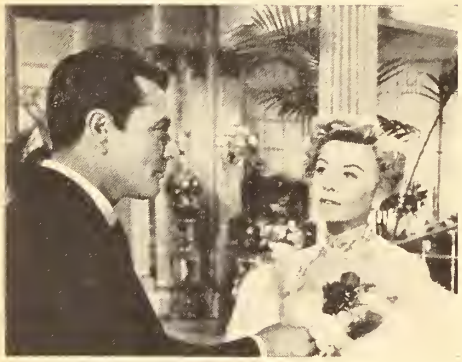
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SILK STOCKINGS



LET'S BE HAPPY



REACH FOR THE SKY



THE BUSTER KEATON STORY

THE BUSTER KEATON STORY

life of a dead-pan comic

When movies didn't make any sound at all there was a dead-pan comedian named Buster Keaton who racked up a fortune in Hollywood. As Keaton, Donald O'Connor is equally hilarious in the comic routines. The rest of the film suffers greatly by distortion of the facts of Keaton's life and by a story line that is hackneyed and mechanical. O'Connor zooms to stardom, falls for a glamorous opportunist (Rhonda Fleming) and buys a castle for her somewhere in Beverly Hills. Trouble is she wants a title to go with it, and jilts him for a count. Ann Blyth, casting director at the studio, has always loved him and marries him when he's too drunk to refuse. They are unhappy ever after, because talkies have come and Don has gone for the bottle. But don't worry, there's a bright dawn following the clouds.—Para.

LET'S BE HAPPY

Vera-Ellen as a small-time heiress

Vera-Ellen's all alone in the world except for her dog and the wash she does for a living. Grandpa died. After a year of mourning, what a delight to discover that Grandpa left nearly five thousand dollars. "I'm gonna live at last!" shouts Vera-Ellen, who's twenty-eight and figures that's old. She's going to live in Scotland, till the money runs out; that takes about two weeks. She meets Tony Martin on the plane; he sells washing machines that do everything but dress you in the morning. So that's a very congenial meeting. In Scotland they stay at the same hotel, but Tony, who's confessed a weakness for over-developed redheads, meets one. Vera meets a lord (Richard Flemying) who has a castle but no money; he thinks Vera has money. Tony thinks Vera's *his* girl, even though he's pretty free with redheads. Vera thinks she'll marry Flemying who still thinks she has money. Well, it all comes out fine in the wash. The scenery is lovely.—Technicolor, Allied Artists.

SILK STOCKINGS

a lady Communist in Paris

Ninotchka is here again. This time Cyd Charisse is the beautiful comrade who is up to her ears in Russian propaganda. She arrives in Paris to drag home three lax comrades (Peter Lorre, George Tobias, Jules Munshin) who had been sent to drag home composer Wim Sonneveld, who has been hired by American Fred Astaire to write a score for a musical. The defection of all these comrades is due to women, wine and the general intoxication of Paris. Sonneveld is brain-washed by Janis Paige, a musical comedy star who dresses like a mad peacock and belts out songs like a carnival queen, and the other boys take to easy living like true Broadway characters. When Charisse meets Astaire the electricity generated could light up Moscow, and when they dance, they *dance*. At first Cyd's heart is in Russia while her feet are in Paris, but the switch doesn't take long. There is all the charm of a woman discovering what it is to wear silk stockings and chiffon, the charm of love triumphant and the charm of two wing-footed dancers at work.—CinemaScope, MGM.

REACH FOR THE SKY

a triumph of spirit

This is an unusual and inspiring story based on the life of a modern hero named Douglas Bader (Kenneth Moore). As a young flying cadet Moore is reckless and somewhat of a show-off. Showing off once too often, his plane crashes and he loses both his legs. The doctors are surprised he's survived; they're astounded at what he goes on to accomplish. He's fitted with artificial legs, but refuses the aid of a cane and forces himself to walk. It's an incredible victory of will over body. Not content only to walk, he must dance, too. And if he can dance, he can fly. His determination is so dogged that he is reaccepted by the air force and becomes a flight commander, chalking up a brilliant record in World War II. This is a true story, a moving tribute to one man and testimony of all men's potential to rise to heights they never dreamed of.—J. Arthur Rank.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

FEAR STRIKES OUT (Para.): A young lifetime of straining to the breaking point to live up to his father's ideals finally does break Jim Piersall of the Red Sox. Anthony Perkins plays Piersall. Karl Malden his father, and Norma Moore is the girl Jim marries. After his breakdown, psychiatrist Adam Williams helps Jim to build a life of his own.

12 ANGRY MEN (U.A.): Juror Henry Fonda's quiet assurance and his refusal to be bullied by the other jurors make for an exciting and dramatic film. The film features Lee J. Cobb, Ed Begley, E. G. Marshall and Robert Webber.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Here is the life story of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, whose need to paint was exceeded only by his need for love. Kirk Douglas gives a vivid portrayal of an eccentric, tortured personality, supported by Anthony Quinn and Pamela Brown.

THE BACHELOR PARTY (U.A.): Don Murray is a bookkeeper who lives in what he thinks is an average project with an average wife. But all this is changed when he spends an evening with the boys from the office. Don grows up that night and finds that what he has is nothing less than Heaven.

BOY ON A DOLPHIN (20th-Fox): Sophia Loren dives for sponges and discovers a treasure. Her dilemma is whether to give it to archeologist Alan Ladd or charming thief Clifton Webb. Athens and the Aegean Sea serve as beautiful backgrounds.



20th CENTURY-FOX presents

AMERICA'S NEW SINGING STAR IN HIS FIRST MOTION PICTURE!

BERNARDINE

(The dream girl in every fellow's life!)

in CINEMASCOPE

and COLOR by DE LUXE

starring PAT BOONE

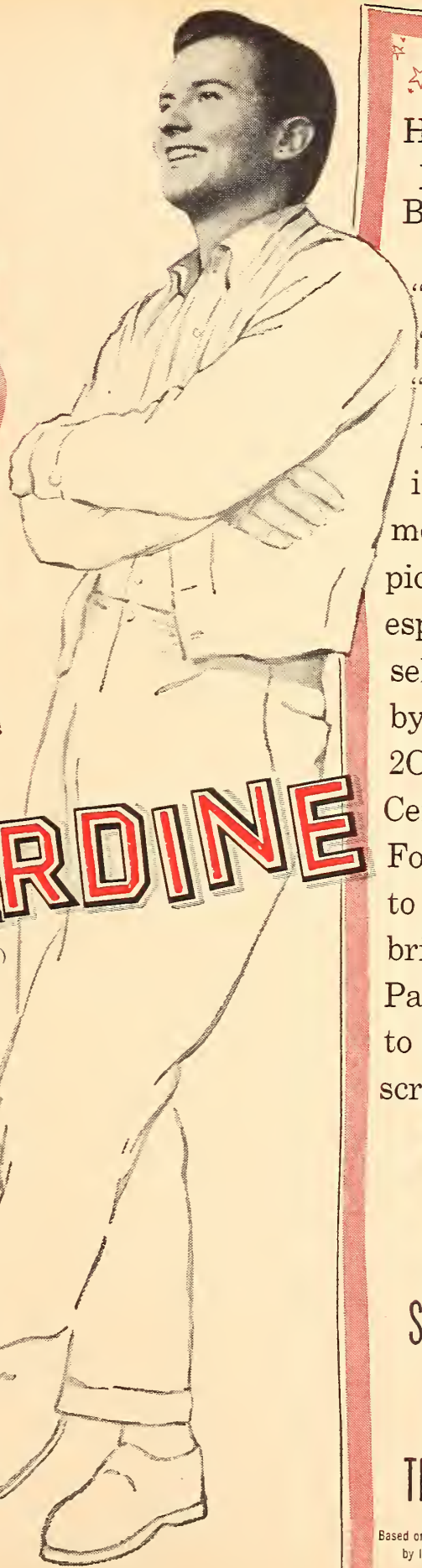
TERRY MOORE

JANET GAYNOR

DEAN JAGGER









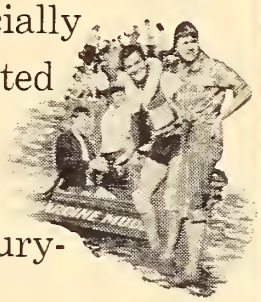
Hear Pat Boone sing...!

"BERNARDINE"

"TECHNIQUE"

"LOVE LETTERS IN THE SAND"

in the motion picture especially selected by 20th Century-Fox to bring Pat Boone to the screen!





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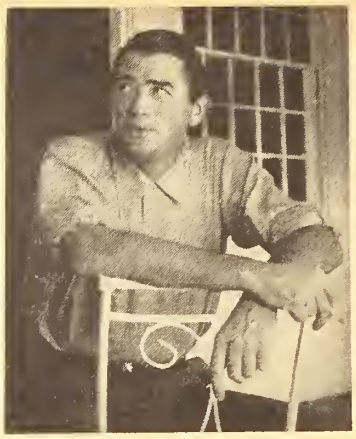
DIRECTED BY

HENRY LEVIN

SCREENPLAY BY

THEODORE REEVES

Based on a play written by MARY CHASE and produced by IRVING L. JACOBS and GUNTHRIE McCLINTIC





It was Alan's hardware store that really outdid Mr. Peck.

WHO WON THE GIN RUMMY GAME?

■ Hollywood is saying that Gregory Peck outfitted that kitchen in his new house for free. Or, to put it another way, he won it—in a gin rummy game with Alan Ladd.

But Alan isn't the Ladd to cry about gambling away the profits from his handsome, all-glass-front hardware store on Palm Spring's main drag, Palm Canyon Drive. There may even have been a method to his madness, when all the facts are known.

It was like this. Greg Peck was at the Ladds' house one night. To pass a few amiable hours, he and Alan got into a gin rummy game. It wound up a few hours later with Greg the winner by about $100.

Not happy about having won from his host, Greg said, "Look, I'll take out the hundred in pots and pans from your store."

Alan grinned and said that was fine.

The next morning Gregory appeared at the shining, modern hardware emporium and Alan was there to greet him. Before you could say *gin!* Greg had selected a good hundred dollars' worth of cooking utensils.

But he didn't stop there.

With Greg, gadgets are a worse fever than gambling. "I just go wild" he admits. So he kept right on collecting.

A popcorn maker he couldn't resist.

And a new type, shiny waffle iron seemed necessary.

Even an ice freezing unit he had to have.

Then of course there are those marvelous electric frying pans. He got an extra one to reserve just for making his eggs, exactly the way he likes them. Well, by the time Greg came to, he had $400 worth of merchandise, over and above the original $100 worth of pots and pans that came free!

Alan Ladd grinned. He said to Greg, "Tell you what I'm going to do, pardner. Long as you're such a good customer, I think you're entitled to a discount. Say ten percent?"

So, after examining the facts, it's still a little hard to say who actually won that gin rummy game!

Come to think of it, maybe it was Veronique. Greg's French wife is in love with these shiny, American kitchen gadgets too!

Alan's currently in 20th Century-Fox's Boy On A Dolphin. *He'll soon be seen in Warner Brothers* The Deep Six *and* Guns Of The Timberland. *Gregory Peck is currently in MGM's* Designing Woman. *Watch for him soon in 20th Century-Fox's* The Sound And The Fury *and U.A.'s* Affair Of Honor, Thieves Market *and* The Big Country.

inside story

(Continued from page 4)

Q. I understand that James Cagney has paid for the education of several youngsters who don't know the name of their benefactor. Is this true or publicity?

—H.R., WILMINGTON, DEL.

A. *It's true. Cagney is a kind and generous human being.*

Q. Why is it that Vera Miles won't talk about her first husband? Isn't he the man who first brought her to the attention of Howard Hughes?

—A.N., WICHITA, KAN.

A. *Vera dislikes talking about the unhappy past. Her former husband once worked for Hughes, but did not bring her to Hughes' attention.*

Q. Why does Frank Sinatra want to star in something as sordid as *What Makes Sammy Run?* I think this is the most anti-Hollywood book ever.

—H.T., URBANA, ILL.

A. *Sinatra is sure it will make a fine picture.*

Q. Who sings worse—Jeff Chandler or Jerry Lewis? I've heard them both on records and they're awful. Is Jerry trying to compete with Dean Martin out of jealousy? Or what?

—N.F., AKRON, OHIO

A. *Chandler has more or less retired from singing. Jerry is extremely ambitious. While his voice lacks range, training, and timbre, Jerry is nevertheless able to put a song across. He is not attempting to compete with Dean Martin at all.*

—E.L., NYC.

Q. Isn't Ruth Roman's new husband ten years her junior?

—K.G., REVERE, MASS.

A. *He is younger, but not by ten years.*

Q. Is it true that Peggy King got a divorce because when her husband touched her, she used to break out in skin rashes?

—Y.G., DES MOINES, IOWA.

A. *Not exactly. Peggy says her ex-husband used to drive his auto so fast that it caused her to break out in a skin rash.*

Q. Didn't Sir Laurence Olivier refuse to star in *Separate Tables* because he doesn't like Burt Lancaster?

—E.L., NYC

A. *Olivier gave no reason for his refusal to play the role.*

Q. Has anyone found out where Jean Peters married Howard Hughes?

—T.R., LAS VEGAS, NEV.

A. *Not as yet.*

Q. Did Jean Seberg, the girl who plays *St. Joan,* really say that "In Paris when a girl does not know love by the time she is twenty, it means one of three things: she is not pretty, she has led too sheltered a life, or she is a Communist?"

—H.T., AMES, IOWA.

A. *The remark was made by Francoise Sagan, authoress of* Bonjour Tristesse *in which Jean will star.*

Q. Will you tell me who owns more TV stations: Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, or Jimmy Stewart?

—T.U., DALLAS, TEX.

A. *Crosby; he owns shares of KCOP, Los Angeles; KFEO, St. Jo, Mo.; and KGLC, Miami, Okla.*

Love is a game any number can play... especially in the afternoon...



1. *"How many men in my life before you, Mr. Millionaire? I will itemize them . . .*



2. *"Item 1: a handsome red-headed algebra teacher—who first called me Miss X . . .*



3. *"Item 2: a very sweet boy who is now a missionary in French Equatorial Africa . . .*



4. *"Item 3: a riding instructor—formerly a Cossack. Item 4: an English duke . . .*



5. *"Items 5 through 9 inclusive cover a bicycle tour I took with a group of exchange students . . .*



6. *"Item 10: a businessman from Brussels . . . Item 11: the chauffeur of the businessman . . ."*



In any other city...at any other time... the American millionaire would have known she was only pretending to be as experienced as he was...but this was Paris...in April...in the afternoon!

ALLIED ARTISTS Presents

GARY COOPER
AUDREY HEPBURN
MAURICE CHEVALIER





Produced and Directed by BILLY WILDER

With JOHN McGIVER • Screenplay by BILLY WILDER and I. A. L. DIAMOND • Based on Novel by CLAUDE ANET • Musical Adaptation by FRANZ WAXMAN

Eartha Kitt's chic apartment . . . A daughter for Peggy Ann Garner and Albert Salmi . . . Eileen Heckart's good fortune . . . Bert Lahr and the cigarette habit are part of this month's

TV TALK



Eartha Kitt's got herself a duplex apartment. Living with her are her three pets: a Siamese, Persian and an alley cat.



Bert Lahr is trying mighty hard to cut dow on his smoking. He's got quite a few lou lines in his new play and needs his voic

Eartha Kitt's new apartment—still in the throes of being redecorated—is going to be one of the most attractive small homes in New York's chic upper East Side. It's a duplex right off Central Park that takes up the ground floor and basement of a five-story building. That's right—the basement. In fact, Eartha's downstairs—which include her bedroom, an office, and two bathrooms—is completely windowless! Another distinction is the fact that there is no way you could tell it was a woman's apartment except in the bedroom. All the other rooms are comfortable and stylish—but with no feminine frills. In the bedroom, however, Eartha went all out for femininity. It's pink all over—carpeting, walls, bedspreads—and full of mirrors and glass shelves. There is one thing that holds the downstairs and the upstairs (two living rooms, a long white kitchen, and a tiny breakfast nook) together. They both feature pictures of Eartha Kitt. She has a pastel portrait of herself in the small front living room upstairs; a huge oil done in Paris over the mantel in the large living room; another oil in the hall downstairs—along with her plaques and awards and citations—and a gigantic silhouette of her profile on the bedroom wall. Eartha's fond of other kinds of pictures, too; she belongs to that school of decorating that calls for many pictures of many shapes and sizes on one wall together, and she has hung at least twelve over her long, low couch in the big room upstairs and just as many more on the wall of the inside stairway. It's no wonder, incidentally, that Eartha could play a cat in *Shinbone Alley* on Broadway. She lives with three of them, a Siamese, a Persian, and a plain old-fashioned alley . . . Speaking of portraits, **Bert Lahr** is terribly fond of one of his in costume for the years-ago hit *DuBarry Was A Lady;* it goes where Lahr goes. When he moved into his dressing room in the theater where *Hotel Paradiso* is playing, it went right up on the wall first thing. Lahr is trying mightily, by the way, to cut down on his smoking—partly because he has so many lines, and loud ones, in this farce hit—and he's made a pact with himself not to pull out a cigarette until two o'clock in the afternoon. Needless to say, he spends the hour from one to two looking at his watch . . . **Albert Salmi** was just like every other Proud Papa when wife **Peggy Ann Garner** presented him with a baby girl. He whipped over to the hospital, camera in hand, and shot rolls of film of the new addition. Then he carried the snapshots around in his pocket, showing them to one and all and riffling through them by himself when no one else was around. Al still looks too young to be a father—partly because his face is boyish and partly because his clothes are more along the casual collegiate lines than anything else—moccasins, no tie, etc. He carries his aversion to formal living to the point of not shaving every day, or even every other day. Al is nearly always with stubble and in need of a shave . . . The reason some actors wear berets is that their heads are cold! Some of them, of course, do it to be French or arty or to look actorish, but many actors who are bald or balding are so used to wearing their toupees that when they take them off they freeze to death. The only thing that keeps them really warm is a beret. So don't think that all berets are pretentious or foreign; some are as necessary as wool gloves . . . **Arlene Francis** not only looks like **Kitty Carlisle;** she sounds like her—the same accent, the exact same warm effusiveness . . . **E. G. Marshall** is a nut about skin-diving. And E. G., by the way, is the subject of conversation at many a show-biz gathering for a couple of reasons: He is widely and extravagantly admired for his acting prowess—and no one knows how old he is. Actors love to sit around and under-estimate their own ages or claim that someone else is fifty-two if he's a day. But when they discuss E.G., they're lost; they haven't the vaguest idea whether he's thirty-five or forty-nine . . . Another TV name who's widely admired in the business is director **Sidney Lumet, Gloria Vanderbilt's** husband. There are some professional observers, in fact, who swear he's the most brilliant director in TV—and, now that he's made the movie *Twelve Angry Men,* one of the better movie men. One thing we know Sidney's done, in his non-professional life, is bequeath his old psychiatrist to his ne wife. Sidney is through with his analysis, bu Gloria is still in the middle of hers . . . **Be Lillie,** in spite of her title of Lady Peel, is on of those frightfully informal characters—a ways ready for a party, and always ready t go on to another. But she believes in living i style. Informal as "Auntie Bea" may be, sh rides in a limousine. And it's not just a lim ousine of the hired variety; it's Lady Peel' the chauffeur is Lady Peel's, and the interio decor of the car is a wonderful shade of Vic torian lavender. Even when Bea whips over t a saloon way over on the not-so-chic We Side, she goes in regal style . . . Bea is a bus artist, too. She draws and paints like mac Charcoal, oils, water colors—you name 'em, Be does 'em . . . We bet you don't know the grou of people who make the best baby sitters i the world. It's not grandmothers or maide aunts. It's actors! Actors have one giganti advantage over every other known baby sitter they don't have to go to bed early. They ar perfectly willing to sit up until midnight o one or two a.m. So many actors are unem ployed to start with that they're grateful fo the dough. And even if they're working, the never have to be at a rehearsal at eight the fo lowing morning. Actors, as a class, also have casual attitude about sleeping hours; the figure that if they don't sleep tonight, the can sleep tomorrow night. No other baby sitte can make that claim . . . Everyone who love **Eileen Heckart**—and who doesn't?—is sti smiling over her current happiness. Not only i she a high-priced, sought-after TV and movi actress, she's also a happy wife and mothe Those who knew her *Way Back When* remem ber that Hecky's career was so slow movin it seemed to be made of molasses. And he then-childless marriage was rocking. Toda Hecky is not only an accepted actress but woman with a happy husband and two won derful children . . . **Mary Healy** and **Pete Lind Hayes** own what is probably the bigges console television set in captivity, and to to that they've rigged up a loudspeaker system al over their house so that they can hear T no matter where they are.



YOU CAN TRUST BURT LANCASTER!

In the days of vaudeville, Burt Lancaster and Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard were playing the same theater, Burt as an acrobat; Harriet as a singer with husband Ozzie's band.

One matinee Burt's high-wire equipment snafued. It had to be replaced, but Burt was broke. It looked like his career might be stymied, right there. But show business people take care of their own, when they can.

Ozzie and Harriet knew of Burt's predicament, and he didn't have to ask. They offered to lend him the $1,000 he needed to replace that high wire equipment. It was a big piece of change to Burt in those days—$1,000. But he accepted gladly, with no misgivings. Because he knew he'd pay it back!

Over a period of several years, Ozzie and Harriet would receive envelopes from various spots in the country. There'd be money in the envelopes—ten, twenty, maybe even fifty dollars at a time.

The Nelsons never kept count of the money they'd get from time to time from that acrobat, Burt Lancaster. But Burt did, scrupulously.

One night they met again; they were playing the same town together. Burt came over to the table where Ozzie and Harriet were having dinner between shows. He flashed his white-toothed grin and put twenty-five dollars on their table.

"This," Burt told them, "pays me off." And then, by way of proof, he pulled out a well thumbed little notebook. In it, were itemized all the payments he had made on the $1,000 loan.

"Thanks," Burt continued to grin. And, holding out the little book, he said to Ozzie, "Will you mark it *paid* please?"

Watch for Burt in U.A.'s Sweet Smell Of Success.



Unretouched photo of Jan Rylander, St. James, L. I. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: Left side of Jan's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results show New Woodbury, with its curl-keeping ingredient, holds waves best. Protects hair from drying out — leaves it shiny-clean, without dulling soap film.

Costs *less* than other leading brands. And right now, for a limited time, the big $1 size is only 59¢. If you don't agree Woodbury is the finest shampoo you ever tried, we'll return your money.

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER



HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

He's yours, and you *know* it. It's love, and you *show* it. What fabulous fun, being female, at a time like this! Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO... the deodorant that drives away odor... dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

Veto
deodorant

VETO is for you in more ways than one



Cream



Spray



Stick



Aerosol Mist

One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!

the HARRY BELAFONTE STORY

PART II

by Kirtley Baskette

■ Those were the headlines the world digested with its morning coffee.

Those were the headlines read one morning last April by a young bride and her new husband, a man who had—at last—found a work to fill his soul with and a dignity . . . a place to go and a job to do. That had been the first victory.

And one other thing Harry Belafonte found when he married Julie Robinson, and perhaps that was the best thing of all: he found an end, an end to the aloneness of being always a stranger in a foreign land. That was the second battle fought and won . . .

The first victory took thirty years to win. The struggle for that victory started the day Harry Belafonte was born thirty years ago, of a mother who remembered her childhood on the island of Jamaica and a father who still roamed the seven seas as a merchant mariner—looking for something better than the Harlem tenement that was all he could give to his family. There was one other thing Harry was born of, and it was what made him a man with a cause: he had two white grandparents, and Harry was to show this white world of which he also was a part, that the Negro in him was (*Continued on page 90*)

BELAFONTE SECRETLY MARRIED!

"MARRIED A MONTH" SINGER ADMITS

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In a surprise announcement, singer Harry Belafonte disclosed his marriage to dancer Julie Robinson. "We were married a month ago," the popular calypso singer said, when



Singer Harry Belafonte and his bride, dancer Julie Robinson, smile happily after disclosing that they had been married secretly at Tecate, Mexico, March 8. They are shown in the singer's dressing room at a night club where Belafonte is appearing. His wife was a dancer with Katherine Dunham negro troupe for six years.

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< Shirley before she retired... Shirley today >

shirley temple returns!

by Louella Parsons





The youngest of Little Miss Marker's brood is baby Laurie. Then there's Linda Susan, husband Charles, and young Charles Jr.

■ As she entered ROMANOFF's, I looked quickly around the room to see if any among the chatting luncheon crowd recognized what had once been the most famous little girl's face in the world. Except for the quick glances of admiration from the men and examination from the women that usually follow the progress of a pretty woman across a room—none did.

But, drawing close to our booth, with those famed dimples springing into view as I held out both hands to her, her face seemed dear and reminiscent to me.

For this smiling, well groomed young matron with her dark hair and dark eyes whose quiet good grooming marked her as more of San Francisco than of Hollywood, was Shirley Temple!

I suppose I should say, she is Mrs. Charles Black. For, even though the week's newspapers had carried the exciting news items that Shirley Temple was coming out of long retirement to narrate a series of fairy tales for TV and this was the direct reason for our meeting, you realize immediately that no matter how much success the future holds for her, here is a happy wife and a devoted mother first and last.

That is what made me ask so quickly after the affectionate greetings and the ordering of lunch was out of the way, "Shirley, I thought—and so did the world—that you were permanently through with show business. What made you change your mind?"

Just as she used to do when she was a child and was careful to consider questions before she answered them, she put her head on the side and patted the soft-curling hair, once golden blonde, now 'naturally' dark. In fact, I had caught her at the beauty parlor on one of her quick trips to visit her parents in Hollywood and within a few hours she would be planing back to her home in Atherton, California. (*Continued on page* 77)

For Shirley's Life at a Glance, Please Turn Page ➔






Tiny Shirley Temple smiled and danced and sang her way into the hearts of America before she was five years old. Her greatest early triumph was in LITTLE MISS MARKER, *with Adolph Menjou. As a teenager, she was more popular than ever with movie-goers—as the ideal "kid sister"—with servicemen as their favorite date.*

Shirley's life at a glance




Love came to Shirley when she was sixteen and she married handsome Sergeant John Agar. In 1948, she gave birth to a lovely daughter, Linda Susan Agar. Two years later the entire country was shocked at Shirley and John's divorce.





In 1950, Shirley met Charles Black in Honolulu. They fell in love at first sight, and soon were married. Shirley gave up her career, saying "My only contract is my marriage contract." They have two children, a little boy, Charles Alden Black, Jr. (shown with Linda Susan in the photo) and a little girl, Laurie Alden.

Young Lovers:

LOVE CAN BE SHY AND HESITANT  AND TENDER

LOVE  CAN BE STEADFAST AND SECURE AND SATISFYING

LOVE CAN BE MIRACULOUS AND EXCITING AND  HEAVENLY

LOVE CAN BE CRAZY AND  ADVENTUROUS AND LOTS OF FUN

LOVE CAN BE THIS SECOND AND TOMORROW  AND FOREVER

LOVE'S favorite season is summer, the time of warmth and blooming. And in Hollywood, as in every other city and town in the United States, LOVE is working its magic on all who are ready and willing and eager to receive it.

On the following ten pages, Modern Screen follows LOVE on its marvelous route: watches LOVE flit playfully about a young couple on their first date, watches LOVE stop a while to pay court to two "old friends," watches LOVE visit two people who have been transformed by its power, watches LOVE attend the wedding and honeymoon of a couple of its favorites, watches LOVE pay a call on two "recently-married" youngsters.

LOVE'S ways are amazing. Come, watch them with us. →

ben cooper & jill corey / first date

"they met, had fun, and liked each other—very much!"



■ He had a thirteen-day furlough from the army and a longing to take out Jill Corey, the new singing star of *Your Hit Parade*. He phoned. She was rehearsing for a *Climax!* television show. Her first free time was the last night of his furlough. Still, he was thrilled. He was waiting at CBS Television City before the show went off the air, planning to spend his fortune—he gets $68 a month take-home pay as a private—on the girl of his dreams. But the girl appeared and said *no*. "Stay on your budget!" So they went to KELBO's, his favorite restaurant anyway, and had a dinner for two that came to a big three dollars. And drank a flaming punch that went for another dollar. Then they flew home to see Jill on television. A kinescope of *Climax!* is broadcast in Los Angeles just two hours after the show's finished, that's how. Jill hated herself in her dramatic debut, kept moaning "I'm terrible!" But Ben thought she was great. They looked for a shooting gallery so Ben could show off: he won a marksmanship medal in the army. But they couldn't find an indoor gallery anywhere, and the beach was too wild and windy that night. They wound up at the OLD TIME MOVIES on Fairfax Avenue, studying how some earlier stars had handled their first acting chances. Then back to Jill's for coffee, conversation, a little dancing, a kiss. It was a first date to remember. There was fun in it, and a promise for the future.











Private Ben took Jill for a Hawaiian dinner at KELBO'S, *wound up the meal with flaming fruit punch. Next stop was Jill's place to see Jill on* TV, *via kinescope. Later the kids took in old-time movies—including Gary Cooper's first starrer, an old Colleen Moore picture, and even an early Hedda Hopper.*

Back at Jill's for some music to dance to—courtesy of the radio—and then a cup of coffee. Ben volunteered for KP, or at least he helped clear off the coffee things and dry dishes. At one point even dried Jill. A kiss good night and promises to write each other wound up this marvelous evening. Total cost: $5.00.





Typical Nader-Hyer date. George played with Martha's dogs, while she finished readying-up. Then they got into his new Thunderbird, headed for Beverly Hills.



george nader & martha hyer / steady date

"They play and dream and plan together!"

They're a steady date, which doesn't exactly mean they go steady. Since his romance with Dani Crayne was buried under an excess of publicity, Nader's been careful about tying himself down. But no matter how many ladies he sees, he keeps coming back to Martha Hyer, and if you want to put a romantic interpretation on that, go ahead. It's a sure thing that George and Martha are good companions, solid friends, feel easy with each other. They play and dream and plan together. Less satisfying relationships have flowered into love . . . why not this one? In any case, to get right down to brass tacks, George is a middle-of-the-road type of spender, when it comes to dating. He doesn't travel the chi-chi route—ROMANOFF'S and caviar and bring-us-more-champagne—but neither does he expect a girl to be thrilled over a drive-in movie and a hot dog. The night we trailed him and Martha, he called for her early in a brand-new Thunderbird. George took her to FRASCATI'S, where dinner for two with one drink apiece and a bottle of wine came to $12. Later, they visited the CABARET CONCERT THEATRE. Admission for two came to $4.80, and coffee and cheese muffins accounted for $2.40 more. Cost of evening: $19.20. No charge for: spring night, laughs, a tender good-night kiss.



FRASCATI'S *features Belgian food, good wine, strolling musicians. Later, they window-shopped on Wilshire Boulevard.*







Catching the show at the CABARET CONCERT THEATRE. *George and Martha toast Harold Lloyd, Jr., whose act is featured in the tiny showplace on Sunset Boulevard. Lloyd's the one behind that clown make-up. Later, a slow drive home, a long walk in the spring night, and a farewell kiss at two-thirty a.m. The perfect evening, and it set George back exactly $19.20.*



richard egan & pat hardy | almost engaged

"they share the wonderful miracle of love!"







■ The feeling is that they'll marry, Dick Egan and Pat Hardy. Surely they're in love. But Egan's a man made cautious by many failures. Nothing good has ever happened to him fast, so he bides his time. He came to Hollywood eight years ago, believing in miracles. He'd been told he looked like Clark Gable; he felt he was a great actor; the studios would feel plenty lucky to get him. Four screen tests later, he was nowhere. MGM turned him down flat. So did WARNERS. Still reckless, he dared to fall in love, and reaped more heartache. Ann Sothern was ten years older, ten years wiser, of a different faith. She sent him on his way, at what cost to herself nobody knows. The effect on Egan was apparent. He seemed afraid to cast a serious glance at another woman. Even when his career began to flourish, when he could have afforded a wife, he made no move in that direction. Determined to be a man-about-town, he was seen with Lori Nelson, Susan Hunter, Vivian Gray, Jean Moir, Valerie Allen, Carol Groat. He insisted that he was "bewitched" by all of them. But, somehow, as a playboy, he wasn't particularly convincing. At thirty-five, he's no kid, to be set aquiver by a new flavor of lipstick. Deeply religious, with much family feeling—he still lives at home—he's a good bet for the altar. A girl just had to come along who could wait him out. That girl, we make bold to say, is Pat Hardy. We'll go even farther, and make even bolder. The miracles that Egan believed in eight years ago, he's beginning to believe in all over again. Especially the miracle of love. He and Pat still haven't put it into words. "We're both free to see anyone we want," she says, cool and unconcerned. And then her eyes soften, and she smiles. "It's just there's nobody else we want to see." For six months now, neither Pat nor Dick has had an "outside date," and marriage, as a topic, crops up with strange frequency in their conversation, considering the fact that both of 'em claim they're not ready to indulge. Pat talks of her career in television—"I'm making (*Continued on page* 81)



"We found our gold at rainbow's end—our wedding ring!"



ursula's diary

Tuesday:
Tonight John said we should get married before he goes to England! "Fine," I said. I tried to sound casual, but it was hard. Diary, I love him so much. John said Nevada was the place we must go for the wedding, because I'm not twenty-one yet. I didn't understand. "Why is it better to be not twenty-one in Nevada than in California?" He laughed at me. "They love juvenile delinquents in Nevada," he said. "Child brides are very big there." I told him I'm not so big. I hit him. He said he will design my ring himself, a surprise. "You can't keep a surprise," I said. I had to tease him, or I would burst from feeling too full, right in the middle of the living room.

Monday (one week later):
He brought the ring! He looked so silly and so dear, standing there all pleased with himself and two hands behind his back. "Guess what kind of ring I've got for you." I guessed gold. "Guess the stones," he said. He's stubborn. I guessed rubies. Wrong. Diamonds? Partly. Sapphires? No. Pearls? No. It took me all evening to figure out the ring, and we never got any dinner, but it was worth it. The ring is two gold bands with jade in the middle and the gold is set with many tiny diamonds. Very beautiful. I started to give John a kiss for every diamond, but after a while I forgot to count. More talk about Nevada. Nevada, yes. Las Vegas, no. John hates Las Vegas. He says it is a phoney town.

Friday:
I have a terrible cold. The plan was to start for Nevada tomorrow night, but now I'm not sure. John says he'll fix everything. John is wonderful, but can he cure the common cold? Today, our first baby arrived. The baby is a snow-white automobile, for the honeymoon. It settled the argument about whether we should go in his truck, or my little (*Continued on page 72*)



we cherish these honeymoon shots we took of each other!









shirley jones & jack cassidy / first year of marriage

"they are more than two people in love—they are one!"



Married life for the Cassidys is calling the folks to come on over for dinner—and hanging curtains. And the excitement of watching TV *... together.*

■ He claims she listens in on the extension phone, and opens his mail when his back is turned. She says you have to put a time bomb in the bed to get him out of it. But in the midst of the laughter, they look at each other and it's a look you trust; it's solid.

Romances are easy, made up of butterfly wings and pink champagne and look-at-me-I'll-waltz-you-to-the-moon. Marriages are harder; they're built of blood and bone and worrying about each other more than about yourself, until part of you becomes part of him, and vice versa. Shirley and Jack's romance has grown into a marriage.

Ask Jack what he likes best about being married and he grins, "Now I don't have to make the bed."

Shirley gives a straighter answer—maybe because for Shirley Jones there was never the kick of table-hopping from romance to romance; her heart always wanted a home—"The security of being with someone you love, and who loves you. The fact that you're able to look ahead to your future with that person, plan on a family—"

For the moment, the Cassidys make do with an apartment on New York's east side, not very different from the apartments of other young newlyweds. The kitchen's full of copper-bottomed pots, toasters and electric broilers which were wedding presents. The kitchen table is one of those long wooden picnic affairs with benches that fit underneath, and Shirley and Jack eat there when they eat alone.

For fancier gatherings, there's the hallway. The hallway's regal, as compared to the homey kitchen. To begin with, its floor has handsome black and white tiling, and there's a bar, and a drop leaf table on which sits the one object of actual magnificence in the Cassidy establishment—a sterling silver tea service, a wedding present from Rodgers and Hammerstein. The drop-leaf table they bought because it opens up to seat twelve.

"If I ever get to cook well enough so we can feed twelve," Mrs. Cassidy wails mournfully.

Her husband leaps to the rescue. "You cook lovely. Aren't I getting fat?"

The object is to fatten Jack up, keep Shirley slender. And it's all Shirley's responsibility in *this* marriage—(*Continued on page 82*)





"when is ELVIS

THE ANSWERS TO 43 OF YOUR



"will they cut

by Judy Spreckels

In the March issue of MODERN SCREEN, featuring my story 'More About Elvis and Me,' I asked you to write me any questions you had and I'd try to answer them. Here are the answers to the questions asked most often—with an assist from El on some of the toughies!



Saundra Knuckles, 8042 Zelzah Ave., Reseda, California.

Q When is Elvis going into the army, and will they cut his hair?

A Only one person can answer this one . . . Uncle Sam. Elvis doesn't know himself. Early in January, Elvis passed his pre-induction physical examination—four days before his twenty-second birthday. Whether he is drafted depends on several factors, the army said, ranging from the draft board's quota—to the number of army volunteers in Memphis. In any case, the call normally wouldn't be likely for six months to a year from the day he was classified 1A—if then. If he is called, he may be assigned to the Navy. One thing you can be sure of: Elvis will do whatever Uncle Sam asks him to, and that goes for having his hair cut—and anything else.



Bea Manning, Star Route, Salamanca, New York.

Q What color is El's hair?

A Brown—almost black when wet.



Violet Geigle, Box 77 Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada.

Q Is Elvis awfully moody and lonesome sometimes?

A Yes, El's moods change frequently, but he is not temperamentally moody. He is often lonesome, though not alone.

Betsy Mordel, Clarinda, Iowa.

Q Do you answer all your mail personally?

A Yes, I have. Though from now on, I'll only be able to answer those letters that enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope—I just get *too much* mail.



Linda G. Macauley, 7457 Sommers Rd. Philadelphia 38, Pennsylvania.

Q What makes El mad?

A El is pretty patient, but he does get angry when he feels he is being picked on unfairly by someone who is uninformed. I remember once how disturbed he was over some writer's criticism about the way his home was furnished, though the writer had never even been inside his home! He holds his temper very well even with antagonistic characters trying to start something, but when pushed too far he has been known to defend his rights with his fists—successfully!

oing into the ARMY?"

ERSONAL QUESTIONS ON ELVIS

is HAIR?"



larialana Rensch, Crooked Lake 7503, Angola, Indiana.

I have seen pictures of the back of lvis' head and I never saw his hair mbed into a *duck tail*—does he have a *uck tail* haircut?

No.



acia Catagnus, 3217 W. Mt. Kirk e., Norristown, Pennsylvania.

Is Elvis conceited?

No, he is modest and unassuming.

Mrs. W. A. Gibbons, Wolfcreek, Ore.

Q What are El's favorite colors for his shirts, coats, and trousers?

A El's taste in colors frequently changes. Pink and black are two of his favorites. He generally wears dark trousers and colorful coats and shirts.



Estelle Senator, 7813 Gilbert St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Q Is Elvis really better looking in person than on film?

A In my opinion, he is.

Connie Counsel, Walnut Creek, California.

Q Do you think El is handsome?

A *Very* handsome.

Marcia Rawlins, Glendale, Arizona.

Q What was Elvis' favorite subject in school?

A English.



Mary Ann Ramirez, 1349 N. Walnut St., San Carlos, California.

Q Does Elvis have a temper?

A Yes, everyone does, but El is generally mild tempered and seldom flares up.



Susie Rosenauer, 2618 Faroan St., St. Joseph, Missouri.

Q Does Elvis cuss or swear?

A I have never heard El take the name of the Lord in vain, and I have heard him strongly object when others have done so—or used four-letter words.

(continued on following page)



"what type of

43 QUESTIONS *Continued*



Jane Morgan, Box 510, Brunswick, Ga.

Q Do you think Elvis works too hard? Does he rest enough?

A I think El works very hard and is very restless, but I believe that in the long run, he gets enough rest.



Sonya Snellgrove, Rt. #2, New Brockton, Alabama.

Q Is there a record of Elvis talking?

A Yes; if you didn't get it when it came out on the stands, you can get it through the Elvis Presley Fan Club, Box 94, Hollywood, Cal. Or write: Elvis Presley, c/o Rainbow Records, 4335 West 147th St., Lawndale, Cal., and enclose 50¢. He also does some talking on the record, "That's When Your Heartaches Begin."

Maria Rafael, Mexico, DF.

Q I have read some of the terrible things Elvis Presley has said and done. Why do you defend him?

A I defend him because he is my friend, and because he has seldom said or done the bad things that have been attributed to him—those quotes are mostly the work of someone who just plays with words. I *know* El and I judge the truths and lies that I read from my knowledge of the man, not from the printed words of a stranger. I defend El because he has never done anything to make me ashamed of him or to make me regret being his friend.



Beverly Williams, 3686 E. 25th Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Q What is El's favorite record of his own?

A The last time I asked him he said his favorite was "I Was The One," and I know he also likes "Trying To Get To You" especially well. At the rate he's making records though, his favorite is liable to change at any time.

Andy Watson, Norwalk, Connecticut.

Q What is your favorite record of Elvis'?

A I like almost all of them, especially "I Was The One," "Paralysed" and "All Shook Up."



Joyce Gentry, RR #1, Box 36- O'Fallon, Missouri.

Q Does Elvis act any different sinc being in Hollywood with the mov stars?

A Not toward me. He is still sof spoken, shy, and very polite wit strangers. And from my observations, he still kind, natural and fun-loving.



Arlene Kelly, 4049 Teesdale S Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Q Does Elvis like cats and dogs?

A Yes.

Jackie Edwards, Valdese, N. Carolina.

Q For Elvis to date me, would I ha to be sophisticated?

A Elvis seems more comfortable arou natural girls who enjoy movies and r ords rather than fancy parties.

GIRL does EL prefer?"



e Stevens, Rt. =1, Elba Alabama.
How can I start a fan club for Elvis?
If you don't want to join a club
's already in existence, gather your
nds together and organize yourselves,
se your rules, elect your officers, de-
e on your goals.



nette Fountain, 21 North Ave., rlington, Vermont.
Is it true that Elvis likes to speed,
l that his frends won't ride with him?
No, his friends *do* ride with him.
e found him to be a safe, careful
ver. And when I drive *he* insists that
on't go too fast. Neither of us is tired
living yet!

rbie Wayne, Cairo, Illinois.
Does Elvis bite his nails?
Yes.

Micki Dale, Adrian, Michigan.
Q Does Elvis read his fan mail?
A It would be absolutely impossible for Elvis to read all his mail, even if he had nothing else to do. He does read as much of it as he has time for—but he is just as grateful to the writers of every single letter that he doesn't get to read, as the few that he does.

Jill Ott, Wilmington, Delaware.
Q Is Elvis extravagant?
A I find El to be very generous but extravagant only where cars are concerned.



Dolores Smutek, P. O. Box 251, Russelton, Pennsylvania.
Q Does Elvis like horses?
A Yes, El likes to ride horseback, and he likes to go fast when he does.

Gloria Anne Forney, Battle Creek, Mich.
Q Does Elvis get upset when magazines print things that are untrue about him?
A Elvis is a sensitive boy. He knows that writers have to make a living, but it hurts him to read lies, innuendos, and half-truths about himself. He feels badly when people pick on teenagers as a group, just because they like him.



Joyce Hohlt, 9638 Pine Lake Dr., Houston, Texas.
Q In your opinion, what type of girl does El prefer?
A I have noticed that El likes girls who are honest—not putting on an act to impress him; well-mannered—not loud or trying to attract attention; and neat.



Jean Seiders, McConnellsburg, Pa.
Q Does Elvis really have holes in his face and pimples?
A I never noticed any holes in El's face, but in some very close-up pictures there appear to be some. These do not really appear in person. Some pictures have these holes because when you enlarge a picture a great amount, everyone appears to have holes in the skin. I've never seen any pimples on El's face, though he occasionally gets a rash from sweets or a crazy diet. *(Continued on page 62)*

The heartbreaking story of...

why LANA left LEX

by Florence Nilres

■ The cab went careening through the heavy traffic, the way Hollywood cabs do. The man's face, turned toward the woman, had the kind of look that says *I wish I could think of something to say to make it easier.* The woman just sat there, the tears following each other down her cheeks.

"Lana," Stephen Crane said, "Lana, all kids run away from home. It doesn't mean anything."

Lana Turner didn't answer; she didn't even hear him.

Like throwing a pebble in a pool, she was thinking. *It falls into one little spot and the waves start rippling out farther and farther and you can't even imagine how far away the water is going to be disturbed by that one pebble.*

Lex and I separate, she thought, *we're the only people who should feel it, and the next thing I know, everybody's life is all jumbled up . . .*

Like Cheryl's life . . .

"Lana," Stephen tried to get through to her, "She's my daughter too. I was scared stiff too, wondering where she was. But it's not your fault!"

It's not your fault . . . it's not your fault.

The words echoed and echoed and echoed. Back to the other times she had heard them.

"But it *is* my fault," she cried, and at last the storm of grief was let loose and heavy sobs broke through . . . through the wall of control she had built to hide her despair.

"Everything's my fault," she sobbed, her head buried on the broad shoulder of this man who had once been her husband and was the father of the only child she had ever borne.

"If Cheryl runs away from home because she's too miserable to do anything else," she said, the words hurting as much now as the first time she had thought them, "then it's *my* fault. I'm her mother . . ."

She couldn't say the other words that had been ripping her apart— *And if I can't give Lex a child, then that's my fault, too . . .*

"Darling, darling. It's not your fault," Lex had said that day she had lain in the hospital, just after she had lost their baby.

He had walked in and the look on his face, the look (*Continued on page 69*)

What caused the failure of one of Hollywood's "happiest" marriages?





"I'M

JOHNNY SAXON *confesses:*

MY OWN

"I botch myself up

WORST

and really goof."

ENEMY"

■ "I'm my own worst enemy!" says Johnny Saxon.

And that sentence is the give-away—to just about everything that makes Johnny tick . . . and makes it so tough for him to go, man, go. For instance . . .

On his last trip home to Brooklyn, John Saxon bumped into a girl he'd known way back in JOHN J. PERSHING JUNIOR HIGH. After some *remember whens* she asked him, "What are you doing now? Hollywood grabbed you yet?"

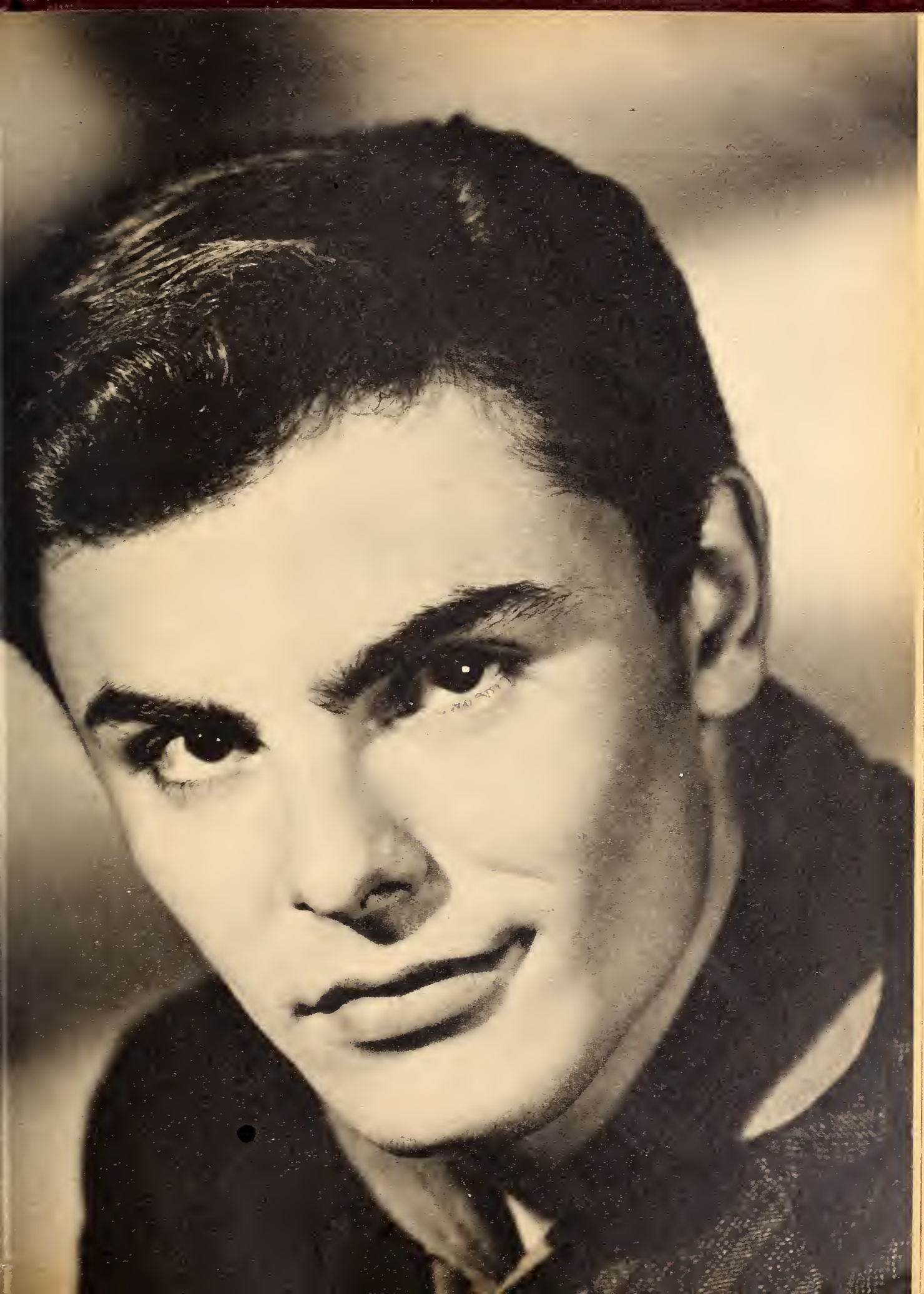
She was only kidding, but the truth of the matter was that Johnny Saxon had already made two hit pictures in Hollywood and was set to star in his third. At that point he was on a personal appearance tour with *Rock, Pretty Baby*. He had a right to bask in a little glory. Instead he ducked.

"N-a-a-ah," he shrugged. "I'm not for that stuff." And there was a lost look around his eyes, because he meant it. Meant it just the way it sounded . . . like he wanted it, and badly.

And today, it's still true, because the shy Adonis with the Roman coin profile is still not for Hollywood. Particularly the big treatment. More than once, during his amazing rise this past year in the business of movie-making, Johnny *has* goofed—rather painfully, for himself and others.

On that tour for instance, he was booked to appear at a teenage country club in New Orleans. As the junior Thunderbird Set gathered to inspect him—a kid who'd slugged up from Brooklyn—Johnny felt like a freak in a sideshow.

What am I doing here? he asked himself; and the answer came back, *Nothing*. So he sat silently amid the glamour, then got up, bowed and walked away. In Houston, Texas, his last stop, a disk jockey introduced him to a crowd, then left him on his own with "Here he is, Kids. Ask him questions!" Johnny had weathered nine such quizzes in the past three days. He felt his temper rise. (*Continued on page 86*)



very practical

DODO'S summer wardrobe



by PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

■ Doris Day has long been recognized as one of Hollywood's best-dressed women.

Edith Head, moviedom's top fashion expert and six-time *Academy Award* winner, insists, "I've never met anyone more interested in clothes, more capable of picking what's right for her, more practical in her selections—and less interested in general trends than Doris!"

In choosing her wardrobe, Doris follows this set of rules:

Doris buys clothes that *she* likes, and husband Marty likes too, of course, Not *what's the current fashion*, but *do I really like it?* That's the first thing. A few weeks ago, when a representative from an organization for the blind came to Doris' house to sell her magazine subscriptions, Doris ordered one national magazine, two home magazines, and one movie fan book. "Aren't you interested in fashions?" the astonished saleswoman asked her.

"Interested, yes. But I never look at fashion books," Doris smiled.

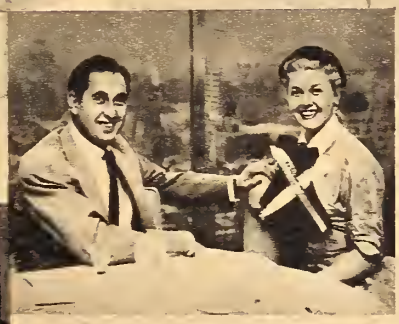
She doesn't go in for the latest trend—her dresses never attract the attention that a professional model's wardrobe would get. But neither does her wardrobe go out of style at the end of the season! Believe it or not, a great percentage of what's on Miss Day's back today was purchased as far back as six and seven years ago! With only the hemlines altered from time to time.

Item number two is simplicity of style. "I look for *fabrics* that are attention-getters," says Doris, and she's forever looking for new materials.

For instance: where did she spend her clothes-hunting time while on her last trip to Europe? At the Diors, Balmain, and Balenciaga fashion shows? Not on your life! She covered the fabric houses. As a result she came back to Hollywood with nearly thirty yards of exquisite materials for this summer's wardrobe . . . a pale blue shantung with white flowery imprints from Rodier in Paris made a short summer evening dress; a light beige wool from London's Asher Ltd. she had tailored into a travel suit, and a soft-pink chiffon was designed into a tight-bodiced, v-necked gown (*Continued on page 74*)



huge purses



no bows



short evening gowns



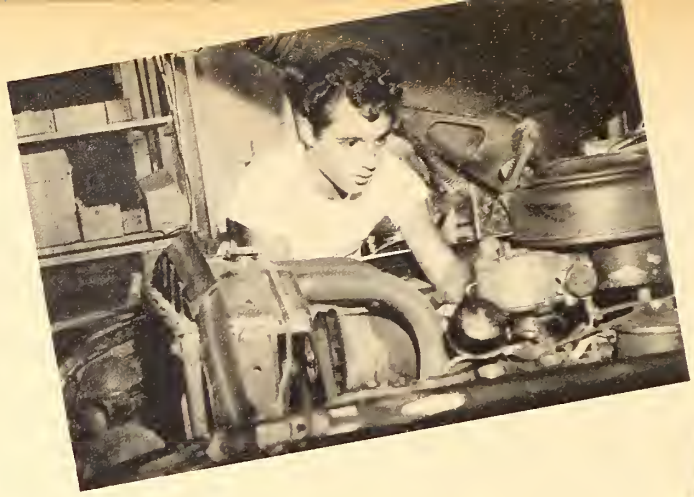
one color



$-saving alterations

all for











"this was my

SAL MINEO

■ Next to the Mineo house in the Bronx is a small piece of lawn where Sal and his buddies gather on a sunny day to sit in garden chairs and look out to Long Island sound or watch the cars go by on the main highway nearby.

One day a car stalled on the main road. Sal and his buddies were quick to observe that the passengers were three pretty girls.

Sir Sal Mineo, who likes nothing better than to tinker with engines, was johnny-on-the-spot.

"Can I help? I'm a mechanic," he said without batting an eyelash. He ran an experienced eye over the engine. Then Sal shook his head sadly, "Lucky we're here. Your car was about to explode."

"Oh dear," the pretty blonde wailed.

"Just relax. We'll have it fixed in no time." In the half hour the boys took to repair the damage which might have been fixed in ten minutes—since nothing too serious was wrong—there was enough conversation back and forth to result in the girls giving out with their phone numbers for a possible date. And Sal was feeling mighty pleased.

Then the pretty blonde said, "You talk so well. You must be something more than a mechanic."

"Nope," said Sal, "just a poor but honest mechanic."

As the girls piled into their car, the cute blonde said she'd be looking forward to Sal's call.

The car started like a breeze. "You're a wonderful mechanic," the blonde smiled. And then she added, just as they pulled away, "You're a wonderful actor too. We've just come from seeing your picture."

Leaving Sal on the road staring at her phone number regretfully. "I thought I was so funny, but she was smarter. How can you call a girl after that? The laugh was on me!"

BARBARA STANWYCK

■ To Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck is *The Queen.* Gaffers, electricians, and stagehands consider her the nicest, friendliest, and least temperamental actress in town.

But Barbara can still remember the one and only time she ever tried to pull her rank as a *real* movie queen —until a private detective changed her mind.

It happened several years ago when her stardom was newly minted. She was to play the part of a very rich woman, and among the items on her costume chart was listed: *one diamond necklace; value:* $50,000.

"We'll use a paste imitation necklace, of course," the director said to her.

"No."

"What?"

"Rich women wear real diamonds. And I feel it would only be right for me to do the same."

"But . . ." He tried to argue. She refused to listen. In the end he rented a diamond necklace—worth $50,000—from Hollywood's most expensive jeweler. Barbara smiled triumphantly.

BARBARA STANWYCK,

CARY GRANT, JACKIE GLEASON

and SAL MINEO declare:

Zany-est Adventure!"

About noon on the first day of shooting, Barbara left the set for the ladies lounge. As she started along the studio street she was joined by a heavy-set man with a pistol strapped to his waist and a pair of handcuffs sticking out of his shirt pocket.

"I gotta go with you," he said. "The insurance company hired me to go where that necklace goes. *Everywhere* it goes."

They reached the door of the lounge. Barbara smiled. "I can wash my face by myself," she said.

"Uh-uh," he said. "Not with that necklace around your neck you can't."

"But. . . ."

"I go where that necklace goes."

For the next two days the private detective went to lunch with the necklace, to wardrobe with the necklace, and to Barbara's dressing room with the necklace.

The final straw came one day when she tried to take a nap before a difficult emotional scene.

"Don't mind me, lady," the detective said following her to her dressing room and settling down in the club chair. And again he repeated, "I go where the necklace goes."

Barbara tried to sleep.

The chair squeaked.

She tried again.

The chair creaked.

She sat up and unhooked the necklace.

Then she walked to the set and handed it to the very surprised and very happy director.

Laughing at herself, she said, "I guess a paste imitation will do."

CARY GRANT

■ Cary Grant has a most unique distinction.

He is the only person in Hollywood who has a framed copy of his own obituary.

It happened fifteen years ago. Cary and Howard Hughes, the owner of HUGHES AIRCRAFT, were flying across Texas in Hughes' private plane. They were tentatively expected to land at an airfield in Texas, but the day was warm, the clouds were high in the sky, and they had a brisk tailwind.

"Let's go to Mexico," Hughes suddenly said.

"Okay," Cary answered.

Whistling along happily they landed in Nogales, had dinner at a cafe, made a few telephone calls, and went farther south the next day to visit some friends.

Returning to their airplane a day later, they stopped again for lunch in Nogales. Cary idly picked up a Spanish newspaper.

The headlines read:

SENORES HUGHES Y GRANT
CREYENDO MUERTO

Cary choked on his coffee and grabbed the first Mexican who could speak English. Cary had guessed right: the headline said he was dead!

It seems that the Texas airfield had quite definitely expected them. When they didn't arrive, an overenthusiastic press agent sent the news charging across the country's newspapers. For two days planes had been scouring the desert for them, and they were presumed to have come to a fiery end. Already the newspapers were talking about the *tragic loss.*

The copy of that newspaper is slightly yellowed now, but Cary still has it. When he is discouraged about the way things are going, Cary grins wryly and re-reads the news of his own obituary. The premature news of his death in the desert is a reminder that things could definitely be worse—much worse!

JACKIE GLEASON

■ Jackie Gleason pulled a boner at the swank WALDORF ASTORIA in New York City.

Booked for a benefit there, the entertainer was warmly welcomed by a committee upon his arrival. The applause was deafening as Gleason made his way to the stage. Pleased by the enthusiastic reception, Jackie really outdid himself that night. He not only exhausted his repertoire, but improvised extra bits of nonsense for his audience's enjoyment.

Finally, after receiving a tremendous ovation, Gleason tore himself away—to a telephone, to crow to his manager.

"You should have been there. You wouldn't have believed it! They didn't want to let me go," he boasted.

"Shoulda been *where?*" his manager asked.

"Why, the benefit at the WALDORF tonight. It was terrific . . . sensational . . . just dan-dan-dandy!"

But Gleason's manager had news for him. "It might have been good, Jackie," he said, "only *your* benefit isn't until *next* Friday. You went on the wrong night!"



I'M GLAD SHE'S NOT PERFECT!

It wasn't till Pat discovered

■ Jane Powell's parents were poor—Poppa could scrape up only a bare living as a painter; Mama had to forget about ever having anything more to raise her family in than a one-bedroom apartment. It used to break Mrs. Powell's heart that these cramped quarters forced her to be so strict with little Jane. For instance, like the night Mrs. Powell decided to have a few neighbors up for coffee and cake.

A little while before the guests arrived Jane's mother called her into the kitchen. "Now, Janie," she said as she put the finishing touches on the big cake she'd baked, "the people are going to be here right away and I want you to help me get the room in order. If anything's lying around, any magazines or your toys, just put them away nicely and be a good girl and help your Mommy." "All right, Mama," Jane said, took a quick lick of icing and then skipped off into the living room. Mrs. Powell was still in the kitchen when the doorbell rang a few minutes later. "Janie! The door," she called out.

"I'll get it, Mama," Janie called back. She ran to the door and opened it. It was one of the neighbor women. Jane said *hello*, the lady said *hello* back, took a step into the room—and plop, she fell! Mrs. Powell rushed out of the kitchen. She helped the woman up, led her to a chair and got her a glass of water. Then she took Jane into the kitchen. Before she had a chance to say anything, Jane said, "I know, Mama. She fell because my doll was on the floor and she didn't see it and she stepped on it and she fell and I should have picked it up in the first place. I'm sorry, Mama. I'm sorry." Mrs. Powell didn't know what to say. She took a deep sigh. Then she took her little girl in her arms and held her close to her. "I'm sorry, too, Janie," she said, "but when we're crowded like this and there's just no money to get the room we'd like to get for you, a nice pink room with a real bed for you, a closet for your dresses, a. . . ." She cut herself short. Firmly, as if this *had* to be done, she said, "Janie, we're going to have to cut out your allowance for this week. *You've got to learn to be neat.*"

From that moment on, Jane developed a passion for neatness—and punctuality too, and a lot of the other virtues that made people in Hollywood think of her as "absolutely perfect, that's what Jane Powell is—absolutely perfect." But . . . how did her *husband* react to this "perfect" wife? Was she, maybe, *too* perfect?

Jane and Pat had been back from their honeymoon exactly one day. It was early evening, about 7:30. Jane was in the kitchen fixing after-dinner coffee and Pat was in the living room, lounged back in an easy chair. He lit a cigarette and started flipping through a magazine. One article caught his interest—and the cigarette ashes just started falling wherever his hand happened to be. But always, of course, *on the rug*. That's when Jane walked in with the coffee. Her eye caught (*Continued on page 84*)

fault in his "perfect wife" Jane Powell,

that they really relaxed and enjoyed their marriage—

Mr. and Mrs.
Eaton Chalkley
dancing under
a Georgia moon...



how SUSAN

(and how he got

by Mike Connolly

■ After twenty years of devoting her life to being an actress first, and thirteen years of being a wife and mother second, Susan Hayward has had a change of heart.

The change first became noticeable at the party she gave following the *Academy Awards* presentation in March, 1956. It was the first Hollywood party she had ever given. It seems incredible, but during their ten years of married life the Jess Barkers had never given a really big party. Well, I noticed something else that seemed peculiar at the time. Although Susan has known hundreds of actors and actresses and has worked with most of Hollywood's top male stars—Clark Gable, Bob Mitchum, John Wayne, Gregory Peck, Vic Mature, Kirk Douglas, etc.—none of them were invited to the party. This was indeed surprising. She had some producers there, some directors, but mostly there were professional people on hand—doctors and lawyers and their wives. Finally it dawned on me, when Susan introduced us all to Eaton Chalkley, a Georgia attorney and realtor.

Susan was just bubbling. Later I saw the looks she and Eaton were exchanging, and that was when I first understood that Susan had fallen for forty-year-old Eaton's charm, his good manners, his hip sense of humor, his good looks.

But shortly afterward Susan took off for Europe to attend the *Cannes Film Festival*—and incidentally walk away with the Cannes Award *and* the Cork Film Festival Award in Ireland.

And she stayed in Europe four times as long as she had planned. She stayed two months, though originally she planned on being gone only two weeks. She had a great time for herself. And I—and everyone—thought she had completely forgotten about Eaton by this time.

But we had guessed wrong; the two months were Susan's thinking-out period. Presumably she felt she had reached the top of her acting career. How much farther could she go as a star than this triumphant tour of Europe proved she had gone? She was now in the top-glamour bracket; where do you go from the top?

She thought a great deal of Eaton on this trip—strong, friendly, silent Eaton; firm-as-a-rock Eaton with the crooked, white-toothed grin.

Eaton thought a lot about Susan too, no question about it.

Then Susan came back from Europe and Eaton came out to (*Continued on page 80*)

got her MAN

ner to leave Hollywood)







why "CRAZYNAILS," "ROADBLOCK," and "SCOWLY-PUSS" love PERRY COMO

by dena reed

■ It had been a hard, gruelling day climaxing weeks of rehearsals six days a week, twelve hours a day. And now Perry Como's colorcast was over. He stood, weary and wilted, watching the theater empty. Then he stepped to the mike and, to the teenage fans who were either still sitting in their balcony seats or were standing up to watch the stage clear, Perry called out—

"How did it look to you up there? Was it okay?"

"Sure, fine, Perry," some teenagers yelled from the mezzanine, "it was swell, Perry."

"Good," he sighed. "But you tell me the truth now, 'cause if you don't a little matter of $100,000 will go down the drain. We want to fix anything that wasn't right. So you kids have got to keep me posted."

"Oh we will, Perry," breathlessly promised Scowly-puss, Crazynails, and Roadblock.

"Good," he said, "I'm relying on you."

This is the sort of thing that goes on between Perry and the teenagers all the time. It isn't a *Star* flattering his public and being flattered in turn. It's some buddies talking things over.

As he was about to walk off the stage, an urgent voice from the mezzanine called him back, "Perry—Perry—"

He turned and went back to the mike. "Yes?"

"It's Terry's birthday."

"Oh gosh!" But he knew what they were waiting for and dog-tired though he was, he sang into the mike, "*Happy birthday to you . . . Happy birthday to you . . . Happy birthday, dear Terry, happy birthday to you.* Okay?"

"Okay!—And thanks," yelled the recipient of this greeting from the million-dollar voice. And her pals chimed in, "Thanks, Perry."

That goes on all the time too—a birthday song for a buddy. And what do these "buddies" think of Perry? Well, at the same TV show I asked the teenager sitting next to me, "Are you a fan of Perry's?"

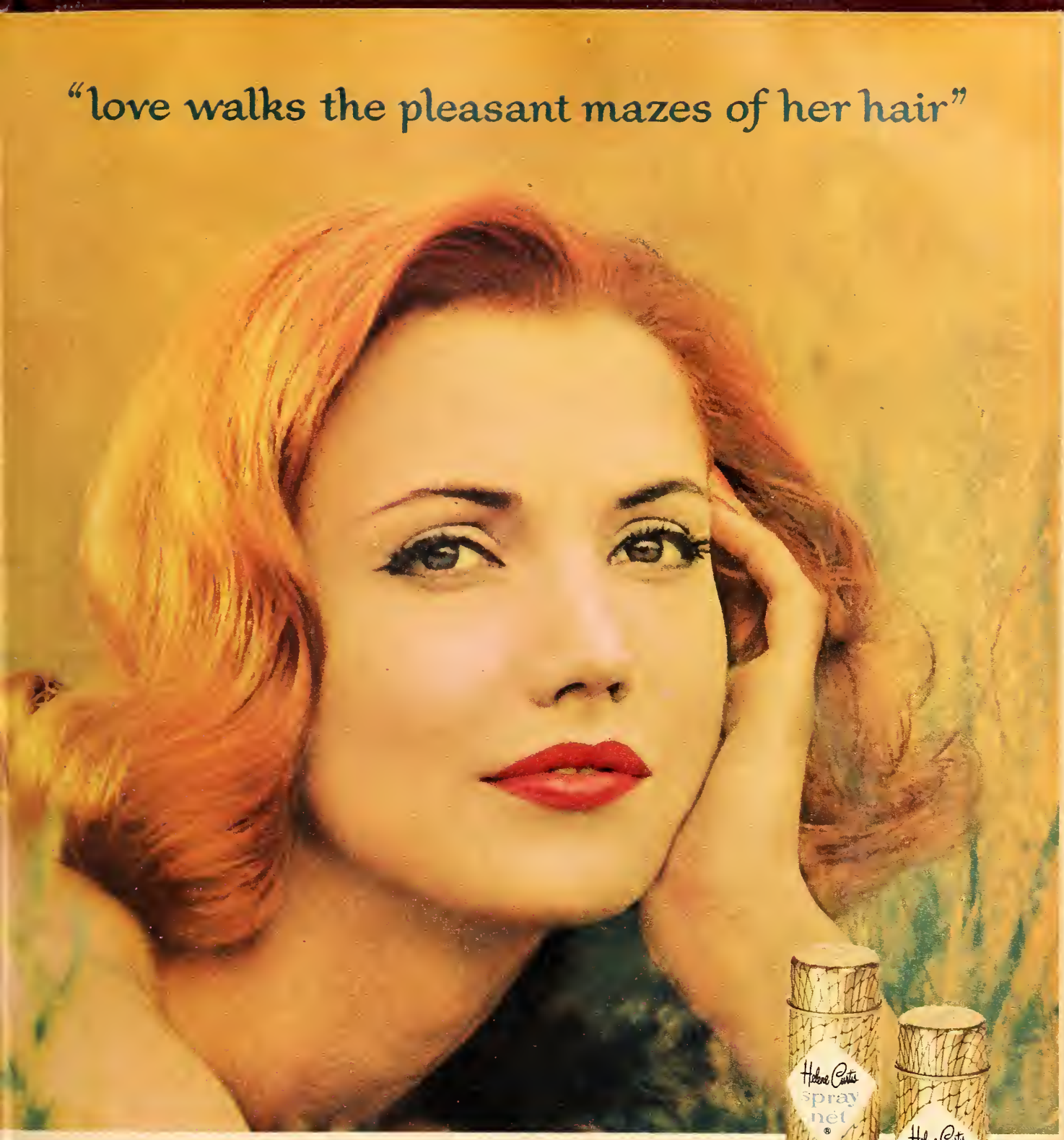
"No," she answered. The girl in front turned around, "What's the matter with you? Are you trying to deny it? Of course she's a fan." She turned to me, "She's president of her club."

The girl next to me turned troubled eyes on me and explained, "Perry doesn't like it to have us called just fans. He says we're friends, see? That's all I meant—we're friends, not just fans."

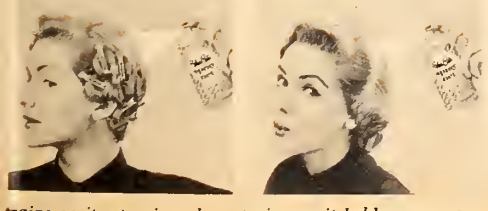
"Oh," said the incensed girl in front as she added, "Well, next time you be careful not to give people the wrong impression that you're ditching the best guy in the world."

Perry's friends would cheerfully go to Hades for him. The reason? Well, growing up is not an easy process. To be a teenager isn't any snap. "They look for advice," Perry says, "but instead they're kidded by their friends. They want to be beautiful, lovable and desirable to boys —but they trip over their feet. They begin to wonder if they'll ever (*Continued on page 81*)

"love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair"



Your hair remembers its loveliest lines...when it's **trained** with Helene Curtis Spray Net®



trains as it sets pincurls...trains as it holds your wave

If your hair inspires no poetry, is the fault perhaps your own? Are you using a mere pincurl spray? Or are you *training* your hair with Helene Curtis SPRAY NET and its exclusive "control" ingredient? Use SPRAY NET to set silky but long-lasting pincurls. Use it as always to hold your hair in place. Gradually, excitingly your curls get the habit of curling. These lovely waves remember their place from shampoo to shampoo. Use SPRAY NET faithfully and soon your hair will be trained to softest perfection—*poetic* perfection!

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REGULAR *for hair harder to manage.*

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DID YOU HEAR ABOUT KATHY GRANT?

■ Prince Mike Romanoff's bistro in Beverly Hills is about as high-class as you can get. So it was a bit of a surprise when Kathy Grant crashed ROMANOFF'S in blue jeans. Kathy didn't do it because she wanted some publicity, and she didn't come in the front entrance. What she wanted was an old can, and she came in the back door.



It was all because Kathy and her girl friend, Nan Quinn, decided to paint the bathroom of her apartment. As Kathy tells it, "We had been talking about doing a new paint job on the bathroom all evening. After all, we had the paint, the brushes, even a big can of thinner. But there wasn't anything to do the mixing in. It was too late to start looking for any hardware stores."

Then Kathy got her inspiration. After all, ROMANOFF'S was right across the alley from her apartment house and they should have something to mix paint in.

So, just as she was, in blue jeans and T-shirt, she scooted past the ROMANOFF garbage cans and into the kitchen. After the staff stopped blinking, they tried to be helpful. Then the maitre d' came into the kitchen. After *he* stopped blinking, he said, like blue jeans were routine, "May I help Madame?"

Naturally, they finally found a bucket for Kathy to mix her paint in. And now Kathy's not only the first female to invade ROMANOFF'S without being swathed to her chin in mink—she's the only gal in Hollywood to have a bathroom painted from a bucket from ROMANOFF'S. The color, of course, is caviar gray.

Naturally, when Kathy gets into the news for any reason, it's followed by the inevitable question: What happened to the romance with Bing Crosby? Kathy's cool enough to give him the last word on that. "I think Bing made the final statement on that," she says. "Remember—he said: 'I have no plans to marry Miss Grant.' So let's leave it at that."

Whether the romance is on or off, twenty-three-year-old Kathy is keeping pretty busy. Aside from painting, she's busily working in many films.

And come to think of it, she was causing quite a few explosions recently at the Publicists' Costume Circus Ball. Kathy came in a scanty red costume and matching platform shoes to add to her cute height—and spent the evening riding the baby elephant the boys had stationed at the door to greet the guests. The pretty brunette made the flash-bulb boys plenty happy posing in all directions at once!

Watch for Kathy who's coming soon in Columbia's The Night The World Exploded, The Brothers Rico *and* The Mad Ball.

43 questions on elvis

(*Continued from page 47*)

Pam Thierbot, Denver, Colorado.
Q How tall is El really?
A Elvis is really six feet tall, exactly!

R. Morgan, New York, New York.
Q In every color picture El's eyes are a different color . . . What color are they actually?
A Dusky blue.

Beth Twichell, Augusta, Georgia.
Q Did you think when you first met Elvis that he would some day be the most popular singer and actor in the United States?
A I never gave it a thought when I first met El, but I knew that he had talent—and I *wanted* him to be the biggest success possible.

Frank Trask, Dodge City, Kansas.
Q Is it true that Elvis has a contract with Col. Parker that says Elvis can't get married for a year?
A No.

Joan Blevins, Tampa, Florida.
Q Who is El's favorite singer?
A He has several favorites: Arthur *Big Boy* Crudup, Hank Snow, Frank Sinatra and more.

Ted Roberts, Boston, Massachusetts.
Q What is his favorite food? What is your favorite food?
A El digs bacon, toast, melon, pork chops, hamburgers and milk. I like steak, pork chops, bacon, potatoes, and ice cream. El likes ice cream, too.

Mrs. William Havens, Allentown, Pa.
Q Why do people write some of those awful lies about Elvis?
A They make up lies for trashy publications because the lies and innuendos are what those publications pay for, and because they don't know or care to find out the truth.

Cindy Frooshe, Hardy, Arkansas.
Q I saw a picture of Elvis with a cigar in his mouth, but I thought he didn't smoke . . . what is the truth about that?
A El doesn't smoke, but he occasionally walks around with an unlit cigar in his mouth.

P. Frankel, Glendale, California.
Q Does Elvis like any sports?
A Yes, he likes to water-ski, play football, box, shoot skillpool, horseback ride, and fish.

Jeri Scott, Cleveland, Ohio.
Q Can you tell me what *Goolytwash* means?
A Yes. Sheky Green, the comedian that we got the word from, said in his act that Goolytwash is the name of an aria from an Italian opera. Of course it's just a nonsense word, but it's fun to say it even if it doesn't mean anything.

Barbara Jenkins, Tarrant, Alabama.
Q How often do you see Elvis?
A That's hard to answer. It depends on where El is, or where I am. We both spend a lot of time traveling, and in all our travels I have never happened to be in the same city at the same time El was playing there. When El is in Hollywood of course I see him more often, because I live here. But sometimes when he's here, I'm away on a trip, or sick, or we both are too busy to spend much time together. It makes me laugh when I read in some stories that I followed El all over the country. I was convalescing in the Las Vegas desert air from bronchial pneumonia when Elvis played there. The farthest I ever traveled to see El perform was a forty-five-minute drive on the freeway to Long Beach, where El had invited me and some of my friends. If I heard that El was going to do a personal appearance anywhere in the vicinity, if it was at all possible, I would try very hard to get there, because I would rather see El on stage than any other person I can think of.

Judy Moore, Reno, Nevada.
Q Does Elvis like all the yelling, and big audiences?
A Yes, he likes to hear the people clap and yell when he finishes a number, because that tells him that they like him. He sings better when he can see and hear his fans.

Hank Leven, Helena, Montana.
Q Does Elvis like to go to parties and fancy eating places?
A Elvis likes to eat in small coffee shops rather than fancy restaurants, and he seems to prefer wearing comfortable sport clothes whenever possible.

Frank Elam, Weirton, W. Virginia.
Q Do you think Elvis is just a fad, or will he stay popular?
A Personally, I think Elvis is here to stay as a show business personality. That opinion is shared by a great many people I know in the entertainment field because they feel that Elvis is now so firmly established as a star. Naturally the tremendous fantastic popularity he attained so rapidly is bound to taper off and find a level, but I feel it will be a high level and El will be a star for a long, long time. From the letters I get, it doesn't look to me like he is losing his popularity, and in any case, I personally will always be his fan . . .

Elvis Presley will soon be seen in Paramount's Loving You *and* MGM's Jailhouse Kid.

based on his make-up research
an entirely new



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color won't come off till you take it off!

for Color TV, Max Factor creates
kind of lipstick



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no blotting, no waiting to set!



NEW!
brilliant high fidelity colors!



NEW!
never, never dries your lips!

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all in one lipstick

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See Terry in 20th's Bernardine

moore's

favorite picnic recipes

■ In the summertime the Hollywood stars take every leisure moment from their heavy schedules to get away from the formality of Hollywood spots. They go as we do to the shore or the mountains for quiet, rest and fun and to enjoy a picnic lunch or supper. Terry is an ardent picnic fan and so we asked her to give us a few of her favorite recipes for you to add to your picnic fare. For the hot recipes you must take along a small charcoal broiler or go to a spot where you are allowed to build an open fire. Terry suggests that you pack your recipe foods, along with your salads, stuffed eggs, greens and bottled drinks in ice in a Little Brown Chest—put your coffee, tea or juice in a Little Brown Faucet Jug where it will remain hot or cold. Terry's Junior First frock designed by Marian Ross. Wedgies, Huskies.

Sloppy Joes

For 8 servings use 1 lb. ground beef, ¼ cup chopped onion, pieces of green sweet pepper, 1 cup Hunt's tomato sauce, ¼ tsp. French's mustard, 1¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup ripe pitless olives. Hamburger buns. Procedure: Mix all ingredients. Make into patties and wrap in foil ready for broiling. Serve on hot buns.

Stuffed Franks Wrapped in Bacon

For 6 servings use 12 Swift's franks, 3 slices Kraft's American cheese, 3 dill pickles, 6 slices Swift's bacon. Procedure: Cut cheese slices lengthwise in quarters. Slice the dill pickles lengthwise, in quarters. Split the franks lengthwise, being careful not to cut clear through. In each frank, insert a slice of cheese and a slice of pickle. Wrap each frank with half a slice of bacon, fasten with toothpick. Place franks on skewers or twigs, broil over coals.

Easy Egg Foo Young

For 6 servings use 1 cup Swift's luncheon meat, ¾ cup onions, ¾ cup celery, 1 cup bean sprouts, salt to taste, pepper to taste, 6 eggs. Procedure: Chop luncheon meat. Parboil chopped celery and onions until partially cooked. Mix ingredients. Measure each omelet in a cup. Cook in hot Crisco in shallow pan over hot coals until brown on one side. Turn, cook the other side. Serve with soy sauce. Use chopsticks for fun.

Hollywood Club Sandwich

Use 1 loaf Italian bread, ¼ lb. ham, ¼ lb. bologna, ¼ lb. Kraft's Swiss cheese, 1 tomato, some lettuce leaves, 1 sliced red pepper, 1 tbs. French's mustard, 1 tbs. Kraft's Miracle Whip mayonnaise, 4 toothpicks. Procedure: Slice loaf in half lengthwise. Spread French's mustard and mayonnaise on each half of bread. Place 1 slice ham, 1 slice cheese, 1 slice bologna, on bottom half. Cover with lettuce and sliced tomato. Keep on placing ham, bologna, tomato, lettuce, and cheese (Kraft's is our choice) alternately, until filling is almost 4 inches high. Arrange red peppers on top. Cover with other half of loaf. Secure with toothpicks. Cut filled sandwich loaf diagonally into several small sandwiches.

Meat-Stuffed Bread

1 grated onion, 2 tbs. Crisco, 1 lb. Swift's ham, 1 grated carrot, chopped parsley, 2 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, ¼ tsp. sage, ¼ tsp. thyme, dash chili pepper, ½ cup Libby's tomato juice, 1 loaf Italian bread. Procedure: Brown onion. Stir all of the ingredients together. Cut off the end of the loaf of bread. Scoop out inside and add half of the scooped-out bread to the ham mixture. Stuff mixture into loaf shell. Attach cut end of the loaf with a skewer. Place in oven, bake for 15 minutes. If you desire, re-heat on your picnic fire before slicing and serving.

is it true

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beauty begins with your BATH



Take your bath the Hollywood way and something all new will happen to you! Something ultra-feminine and glamorous! You'll never again feel that the average dash of soap and splash of water will do when you once adopt the routine of personal care that is a ritual with the stars. The first rule to remember is that the bath period should be considered one of rest and relaxation and therefore an adequate amount of time should be allowed. The second important rule is to be sure and keep your cabinet supplied with all the products that go to make the bath a real beauty treatment.

The bath should be a relaxed and restful period accompanied by speedy and easy routines that will make it one of the most enjoyable interludes of the day. The little routines must become (*Turn to the next page*)

Bill Stone

beauty begins with your bath

(*Continued from page 67*) established and automatic habits.

The period of the bath should also include care of the face, hair and feet as well as little intimate duties such as removing unwanted hair from your legs and under your arms. Daily attention will assure you a glamour look at all times. You will always be groomed and ready for that unexpected date as well as for your routine daily activities. Remember, stars are very glamorous because they look their lovely best at all times.

Here is the bath routine that the stars follow.

The Face: Even before you start the bath water running thoroughly cleanse your face with a cleansing preparation or soap. Deep cleansing is necessary to remove all dirt and grime from the pores. If you have used a cleansing preparation, apply skin lotion to remove the final traces of the cleansing preparation and remaining particles of dirt. Your skin is now ready for a nourishing preparation which you should leave on during the period of your bath to soften the skin and make it smooth and ready for a fresh and beautiful make-up. If you have chosen bedtime for the period of your bath—just wipe off the excess of the nourishing preparation and leave the remainder on during the night.

While you are taking care of your face you should check any wayward eyebrows and remove a stray one here and there. Then rinse your eyes with a prepared eye bath to rest and clean them.

The Hair: This is the time when a hundred strokes with the brush will surely keep your hair bright and shining and your scalp tingling with circulation. You will find that this quick and firm brushing will also relax your nerves and rest your whole body while you are bathing.

If your hair needs re-setting now is the time to put on a setting preparation and set your curls with clips or bobby pins. When you have finished your bath your curls will be soft and ready for styling.

One warning. The stars suggest you do not use your bath period for your shampoo for they feel the shampoo is so important that a separate period should be set aside for hair cleansing care.

Removing Unwanted Hair: Be sure and check to see if it is necessary to use a depilatory under your arms and on your legs. You should, of course, be fastidious about this always—but particularly so during the summer months when dresses are sleeveless and swimsuits are the order of nearly every day.

Now you are ready for your bath. Be sure you have these things ready. A lovely soap, a back brush, a nail brush, a pumice stone and a wash rag. After a good soaping be sure and brush your nails and toenails (this is the time to check and see if you need new polish). With the back brush, scrub your back brisquely. This will also help to relax your nerves as well as keep your skin soft and truly clean. As a final step—use the pumice stone on your feet to keep them soft and smooth.

After your bath—the luxury. Dashes of lush talc, splashes of wonderful cologne. And don't forget to use your deodorant and anti-perspirant. Many girls are careless about this. Forgetfulness can be most embarrassing to you.

If you follow the bath routine of the stars you should feel really feminine and you should look like a million!

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE HARRY BELAFONTE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE SHIRLEY TEMPLE

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE BEN COOPER

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE GEORGE NADER

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE JOHN DEREK

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JOHN SAXON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE DORIS DAY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JANE POWELL:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE SUSAN HAYWARD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE PERRY COMO:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ

☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood ☐ part ☐ none

16. I READ

☐ all of TV Talk ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE
(2)_____ MALE
(3)_____ MALE

(1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN POLL PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL

Diane Holzinger, Bronx, N. Y.; Miss A. Fittizzi, Hoboken, N. J.; Martha Lim, Vancouver, B. C., Canada; Rosemarie Chambers, Woburn, Mass.; Sondra Pistole, Branch, Ark.; Nancy Madish, Industry, Pa.; Janice Finley, Waco, Neb.; Judy Newson, Tulsa, Okla.; Karen Hogue, Marietta, Ohio; Mrs. Cora Schnableyyer, Helena, Montana

why lana left lex

(*Continued from page 48*) of worry for her and grief over the baby, had torn her heart so.

"I'm sorry," she had whispered, trying to tell him how much she had wanted—this time—to give him a son.

She had looked at him then, standing there with the big, big bouquet of bright flowers and the big, big lollypop with the jelly-bean eyes that he had brought—and was trying to slip into his pocket, because he had suddenly realized lollypops are for babies and it might hurt her instead of making her laugh.

She looked at this man she had lived with and loved and wanted to give everything to, and thought *And I can't even give him a child!* She looked at the tanned face, and the outline of broad shoulders, and his worried eyes and thought *He deserves more than me. He deserves a complete woman, who can give him everything that a woman should give to the man she loves. . .*

august's **modern screen** (on sale July 4) features great stories on **tab hunter, elvis presley, natalie wood, sal mineo, rory calhoun,** etc., and introduces **tommy sands, luana patten** & **james macarthur. debbie's** on the august ms cover, and there's a great story about her, too

And a few months later, Lana Turner found the strength to try to give Lex what she thought he had the right to have. she tried to give it to him by ending her marriage to him. . .

Lana Turner and Lex Barker had first met at a big Hollywood party. An engagement party, for Johnnie Ray and Marilyn Morrison. Lana was dating Fernando Lamas those days, and Lex came with his wife Arlene Dahl—though they'd already started talking to divorce lawyers. That was in the fall of 1952.

Sparks? Not then . . .

The party was held at the million-dollar mansion of one of filmdom's past greats, Marion Davies—darling of a young Hollywood. Redecorated to look like the Sunset Strip's Mocambo, the fabulous setting might have lent a spark of romance to the most ordinary meeting. But no sparks showed. When the two couples ran into each other, Fernando politely asked Arlene, "Would you like to dance?" Arlene smiled her acceptance to the handsome Argentinian and they whirled off.

Lex and Lana stood a moment, watch-

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All nomination ballots must be received on or before September 30, 1957. All winners will be notified by mail no later than December 31, 1957.

***Be sure to read complete information and rules printed on every card.**

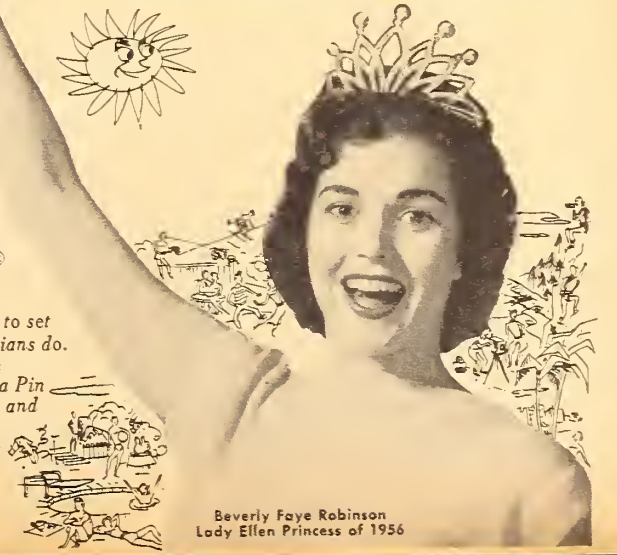
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ing them, trying to remember each other's last picture to open the small talk with. Then Lex turned to the slender blonde girl with the very big blue eyes and said, "I don't think I can compete with Fernando, but it would be my pleasure if you'd try this rhumba with me." Lana laughed, walked into his arms, and found herself enjoying this big man who danced the rhumba or swung from Tarzan's trees with equal grace.

But sparks? No, not then.

Except from Fernando. It is known that Lana and the furiously-jealous Fernando had a violent argument that evening.

The next day, Lana's engagement to him was quite officially broken. By Lamas. In headlines.

When *did* Lex become interested in Lana . . . interested enough to ask her for a date?

"The first time I saw her," Lex said once, holding her hand as if he'd never let go, just after they were married. "*Really* saw her!" he laughed. "It was—oh, I guess months and months after we had first met. I was down in Palm Springs, swimming in the hotel pool, when all of a sudden I hear this chug-chug-chugging behind me. I looked around, and there she was.

"And then she got out of the pool," and here Lex's eyes had lit up like he was waiting for just what he knew Lana's reaction would be, "and there she was, in a bathing suit! Who could resist *that?*" Lana's blush and bluster were all that tease Lex could have asked for.

When did Lex know he *loved* Lana?

It didn't take him long to know how he felt about the woman who was to become his wife.

It was on their first date.

They had finished dinner, danced a bit, and were involved in one of those serious-meaningless conversations that strangers get involved in—before they know enough about each other to be able to really talk. It's hard to say who was more startled, Lana or Lex, when Lex said, in the middle of a sentence, "Now, when we are married . . ."

This boy is really dreaming! thought Lana.

That's what I really want, isn't it? Lex's mind raced.

That's how it started.

Enchanted hours in Europe

Then Lana went to Europe to make a film and that would have been that—if they hadn't already been in love. But they were. Lex was on the plane.

They spent enchanted hours and days and weeks discovering Europe together. They went to the museums of Paris, like all tourists, and the little coffee shops. One week end they flew to the make-believe island of Capri, and like all lovers adventured through the narrow cobbled streets holding hands. Together, arms entwined, they stood for long minutes watching the sun sink into a sea that couldn't be real. But now and then, a gray shadow of fear forced its way into their minds—the remembrance of other loves that had been happy . . . and ended before a judge's pronouncement of divorce. Three times for Lana, twice for Lex. Those times they'd hurry on—to the next quaint shop, or the next delightful café or the next unbelievably beautiful view. Or back to that jeweler's window that held the magnificent star sapphire that Lana wanted so much.

"I think I'll buy it," Lana had said to Lex each of the three times they had stopped to look at it.

"It's too much money," Lex had answered each time, pulling Lana away.

Just before they left Capri—Lana to go to England to co-star with Gable, and Lex to Italy for a film—they headed once more for the jeweler's. "Just one last time," Lana begged Lex.

"You'll end up buying it," he answered.

"I just want to look at it," she promised, insistent, not letting him talk her out of it.

When they got there, the ring wasn't in the window; it had been sold.

"Just as well," was all Lex answered to Lana's look that said *you should have let me buy it—I don't care if it was expensive—I've always wanted a star sapphire—there isn't another one in the whole of Europe that was as lovely.*

Of course if Lana had known Lex then as she does now, she might have started wondering a little about his oh-never-mind attitude. If she'd had the time.

But they had planes to catch and good-bys to whisper and suddenly he was in Italy and she was in England and there was nothing but the telephone to whisper into.

For a month and a half.

A magical picnic

Then one Thursday evening the phone rang as usual just as her clock chimed the hour, and Lana answered it with the—by then—usual feeling of slightly breathless excitement. But this time there weren't the long pauses—that were just as good as words as long as each felt the other's loneliness and yearning.

"Look," said Lex as soon as he heard her *hello*, "there's a bank holiday here in Italy, and no shooting. I'm flying over in the morning."

"All right," said Lana. "I'll see you in the morning," she added.

"We'll go on a picnic," she said, just as if they hadn't already said *good-by* and hung up.

And the next day, just for them, London's fog was shooed away and a golden sun looked down through skittering fleecy puffs of cloud riding in a blue, blue sky.

They found an unbelievably beautiful little woods, and knew this was the spot.

"Are you hungry?" Lana asked so casually that Lex knew she couldn't wait for him to discover all the wonderful things she had thought of packing for lunch.

"Not very," he teased.

"Oh . . ." Then she caught the smile he couldn't hide completely.

"What do you think you're having for lunch?" she asked.

And Lex, to make up for the teasing, and figuring the lunch must be pretty special, answered, "Why, I guess some sandwiches and . . . a thermos of coffee and . . . some pickles, I suppose." And then he really played it up, his exclamations of delight and surprise, as she dramatically presented the whole roast chicken and the chef's salad and the delicate white wine and the brandied peaches. And the thermos—of martinis . . . for toasting-in their reunion after six long, empty weeks without each other.

Later, sipping the last of the wine and watching the shadows of the trees grow longer and longer as the bright afternoon drew to an end, they sat in their little world and she knew that this time—when Lex spoke of marriage, as he had on their first date—she wouldn't think this boy was really dreaming.

They sat on the grass, Lex leaning against a tree, Lana encircled by his arms, sipping the last of the wine, when Lex reached into his pocket and said, "I want to give you something."

"What?" she asked, not really caring and wishing that it could wait so she wouldn't have to move.

"Your engagement ring."

And just like in the movies, she did a

double take as he slipped on her finger the star sapphire she had wanted so much in Capri, that hadn't been in the shop window the last time they had gone to look at it.

"*You* bought it! Pretty sure of yourself, weren't you?" she demanded, but like she didn't really mind at all.

"Lana," Lex answered quietly, seriously, "a man knows when a girl is in love with him. And I've known for a long time that I loved you."

She looked up at him, at this strikingly handsome man she loved, and whispered, "Lex, this time, for both of us . . . it *will* last? This time nothing will happen?"

"This one is forever," he answered.

"I'll make you happy, Lex. I'll give you everything a woman can give a man. Then nothing *could* happen. . . ."

A new life together

Later that day, back in 1953, Lex and Lana visited Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding and spent an hour, wide-eyed, watching the Wilding baby gurgle through its pablum and bath. That is, Liz and Mike and Lex watched the baby. Lana's attention was divided between the baby's antics—and Lex's antics over the baby.

I'll give you that, too, Lex; I'll give you a son, Lana thought, blotting from her mind the Rh factor in her blood that twice during her marriage to Dan Topping had resulted in the agony of miscarriage and the sorrow for babies who hadn't lived long enough to be born.

But that sorrow was in the past, and there was only happiness that day in September, 1953, in Turin, Italy, when Lana and Lex started a new life together and Lana's ten-year-old daughter, Cheryl, got a whole new family—a daddy she'd already learned to adore, and a new sister her own age to play with all the time, and a new little brother for both of them to order around just a little bit.

And through the next years, it really seemed as if this time they *had* found happiness forever. As far as their marriage was concerned it was, as the old Hollywood saying goes, "ideal." They weathered the first few difficult years, these two beautiful people—luscious, lovely, completely feminine Lana and husky, handsome, all-man-and-then-some Lex. Together they discovered a piece of land down in Acapulco, Mexico, and lived for the day it would have their home on it, completed.

To love, enjoy and do together

And through the years, they found so much more in each other than they had dreamed of to love, to enjoy, to do together. Lana had never been what you might call an outdoor type, and yet "she flips me," Lex said once, when they'd been married just a little while, "the way she gives me a run for my money in tennis and golf!"

They loved to dance together. They loved to talk with each other. They discovered they loved to live together. They loved each other.

About three years after their marriage, Lana and Lex sat over their dinner one evening and Lana casually said that she thought maybe she wouldn't take that role in *My Man Godfrey* after all.

"Why not, honey? Sounds like a terrific part for you."

"Oh, I don't know, Lex" she said, in that extra-casual tone that's always a dead give-away, "maybe it's just that I don't want to take *any* chances, because of the baby."

Lex didn't do a double-take or say *what baby?* or rush over to hand her the salt so that she wouldn't exert herself.

He just looked at her with all the love he felt for this woman who was his wife, who had made him so happy, and who at last was going to have the baby she had wanted—they had both wanted—so much . . . while Lana thought *I told you, Lex. I told you I'd make you happy. I told you I'd give you everything, everything a woman can give a man. . . .*



The dream ends . . .

But a month later Lana was in a hospital in Santa Monica for minor surgery. Her doctors said, according to the newspapers, that there was no danger to the baby she was expecting.

Four days later there was another item in the columns—LANA TURNER YESTERDAY LOST THE BABY SHE AND LEX BARKER WERE EXPECTING. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THEIR FIRST CHILD.

She lay in the hospital, smiled brightly at the nurses, thanked the doctors for their care, welcomed her husband at visiting hours.

She came home from the hospital, rested, ate, grew stronger. And hour after hour, week after week and month after month she lived with one thought. Until finally she was strong enough to try to give Lex what she thought he had the right to have . . . strong enough to cut herself off from the man she loved—so that he would be free to find, some day, a woman who *could* give him everything. Everything *she* had wanted so much to give. . .

"I won't let you go!"

When she told him, Lex wouldn't listen to her.

When he realized that she was going through with it, was going to leave him, he had stormed at her, "Losing the baby wasn't your fault! I won't let you go!"

But there was nothing he could do to hold her, nothing he could say.

Then, just a few weeks later, had come the call from Cheryl's school: Cheryl had run away!

She called Steve. He was the child's father; he had a right to know. Together they sat, jumping every time the phone rang, until at last—at midnight—the police called and told them they had found Cheryl. She didn't like school, so she had run away. As simple as all that.

Minutes later they were at the police station and Lana was holding a frightened child in her arms and whispering, "Baby, why did you do it?"

Later, after Steve and Lana had talked to her and made her understand that all children must go to school and almost convinced her that school wasn't so bad after all and finally drove her back to the almost-welcome halls of learning . . . then Steve tried to help Lana. As the cab turned from the school and headed back to Lana's home, Steve started talking. He finally convinced her that she was not a failure as a mother because her youngster had run away from school—most kids tried it one time or another. He made her see that. Then he tried to help her in the other thing. "Lana," he said gently, "Lex is the best judge of what will make him happy."

She sat there, her head held rigidly erect and her emotions under control again—except for the tears that wouldn't stop.

"He's the only one who knows," Steve continued, looking at the misery she couldn't hide. "It's not fair for *you* to decide what someone else should have."

But that he couldn't make her see.

And neither could Lex . . . so far. . . **END**

Lana can soon be seen in U-I's Lady Takes A Flier, *Lex in U-I's* Beast Of The Kremlin *and U.A.'s* War Drums.

john derek—ursula andress

(*Continued from page 40*) imported machine. His truck is nice, but it is all over Indian blankets and leather-work and beds in the back, and he wants to put in a stove and refrigerator, and I think we would be a little conspicuous. He said "Okay, no truck." But he didn't want to go in a foreign car either. I said, "Why not, I'm a foreign girl." "Foreign my foot," he said. "Your eyes never said a thing I couldn't understand." It was very romantic, except I sneezed.

Wednesday morning:
This will be a long story. I am Mrs. Derek now, diary. A different person is writing in you. Last Saturday night we started for Nevada in the new car. It was right after dinner, and I was still miserable and with a red nose, but John had boxes of cold pills and thermos jugs with hot tea and bourbon and he said I would feel better in a minute. We got to Nevada, and we drove all around and we didn't see one single chapel. The people there must all come to California to get married. John looked at me. I was like a piece of wilted lettuce, all damp and pale green. "We'll have to go to Las Vegas, after all," he said.

We didn't reach Las Vegas till morning. There we made arranges. We will be married in the Chapel in the Silver Spur. The priest comes out and the music starts, and I am absolutely terrified. I don't know why. The priest talks to me. I can't answer him. I take John's hand and start hitting him real hard. I don't know what's happening, but I am so scared I cannot talk. It is all very frightening.

The music stops. John is very patient. "Come on, baby," he says. "Everything will be all right." But I keep hitting him. He takes me in another room for five minutes, and I get calm, and then we go back to the chapel. I see myself in the mirror, and I am all over red spots like measles. My cold is suddenly not there but my hands are swelled, and it is hard to get the ring on. What a bride for poor John. But he looks very happy, and he kisses me, and all at once I'm very happy too, even if I am all covered with red spots.

"I want to take your picture," says my husband.

"Not with spots," I say. "With spots or without spots," he says. So I go and stand by the car, and he gets far enough away so the spots won't show up I hope.

And now we are off on a honeymoon. For weeks, we had been reading and reading the travel folders and there was this place in Death Valley called the FURNACE CREEK HOTEL. It sounded like heaven. Sometimes when you are driving to Lake Tahoe or Lake Mead, you see billboards about the FURNACE CREEK. Always there are pictures of these beautiful girls and these handsome tan men diving into the blue FURNACE CREEK pool. We knew it must be a perfect honeymoon spot. We were so anxious to get there, we speeded the whole two hundred miles. Finally we arrived. We registered at the desk, but we were starving, so we headed for the dining room before going upstairs.

A little old lady was standing with some menus. "Are you guests?" She had a very suspicious look. I wanted to say "No, we are jewel thieves!" But John was guiding me toward a table. There were no young people anywhere! All very old ladies and couples, whispering. Not a noise. It was frightening. We were very hungry, but they stared at us and it made us lose our appetite. "Baby," John said, "we got to get out of here."

We decided to go to our room and have some food sent up. An old bellhop led us to a chamber which was dark and ugly.

"We don't like this room," we told him. It was like a cell, with gray paint on the walls and two tiny beds in the corner. The bellhop said he'd take us to a more lavish room. The more lavish room was a little bigger but just as worse. "I can't stand it," John said. "Let's go." I was tired and hungry, but I agreed. Anything would be better than this. But where to go?

We got in the car and drove to a gas station and asked for a map to go to Lone Pine. The gas station man showed us big cities and little cities on the map, and we thanked him and started away. For three hours we drove through beautiful country, mountains, desert, but no cities. John looked at the map. "Honey, there is a big city coming up in ten minutes."

"Good, we'll eat there," I said. The big city appears. Three houses, that's all. Then we lost Lone Pine. Finally we decided to head for APPLE VALLEY INN. By the time we got there it was ten p.m. It's more than twenty-four hours we are driving around without sleep. I am writing this from APPLE VALLEY INN. We are here two days already, and now we are going home, because we have much to do. Maybe you don't think all this is a sentimental journey, diary, but you are wrong. I am so happy there are no words.

Thursday:
Today we spent moving me into John's house on the hill. His clothes are everywhere, and he doesn't want to pick them up. I told him this is a bachelor's house and he is no longer a bachelor, and this made him roll his eyes and start moaning over his lost freedom, and asking why he couldn't have married a girl with only one suitcase. I don't think we will do much to this house. We plan to buy one of our own when we come back from Europe.

Friday:
All afternoon we were arguing with a lawyer. John wants me to come to Europe with him. I want to go. The lawyer says I cannot leave the country and still get back on the visitor's visa I have now. We spoke to a second lawyer who is more optimistic. He thinks I can go, but not with John. John will leave first, I will have a trial—it sounds faintly criminal, no?—and after that I can join John for a real honeymoon. So diary, we have just two weeks before our separation. This being the case, I will waste no more of tonight's precious time scribbling. I am going to go and drag my husband away from the television set and give him a large kiss.

Sunday:
We've been at Tahoe this week end. John is still out in the motorboat, as I write. He is crazy about boats, but he has terrible luck with them. The motor is always conk-



what BOB CUMMINGS TEACHES HIS CHILDREN ABOUT GOD

■ Robert and Mary Cummings and their five kids make up one of the happiest, glowingest families you could find. Perhaps what the Cummings teach their children about God has something to do with it.

Bob's mother is a minister of Divine Science, who incidentally officiated at their wedding. She set the pattern with Bob, and he's carried it out with his own children. It's important, he thinks, that kids get a good feeling about God as soon as they are able to understand. So he taught them "You are a little bit of God. God is in you. Don't picture him like an old man with a beard sitting on a cloud the way you see old men sit on a bench in the park. He's not a person at all. He's Principle and unchanging law throughout the universe. You can find Him everywhere. It's as if we were each an electric light bulb and God is the current running through us to make us shine. You know those little lights that we trim our Christmas tree with? Well you can shine as a little light like that or as a big searchlight, so powerful it lights up the sky for the planes at night. No matter how you choose to show your light, big or little, God is the Power that makes it burn."

After the kids get the idea, Bob goes further to teach them that the laws of the universe are present to make for scientific order and "you have to obey the laws not because God sees when you don't—but because the laws *are* God, unchanging and unchangeable. They work for everyone the same way. If you touch a hot stove you get burned—but so did Mommy, even though she's an experienced cook. Remember the time she burned her hand? Nobody can make a mistake without suffering pain.

"Or take a pilot like your Daddy. I've flown thousands of hours in the air alone. Maybe you think I can do what I like up there, but I can't. If I make a mistake and break the rules of flying, I don't get a second chance any more than does the pilot who goes up for the first time. God works in the laws of flying just as he works in the rules of our whole lives."

The kids understand these examples. "In teaching my children about God, I have to be careful to make them cautious but not make them afraid." He sums up the matter by telling them, "You have to live by the rules whether you're in the air, on the earth or under the sea. Live by God's laws and you'll be healthy and happy."

ing out, and he is left looking sad in the middle of the water as the dusk falls. He is reckless in a boat. Once he stayed out until 10:30 at night in a fog, and didn't realize anyone would worry. And once he tried to race a boat so fast the boat turned over and the motor nearly cut him to ribbons. We argue about this. "You big egotist," I tell him. "Always you must go faster, faster, and be perfect."

I am discovering my husband has this problem about many things. He is a master of horses, and the bull-whip, and shooting, and he doesn't really like for anyone else to be expert at his hobbies. Now I have learned to draw from the hip very fast myself, and he tries to be a good sport, but he hates when I beat him. Note to myself: it is not nice or feminine to draw a gun faster than your husband.

Monday:
Tonight we had a real old-married folks' kind of argument. John thinks he spoils me, and this is an example of how. He asks me, "Where do you want to eat?" "I don't care," I say, "where would you like?" "No," he says, "*you* name someplace." "Okay," I say, "how about BARNEY'S BEANERY?"

"No," says my husband. "I don't care for the food in BARNEY'S BEANERY tonight. Name someplace else."

"*You* name someplace else."

"No, you," he says.

I name an Italian restaurant. He doesn't want Italian food tonight. "So why don't we just go to the market?" I say.

"No," he says. "We will go where you want to go."

We end up at the market, because John wants to eat home in the first place.

The next time I mention that he never asks me where to go, he will tell me how considerate he is, and use tonight as an example. I hear him calling me now. He is full of my cooking, and sounds very contented. Should I go and fetch him slippers? Why not?

Sunday:
John is on his way to England. The house is so empty. I don't want to think about it. If I could only look up and see him this minute, he could even be in a terrible mood, and I wouldn't care. He is moodier than I. Sometimes I try to play moody, but he only laughs and imitates me and tells how cute I am when I am angry. Tonight I am too sad to write.

Tuesday:
Today I searched for a house. I found a beauty for $10,000, and I have written John about it.

Saturday:
John's answer arrived so fast. $10,000 isn't enough, he says, it can't be a good house. Wait until I tell him about the one for $50,000. So elegant.

Friday:
He doesn't like the $50,000 house either. Too much money. I must find the right place. This one scares me. I do not like it up here in the hills by myself. I keep a gun; no real bullets in it, but still I feel safer with a gun. Without John, nothing is the same. I am lonely, lonely. I can think about nothing but Europe, and joining him there. We will get married again in Europe, and we will have a real honeymoon, with no spots. Goodnight, little book. I am going to bed and dream of the beautiful future . . . END

John Derek is currently in Paramount's The Ten Commandments *and will soon be seen in* Omar Khayyam. *Watch for him also in U.A.'s* Fury At Showdown.



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KIM'S PURPLE PANIC



Kim got a rude awakening early one morning.

■ A standard gripe with the stars has always been that early morning call to report on the set, but in the history of movie making no one was ever awakened for one like Kim Novak was!

It was while she was in rehearsal for *Jeanne Eagels.* Kim was just about through with that well-known virus hex, and she tucked herself between her lavender sheets early, because she was expecting a dawn call to wake her for work.

Sure enough, the studio called at 4:30. Kim was in her Malibu house, a hefty drive to the studio, but she still felt so sleepy that she begged, "Let me sleep fifteen more minutes and call me back."

The studio called back. Busy. After a half hour of busy signals they checked with the operator—*no one was talking on Miss Novak's line. . . .*

The studio sent an SOS to Kim's secretary—who happens to live in San Pedro! The secretary got as panicky as the studio. Robbery? Murder? Overdose of sleeping pills? Quickly she called the sheriff's substation near Kim's house.

Two deputies took off lickety-split. Too wary to just use the knocker on the front door, they climbed through a window into the cottage.

Flashlights brought Kim out of her deep sleep in a purple panic—to find two strange men in her room!

Then came the explanation for it all.

Dat old debbil virus was still hexing, because Kim had not only been sleepy but woozy. Eyes still shut, she *thought* she had replaced the receiver after talking to the studio when they had first called her. But the receiver wasn't back on the phone—and so the busy signal.

Then one of the deputies spoke—just like it's routine for a sheriff to do this sort of thing. "We came to wake you, Ma'am; you have a 5:30 studio call."

74 *Kim's in Columbia's* Jeanne Eagels.

dodo's summer wardrobe

(*Continued from page 52*) with soft, flowing skirt.

The point of this emphasis on fabrics? "*It saves me money,*" Doris smiles, with that bargain-hunting gleam in her eye that husbands the world over are familiar with, "*in addition to getting me exactly what I want.*" The materials were quite expensive and made-to-order dresses are not exactly cheap—but compared to Paris prices they're bargains.

A fourth principle is her emphasis on wearing only those colors which she found suited her best. And this makes it easier, and *far less expensive* to get proper accessories.

"I look at color with just one thought—will it flatter my complexion and hair? If the color does nothing *for* me—who needs it?" Plain, pastel shades that match or highlight her own coloring is what Doris has found best for her—various shades of beige and brown—honey blonde, wheat, straw, and adobe. She also has a few all-white and a few all-black outfits.

But—Doris rarely goes in for contrasting colors in one ensemble. At most, as with a beige and chocolate brown 'separates' ensemble, she might have different *shades* of one color. She does prefer the non-contrasting outfits though, like the linen suit she recently purchased, the suit she's wearing in the photo. It's made of a light-weight beige linen, and designed with three-quarter sleeves for coolness, rhinestone buttons for the extra bit of formality that afternoon and early evening dictate—and it's perked up with a matching short-brimmed hat of the same material. Usually Doris wears matching shoes and gloves. Then, to get the variety that makes two outfits out of one, she'll switch occasionally to white gloves, white hat and white shoes. It works, too: the accessory change altered her apparance so much that one of Doris' closest friends exclaimed, "What a beautiful new outfit you have on!"—and it was the same suit she had seen when they had lunched at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club less than a week before!

Of course, there are exceptions to the one-color motif—a favorite of hers is a toast-brown-and-pink lace evening dress, with full skirt, short sleeves and low neckline. "It was a present from Marty," Doris laughs, "but that isn't the only reason I like it."

Her preference for single colors shows up particularly in her beach and sports wear. Almost all of Doris' bathing suits, beach robes and playsuits are all-white. "They have a summery flavor," Doris insists, then adds smilingly, "Besides, they show off my freckles!"

An eye on the practical

Just about her entire summer wardrobe has been acquired with an eye on the practical. Most of her evening dresses, like the one shown in the picture, are short. "That way," Doris explains, "I can be properly dressed for small semi-formal gatherings as well as for big parties. And they're a cinch when I'm traveling," she adds. "Whether I have to watch the weight of my luggage on a Trans-Atlantic flight, or because Marty is reminding me of the inconvenience of too many pieces of luggage lugged along on a short automobile trip to northern California, I'm better off using as little space as possible."

Since Doris doesn't care for formal entertaining, her evening wardrobe is quite limited. This year she bought only one new gown—made of beige chiffon. It's short in front, longer in back, with a loose-fitting cape of matching shantung. "But my favorite, still, is an evening gown that caused quite a sensation two years ago. I wore it for the first time at one of those big Hollywood parties," she tells you with a my-but-I'm-pleased-with-me look of satisfaction. Most of the gals showed up in off-the-shoulder gowns cut so low that it looked like a contest—whose gown has the plunging-est neckline? Doris stole the show in—a *turtleneck* evening gown!—tight black, with a sleeveless bodice and full skirt.

A long-time job

If being chic seems like a tough thing to achieve—well Doris didn't acquire her flare for dressing overnight. She made plenty of mistakes in the process, some quite embarrassing. She's been interested in clothes since she was three years old! "That's how old I was," Doris smiles, "when I first got 'all dressed up' in Mother's high-heeled shoes, big floppy hat, old skirt and blouse with sleeves that touched the ground. I happily clattered down the street . . . looking like a walking mushroom!

"Now Mother may have thought that little performance was no more than the usual little girl's desire for dress-up games," Doris explains with just a bare hint of a smile to clue you that she's fooling, "but it was really the first expression of a tendency that influenced my grooming for many years to come: I always wanted to be older, and *look* older. It was Marty who helped me get rid of *that* mistake in choosing what looks best on me—and only a couple of years ago!"

A month after she became Mrs. Marty Melcher, Doris brought home a wide-brimmed Hattie Carnegie hat, made of white straw and gaily trimmed with a black veil and colorful flowers—the kind of hat worn by the most sophisticated models in Vogue or Harper's Bazaar. "How do you like it?" she asked Marty, sure he'd swoon over it, and over her under it.

Maybe he'd have managed to keep a straight face—if Doris had bothered to change from her gardening slacks and old blouse. Marty couldn't stop his hoot of laughter.

"What's wrong?" Doris burst out, a little annoyed. She'd asked for his opinion, she thought. But this was going too far.

"Very chic . . ." he laughed.

"*Well!?*"

"It'll be lovely on you—in fifteen years."

Stick to what looks best

And suddenly Doris realized that, no matter how much she might wish she were, she just *wasn't* the type who looked well in something like that. And, if *she* didn't look attractive wearing the hat—what good did it do that the hat was stunning?

Thanks to Marty's criticism—plus years of association with, and yen to learn from, well-dressed women—and plain common sense, Doris has learned what's best for her. *And she sticks to what looks best!* Like, f'r'instance, she avoids clothes which expose her long neckline; most of her skirts are slim because she knows she looks smarter and neater that way.

But, like all rules, there are exceptions—and this well-dressed gal knows just when it's chic to throw the rules away.

As Doris puts it, "Full skirts give me more freedom of movement, which makes them so much more comfortable in warm weather. That makes it a choice between a chic slim skirt that's looking wilted and wrinkled within a half hour of putting it on—or looking brisk and crisp till the day's end. It's pretty obvious which is more 'smart'—in *both* meanings of the word!"

Which is why Doris recently bought about half a dozen of the full variety—mostly made of pastel-colored fabrics, and all easy to launder.

Where accessories are concerned, Doris sticks just as rigidly to her basic theme of *simplicity*. Doris explains it's not just her clothes that are button-and-bow-less. As Doris puts it, "Frills, complicated shoulder straps, fancy beading or heavy embroideries draw attention to only *one part* of the dress, instead of the whole creation and you in it. The same goes for shoes: they shouldn't be an attention getter—just a part of the picture."

Most of Doris' are what she describes as "classic pumps." No buckles, no rhinestone trimmings, no glass heels or plastic materials. Like the rest of her summer clothes, they are plain and one color—usually pastel or black so that she can wear each pair with at least three or four different outfits.

Her big weakness

But that doesn't mean this gal with the bright smile has no weakness—her Waterloo is . . . purses—great big ones. And she goes overboard on them!

One day she went to BULLOCKS-WILSHIRE to buy herself a new white bag. The saleslady showed her a smart, small, quite unadorned bag, square with a simple silver handle. "Very attractive," Doris admitted. "But I'd like a larger one . . ."

She was shown one almost twice as big. That one was turned down. The third one, the largest in stock, was still too small for Doris.

"You don't want a purse. You want an overnight bag," the salesgirl kidded her.

"I *need* a big purse," Doris alibied. She wasn't *exactly* fibbing. Back in the days when she was singing with Les Brown and his orchestra—if the band was playing anywhere in the vicinity—she'd make a quick trip home to see her son Terry, who was staying with her mother while she was on tour. And her purse *was* her overnight bag. That's when she got hooked by the big-handbag habit.

The end of the story at BULLOCKS? The salesgirl sent Doris to the cruise department, where she found a trunk-size white cotton affair with a glass handle.

"Of course," Doris says, "I only used that one when it was *appropriate*."

Somehow Doris sounds like she found it appropriate pretty often!

When in doubt—underdress

"You know," she continued, "that reminds me of the rule I'd put at the top of the list—*dress appropriately*.

"And when in doubt—underdress rather than overdress!"

She'll never forget an embarrassing incident that happened when she forgot that rule. She was in high school, and a boy called her for a Saturday night date. He didn't mention what they were going to do, and she was too shy to ask. She dressed for the poshest possible evening—she wore a brand-new net formal her mother had sat up a couple of nights making especially for the occasion. It was red, but not nearly as red as Doris' face when they sat down in the corner booth of a nearby drugstore—where they spent the entire evening!

The final bit of thinking that goes into Doris' clothes buying has to do simply with *where* and *where not* to head on a shopping spree.

"Wholesale houses? They're too *expensive!*" Doris says—and she proves it.

Rushed through

"First of all, I've *got* to take enough time to shop for just the right thing to suit me—make me look as attractive as I can look." That's one of the reasons she no longer tries to save a buck by going to wholesale houses. It was an expensive lesson she learned, back in the days when she first got a contract with WARNER

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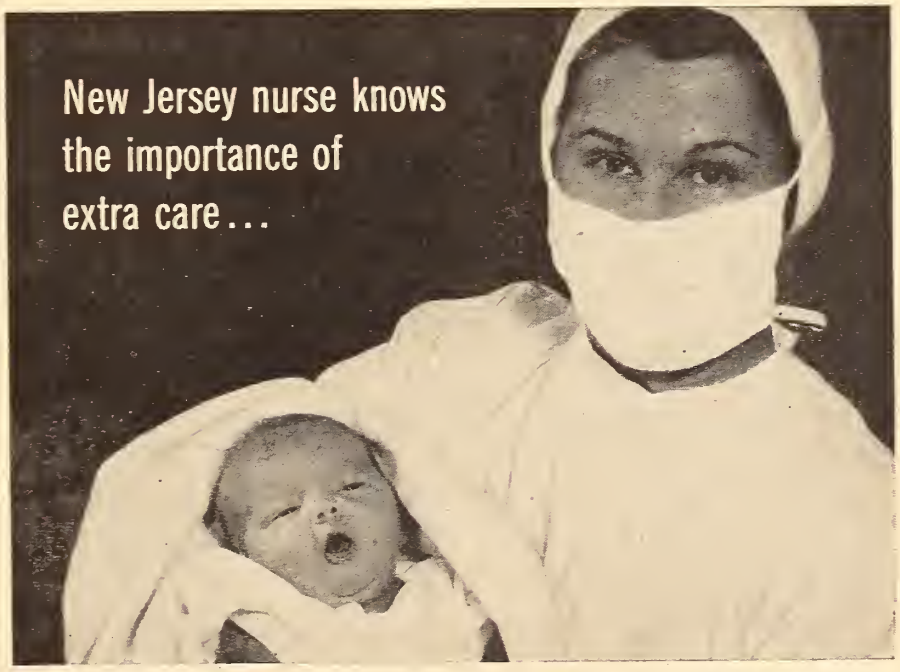
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PLAYING THE PALACE WITH JUDY GARLAND

■ I'll never forget my first glimpse of Judy Garland. I had come to audition for her when she needed some male singers for her act at New York's PALACE. She sat quietly in a corner but gave each of us a big smile to take away some of the stage fright we were feeling.

During the PALACE run, there were many unusual evenings. Like the night Bing Crosby was there. He and Julie Andrews, the *My Fair Lady* star, were sitting in the front row. Judy introduced Julie and Bing, and the audience applauded so loudly that Bing had to come up on stage. As Bing and Judy sang together, I knew I was watching the greatest—there isn't enough money in Ft. Knox to pay for these two entertainers in one personal appearance.

One Sunday matinee I was chatting with Judy before the curtain went up and she told me she was very nervous that day: her three children were in the audience and they were the toughest critics she had. When she reached the point in her act where she sang "Happiness Is Just A Thing Called Joe" she got her little son Joe out of the audience and held him as she sang it. There wasn't a dry eye in the house when she finished. Next, she brought little Lorna out of the audience and sang "Rock-a-bye My Baby" to her. Then, Liza, the eldest, came up on stage. This time, Judy stepped aside and asked Liza to sing. Liza sang "Swanee" and on the end of the second chorus, Judy joined in the singing and Liza started dancing. Then Liza took her bows—just as Judy does—while Judy stood at the side of the stage beaming with pride.

Of course, the run wasn't all sweetness and light. Judy missed several performances because of laryngitis. Judy hates to perform when she can't give an audience what they've always heard in the movies, so she usually cancelled a performance when the strain would start showing. But one night she didn't realize how bad her throat was. As the show progressed, Judy's voice got weaker. At the end of her last song, "Over The Rainbow," Judy had to hit two high, sustained notes. When she got to it, she realized she just couldn't hit them. She paused for a few seconds, and the audience burst into applause to help her. Then, she kind of croaked the two notes. Every other night she walked slowly off stage after that number, since it was her finish, but that night she ran off, and threw her arms around a stage hand and sobbed bitterly.

Then she dried her eyes and went back on stage to take her curtain calls.

The week before Christmas, the whole show took a vacation. When we came back, Judy decided to put another opening number in the show. We sang this number off stage into a mike, but even though we weren't on stage, Judy wanted us to smile while we sang so it would be a happy sound to the audience. It sounds silly, but it's true—if you smile while you're singing, it *sounds* like you're happy. But it's difficult to smile to no one, so until it was her cue to go on stage Judy used to stand in front of us and make faces! And the faces she made really broke us up. We'd laugh at Judy—and she had the effect she wanted.

That was what playing the PALACE with Judy was like, right through closing night—when the whole audience stood up as one and sang "Auld Lang Syne" to Judy Garland, in thanks for the magic she gave in her voice. **Red Hilton**

BROTHERS and penny-watching was still pretty necessary.

Every time she went to New York, she got in touch with a girl friend who was a secretary at one of the big buying offices. Through her, Doris could get into most of the wholesale firms in the garment district. But quite naturally she was always rushed through by the salespeople who wanted to get over to the buyers who would pick up fifty or a hundred garments instead of the one, two, or three that Doris chose. So while she might save herself up to fifty percent of the retail price, in the end it wasn't worth it since she could not exchange her purchases. And rushed through to a super-fast *yes* or *no*—it isn't surprising that Doris invariably regretted one out of three dresses bought.

"And some of the alterations!" she smiles ruefully. "I'll never forget one little number. It *looked* like it would fit, but holding a dress up in front of you is hardly the best way to judge! The alteration bill!—to widen the shoulders and drop the waist and take in the darts and narrow the skirt, make the neckline fit and on and on."

Doris stuck to retail stores ever since.

"There's no doubt about it—it was too expensive to buy wholesale—believe it or not!"

'Bargains' cost too much

Continuing on the theme of *what to pay for something*, Doris explains that "It's wiser to buy *fewer things for more money, than more for bargain prices.* That's especially true for summer cottons." That was another of Doris' expensive 'learn-by-experience' lessons.

Soon after she first settled in California she bought two cheap dresses at a chain store near La Brea. One of the dresses shrank to where she couldn't wear it again; the other was equally unwearable . . . the colors ran after the first washing.

Most important, says Doris, is to compare merchandise as extensively as possible. "I never buy the first dress I try on anymore no matter how much I like it. How could I *know* it's the best I can find—and the *most* flattering?"

That she meant what she said was quite apparent to Donna Reed when Donna went shopping with Doris for a garden-party number. They went to *seven* department stores and four specialty shoppes before Doris made her choice—the first dress she'd tried on that morning! "I've never seen anyone more surprised than the salesgirl when we came back for the dress six hours after Doris had first tried it on!" Donna recalls. But Doris explains, "How would I know I liked it best if I hadn't seen the others?"

Crisp, clean and sparkling

And that's just about it—what makes Doris Day one of Hollywood's best-dressed women.

Except for one more thing—and it's probably the most important. Now Doris can afford to spend far more on her summer wardrobe than the average working girl. But according to Edith Head, the true secret of her success with clothes has little to do with the amount of money she spends. As Miss Head puts it, "It's in the way she takes care of what she has, whether it's a $750.00 Dior creation or a $15.00 cotton dress. I've never seen Doris with a run in her stocking, a wrinkled skirt, a dirty glove. She always looks crisp, clean, sparkling, like she had just taken a shower and the garment was delivered from the cleaners no more than fifteen minutes ago . . . ." **END**

Doris will soon be seen in Warner Bros. musical The Pajama Game, *RKO's* Curtain Going Up *and Paramount's* Teacher's Pet.

irley temple returns

ontinued from page 31) "It's the first ng that has been offered me that per- ts me to have both my home-life and work," she said thoughtfully. "Every- ng else has threatened to take me away m my husband and three children. I ildn't have it that way."

'But, Shirley—television can be very manding, too," I argued, thinking of the ctic pace of girls like Jane Wyman, Lo- tta Young and Dinah Shore.

'Oh, yes, I know that." She nodded that rly head. "I've had many television offers fore, as well as motion picture offers. even turned down David Selznick's *amond Jubilee* program.

'But this particular offer seems to solve problems," she continued, "First, as u've probably read, I'm going to *narrate* series of famed and familiar fairy tales. y part of the shows will be filmed at the evision studio here in Burbank and lls for only a few days work a month. ie rest of the programs will come live om New York.

"Second, the fairy-tale theme of the ries appealed strongly to me. My three ildren adored *Peter Pan* and so did I. I ought it was the most beautiful show in lor I had ever seen. I was crazy about *nderella,* too. I was promised that all my ows would be in color. You see, the hole thing will be just like my telling ese wonderful stories to my own little ood—but with children all over the untry listening in," she laughed.

"How does your husband—Charles—feel out this?" I asked.

"Oh, he's delighted," she nodded briskly. He never objected to my working. It as I who felt the children were so young didn't want to leave them. I have a good arriage. A very good marriage," she re- eated seriously, "and I treasure it. You n't have everything in life. I prefer my fe as Mrs. Black."

nferior' decorator

Atherton is thirty miles from San Fran- sco, close to Palo Alto, and Shirley tells e it is so spacious there are just six ouses to a street. "In our *cul de sac,*" she ughed, "there are fifteen neighborhood ildren. We have a ranch-style house and o acres for the children to roam over. 's really heavenly."

Then Shirley went on to tell me that er life in Atherton is far from being just at of a housewife with no outside in- rests. "I call myself an 'inferior dec- rator'" she explained chuckling over the ttle joke. "I work in my spare time with e *Franciscan Interior Decorators,* earn- g just enough to pay State taxes,"—and ow she really laughed.

"Being close to a great college like Stan- rd, too, there are dramatics, and concerts nd interesting lectures to attend and, of ourse, Charles and I enjoy social life and aving our friends around us."

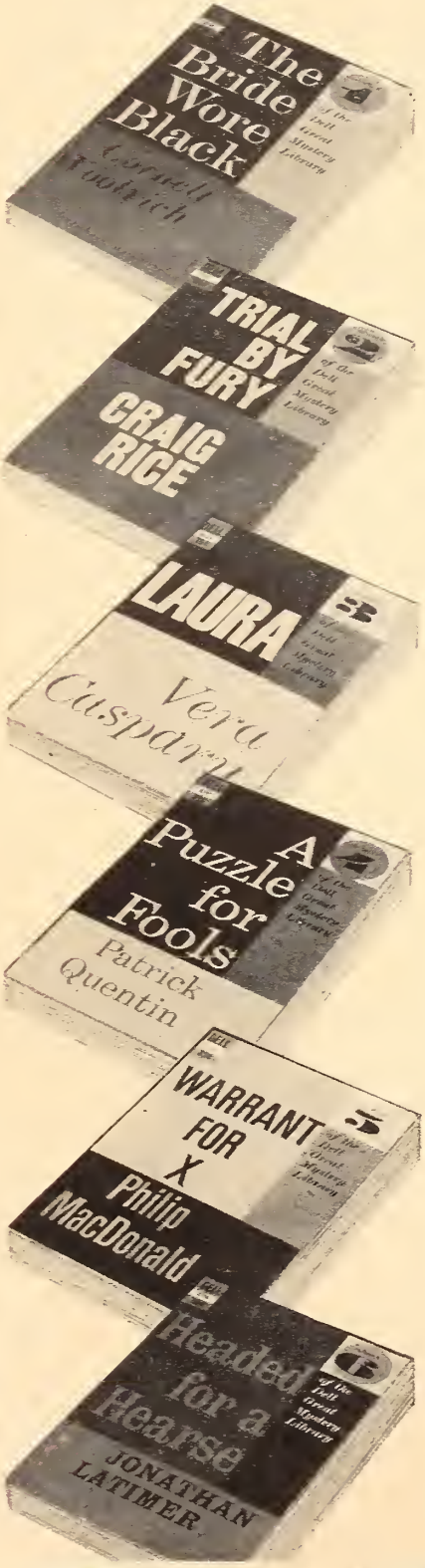
othing more a girl could ask for

Those famous Temple dimples kept com- g into full play as she told me all this, eminding me so vividly of that little girl f long ago. How long has it been since he used to put that chubby little hand of er's into mine as I visited her movie sets? et's see, Shirley was twenty-nine April 3rd—hard as that is to believe. When I rst met her she was four!

"You know, Shirley, it has been printed hat you feel that you had an unhappy hildhood as the little darling of the screen, nd that's the reason you didn't want any art of professional life," I said—as tact- ully as I could, because it's been printed hat she was quite bitter about her days of hildhood stardom.

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If you wait long enough, you always get what you want. At least that's what Gisele has found out. Like the pink kitchen, the mink coats, a chance to show her talents on Your Hit Parade, *and marriage in the future.*

■ Gisele MacKenzie is thirty, and her friends are urging her to hurry up and get married. But Gisele—she's waiting. Not anxiously. Just waiting. casually, because she's discovered that she always gets what she wants, if she's patient.

For example, she always wanted a mink coat. So, when she got rich enough, she bought two minks! She always yearned for an apartment of her own. Not a hotel room, not a sub-let with somebody else's furniture . . . but her own, furnished and decorated by herself. So she got it: a terrace apartment, sixteen floors above New York's Central Park.

She always wanted a pink kitchen, with everything pink, from the dish drainer to the pots and pans . . . and has it.

She always wanted to be a fine cook, and her friends told her it was impossible for a working singer-actress to find time to be a first-rate cook. So, she became one. Dinner invitations to her apartment are as precious as tickets to *My Fair Lady*.

As for men, she confesses she was engaged twice, but both romances broke up.

She likes the tall, dark, handsome type. For a long time, she mooned over Gregory Peck. "But I guess he didn't get my messages," she smiles. When she met Perry Como for the first time, she paid him the highest compliment by telling him, "If Gregory Peck could sing, I'm sure he would sing like you."

When she appeared on Edward R. Murrow's *Person To Person* TV program, he took her out for the usual get-acquainted luncheon before the show. "I don't think I've been the same since," she sighs.

She recalls meeting, some time later, Nanette Fabray, who lives in the same apartment building, and Nan noted Gisele's vague, faraway look. "I'll bet you had lunch with Ed Murrow," said Nan, who also had that same faraway look.

"If I can find a man who's a combination of Peck and Murrow, I'd marry him instantly," Gisele laughs.

"But I'm not going to marry just to avoid being an old maid, and then get into trouble later," she insists. "I've got my career, and I'm busy, and I still have a lot of recipes to test, especially pie crusts. That's one thing I do that's awful. The fillings, fine . . . I can do them well, but not the crust."

And when her friends get too insistent about her getting married, she uncorks her punchline argument: "When I had lunch with Ed Murrow, he said, 'If a woman is not more beautiful and more charming after fifty than she was before fifty, then she had nothing to start with!'

"That's why," she explains, "I feel I'm gaining something instead of losing as I grow older. Perhaps I'm too *young* to get married!"

She wasn't even annoyed as she answered, "You know better than that. You've known me for twenty-five years. I had a wonderful childhood, and adoring parents and everything—and much more—that a little girl could ask for."

As long as we were on this subject, I was determined to pursue it. "Then why were you so upset when your own child, Susan, was in a school play. You marched right down there and took her out of that play when she was advertised as your daughter!"

"Because they *sold* tickets saying Shirley Temple's daughter was going to be in the Christmas play. It was a small nursery school actually. Susan was only three at that time and all she was to do was walk out dressed as a fairy and wave a wand!" Quickly she explained, "I felt it was taking money under false pretenses—particularly as Susan had so little to do and the children who had the leading roles weren't being advertised at all."

Shirley's three children

Susan, daughter of her marriage to John Agar, is now nine years old and goes to a private school close to the Black home. Charles Jr. is five and goes to nursery school. And three-year-old Laurie will go next year.

Of all her children, Laurie looks most like Shirley did as a child. Laurie has a mop of curls, although her hair isn't as golden as was her mother's in those days. "Why don't you put her in one of the fairy tales?" I asked Shirley. She said proudly, "I may do just that. It would certainly prove that I have no bitter feelings about children acting, for one thing," she teased.

Turning to business again, she said she expected she would first do *Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves*, and then *Beauty And The Beast*. But the order and the selection is subject to change without notice.

"I'm even considering an hour-and-a-half *Spectacular* later in the Fall, after the fairy tale series is well launched," she said. And before I could say anything, she added, "I could rent a house here while I'm working and rehearsing and bring the children along before they return to school. Charles could join us week ends."

How sensible and sane she is, putting her family considerations ahead of everything else, I thought. And how very amazing. For fame, when she knew it, did not come to Shirley in half measures. Before she was five years old she was one of the greatest stars Hollywood has ever produced.

A tiny Oscar for a little girl

My mind went back to the night, so many many years ago, when the entire industry honored her achievements with a special *Oscar*. She was held in her father's arms as C. B. De Mille presented her first with a kiss and then with the tiny *Oscar* that had been made just for her.

And then, this tiny little golden doll stepped to the front of the big stage and made her little *thank-you* speech, a veritable little Princess blowing kisses to the audience.

There were Shirley Temple dolls, doll houses, dresses, toys, and a hundred other things marketed in her name with sensational financial success. Shirley must be very rich because all this was in the days before taxes took such an enormous cut into film salaries and income. Even when she was a tiny little thing, there was an enormous trust fund set up for her by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Temple who were scrupulously careful of her money always.

I can remember her a little longer-legged, growing up a little, but still so imperceptively that it came as a shock to us in Hollywood—as well as to the rest of the world—when we learned that she was



THE TERROR OF THE KITCHEN



Jan makes out the menus but it's husband Paul Douglas who does the cooking. That's because Paul believes women do not belong in the kitchen.

Paul Douglas doesn't think that omen belong in the kitchen.

"My wife, Jan Sterling, drives me razy when I'm cooking. She's too oppy. But then, so are most women hen they cook." His secret: "I wash the pans and stuff as I go along." So in his home Paul does all the cook-g. He's an expert on summer squash. oached halibut, green salads ("the ecret there is the delicate balance of oquefort, vinegar, herbs, and oil"), nd barbecued chicken ("the sauce my own invention. I'm not giving it vay to anybody"). He doesn't bake ecause "I'm already ten pounds over-eight."

He learned to cook in desperation ter he got tired of restaurant meals uring his two years as blocking back r the Yellow Jackets football team, ow the Philadelphia Eagles. He likes l the trappings that should go with ood food. He thinks that the atmos-here created by the silver. linen. and ystal is as important as the food.

Still one of the meals he enjoyed ost was eaten off paper plates! It was nner on the day late in 1955 when his n was born. Jan Sterling had given rth to Adams Douglas in their own me early in the afternoon. For dinner aul was too excited to whip up any-ing more fancy than hamburger and aked beans—served on paper plates—hich he shared with his wife as he t on the edge of her bed and looked his six-hour-old son.

Of his wife, he says, "Jan's a fine other, but she's a lousy cook." Then, be gentlemanly, he adds, "Well, ter all, I've been eating for a good any years longer than she has."

Paul's in MGM's This Could Be The ight *and Paramount's* Beau James.

a young lady in love, a teenage girl who was engaged and later married to handsome young actor John Agar.

The wedding of Shirley and John was a story-book affair. No bride ever looked as glorious and happy as Shirley did at her big wedding to John. Everyone was sure that they were a real-life Romeo and Juliet, but with no sad ending to *their* love story. When it became known, in due time, that Shirley was going to have a baby, many is the mother who looked at her own adored teenage daughter and sighed, "Oh, if *my* child can only know such happiness."

This is why it came as such a cruel, heartbreaking shock—when it came—that the little Golden Girl was seeking a divorce! Unbelievable! It wasn't possible, it couldn't be true, that fate, previously so kind, had written into her life that Shirley should play the role of a divorcee with a child.

But love was to come again, this time with a man whose interests are far removed from the world of show business. Charles Black, young business man of Menlo Park, another suburb of San Francisco. When Shirley married him, it seemed as though we had lost her forever—and that she was happy to forget about that little girl that used to be.

Except in the vital statistics columns—when she had first a son, and then a daughter—there was very little printed about Mrs. Charles Black, the former Shirley Temple. It was as though she wanted things that way—and would have them no other.

Little Susan Agar

And yet, I could not let Shirley go without asking her about Susan, the daughter of that brief, unhappy marriage to Agar.

She said with great simplicity and dignity, "We never discuss John. He has not seen Susan in six years."

I could hardly believe it, it sounded so tragic. The reason must be, it *has* to be, that John does not want to intrude on the happiness he knows Shirley has found. After a period of being a pretty mixed-up boy and getting in several unfortunate scrapes, he too seems to have found happiness in another marriage.

"Is there a possibility that John might permit Charles to adopt Susan?" I asked softly, I, too, hoping not to open old wounds.

She went on in that same level tone, "I don't want to reopen anything—or to have such a thing in the newspapers. I wouldn't want Susan, who feels she belongs to Charles as much as she does to me, to be hurt by the publicity. Children can be hurt so easily—and silently."

Perhaps she is right. Let that chapter in her private story remain closed.

Obviously it was a subject Shirley did not want to dwell on, and I was just as eager as she that we part with happier memories of our meeting.

It was time for her to go back to her little very private Paradise called Atherton.

As we parted outside the cafe, I kissed her on the cheek and said, " Shirley, everyone loves you and wishes you nothing but happiness."

"I have found happiness. And I treasure it," she said with deep feeling. "I am a very lucky woman."

And the slim straight little figure that waved to me just before she stepped into her car was every inch a *woman* in the full meaning of that word—seasoned, mature, tender and wise.

And I know the world will love the woman she has become, and welcome her back to show business with all the heart and love it gave to Shirley Temple, the little girl.

END



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how susan got her man

(*Continued from page 59*) Hollywood more and more often from Georgia. I wondered how he could have so much business in California.

During press interviews Susan was starting to hedge whenever reporters asked if there was a chance she might get married again. And only a few months before she had been giving a firm "Never again!" In fact, if it were a female reporter asking the question she followed that firm "Never again!" with a long tirade against the men who had done her wrong—career-wise. But that was a few months before.

The courtship went on and on, in a merry whirl. Susan began to entertain on a lavish scale. For someone who had never given parties, she went all out. The parties were always for Eaton. And always she had the same non-Hollywood guests. Why? Because Susan had come to the realization that since Eaton wasn't an actor, she shouldn't get him all involved in her business life. But giving parties for Eaton wasn't as easy as it might seem. She was nervous about it all. She hadn't had the years and years of education that Eaton had and she came from the slums of Brooklyn. But she was smart enough to know that she would have to prepare for this marriage as hard as she had prepared for her fabulous acting career! For one, it meant getting ready to mix on equal terms with Eaton's very social-register set! And that meant knowing about silverware, dishes, what to use and when—what was right and in good taste. Susan had never bothered before—she didn't like big parties, so living in that kind of social-whirl home was something she had to learn, and wanted to, for Eaton. She learned. The tree was the prettiest and smartest in Hollywood—the decorations were ribbons tied in bows instead of the conventional Yuletide decorations that Susan had always hung on her trees, helterskelter, ever since her childhood in Brooklyn. This time—Susan's home was geared to Eaton's taste, *his* friends' taste.

Marriage plans

It was a wonderful party. Looking back I believe this was when the actual marriage plans were being made by the happy couple. Why do I believe so? Because immediately after Christmas Eaton went back to Georgia and Susan stopped reading scripts submitted to her by every studio in town, although she promised her old boss Walter Wanger, who had given her her big break in *Smash Up*, that she would make a picture for him if he came up with a good script.

Why did Eaton go home? To pack nothing else. Shortly after New Year's Day this year he returned to Hollywood. The couple left for Phoenix, Arizona, telling only a few friends of their plans. And they were sworn to secrecy.

The couple ran up against a stone wall in Arizona. No one had told them that the state had just passed a law requiring a three-day wait for marriage licenses. They arrived in Phoenix only to be told that they would have to wait it out for three days. Why didn't the story leak to the press then? Because Susan wore dark glasses and registered at one hotel under her real name, Edythe Marrener, while Eaton registered as Eaton Chalkley and who in Phoenix had ever heard of *him*?

Disappointed, they decided to fly to Nevada where an immediate marriage is legal. But then Eaton took over—he's a great one for taking over, this man!—and phoned the Governor of Arizona. The Governor issued a special dispensation. Susan and Eaton were married in Phoenix, as planned.

The old homestead

They went to New Orleans on their honeymoon. Then they went to Carrollton, Georgia, where they live in their home—Eaton's old [illegible]stead—on, of all streets, Sunset Boul[illegible]!

Most people in Ho[illegible]ood thought Susan's stay in Georgia would be short. They couldn't imagine her giving up Hollywood and all its glittter and glamour. The wise-acres had it all doped out that this would be "just another one of those commuting marriages." Watch it, they said, she'll be back! How could anybody live in a place called Carrollton? Certainly not a Susan Hayward!

Well, Susan Hayward showed them. Two months later she was still in Georgia—and loving it. She sent word to her business manager in Hollywood to put her Sherman Oaks home up for sale. She also gave out a statement to the press that she was going to learn how to make real honest-to-gumbo Southern gumbo soup. And she was photographed driving one of the pick-up trucks on Eaton's estate—the picture of a completely happy housewife!

I'm not saying that Susan has deserted Hollywood. She will come back, but only to make the movies she wants to make. And when she finishes making them she'll go right back to Georgia.

Because that's where she's happy.

Everyone who has met Eaton—and looked at the devotion the Chalkleys feel for each other—know the marriage should be for keeps, with no reservations whatsoever. He's a first-rate, all-'round good guy. That's why Susan Hayward's happy these days; she's found the stuff that dreams are made of, and the dream that makes her want to be an actress second—and a wife first. . . .

EN



HOW LIZ TAYLOR AND MIKE TODD MET

■ If it hadn't been for an English priest vacationing in Hollywood, Liz Taylor and Mike Todd might never have met. In fact, fate in this case produced a *couple* of coincidences to bring Liz and Mike together.

It all happened last summer. Mike Wilding, knowing that his marriage was a failure, was living with his friends, the Stewart Grangers, and night after night Liz sat alone in her home.

Father George Long was one of Liz' friends and he knew how lonely and unhappy she was, pacing through the rooms of her house trying to forget her memories. So one evening when he was to join Shirley MacLaine and her husband and a few other friends for dinner at Bit Of Sweden, he phoned Liz and asked if she would join them.

"It's a very small party," Father Long said, "and I know you'll find everyone there congenial. Besides I'll be leaving for England soon and I do want to see you. . . ."

To himself he thought, *It'll do her good to get out among people.*

In the meantime, one of the other guests, a close friend of Mike Todd's, learned that he was in town. Mike is witty, gay, a welcome addition to any party. "I'll invite him," she thought impulsively.

That evening at Bit Of Sweden eight people met, among them Mike and Liz. One member of the party decided, "I'll maneuver Mike and Liz so they sit next to each other." She knew that Liz hadn't been very happy recently. "Mike will cheer her up," she thought hopefully.

How right she was! Liz, who hadn't enjoyed a hearty laugh in weeks, responded to Mike's quick, outgoing, witty personality. For the first time in weeks, her laughter rang out—no longer forced and meaningless, but gay and spontaneous. And Mike, of course, was dazzled by the girl who has been called the most beautiful woman in the world.

But it wasn't only her beauty that attracted him. There was something else—something that he wasn't really prepared for. To those who get to know the real Liz comes an amazing discovery—that this girl is not the flibberti-gibbet you'd expect such a beauty to be. She cares deeply about people, and is completely responsive to their needs.

Mike sensed these qualities in Liz, and he was right.

And so began the romance which led Liz to say, even before she married him, "I'm madly in love with Mike Todd."

Liz can currently be seen in George Stevens' production of Giant, *a Warner Bros. release. Watch for her soon in MGM's* Raintree County.

ick egan—pat hardy

(Continued from page 38) strides"—nd says she wouldn't want to give up yet; Dick feels his own career as far to go, yet they do talk marriage. nd so, of course, does everybody else. Dick and Pat are by now quite used to eading about their wedding plans in the apers. Mostly, it doesn't bother them.

A couple of weeks ago, Pat's mother, who lives in Brooklyn, had a visit from a eighbor. Neighbor rushed in brandishing gossip column. "Oh, you're a sly one," he cried. "Not even dropping a hint about 'at's marriage—"

Pat's mother reached for the column with one hand, a glass of water with the ther. "Pat's marriage?" One look, and he whole thing was clear. Sheilah Graam had written that friends *thought* Pat nd Dick might be secretly wed.

Mrs. Hardy handed back the paper, aughing. "She wouldn't elope without elling me." She thought a minute, then dded, "She wouldn't elope at all."

Pat says that's true. "When I get married, it will be a real wedding, with all the rimmings."

A church wedding is what she means, nd you can be sure that Egan, who's had he same kind of Catholic background, would agree. Their Church is important to hem, though they aren't much for talking bout it. Sometimes on a Saturday night, 'at will stay over at Dick's family's place, nd they'll all go to church together on unday morning. "His parents are wonerful," she says. "They're fun to be with, nd they treat me just like a daughter."

A feeling of being looked after

After Sunday morning services, Pat and Dick are just as likely to get in his car, ake a long drive out to the beach, spend he day lazily between sand and sky. They ome home late, their ears full of sea ounds, tired but content. And at times ike these Pat sometimes forgets to be the erfect lady—she'll do some outlandish hing like letting herself into the car. Then he catches it from Egan—"I can *still* open door for my d[illegible]e reminds her firmly. She tries not [illegible]ugh at him, all serious bout her ghastl[illegible]p. "Tomorrw I get the Emily Post book, honey. From now on, it's white tie for breakfast, and my small talk's gonna be all in French—"

She teases him about his formality, his insistence on doing things right, but she really likes it. It gives her a feeling of being looked after and protected.

The Egan-Hardy night-time dates aren't the kind they make movies about, all crystal chandeliers and vintage wines and lobsters served at the stroke of midnight. The couple occasionally makes it to one of the fancier clubs, more often they don't. Sometimes it's an evening at a friend's home and good conversation. Mostly it's CHIANTI'S, a little Italian restaurant with atmosphere that's on Hollywood's Melrose Avenue. They often go there for dinner, and to listen to old Caruso records.

Belief in the miracle of love

Here is a typical beginning to a Hardy-Egan evening. Scene is Pat's place. Telephone rings. Pat answers.

Dick: *Hi Pat! You think we should try some place new for dinner tonight?*

Pat: *Fine and dandy.*

Next scene takes place in the Egan car.

Dick: *You really want to try some place new? I mean, think of the crowds everywhere. And you hate to wait, and I konw you're starved. Let's go to Chianti's.*

She knew they'd end up there all the time.

At CHIANTI'S the management is fond of Dick and after dinner he and Pat are allowed out into the back part of the restaurant, ordinarily off-limits, where there are always Italian love songs playing; and if you've never danced to an Italian love song, you've just never danced.

Pat and Dick like CHIANTI'S for another reason. They're never bothered. They can sit for hours talking, and being together.

Pat lives in Hollywood, so it isn't far from CHIANTI'S to her house, and then good night, and the long drive home to Brentwood for Egan. It takes an hour from her place to his. What does he think about on the trip? A girl with soft eyes, soft hair, soft mouth. A girl named Pat Hardy, who'd look wonderful in a wedding gown? His thoughts are his own secret, and he keeps that secret well. But we can guess, and we can hope—and we can believe in the miracle of love . . . **END**

Richard Egan will soon be seen in U-I's The Man Who Rocked The Boat.

erry como

(Continued from page 60) make the grade. And they alternate between safe, happy kid-stuff with bubble-gum and the slang —and then they try on a too-bright lipstick for size and too-high heels."

Perry is a man who can take both sides of his young friends with sympathetic understanding, and his easy, kidding manner says, "Take it easy, you're not missing the boat. I went through it all myself."

Isn't this kind of subtle assurance exactly what a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old needs? For instance . . .

Jean was a cute fifteen-year-old in a hurry to grow up. She started wearing inch-long nails set off with siren-red polish.

"Hello, Crazynails," said Perry one day. "You fixin' to scratch my eyes out?"

"Aw Perry," she protested, "this polish is the living end."

"Well who needs it! I liked you better without that red stuff."

Next time she appeared "Crazynails" was back to normal. If Perry liked her as she was, that was good enough for her and it could darn well be good enough for any young male who might appear on the horizon.

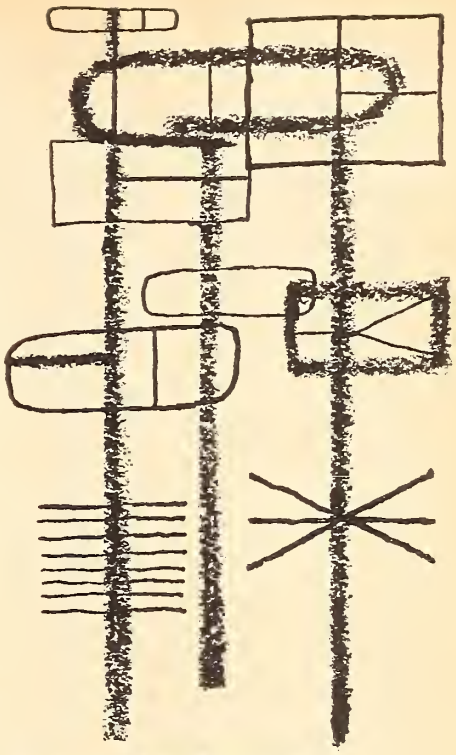
He has a natural flair for hitting on an apt nickname to show up the kids' mistakes without hurting their feelings. When he says it, it's an endearing nickname, but the point is made nevertheless. A girl who always stands in the path became *Roadblock;* the one with the frown, *Scowlypuss.*

The girls claim he has eyes in the back of his head. He can sign the autograph book of a girl in front of him and say over his shoulder to one in back, "Stop biting your nails." The kids don't know how he does it but they love it. Then there was the time they would troop in to see him, smacking their bubble-gum with enthusiasm. Perry rooted out all the *plops* by telling the kids, one by one, "Ladies don't chew bubble-gum."

There's nothing new about the technique; fathers have been using it since time began. But from him, the kids love it—maybe because it tells them that he likes them and takes a real interest in their progress.

"It isn't as if he were young and foolish," one young miss explained. "He's an Older Man and we know the advice he gives us is tops. When I had a problem, it would worry me sick, but now I tell Perry."

That seems to be the great secret. Sure he's a great singer. But more important he's a Friend, one who isn't too unavailable in an emergency. **END**



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magazine
every month

baby-sitting paid off for MARILYN MONROE



■ Much has been made of the fact that Marilyn Monroe started out in life as an underprivileged, unloved orphan named Norma Jean Baker. Her biographers have analyzed her from every angle. But one aspect of her early career appears to have been overlooked.

When Marilyn was a teenager, she occasionally earned money by baby-sitting. She'd been elected *Oomph Girl* of EMERSON JUNIOR HIGH, and had survived a short-lived marriage at fifteen. But she was yet to be discovered by the movie-going American public.

One night, a Hollywood matron who wanted to meet her husband for dinner hired Marilyn to stay with Junior. When the couple came home, the man of the house spotted the sitter.

Lady Luck was with Marilyn that night because Junior's daddy just happened to be in the Casting Department of 20TH CENTURY-FOX. So what happened? Before anyone could beat him to the punch, he told Marilyn to come to the studio the very next day.

Marilyn showed up and was signed to a year's contract. That made the lady of the house good and mad, because she had to go and look for another baby-sitter. And our guess is she chose one who wasn't so photogenic!

Marilyn will soon be seen in an L.O.P. Limited Production The Prince And The Showgirl *for Warner Bros.*

shirley jones—jack cassidy

(*Continued from page 42*) Shirley does all the Cassidy cooking. She won't let Jack help, she says, because "I'm afraid he'd do it better and make me feel bad." And she *has* made progress. Jack summed up her pre-marital cooking art once with the statement— "She was *great* . . . with a glass of milk."

He's still teasing her about their first dinner party. They had six guests. Shirley'd figured out a fool-proof menu. Roast beef and baked potatoes. "You put it in the oven, adjust the heat, and take it out later, right?"

The dinner hour approached, Shirley advanced on the oven. Everything was gorgeous. Guests sat down and opened up their potatoes. Nothing but skin, nothing inside. Guests politely buttered the skin, as Jack asked quietly, "How long did you have them in the oven, dear?"

Shirley looked up, wide-eyed. "Oh, five hours or so. Why? Is that too long?"

When Jack finishes telling that story, Shirley invariably follows up with, "Now j-u-u-u-s-t a minute! What about that first time we had your folks over—"

If we're going to be fair about it, Shirley did enjoy quite a cooking triumph. Her in-laws enjoyed baked ham, boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage—all Jack's father's favorite foods. Of course, it took her hours —and the elder Cassidys were so hungry by the time food appeared they were thinking of starting the meal with the floral centerpiece. But everybody admitted they'd never tasted more elegant ham and cabbage!

The Cassidys' pets: piano and hi-fi

Getting out of the kitchen, and on with the married-life-with-the Cassidys show, we come to the Cassidy living-room, which is as handsome as could be with its deep-piled carpet, drapes across a window-wall, lush sofa, comfortable chairs. And a huge, round, slate-topped coffee table which tells another story about this couple.

Jack and Shirley had ordered the table from California. It arrived with a crack right down the middle of the slate. "We'll send it back tomorrow," Jack said.

Tomorrow came. They studied the table. "It's not too bad a crack," said Shirley, just before Jack thought of saying the same.

A week later, they wouldn't have traded that cracked table no-how. Nobody seems to know exactly why. A friend may jeer, "It looks lived in," but the Cassidys are content. "A slate table is supposed to be rustic; what's more rustic than a crack?"

Shirley's pet thing in the apartment is her piano, a baby grand smaller than the usual baby. It is, in fact, a size they don't manufacture any more. It's an EMERSON that Shirley practiced on as a child. Her folks had it polished up, the worn and damaged parts replaced, and then gave it to Jack and Shirley as a wedding present. Incidentally, Shirley will tell you, their good luck with wedding presents was because of Shirley's mother, a well-organized lady who told friends and relations what was needed and saw to it that there weren't any duplications. "I can hear her now," Shirley giggles. "'*You* bring the frying pan, and *you* get the whisk broom, and tell Mabel no more nut dishes.'"

Jack's pet thing in the apartment is his hi-fi set, enclosed in a louvered cabinet. Luckily the building is old and has thick walls and floors, or the neighbors would long since have had Jack thrown out as a public nuisance. Because he plays his hi-fi *loud*.

In fact, the reason why Shirley wasn't too much good around the house for the first few months of her marriage, she explains a the drop of a hat, was because "I lost the use of my hands; I had them over my ears all the time."

She'd ask him nicely, "Turn it down?"

He wouldn't answer. How could he answer? He couldn't hear, with his ear glued into the loudspeaker. He plays Frank Sinatra as loud as he plays classical stuff, and by now Shirley's used to it. Mostly, she even likes it. On the occasions when it gets to be too much for her, she goes into the bedroom and complains to the dogs. The dogs were presents from Jack to Shirley. They're tiny animals, mother and daughter, and extremely sympathetic.

Definitely not modern

The Cassidy bedroom, incidentally, hasn't got a regular bedroom set—they're waiting till they get their house, which is going to be small town and English—definitely not modern. So far the bedroom has been furnished just with a huge bed—no headboard, a large chest of drawers, and the dressing table that Jack's building for Shirley on one small piece of wall. There isn't enough closet space, so Shirley hangs her evening gowns in the coat closet in the hall.

Jack has built—or rather, half-built—a great many things for the apartment. The things never get finished because the Cassidys have worked so steadily since their marriage—professionally, that is—that there hasn't been time for much puttering.

Which brings us to the now-famous story that Jack and Shirley won't work separately, have to be hired as a team. There's only one thing wrong with the story—it isn't true. The Cassidys do *like* to work together, and so far producers have been anxious to get them that way. It's romantic; the public loves it. But Shirley has movie commitments which don't include Jack. Of course separations are painful to think about, but the Cassidys don't have a jealousy problem; they trust each other. "In this business, you must," Shirley says.

Jack Carson and his wife, Lola Albright, appeared on the Bob Cummings TV show. He played a wolf, and had one blazing love scene with his wife. The director wasn't pleased with the inadequate passion displayed by this husband and wife before the TV camera. Carson promised to perfect it. "Lola," he said to her, "in this scene make love to me fiercely—like . . . like . . . like . . . you did with Frank Sinatra in *The Tender Trap*."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

No reason to be jealous

She remembers her mother coming with her and Jack to a Broadway-type party. Mrs. Jones was staggered. There stood Shirley in long and earnest conversation with a strange man; across the room Jack was greeting a pretty girl with a kiss. Finally Mrs. Jones took Shirley aside. "Isn't it all very odd? Don't you mind?"

Try to explain to your Smithton mother that New York is different. "This is the way show people are," Shirley said feebly.

Of course Shirley and Jack have had none of the usual reasons to be jealous. Right from the very beginning they were all for each other. There was none of this *who were you with last night?* stuff. They were together every night. They don't like night clubs too much, and they'd rather take Jack's son, David, to the zoo than get all dressed up and go to the *Academy Awards*.

Jack's son, David, is seven. Shirley's crazy about him, and he returns her feel-

HER CAREER'S AN ACCIDENT!



■ Patty McCormack's career came about because Patty had a speech fault.

Her mother, Mrs. Thomas Henigan, tells the story. "Patty started to talk at a normal age, but from the very beginning she had this very pronounced lisp. It didn't seem to bother Patty, but it bothered me. When she passed her sixth birthday, I decided she needed help."

Mrs. Henigan heard of Eleanor Raab, who makes a specialty of working with children. And Eleanor is so interested in the theater that she uses old play scripts for her students to read from.

In three months Patty's lisp was gone.

But something else had happened. Mrs. Raab said, "I realized after a few lessons of reading scripts to correct the lisp that Patty would be able to do anything with words. I told her mother, 'You have an actress on your hands.'"

Just then a new play was being cast for Broadway that needed a little blonde girl about seven, which Patty was. The agent called Eleanor Raab. She said, 'Yes, I do know a little girl."

So Patty McCormack went into her first Broadway play, into TV and the *Mama* show, and then *The Bad Seed.*

Of course, pandemonium broke loose that opening night—over an uncanny actress, not yet ten years old.

There's one other thing. Now Patty gives Eleanor Raab *her* old scripts for Mrs. Raab's students to read from!

Watch for Patty in RKO's The Day They Gave Babies Away *and U-I's* Christmas In Paradise.

ing. "He's charming, wonderful," she says. "He has a sense of humor, but he's not raucous. He's sort of a pensive little boy. We're going to have new pictures of him as soon as his hair grows out. He's been to a terrible barber!"

Every Saturday, Jack picks up David and brings him home. If the weather's good, they go to the park. Later Shirley cooks dinner for them, and sometimes they see a movie in the evening. Shirley and David first met back in October, before Jack and Shirley were married. "I wasn't worried about their getting along," Jack remembers. "Shirley's wonderful with children, she doesn't push them, or talk down to them."

Not a weapon in a cold war

David wanted to know why his father was marrying somebody else, listened gravely as Jack explained. Mommy and Daddy didn't want to live together any more, Jack said, but they both still loved David. Shirley would be just one more person who'd love David. Since the ex-Mrs. Cassidy has been just as anxious as Shirley and Jack for David to feel secure and happy, there's been no using the child as a weapon in a cold war. David has seen nothing but friendliness and civility between his mother and father; he's been spared any broken-home scenes.

When Shirley and Jack get their house, they'll be able to keep David with them more; now there's no room for even an overnight visit. Being the hospitable type, this is one of the things that bothers the couple most about small-apartment dwelling. Every time Shirley's folks come up from Smithton, it irritates her that they have to stay in a hotel. Fortunately the older Cassidys live only a subway ride away, and every Sunday the younger Cassidys travel to Queens to dine with them. There's a pack of young Cassidys besides Jack and Shirley. Jack's got two brothers, and a sister with nine children!

He hates the dishes

And that's how the Cassidys spend their time—Saturday is David day; Sunday is Queens Cassidy day, and the rest of the week are routine Jack-and-Shirley days. Shirley gets up anywhere from 10 to 11:30 in the morning. "Middle of the night," says her husband, shaking his head pitifully. She can yodel, sing, drop dishpans on the floor if that's her idea of a good time. When Jack's asleep, he's really working at it. Around noon, Shirley gets busy rousing her spouse. Cold water, fire alarms, shouts of *murder!*—anything goes. Once she's succeeded in shocking him awake, silence falls. Jack is not a cheery riser; he wants quiet.

Like a man in a trance, he pads out to the desk in the living room. He looks at the papers. Shirley is permitted to hand him orange juice and coffee. Sometimes while he's drinking his coffee, he'll get on the phone and arrange the business of their movie club. They've got a screen and projector, and they rent movies which they show for themselves and a few friends a couple of nights a week. While Jack's deciding on the movie bill, Shirley's washing the dishes and making the bed. Jack never helps with dishes—he hates to—and Shirley doesn't mind. After all he's a demon curtain hanger, even though the cafe curtains in the kitchen keep falling down because the plaster won't hold up the curtain rods. But you can't blame that on Jack, can you? And he's also a demon cabinet builder, dog feeder, dog bather and dog walker.

Sent home on approval

Nowadays the dog walking is a slow business, because one of the dogs is going to have babies. "Baby roaches we

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HUNGRY TONY PERKINS



■ Tony Perkins is the only person in the world who could get a patent on his breakfast.

"I invented it myself," he says. "I open a can of tuna fish, dump half the can into two eggs and mix it up, add two pieces of American cheese, and put all that into the frying pan for about a minute and then turn it over and swish it together. A very excellent breakfast. I recommend it."

Tony's cooking is limited to his breakfast invention, but he has developed certain facets of eating into a fine art.

It is primarily the art of eating other people's dinners. Says his co-star, Elaine Aiken, "When Tony invites me out to dinner I've learned to fortify myself with crackers and cheese before he arrives. I don't think that Tony has ever let me finish a meal. He eats quickly and he's always through before I've half started. Then he leans forward, looks intently behind me, and starts muttering something like, 'My gosh, Elaine, he's. . . he's going to drop that tray!' He sounds so earnest that it never seems like a trick. So I turn around and start looking for a non-existent waiter. By the time I realize I've been had, Tony has stolen most of my meat and half of whatever else was on my plate!"

Elaine has tried to figure out some way to beat Tony at this game. "If I could only discover something he didn't like, I'd order it."

But, up to now she has had no success because, "Tony eats anything that's edible." And, as the final, crushing blow, "He never even gains a pound," she wails.

Tony's currently in Paramount's Fear Strikes Out. *Watch for him in* The Lonely Man. The Tin Star *and* Joey. *He's also in Columbia's* The Sea Wall. *Elaine co-stars with Tony in* The Lonely Man.

think, from the size of her," says Jack.

Incidentally, Jack walks the pups and Shirley goes to the supermarket without being stopped by autograph hunters. Probably because they're not all dressed up—and nobody expects to see stars without mink stoles and emerald ankle bracelets!

Not that Shirley goes around in slacks much, because the only slacks Jack can stand seeing on Shirley are those he buys her—and besides he really prefers skirts, suits, tweeds, sporty things. For dress-up he likes her in sexy, low-cut gowns—"just for friends," he'll tell you—and he likes to okay her choices. So when she shops by herself, she has the things sent home on approval. Shirley never quibbles with Jack's taste, for her or for himself. He likes blue suits, bright vests, and she thinks he's memorable in all of 'em.

Life at home for the Cassidys is a little different when they're working in a show. Then they have an early dinner at home, dash to the theater, dash home again afterward and turn on television. Shirley used to be one of those conk-out-at-ten-o'clock girls; now she makes it through the *Late Show* with Jack, then stumbles off to bed, leaving him transfixed by the *Late Late Show*.

A break in this routine came when the Cassidys wound up their chores at the NEW YORK CITY CENTER, in *The Beggars' Opera*. They took off on a honeymoon, their first vacation since the wedding. They went to Bermuda, where the days are bright and a couple can lie around and just be in love because there's nothing else to do.

They've made a marriage

Has marriage changed Jack and Shirley? You bet it has! For the better? *Yes* again. Jack was a guy who could never share things. Oh, closet space he could share, or money, or a sandwich. But his thoughts, his problems he hugged to himself. And he was a guy well acquainted with moods. Before there was no place to run. Now there's Shirley.

At first it bothered him that she wanted him to talk things out with her, that she was troubled if he was troubled. Then he found it was better talking it out with the closest thing to human sunshine they've invented. She's just naturally sweet-tempered and crazy about her husband. A man would have to be a lunatic to feel grim in the face of that.

Think of them walking in the warm sands of Bermuda, talking about the house they'll have, and the children, and the jobs. He's calling her *Maude*, or *Mouse*, or whatever name comes into his head—he changes her name almost daily—and she's thinking how beautiful he is, that the sea is exactly the color of his eyes. They are two people who are more—and less—than two. They've made a marriage. They are *one*. **END**

I'm glad she's not perfect

(*Continued from page 57*) the ash, as usual heading lazily for the floor. She shook her head. "You men!" she said smiling. "What?" Pat asked, looking up from the magazine.

"Never mind," Jane said. She put down the coffee tray, barely making it before Pat dragged her down into his arms and began to kiss her. Between kisses Jane managed to reach over for an ashtray. "Darling," she said. Pat held her closer. "Hmmm?" he whispered. "Will you please stop flicking the ashes on the floor," Jane said. "Sure," Pat said. He kissed Jane, said something about boy scouts' honor, then kissed her again. But the spell had been interrupted, just a bit.

Half an hour later, Pat was smoking another cigarette. This time he was standing near the TV set, adjusting the dial. Jane was on the couch, watching him. Well, that's to say she was watching Pat with one eye and the cigarette he was holding with the other. The ash on the end of the cigarette was getting longer and longer. It was nice, Jane thought, how there just happened to be an ashtray lying on top of the TV set. Pat wouldn't have to disturb himself to reach it.

But as the minutes passed Jane noticed that nothing was happening—at least, not between the cigarette and the ashtray.

"Darling," Jane called out.

"What, honey?" Pat asked, too busy with the dial to look up. "Your cigarette," Jane said, a little anxiously. "The ash. It's. . . ." "Oh, yeah," Pat said. And with that he gently flicked the end of the cigarette—and the ashes went floating down onto the rug.

Jane on bended knee

A few minutes later, Jane was at his side. "Excuse me, Pat," she said. Pat looked over at her, then at the tremendous gadget she'd obviously gone to some closet to get. "Excuse me, dear," Jane said again as she got down on her knees, plugged a wire into a wall socket, turned on a switch and began vacuuming the little ash pile. Was Jane being too fussy for Pat's comfort? Pat didn't think she thought so. *But* . . .

A few nights later, Jane and Pat were invited to dinner at their then very new—and now tried and true—friends', Marshall and Barbara Thompson. Barbara had called Jane that afternoon and made a 7:30 date. Like everyone else in Hollywood, Pat had been used to showing up about half an hour late for such occasions. But he shrugged a little and figured maybe he'd been wrong all these years when Jane handed him a tie at 7:10 and told him they had to be out of the house in five minutes if they were going to get to the Thompsons' on time.

At 7:30 sharp, they were there. Pat rang the bell. There was no answer. He rang again. Still no answer. "You sure tonight's the right night?" he asked Jane.

"I'm sure," said Jane, as she tried the door. It was open. The first thing she and Pat heard when they stepped inside was the shower running. That turned out to be Barbara. Then they peeked into a bedroom just off the living room and saw a man in his scivvys crouched under the bed. That turned out to be Marshall looking for a lost cufflink.

The situation is well in hand

"Hello," Jane called out, smiling her greeting. Then, before Marshall had a chance to say anything, Jane continued, "I guess Pat and I are a little early. Well, please don't be embarrassed. Pat, you stay here and help Marshall look for whatever he's looking for and I'll go inside and start setting the table for Barbara." Sometimes, Pat must have said to himself, this neatness and punctuality of Jane's can go too far. Well, (he figured,) I'll just learn to grin and bear it.

The next day, Pat was at a business cocktail party and he told a friend about what had happened the night before. "It turned out swell," he said "The ice got broken right away, and we all ended up having a ball like we'd all known each other for years."

"This girl of yours sounds like the greatest," his friend said.

"Yes, if you like the type," a voice chirped in. It was a woman who'd been

It was her birthday—but Eddie got surprised!



■ In this photo, Eddie Fisher had just finished singing a song for his TV audience when Carol Oppenheim flew up to the stage and planted a kiss on startled Eddie—because it was *her* birthday. her sixteenth. Carol's a member-in-active-standing of *Eddie's Steadies*, the 6,000 Fisher fan clubs in the U. S. She had mentioned casually to Eddie the week before that she might miss his next show because it was her birthday.

Eddie remembered to send a wire on the day. *May I sing to you . . . Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday dear Carol, Happy birthday to you. Love ya, Eddie Fisher.*

That did it.

Carol's parents claim there was no holding her after the wire. Clutching the telegram close to her cardigan, Carol went to the show as usual. birthday party or no birthday party.

Right after the show. Carol rushed up to Eddie and kissed him. Then handed *him* a present. a lovely linen. monogrammed handkerchief.

When Eddie had a chance to recover from the birthday surprise of gift and kiss. even if it wasn't his birthday, he asked Carol and her two friends to stay and have—what else?—a coke with him. Meanwhile. back in North Hollywood, Carol's parents and some twenty guests were waiting for the birthday girl. But she didn't take a raincheck on the coke!

Carol's fourteen-year-old brother summed up the whole day-and-delay with, "She'll be seventeen before she cuts her sixteenth birthday cake!"

But for Carol. it'll be a sixteenth birthday to remember!

listening in on Pat and his pal. "I mean," she went on, "this wife of yours sounds like absolute perfection, like an absolute angel. But what I'd like to know, Pat Nerney," she added, "is how does a man live with an angel? . . . I mean, sometimes don't you think that if she's so marvelous, so perfect, that maybe *you're* not good enough for her . . . I mean—you know what I mean!"

The gossip's words left him feeling a little strange. He left the party.

What's the gag?

"Hey, Pat," a voice called out while he was waiting for his car. "How you doing?"

Pat nodded. "Okay," he said.

"Saw Janie today at lunch," the friend said, laughing and shaking his head. "Boy, that gal's really funny. We're at ROMANOFF's and I'm sitting at the table next to hers. She's eating with this guy, an older guy. They're sitting there talking, talking very seriously, and halfway through the meal the guy excuses himself and says he's leaving for a few minutes. So I happen to be watching Janie, and you know what she does? She calls over the waiter and she asks him if he'd be so kind as to tell her the name of the gentleman she's eating with. I wonder what the gag was?"

Pat said he couldn't imagine what the gag was, either.

"Well, it sure was funny," said the friend, still laughing.

At that point, Pat's car came.

The drive home only took fifteen minutes. but for some reason it seemed unusually long that night. When Pat finally pulled up to the house, he saw Janie standing outside. She smiled a *hello* and came rushing over to the car. "Hi, darling," she said. throwing her arms around Pat.

"Hi," Pat said. He felt a little low.

"Is something wrong, dear?" Jane asked.

"No," Pat answered.

Jane shrugged. "Well, let's eat."

Dinner turned out to be a fairly quiet affair that evening. Then over coffee, Pat happened to remember that bit he'd heard while waiting for his car. He repeated the story about Jane at ROMANOFF's that afternoon. "My friend wanted to know what the gag was," Pat said. "I told him I didn't know."

Happens all the time

Jane began to laugh. "It was awful." she said. She named the name of the man she'd been eating with, a big-time producer who'd been after her to do a certain role in a certain picture. "Well. there we are, sitting there, eating, talking about the picture," said Jane. "and all of a sudden I realized I'd forgotten his name. Pat, it's the most embarrassing thing. And it happens to me all the time."

Pat looked up from his coffee. "You . . . you forget people's names?" he asked.

Pat couldn't help it. Slowly, he smiled.

"Well," Jane said, looking just a little sorry for herself, "there are times when it *does* embarrass me."

"And you're not . . . perfect?" Pat asked.

"What?" Jane said, a little confused.

Suddenly, he jumped up from his chair and grabbed Jane.

"I like to be hugged, Pat," said Jane, hugging back, "but what's this all about?"

And then Pat told her about the silly woman at the party and that business about being married to an angel, about how hard it must be on a man to be married to the *perfect* woman.

"It didn't bother me, not really," Pat said. "But still it's good to know . . . it's *great* to know that you're *not* perfect."

END

Jane's in RKO's Girl Most Likely.



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I'm my own worst enemy

(*Continued from page 50*) How much money do you make?" someone yelled.

"That's my business," replied Johnny shortly.

"Have you got a girl?"

"Yes," Johnny answered.

"What's her name?" asked a frantic young female.

"What good would it do *you?*" he fired back.

He took just a few minutes of this verbal battling before once again he walked off. Some razzes mingled with the applause. Today, Johnny knows he deserved those razzes.

These are only scattered incidents, of course. Most of the time, when he's relaxed, Johnny is polite, friendly and charming. But he knows he's as unpredictable as the weather, and as intense as heat in July. As one friend observes, "Johnny always seems to be running a temperature of 102."

It's no secret that all during his first break in *The Unguarded Moment*, John carried on a stubborn feud with Esther Williams. Before his first break came along, he spent two years doing a slow burn—and was all packed up to leave Hollywood four separate times!

Now none of that fits Hollywood's accepted formula for winning fans and influencing producers. And if you like the work, as Johnny does, that's part of the job. But Johnny Saxon couldn't control his impulses—or wouldn't, not even when it would have been the right thing to do. And everything got tougher for him to achieve. . . .

The trip back home

After *The Unguarded Moment*, Johnny made his first trip back home to Brooklyn. "I swore to myself I wouldn't be a phoney," he says. "I'd heard about people going out to Hollywood, making a name for themselves, then going back to the old home town and buddying up everyone with that *I'm really just the same as I always was* line. Boloney! *I wasn't the same.* I couldn't be. Maybe because the things my old buddies were still doing—were all in my past."

So when he met his old acquaintances, his friends, his old neighbors from the block—Johny felt like a stranger—and seemed just plain stand-offish!

"I guess I made them sore," he admits. "I botched myself all up, and that was that as far as not being—or seeming!—a phoney.

"I was glad to get back to Hollywood," Johnny confesses. "I didn't feel at home any place else."

But in Hollywood Johnny wasn't at home either. In Hollywood, Johnny Saxon wasn't a part of the town—he was a minor mystery man.

Few people around his own U-I lot really know him.

He has no close buddies.

He doesn't whirl around in the social spotlight.

The fun-fare of *The Young Hollywood Set* leaves him cold.

And you have to *work* to crack a smile in his serious young face.

Tracing the reasons why

Part of it is because of the things he lived through when he was a kid. Part of it is from coming cold to Hollywood at eighteen, and he's only twenty-one now. Part of it is because, before he came to Hollywood, he was scared stiff about the glamour guff he'd run into in Movie-Town.

You might also trace some of his touchiness to just plain excitable Italian blood.

But mostly Johnny's the serious young guy he is today because of that contradictory streak of his that's a yard wide in a to-be-or-not-to-be make-up. "Often," he'll allow, "I'm my own worst enemy."

Yet, strangely enough, that probing discontent he had is what spurred him on until he was one of Hollywood's most fascinating new stars . . .

. . . Nothing seemed very complex about the brown-eyed *bambino* born to Anthony and Anna Orrico in Brooklyn on the morning of August 5, 1935. The only thing unique about little Carmen, Johnny's real name, was one bent foot that suggested a duck's. To his immigrant grandmother, the cause of this calamity was obvious—"You go to that movie, *Donald Duck,*" she scolded Johnny's mother, "now . . . you see?" Luckily Johnny's foot straightened out before he was more than a couple of years old.

Johnny's people were hard working and respectable and plain. His grandfather left Italy to build roads in America for a dollar a day. Johnny's father started working when he was ten, shining shoes. Then he was apprenticed to a printer for twenty-five cents a week, and finally he learned the house painter's trade.

His mother crossed the ocean in the steerage hold, when she was eight.

His grandfather's tenement flat on 38th Street, where Johnny was born, was near the heart of Brooklyn's *Little Italy.*

Sensitive—with guts

With such a background you might not expect Johnny to worry about much of anything—except growing up and someday running his own fruit store, shoe shop or painter's truck.

But back of his round brown eyes, the husky little boy was a sensitive kid. With guts.

Like the time that a tough little character next door pushed Johnny too far. Johnny didn't want to fight but, cornered, he had to. He knocked the tough kid into the dirt and bloodied his nose. And immediate felt desperately sorry! It took Johnny less than a second to decide to do the hard thing—help the boy up, stop the nosebleed, and say in words how sorry he felt.

Sometimes, with his toy six-guns and fringed pants and wild sombrero, he'd swagger out into the street—his only playground—imagining himself a two-gun bad man from the West. And then he'd look at the tiny suspenders his mother made him wear to hold up his rompers underneath—and slump suddenly to the curb, wilted and defeated, unable to play. Cowboys didn't wear suspenders; they wore big leather belts. Things out of place like that—even that little—jarred him.

His childhood?

He started school when he was five.

The first day he saw the teacher 'discipline' another pupil—with a paddle. School was a terrifying place for Johnny for a long time.

A poetic gang leader

One summer, Johnny found something. That was the week end when his father painted a house out on Long Island and took Johnny along. It was the first time Johnny had ever been out to the country—to the sea, with its white sand and the sparkling blue of the Sound. They stayed two days, and for two days Johnny spent the hours alone in a rowboat bobbing on the ripples . . . drinking in the wonderful new world around him. He didn't eat a bite all that time. He didn't want to.

Poetic nature-lover? Not exclusively!

Besides wrestling all comers in the schoolyard—and licking most of them, too—he was a whizz at punch ball, kick-the-can and shinny. And, to his own surprise—was elected leader of his gang. He didn't duck the fight with the rival gang chief that his promotion immediately triggered.

When he was about nine, his family



GAGS PHIL SILVERS NEVER REHEARSED

■ Television's Sgt. Bilko—otherwise known as Phil Silvers—claims he is no expert in the fine art of ad libbing.

But there was that time Phil was master of ceremonies at a top-drawer function attended by President Eisenhower. As Silvers strolled out to do his stint, he took in the distinguished guests. In addition to Ike, they included Vice-President Nixon, members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and the Senate.

A born worrier from way back, Phil had been plenty nervous about this engagement. But you'd never have guessed it as he calmly looked the President in the eye and blandly inquired, "Who's minding the store?"

The placed rocked with laughter, and nobody laughed harder than the President.

Perhaps the zaniest antic of all was the one Silvers pulled on Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. That daffy pair were headlining the COPACABANA show in New York at the time, and Phil was living in the hotel in the East Sixties in which the night club is housed. But that night Phil had insomnia. He'd been tossing and turning in his bed for hours and finally, at three A.M., he gave up. But what's to do at three in the morning? So Phil put on his bathrobe and slippers and took the elevator downstairs.

Dean and Jerry were in the midst of their wild capers when Phil ambled onto the floor and promptly stopped the show.

Placing a finger to his lips, the comic pleaded, "Fellows, could you keep down the noise a little? I'm trying to sleep." Then, stifling a yawn, he made his exit.

For once Martin and Lewis were at a complete loss. Even they couldn't top that one!

IUGH O'BRIAN'S GUN RULES

ı "That was something I really looked ɔrward to, probably was the biggest ɣent of my year," said Wyatt Earp, therwise known as Hugh O'Brian.

Earp—or O'Brian, depending on your oint of view—was talking about his ip to Washington a couple of months ack to attend the annual Conference of ıe National Rifle Association. As chair-ıan of the Hunter Safety Program, he ɔearheaded the 1957 firearm safety rogram. Hugh was a particularly appy choice since he's become known s the Man Behind The Safe Gun.

That's because of his faithful por-ɾayal of Earp for the last two years.

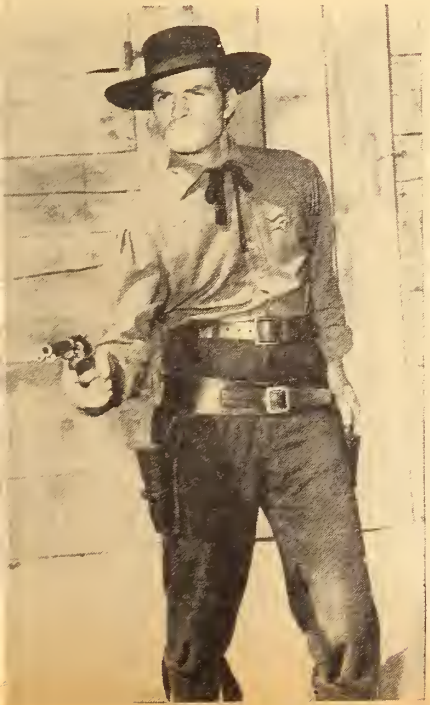
In this popular TV series, the famous eace marshal is presented as he actu-lly was in real life, a conscientious, ɔurageous person who used his gun nly as a last resort and even then imed only at non-vulnerable spots.

Hugh thinks it's important to present eople with this idea.

"Wild and reckless gun-happy cow-oy pictures have given many children ıe wrong ideas," says Hugh. "And as ar as parents are concerned it's made ıany of them try to do away with the atural interest most boys have in guns ecause the fast-gun-play techniques ave given kids the wrong idea about ɣhat a gun is for."

In Hugh's opinion, the sensible way ɔ meet the problem is to have boys and irls taught safe gun handling in an NRA supervised group. The result, he ɔelieves, will be fewer firearm accidents.

That's the viewpoint which the actor ɔromoted as NRA Chairman of the Hunter Safety Program for 1957.



moved from his grandfather's apartment to a place of their own on 11th Avenue. His parents still live there, by the way. This was no *Little Italy*—the families here were of *all* national origins.

Things were different right away, too. He got to be a baseball whiz—and some afternoons he wore out a deck of cards, playing *brisk* with the young sports on the street corner. He'd always made top marks easily before, but now, like a *regular guy,* his grades slipped fashionably. He was always in trouble, and one year he flunked a subject—English Speech and Drama, of all things!—and had to go to summer school. And contradictory as ever, he finished up with top grades!

"I got a kick out of knowing that if I *wanted* to be good at my studies, I *could,*" he remembers.

Things no one knows about Johnny

Another for instance of that pulling-in-opposite-directions trait occurred during Johnny's physical-culture period.

When he was around thirteen he made his cellar a gym, fitted with barbells, dumbells, stretchers, weights—the works. He worked at it.

For almost two years, he worked out every spare minute. And after two years there were muscles on his muscles! Or, as Johnny puts it, "I looked like a bumpy little bulldog." But when kids stared at the glorious new biceps revealed by his T-shirt, he got so self-conscious that it was nothing but long-sleeved shirts from then on in to hide the muscles he had worked so long and hard to develop! The muscles he didn't want the world to know about! Typical of that funny Johnny, all right—and in many ways he hasn't changed.

An example? Nobody knew then, as few do now, that he liked to sketch and had quite a talent in the beautiful-pictures department. Or that he secretly ate up serious books—hidden behind a comic-book cover. When his father and grandfather told him how hard it was making a living as a laborer, he'd stubbornly insist, "But that's what I want to do!"—when it wasn't at all. But Johnny was scared that a laborer's job was all he *could* do.

He still stops in his tracks, wondering if he's an actor or if everybody will wake up some day and know that he's a fluke. . . .

Earning a living

But he doesn't always think he's worthless. He didn't think so on his first job, one summer between school terms, in a neighborhood grocery store. To Johnny the work was so boring that he figured he was worth a raise to compensate for his boredom. So he asked for one—on his second day at work. The boss fired him.

His next job was in a department store putting price tags on women's hats.

His first morning, he walked in at nine o'clock. The first thing he saw was a time clock. The first words he said were, "Do I have to punch that thing?"

"Sure—why not?"

"I won't punch any clock!" Why not? Who knows! "I'll be on time, but I won't punch a clock," said Johnny, and he didn't. He was on time; he was ahead of time. For four days. Then his declaration of independence on time clocks caught up with him.

His next job was at a fruit store on week ends delivering orders on his bike. With tips he usually earned fifteen dollars. That lasted seven months, right on into the school year.

Those were the jobs he took—while he day-dreamed about what he *wanted.* Day-dreamed until a man sniffed out the secret, other side of young Johnny. He was a young English teacher with a gift for teaching that kept Johnny interested enough to try doing his best. When the

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GUY WITH A HEART

■ Don Murray is back in Europe.

He is not making a movie with a glamorous European star or gambling on the Riviera or enjoying a vacation in the Alps. He has gone back to Europe for a month to help bring food, clothing, and hope to displaced persons in Germany and Italy.

Don, who is a conscientious objector because he does not feel that it is right for any man to take another man's life, spent a year and a half in Naples during the Korean war working with displaced children under the auspices of the Brethren Church.

"The kids were living in bombed-out buildings. We built them a school and organized a boys' club so that they could have some place to go that was safer than the streets."

During that year and a half Don pushed himself beyond endurance. He entered a Naples hospital three times, twice for yellow jaundice attacks brought on by fatigue and overwork. The third time he had acute appendicitis.

When his year and a half was up, he didn't go home. Instead he went to Germany. For another year he taught in refugee camps—English, baseball, and anything else that needed teaching.

He had turned down offers of three Broadway shows to do this work. In return he was given food, paid $7.50 a month and allowed $50 a year for clothes.

Today his paycheck from TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is infinitely larger. But he still sets aside a sizable chunk of it each week to help finance the Brethren Church's aid to displaced persons.

In an interview, Don once said, "It makes no difference what a person says he believes. A person's life shows what he is and what he believes."

Every action of Don's life shows that he believes in God and human dignity and the responsibility of people to help each other.

Don is currently in U.A.'s The Bachelor Party *and will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's* A Hatful Of Rain.

teacher told the class to write a composition about *A Friend of Mine,* Johnny gave it all he had.

The teacher read it, and asked him to stay after class. The teacher looked down at the young boy who didn't study unless he felt like it and asked, "Who is this friend you've written about?"

"Me," Johnny confessed.

"I thought so," said the teacher. "I don't know what you want to be—but you might consider writing."

Walking both ways

Johnny considered it, but not for more than a minute or two. In a feverish burst of enthusiasm, peddling like a racer towards home and paper and pencils, he worked out an elaborate plot about a husband and wife in a psychological struggle. He didn't know what he was writing about, and the story was terrible. But the idea of writing was enough to keep Johnny interested in English classes—and interested long enough to get cast in a school production of *Death Of A Salesman.* The teacher took the class into Manhattan to the theater.

It was the first play Johnny had ever seen. But it was not to be the last.

Johnny lived in Brooklyn. Four blocks in one direction from his house was a corner pool room—and the rowdy, looking-for-trouble gang that went with it. Three blocks in the other direction was a different neighborhood. There the incomes were higher, and standards too. Boys had more ambition, dressed better, dated nice girls, kept out of trouble. All through his teens, this was to represent his struggle to find himself. "I was in between—and involved with both sets," Johnny says. "Actually, there was a touch of both in me and I guess—at one time, for a little while—I could have walked either way."

No pegged pants

The first half of high school he leaned toward the pool room bunch. He spent his spare hours hanging out with them, sharply dressed, his dark hair long and slicked, betting his spare dollars on his cue-stick talents.

One day he made a small killing on a pool game and, with a couple of his real cool pals, went down to order a new pair of trousers.

"You want them pegged?" asked the clerk.

"No," Johnny found himself saying, as a picture flashed in his mind of how those other fellows looked, the ones who dated the nice girls. "You crazy, Man?" his companions hooted. "What do you want to slop around like that for? Don't be a square!"

An unimportant incident?

No, because suddenly Johnny looked at his pool room companions, and he didn't like the picture—not enough to want to be a part of it, not by a long shot. He began to veer the other way.

In the girl department—her name was Jenny and he met her when he was sixteen, in the soda fountain hangout around the corner from school. "She was dark, exotic like a Creole, savage looking—but nice," remembers Johnny today.

He bought her a friendship ring that first Christmas, and they started going steady.

One Saturday afternoon as he and Jenny left the ROXY THEATRE, a man stopped Johnny on the street, told him he was a photographer's agent and asked, "How'd you like to pose for some magazine illustrations?"

Johnny started figuring, in hours and minutes, and knew he couldn't. High school was winding up. He had a Saturday job; he had a girl. Where was the time? He ran into the same man three months later. And the same offer. But the third time they spotted each other out of New York's eight million people, Johnny had just graduated. That was 1953; he was seventeen, and he needed that fifteen dollars an hour that posing for the camera paid.

Out of a strait-jacket

Modeling made that year the greatest yet in his young life. "I began meeting people—all sorts of new people doing exciting things—painters, writers, musicians, actors," recalls John Saxon. "I talked to an actor, and next thing I knew I was taking classes with him. And I felt as if I'd suddenly stepped out of a strait-jacket, as if I had the whole world to choose from—and I remembered the time I'd said I wanted to be a laborer, because I couldn't think of anything else that anybody'd want to pay me for."

Of course, none of the avenues were speedways.

He broke in with some bits on television—and almost wrecked one *Omnibus* show when he leaned against a 'marble' pillar . . . and over it went!

Then the one avenue he'd considered dead-end and strictly for immediate dough—the magazine posing—sent him rolling right off to Hollywood.

That particular assignment started out looking like Death—John Saxon's death! Three bulbs exploded in his face when the electric generator blew out.

But a month or so later the editor called Johnny to his office. Seems that gambling on good-looking guys from nowhere was Hollywood agent Henry Willson's specialty, and Henry Willson was offering Johnny an agency contract and a crack at some screen tests. Johnny had about $100 in the kitty. He'd never been west of New Jersey. What could he lose?

Just how good is it?

The day after his plane landed, Henry Willson took him to TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX and UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL. Johnny had eight dollars left when he inked the dotted line on a UNIVERSAL contract, just enough to call New York and tell his folks the good news.

But plenty of times from then on Johnny Saxon himself wasn't sure just how good it really was.

For almost two years he didn't even have an extra job, just a stock pay check that was big enough to buy food and half of a one-room apartment.

Then he met a few people here and a few people there, and the Bohemian life took him over. He had just one suit, but plenty of T-shirts. He'd sit up all night with the other young hopefuls spinning platters, banging bongos, talking life, love and what have you.

"It was kind of fun, really," he says, "—for a while."

But a year and a half is a long time, when you're eighteen, to spend six days a week just in training—studying at U-I's *Talent Workshop,* or roaming around the lot watching the stars *at work.*

As time slipped by, his eyes deepened, his brows scowled, and his mouth broke

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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"NOW WE HAVE EVERYTHING"

It was midnight on Broadway. The bright lights of that fabulous street showed a starry-eyed red-head seated in a car listening to the pleadings of the dark-haired, dark-eyed young man in love.



"Let's get married tonight," Desi Arnaz urged Lucille Ball.

It was indeed the magic hour, for Desi won. Three hours later, his car was speeding to Greenwich, Connecticut. They were married in a civil ceremony after a six o'clock champagne breakfast.

During the nine years that followed, the Arnaz couple could have run out of fingers counting their blessings: their careers were flourishing; the earning power of each star was more than respectable; they had a beautiful home on a ranch in Northridge; they had wonderful families, and they had their love and their health.

But there was something missing. And it was not only that their marriage had not yet been blessed with children. Then, suddenly, they both realized that what they needed for a fuller life was *the spiritual values that give life a meaningful purpose and balance.*

Desi had been brought up with deep religious feelings. Lucille and he decided to be remarried in the Church.

And so, on a beautiful sunny day, the handsome Cuban and his radiant bride knelt for their second marriage vows in the picturesque little CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE VALLEY in California.

"It was the moment which counted most in our lives," Desi maintains. And the things they had hoped for and prayed for started to happen.

Less than a year later, Lucie Desiree Arnaz was born. It was the fulfillment of the greatest hope the couple had.

To the people who remarked on the coincidence of the second marriage and the birth of their first child—ten years after they first married and a year after their religious vows—Desi's answer is humble.

"You may think as you like," he says. "All I know is that our home was blessed with a child, and it didn't happen until we had been married in the Church."

This faith was rewarded again a year and a half later when Desi IV was born.

"Now we have everything!" Desi shouted happily.

And no small part of that *everything*—family, success, health—was the spiritual serenity that was born in Desi and Lucille when they knelt at an altar before God and renewed their marriage before Him.

into a smile less and less often. The reason? Nothing was happening to him. Nothing.

The routine changes

That was when Johnny Saxon periodically packed his bag to blow back to New York. "You've got a contract with me!" Henry Willson would remind Johnny. So he'd start on Willson. "Do I get going or do I get gone?"

Until Henry finally blew up. "I'll buy you a ticket," he'd yelp, "you're driving me crazy!"

The no-roles-for-Saxon routine was simply because nobody *knew* if he were good or not—he'd never been in anything to prove he had it. At his second option U-I execs were unanimous about letting him go until Jess Kimmel, head of the *Talent Workshop* said, *"I'm* supposed to be judge of new talent; I say keep him."

The second time he was due for the pink slip, a little film called *Running Wild* saved the day. Johnny played only two scenes, but it broke the ice. Then he played a diabetic prize-fighter on TV's *Medic.*

The grapevine tapped out news of a plum part opposite Esther Williams for an intense young actor in *The Unguarded Moment,* and Johnny got the script. Halfway through reading it, he knew the role was for him.

He walked on the lot and saw two actors testing for it. "I felt like I'd turned white as a sheet," he remembers. He stalked right over to U-I studio boss Ed Muhl to speak his piece. Busy. "I'll wait," said John. He did, for an hour: he sat on Muhl's car outside so he couldn't miss. He got the job. And soon after he started working, he also got a rep for blow-ups and battles. "But," explains Johnny, "I had worked up such a solid conception of just how that kid should be played that I flipped when anyone tried to change it."

There was something else he got—enough fan mail to become a studio problem. And enough offers from rival producers—Darryl Zanuck, for one—to make him feel great.

A new perspective

So he took some time off, and went back to the old home town—Brooklyn—and made himself a promise that a little success wasn't going to make him the kind of phoney he'd always hated. So instead, he knew, he had seemed like a snob.

Another casualty of that trip was his romance with Jenny—there wasn't anything any more for either of them. He doesn't try to figure out why—whether it was her fault or his. He just knew it was over and lost. In a way that was a turning point in his life, when he suddenly knew he wasn't happy and didn't know what to do about it. At least, he *knew* he was doing himself no good.

What John Saxon obviously needed was a little perspective on himself.

He got it on his tour with *Rock, Pretty Baby.* The idea of sparkling at autograph parties and on stages made him sweat. Actually, having to face it in twenty-five cities was good medicine. He learned something that surprised him: people were just as skittish of John Saxon as John Saxon was of people! It made it easier for him to take, easier for him to handle being a celebrity. It even made it possible for him to enjoy being a movie star, at least a little.

And he learned to relax a little in other departments. His temper still flares up, but more often he's on an even keel when work problems come up. "I'm calming down," he laughs now.

He's still on the Bohemian side, but he's a little more conservative there too—he's not likely to stay up with the owls remaking the world.

His one suit's grown to three, although



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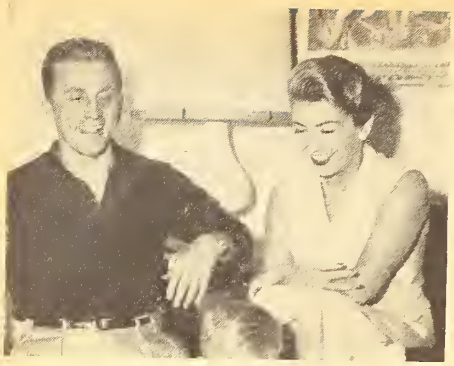
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Kirk and Anne always laugh at THAT word.

Such Language Mrs. Douglas!

• I've heard some unusual language in my life.

I used to wrestle for a living in a carnival show, and I've heard some startling things whispered in my ear by opponents who thought I was getting a bit too strenuous putting on a hammerlock or some other hold.

When I arrived at ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY, in Canton, N. Y., as a freshman, I had hitchhiked a ride in a fertilizer truck—and I heard some rather extraordinary comments then too, until I hit the gymnasium showers. And what I heard serving with the Navy's anti-sub patrol during the war!

And there was a day at SCHRAFFT'S 83rd Street restaurant, where I worked at the soda fountain, when I slid a chocolate nut sundae a bit too fast and far along the counter—and it landed in the customer's lap! Said customer spoke some startling lines that would have even been censored out of *Tobacco Road.*

Then there have been episodes where I goofed a tough scene on a temperamental director—and got a nasty earful of old Anglo-Saxon words.

All these unusual language episodes were pretty startling to me at the time, but the word with the greatest shock, the sharpest impact on my mind, was spoken by my lovely wife—and of all places, at our wedding!

The town was Las Vegas; the date, May 29, 1954, and the beautiful but somewhat nervous bride was Anne Buydens, of course. Now Anne was born in Paris, and she's by no means letter-perfect with the English language. Add her touch of bridal nervousness and what she said on the occasion would seem to be natural enough.

But was I shook when I heard Anne, repeating the wedding ceremony words, say, 'I, Ann Buydens, take thee, Kirk Douglas, as my AWFUL wedded husband!'

Kirk Douglas

Kirk's currently in Hal Wallis' Paramount release Gunfight At The O.K. Corral *and MGM's* Lust For Life.

he still doesn't own a tux. The '49 Ford tangled with a truck, so now he drives a secondhand MG. He's a lot busier, but he's added a couple of hobbies—boxing and practicing judo.

He still lives in a Hollywood apartment, not much bigger than the first one, but he hopes to swing a little house soon.

He hates restaurants, so he usually broils himself a steak for dinner.

He takes a drink when he feels like it and a cigarette, too. His spare cash goes into books—"the classics, philosophy and psychology. From now on my education has to be self-taught," he says realistically.

His favorite way of shaping up his acting technique is to go to the movies. Recently, he joined an experimental acting group under actor Anthony Quinn.

Right now if you press him about romance he'll level, "Yes, I've got a girl. You wouldn't know her, she's a student at LOS ANGELES CITY COLLEGE. She's pretty; she's smart; she's studying for an artistic career. I like her a lot. I see her a lot. Engaged? Of course not. Marriage isn't in my picture now. Someday—sure. I'm standing by for the NAVAL AIR FORCE RESERVE right now.

"Besides that, I'm just in the process of getting my feet planted—I'm still digging in. If Hollywood works out, I want to handle it right . . . without doing things that'll only spoil it for me. It took time—ever since I had to make my first decision about *any*thing—to get over being my own worst enemy. Though I admit," he suddenly laughs, "it's easier to get rid of the knife-in-the-back when it's you, yourself, who's shovin' it in!

"But if I want to get with it," he adds, his voice quietly serious, "I've got to keep working at straightening things out."

Then the eyes brighten up. And you know he's working at it, and enjoying it . . .

END

John's in U-I's Cry Innocent.

harry belafonte

(*Continued from page 29*) not a taint, that he, Harry Belafonte, would be a great artist.

The coincidences—or the Helping Hand—that made the dream come true started when Harry was seven. He was hit by an automobile. That's when his mother decided that Harry was going to have a safer place to play. She took him to Jamaica, where—along with sunshine and the smell of trees—he got his first taste of being a stranger in a foreign land. But he also got the feel and the taste of a drama in song that were the art his people could give to the world of music.

He lived in Jamaica for eight years, and then he came home again to New York's Harlem. Again a stranger, this time a country boy in the city, a foreigner who spoke with broad A's and a funny West Indian accent. A boy who had forgotten, and didn't want to live again in the jungle of violence and crime that was crowding him in.

So as soon as he could, he escaped. He joined the Navy, and met a beautiful girl to fall in love with, and a year and a half later was back in New York—a civilian again—with no idea of what to do with his life. Until a friend of his took him to the theater one night, and Harry ended up an actor—with degree and everything from THE DRAMATIC WORKSHOP. And no job for a Negro actor, not even one who thought he'd found his place in the world and a work to give meaning to his life.

He was twenty, a man who couldn't get a job and living in the kind of poverty that too frequently made him have to choose between a frankfurter because he was hungry or a coke because he was thirsty—or a bus because he was tired. He was twenty, and had a solid knowledge of how to make a playwright's character come alive. He was twenty—and Harry Belafonte had never yet sung a note outside his own bathroom, never suspected he had a voice.

Pressured into singing

But in his last year at the WORKSHOP, they staged a musical variety show called *Middle Man, What Now?* Every student had to contribute something. Harry dug into his own yearnings and wrote a piece of poetry called *Recognition.* A girl in the class put some music to the words and he handed it in for the show—along with a calypso song he remembered from the Indies. The committee liked them. "You sing them in the show," they suggested.

"Not me," Harry backed up. "I can't sing." But they pressured him and he sang the two numbers. Years later, Harry recorded *Recognition.* It was his first recording. Today it's a collector's item but even back then, the audience felt something when he sang—and in the audience was a night club proprietor named Monte Kaye.

Then school was over, and Harry was still making the rounds. And looking at the peeling walls of the home that was all he could afford. And living through hungry hours. To keep eating he snapped at a job in the Catskills as sports director. There he met a man named Fisher who owned a Manhattan fabric store. Harry landed a job with him, tracing fabrics, running errands and working in the front office. It paid forty dollars a week.

There was one other thing he had in those days—a hobby. At the WORKSHOP he'd heard some students talk about American folk music, and the subject struck a curious, tingling response. Why, this was the cultural contribution of the Negro race, a unique artistic offering to the world. Something that was important. He started reading about folk music, learning it.

His hobby leads him to Marguerite

Today Harry Belafonte not only knows about it but he sings it, with a dramatic impact unknown before. And today that hobby is still riding him—once he travelled with a chain gang in Georgia to catch lonesome chants and ballads that have never reached radio, or records, developing songs from them. Much of Harry Belafonte's repertoire comes from his own research.

But back then the hobby was strictly a personal, private kick. Harry had no idea of singing the folklore he collected. He just wanted to know about it, and he scrounged through yellowed scores of folk ballads long forgotten, hour after soul-fulfilling hour.

One week end he decided that if the small New York branch held so many treasures, what must there be in the main LIBRARY OF CONGRESS in Washington? He took a train down. When he walked through the train depot, he headed for a phone booth, thumbed through a tattered address book and called Marguerite Byrd, the girl he had loved enough to marry—had she been willing, too.

She was friendly. Maybe, Harry thinks, because he was older, more mature and had something to say. She said she was coming up to New York the next week for an appointment with the Board of Education, to teach child psychology in New York's public schools.

"That's great," he said. "Do you know



ESTHER WILLIAMS a producer as well as a star

Once upon a time. Esther Williams was elected *Mother Of The Year*. The honor was bestowed upon her by a group of citizens working in the interests of the CITY OF HOPE. These good people had in mind a benefit to raise funds for the hospital, and so commissioned artist Ritt Rogaski to paint a portrait of Esther and her three children, figuring that charity-minded folks would pay a good price to watch Esther receive the painting. That planned. they telephoned Esther. Could she give them any idea when she might be available for the benefit?

Esther named a day. then said, "What about the show?"

"The show?" they asked. "Why. there's no show—Mr. Rogaski is just going to present the portrait to you."

Esther realized these people were without a clue to the whys and wherefores of producing entertainment that would insure plenty of admission tickets. So she plunged into action.

"First of all," she told them, "I don't think it's fair to name only one mother. I'd suggest you name ten in all, plus some celebrity fathers."

Then she called Ralph Edwards. of the TV *This Is Your Life* show. "Sure," said the ever-willing Ralph. "I'll be there. What about doing a *This Is Your Wife* for each of the fathers involved?"

The show ended up being a wingding that included Sue and Alan Ladd, Maureen O'Sullivan, Gale Storm, Ann Blyth, Donna Reed, Harriet and Ozzie Nelson, Frances and Joel McCrea, Sheila and Gordon MacRae, and Patti and Jerry Lewis.

And a ball was had by all. particularly the ten mothers of the year surprised by the presence of someone out of their past—à la *This Is Your Life*. Ben Gage dug up Esther's first swimming coach. Out of Ann Blyth's past came the man who met her at the train when she first came to California. Jerry Lewis gleefully invited Ted Fio Rito. Patti had left his band to marry Jerry, and Ted had said at the time that she was making a mistake, that Jerry would never be successful. Louella Parsons was invited by Esther to unveil the portrait—that's it. on top—and the evening was a huge success.

By the time it was over, the CITY OF HOPE had netted a tidy sum. But few people ever knew that Esther was the producer as well as its star.

anybody there?" No, she said, *she didn't*. "Yes you do," he corrected her, "you know me." That spring he saw her every night she would let him. On June 18, 1948 they were married. Harry had just turned twenty-one.

A good steady job

He had only the $40-a-week job to support a wife on. Marguerite's parents weren't too happy about the match. "To them I was a first class villain, I'm afraid," he laughs, "the city slicker—all talk and no security." Right away security became top priority, too. Because three months after their marriage Marguerite became pregnant. He had to make more money.

Sometimes at night Harry used to stop in a cellar joint on Broadway called *The Royal Roost* to hear Ella Fitzgerald, Charlie Parker or Dizzy Gillespie. Monte Kaye staged the shows, and Monte Kaye remembered hearing Harry in that WORKSHOP musical. Often he had asked, "Ever think about singing professionally yourself, Harry?" But Harry had just laughed. "I've got a steady job—and I need it!"

But now it wasn't good enough. Forty dollars didn't support a wife and child; Marguerite had to go back to Washington to have her baby. Was he a flop as a family man? The AGVA minimum was $110 a week. Forty dollars a week—and maybe in a year a ten-dollar raise? With a wife and child that wasn't a good job any more! He walked in to see Monte Kaye. "I'll try singing," he said, "if you'll audition me." He sang some pop numbers for the try-out, and Monte offered to try him for two weeks. The two stretched to twenty-two.

That was the beginning. Then CAPITOL RECORDS spotted him and cut some trial numbers. Broadway columns mentioned him as a comer. Other night clubs started bidding for him. An agent booked a tour.

His daughter Adrienne was born in Washington that spring, and Harry was there—he had the money. But right afterward he went off hitting night clubs and was away most of the year. The money was good. But, alone in New York, Marguerite was miserable. And Harry felt more and more that his life was a failure. He hadn't worked and dreamed all this time to wind up a wandering crooner of Tin Pan Alley stuff. The unsung folk music that started as a hobby by now throbbed deep inside him.

A fuse touched off

Then, in Florida for a club stint, he had to carry a pass to show that *this* Negro had *permission* to walk the streets after the curfew hour—*the curfew for Negroes only*—in this White Man's Land. That touched off the fuse in Harry that was already set to blow any minute. He called Marguerite, fifteen hundred miles away in New York, and told her of his decision to junk night club crooning for keeps. "Bravo!" she said, and "Hurry, hurry home." By the time he reached New York, Harry Belafonte knew what he *did* want to sing. But he still had to make a living for his family.

So with two friends, writer Bill Attaway, and actor Firmin Phillips, he opened a hole-in-the-wall restaurant in the Village. Bill named it THE SAGE. Just why, Harry has never been quite sure. "It certainly wasn't *smart*," he chuckles, "and even the food wasn't very tasty." The three of them stood shifts, and for eight months made a modest go of it.

But it had started on a shoestring, and for the most part the SAGE's customers were as poor as its proprietors. "We drew our friends and the struggling art crowd," says Harry. "I guess we talked ourselves out of business—too much jabber

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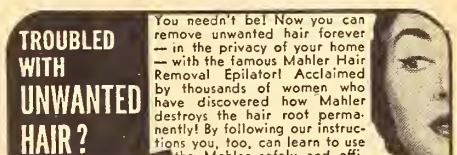
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DIET FOR A HE-MAN



■ Clint Walker is not one of those fanatics who tries to convert friends to health food, but if you ask him, he talks about the subject eagerly.

"A few years ago, I wasn't feeling well," says Clint, whose six-foot-six, 235-pound frame of hard muscles suggests perfect health. "I went to the doctor. He told me I had high blood pressure.

"That was the beginning of my consciousness about food values."

Clint, fastest rising he-man in TV, points out that in his WARNERS' series *Cheyenne* he has to perform real he-man feats of strength, "and I must be well!

"I don't use salt—that is, not mineral salt. I use vegetable salt. I'm not much of a drinking man. Don't drink coffee or tea. I like grape juice with lime in it. I don't smoke.

"I like salads, and I eat meat only once a day, so I'm not a vegetarian . . . which most people take for granted when they discover you like health food.

"I never eat pork, and I eat most vegetables and fruit raw. I love dates and nuts and plums and raisins. These are high-powered foods, and I like to eat them as they're grown, without sweetening."

Clint says the biggest problem comes when he's on the road. "I don't eat much when I'm out with people because most people don't like health foods. That's why I always take unsweetened raisins and sunflower seeds wherever I go. I always put a few bags of them in my valise . . . since I'm never sure there'll be a health food store handy."

His biggest meal is breakfast, and the first time he went into the BROWN DERBY he threw the waiter into a tizzy by ordering two steaks, six eggs and a quart of milk. But he doesn't eat much the rest of the day. "I have no trouble keeping my weight down," he adds.

Around the studio, there are folk who kid Clint about carrying a bag of sunflower seeds around with him—until they see him rip the Central Los Angeles phone directory in half with just one tug . . . which isn't bad for a fellow who used to have high blood pressure and feel run down, just three years ago!

about the mistakes of Bernard Shaw and not enough service for the customer."

But while it lasted Harry was happy. He supported his family; he had time to develop the folk material he wanted to sing—or rather, *perform*.

Something different, something good

He worked on arrangements for almost a year with a talented guitarist named Craig Work. "I wanted to make it dramatic," he explains. "It stirred me deeply. Why couldn't it stir every other American? That's what we worked to get." Finally they knew they had something different and good. Late in 1950 they opened at the VILLAGE VANGUARD, where Eartha Kitt and Judy Holliday had gotten their start. The first week crowds swelled from a curious hundred to five hundred trying to squeeze in.

Then Harry was booked at the sophisticated, up-town BLUE ANGEL. An MGM scout caught him one night and in 1952 Harry came to Hollywood to make the appropriately-titled *The Bright Road* with Dorothy Dandridge. While in Hollywood he sang at the MOCAMBO. Critical screen-colony audiences ate him up, and offers from the best night clubs all over America started becoming routine. In 1953 he hit Broadway in *John Murray Anderson's Almanac* to tremendous applause. One of the songs he sang he had written himself from his own research "Mark Twain." That led to his first RCA-VICTOR album of folk songs. Otto Preminger grabbed him next for the all-Negro film *Carmen Jones* at TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX, an artistic triumph. After that Harry teamed with Marge and Gower Champion in *Three For Tonight* on Broadway and on tour. Eminent critics like Brooks Atkinson hailed him with rave reviews.

The glory road of Harry Belafonte suddenly stretched out, bright and shining.

What powered Harry's climb to greatness? His talent, yes. But more, it was his own belief in the importance of what he does—to deliver dramatically the rich heritage of America's folk history to the American people. "It belongs to them," he says simply.

And the minute Harry unleashed what he had long stored up, and passed it around, he belonged to America too.

Wanted: a husband she could see

But there was a price to pay. Harry Belafonte had no personal life worthy of the name—and Marguerite wanted a husband she saw often enough to stay in love with, a man who was with his wife often enough so that *his* love could grow bigger and bigger too—as they grew more a part of each other. Instead they became strangers—two people who both happened to be parent to the same children—two people who no longer even knew the little things of each other's daily living.

Success destroyed his marriage? In a way. Because success kept them apart, and success had made of the man Marguerite had married a different man—a Harry Belafonte whose work was his life, whose work she was not dedicated to as he was.

They've known for a long time they no longer loved each other, but for a long time there was no reason to do anything about it. They had become friends only, but for a long time there was no reason to bother changing their legal status of husband and wife. Not even when Harry started realizing that more and more he kept noticing a dancer named Julie Robinson in the little groups of musicians who'd find themselves gathered to play and sing and dance for each other, for fellow artists—after hours, after they'd finished with the paying audiences. Then, just before another tour took him off again, he'd think about how nice it had been each time he and Julie had run into each other and talked—and found so many of their wants and ambitions were the same. And how he always left her feeling a little less alone.

First victory

By the time Harry was thirty, he had quite definitely won his first victory. He had a work to fill his soul with and a dignity . . . a place to go and a job to do.

And twenty per cent of all he earned was going into the BELAFONTE ARTS AND MUSIC FOUNDATION OF WASHINGTON, D. C. established "To help promising young talent in serious art fields," Harry explains. American cultural standards can't thrive without support. "I want to help deserving youngsters out of the kind of blind I was in once myself. It's the only way I can see any meaning in my position, my success and the great fortune I've had," he says.

For instance, between a string of concert tours this summer and the scripts that Hollywood is feverishly rushing for him, he plans to go to Poland on a good-will junket sponsored by the Department of State.

After that he's eager to tour Europe to promote international relations. Then India. And most of all, Africa. "Boy," Harry lights up, "think what I can dig into there! All the cultural beginnings of my race. And what it has meant to America."

He had done what he had set out to do, but there was something missing.

Harry had been running into Julie Robinson for about two years—off and on, here and there. It took him that long to realize that there was so much more he felt for her than just the enjoyment of talking shop with another artist.

Perhaps Marguerite realized it first, because one morning she left for Las Vegas, and a divorce.

It was granted.

An end to all loneliness

Julie Robinson became his wife—this girl who had been a teacher in MARTHA GRAHAM'S SCHOOL OF MODERN DANCE, had toured for six years through nineteen countries—and knew the meaning of the thing that drove Harry Belafonte, because it flamed in her too.

What Harry feels for Julie he says this way, "To accept an entertainer in my position, and to accept the difficulties that go along with this responsibility, calls for a unique kind of woman, and such a woman I think Julie is. I do not feel that I am an easy person to live with, for like many entertainers—I have temperament . . . I go through changes of moods, and I am 'public property.' For a woman to cope with this calls for an enormous amount of understanding. Julie has that, also. As far as my work is concerned, she has a great interest in folk culture all through the world, and helps me gather and edit a great deal of the folk material and other material I use.

"So you can see," Harry Belafonte smiles, summing up, "I consider myself quite fortunate!"

And that's what the headlines shouted to the world that morning, about a month after they had flown from Las Vegas to Mexico to marry each other.

In their 2½-room apartment off Manhattan's Central Park West, Julie and Harry sat over a second cup of coffee and a cigarette and looked at the headlines that told what Harry had found and loved in the woman he made his wife. He had found an end to loneliness; he had found someone to talk to **END**

Harry Belafonte can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Island In The Sun.

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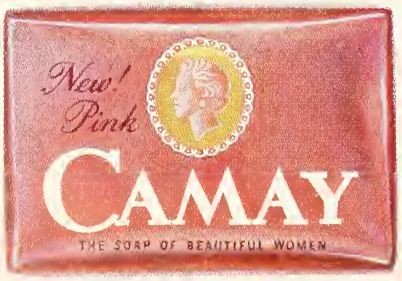
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IS DEBBIE A GOOD MOTHER?

WILL EDDIE SETTLE DOWN?

see inside



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Color portrait of Debbie & Eddie on the cover by Gene Lesser of Photo Representatives.
Debbie can currently be seen in U-I's Tammy and The Bachelor
and will soon be seen in MGM's The Reluctant Debutante.
Other photographers' credits on page 68

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Does Mike Todd really give Elizabeth Taylor a lavish gift every week?
—G.L., WASHINGTON, D.C.
A *Thus far Todd has gifted his wife with a nugget-sized diamond ring, two mink fur coats, a Persian necklace, a diamond tiara, two poodles, and a Rolls Royce.*

Q I've heard stories to the effect that Jennifer Jones has a screw loose upstairs. Are these stories true?
—E.P., PRINCETON, N.J.
A *No; she just likes to avoid the press.*

Q Wasn't wife trouble the true reason for the Martin-Lewis breakup?
—T.P., DETROIT, MICH.
A *A leading reason.*

Q Is it true that LOOK MAGAZINE offered Frank Sinatra $40,000 to write his life story for them?
—K.Y., LOUISVILLE, KY.
A *Yes.*

Q Are Desi and Lucy really going to get $350,000 for each of their one-hour TV comedy-routine shows this Fall?
—Y.R., NYC.
A *Yes.*

Q Is it true that Anna Magnani fought with producer Hal Wallis all through their production of *Obsession?*
—E.A., RENO, NEV.
A *Their attitude towards each other was not friendly.*

Q I've been told that the late Humphrey Bogart would never talk to Hedda Hopper. Is this true? If so, why?
—H.R., CHICAGO, ILL.
A *They were not friendly; Bogart felt that a movie columnist should not impinge upon politics.*

Q Can you tell me the relationship between Alan Ladd and a woman named Marjorie Jane Farnsworth?
—B.T., BUTTE, MONT.
A *She was his first wife, mother of Alan Ladd, Jr. She died May 1, 1957.*

Q What is Shelley Winters' real name, and how much older is she than her husband? What is his real name?
—E.R., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
A *Shirley Schrift is thirty-four; Tony Papaleo is twenty-eight.*

Q Isn't the Bob Wagner-Natalie Wood thing just for publicity?
—T.L., GLENDALE, CAL.
A *Natalie and Bob are primarily career-minded.*

Q Isn't Lauren Bacall going around with Frank Sinatra these days?
—Y.R., MACON, GA.
A *Sinatra is an old family friend.*

Q Is Bob Mitchum really leaving Hollywood for good?
—C.Y., RALEIGH, N.C.
A *He's bought a home in Maryland but is not giving up his Hollywood residence.*

Q Is it true that Tyrone Power had Mai Zetterling fly all the way to Mexico so she could be with him?
—S.Y., CUERNAVACA, MEX.
A *True.*

Q I understand Marlon Brando and director Josh Logan didn't see eye to eye while they were making *Sayonara.* Is this really on the level?
—F.K., NYC.
A *Both men are strong-willed.*

Q Bob Hope and Dolores Hope, are all their children adopted?
—H.B., SANTA FE, N.M.
A *Yes.*

Q Isn't there a feud between Alfred Hitchcock and his protege Vera Miles?
—F.T., LOUISVILLE, KY.
A *Disputes, no feud.*

Q Is Elvis' popularity declining?
—D.D., MEMPHIS, TENN.
A *He's not as popular as he used to be.*

Q Can you tell me what part Florence Fenschel plays in Jack Benny's life?
—G.G., CHICAGO, ILL.
A *She's his sister.*

Q In Hollywood, who is liked more by people who work in the movies—Elvis Presley or Pat Boone?
—S.M., PORTLAND, ORE.
A *Boone.*

Q Aren't Rita Hayworth and Jim Hill secretly married?
—B.P., SCRANTON, PA.
A *Not as of this writing; a future possibility however.*

Q Has Bing Crosby's new girlfriend, Inger Stevens, ever been married?
—G.E., SEATTLE, WASH.
A *Once.*

Q How old is Fred Astaire? Is he really sensitive about his age?
—T.G., MIAMI, FLA.
A *Astaire is fifty-eight; is supersensitive about his age.*

Jerry's at his funniest ever.....

...he's so tough he scares no one but himself!



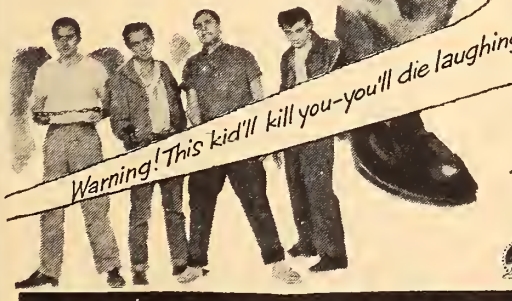


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Janet Leigh comes between that gun-totin' Dean Martin and his missus, Jeanne. The party was one of the gayest—because, I'd say, it was for such a wonderful cause.

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

This month, a new career—A new love—And all the other ups and downs of just plain living . . .



Guy Madison doesn't think it was as funny as his Sheila does. Maybe the joke was on him

PARTIES IN MY TOWN, JUST LIKE parties in yours, are mostly for the fun of it but I must say that when Hollywood throws one for sweet charity, it's a real doozie. This month's for SHARE, INC. to raise money to support the EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN'S FOUNDATION CHILD GUIDANCE CENTER was the most star-studded of the month.

The members of SHARE are wives of our young stars, directors and business men, and this real Western hoe-down—held at the COCOANUT GROVE, with everybody in costume—raised close to $50,000 for these unfortunate little children.

Dean Martin was the emcee and his pretty **Jean** was in the chorus line that would have made a Broadway producer's eyes bulge out! Her chorus chums, all dressed identically in black corduroy frontier pants and pink silk shirts, were **Janet Leigh, Mrs. Gordon MacRae, Mrs. Jeff Chandler** and **Mrs. John Lucas.**

They danced and sang in a way that would have done credit to Zeigfeld, but just the same the chorus boys were better even if the girls weren't as pretty. You see, the boys were no less than **Dean, Frank Sinatra, Jeff Chandler, Bob Mitchum, Tony Curtis, Howard Keel, Jack Lemmon, Gordon MacRae, Robert Sterling, Forrest Tucker!** All on stage at one time, and as funny as could be.

Natalie Wood, in a party with her boss Jack Warner, was the cute auctioneer of the evening. Jack put in the first bid for **Frankie** to sing, starting with $1,500; but **Dinah Shore,** collaborating with one of our local business men, Robert McCullough, topped him by bidding $3,000. When Frankie obliged



Ronald Reagan seems to be telling about the one that got away—just! nd his ever-lovin' wife Nancy looks like she believes every word.



"Cattle ahoy!" could be what Dinah Shore and handsome husband George Montgomery have spotted. Shucks, no—only some old friends!

obert Mitchum paid $1,000 for an encore. The music really went 'round and 'round fter hat. Dean and **Tony Martin** did a 1,000 duet, Gordon MacRae sang a $1,000 olo. But the bid that floored everybody was vhen **Gene Autry** bid $1,000 to get up and ing himself.

If I told you all the big names present I vouldn't have room for anything else this nonth. A final touch was when **Gary Cooper** bid $1,000 for a supercharger for is car. Trust big Coop to get something for is money. In his own quiet way, he always oes.

ABOUT THREE SECONDS AFTER he got *Marjorie Morningstar* **Natalie Wood** vas on my telephone to thank me for helping er nab this role. I never did feel that any ther young actress was right for this part, nd I kept saying so.

But I'm here to tell you there will be some hanges made in her madcap young life now nat she is going to be *Marjorie*. First thing he has to do is put on ten pounds. Then he has to hang up on most of the boys-about-own who are continually calling her for ates. This is the law laid down for Nat by ack Warner, her boss, and she is the smart ne who is all set to obey.

Behind all her frisky romantics, which are nostly due to her still being a teenager, Natalie is very ambitious and serious. No-ody has to tell her that *Marjorie* is her reat opportunity and nobody has to tell me nat she isn't the least bit serious about any f her dates. They are just so much amuse-nent to her—but her career is Natalie's only eal love.

(Continued on page 8)



Talkative Gary Cooper said just one word—"Yup"—and bought himself a supercharger. Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler were the delivery boys—all for a very worthy cause.



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2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *Continued*



Ingrid and Roberto in happier days, when Ingrid was still sure of her hard-won, costly love.

I'VE FOUND FROM PAST EXPERIences that it's never safe to make a definite statement about marital break-ups in Hollywood, either in denying or affirming them.

So as soon as I heard that there was talk that **Ingrid Bergman**—who gave up her first marriage and her Hollywood career for **Roberto Rossellini**—had separated from him, I immediately telephoned her in Paris.

She laughed and said, "Remember, you asked me that same thing last summer and my answer is still 'No.' I do not expect Roberto to stay locked up when we are separated. He telephones me and I'm sure if he had fallen in love with another woman he would have told me."

A few days after my conversation with Ingrid however, that startling story began to come out about Roberto and Sonali Das Gupta, twenty-seven-year-old wife of Indian film director Hari Das Gupta and the mother of two small children. From Bombay came the full details of how the Indian beauty had moved from her home to a room adjoining Rossellini's at the luxurious TAJ MAHAL HOTEL, and how her husband was keeping a guard over her baby, while she had her small son with her at the hotel.

When Roberto had been asked about Ingrid, he was far from gallant. He said she was a stronger woman than he was a man; that in falling in love with him she had done what she wanted. And that he had not kidnapped her.

Just the same, I doubt very much if Ingrid will let anything happen to her marriage, no matter what the provocation. She went through too much to marry Roberto, no longer a brilliant figure in the Italian film world.

After talking to Ingrid in Europe, I'm convinced that she loves her three children and her career—and her quick defense of Roberto in this immediate situation shows how deeply she still feels about him.

Yet, as I said, you never know what will happen in such situations.

P.S. **Anna Magnani,** here in Hollywood—whom Rossellini dropped for Ingrid—isn't saying one word. (*Continued on page 14*)

HOW CANTINFLAS GOT HIS NAME



■ In the April issue of MODERN SCREEN, our Louella Parsons nominated as Star of the Month the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, who, in Mike Todd's production of *Around The World In 80 Days*, "captured the hearts of the American fans."

Few of these fans know, however, how Mario Moreno—that's Cantinflas' real name—came to be called Cantinflas.

Years ago, Mario was a struggling extra in Mexico City's little back-alley theaters which put on short, improvised skits. Naturally, these shows attracted all kinds of people—from elegantly dressed slummers down to neighborhood bums.

It was then standard procedure for the audience to heckle the actors. If they made a good come-back to somebody's gag, there would be thunderous applause. But if not, rotten eggs and tomatoes would be thrown at him—naturally!

Mario, like all the rest of his co-artists, took part in this by-play. But one evening, the so-called jokes of a "funnyman" in the audience got out of bounds.

For weeks on end, now, Mario had had to defend himself against this real wiseguy—a character who thought it great sport to bait the artists, hurl taunts and insults at them.

Mario tried to take it in his stride. But this time, while Mario was doing one of his now-famous comic routines, the fellow became completely obnoxious. In fact, he was obviously drunk.

Mario, in desperation, shouted "*¡Oye mano, en la cantina inflas!*" which means roughly, "Hey look, you want to booze, go to a saloon!"

His spontaneous outburst did it. The audience roared with laughter and, from then on, everybody referred to the rising young comedian as *Cantinflas*, a contraction of the Spanish slang phrase *cantina inflas*, meaning "go get loaded in a bar."

That was years ago. Now, while critics agree that Mario Moreno is a great star in his own right, he says he'll always be grateful to that drunken heckler who unknowingly gave him his renowned nickname—Cantinflas.



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ZSA ZSA and THE LION



Zsa Zsa before and after but certainly not during her tangle with the king of the jungle!

● For four hours once—and this was *not* for a movie script—Zsa Zsa Gabor was sitting in the middle of half a dozen sort of starving lions. This is how it started.

Picture Zsa Zsa Gabor, and you get a mental image of this beauty in an expensive restaurant, or at some chic party—strictly the cafe society-routine. Which is why it comes a little hard trying to imagine her as a Great White Hunter.

But that's what Zsa Zsa was, briefly, a few months back. She'd gone to South Africa with a troop of Hollywood stars, bound for a series of charity benefits.

After the performances were over, Zsa Zsa and a couple of friends named Bundy and Derek—yes, those were their names—decided on this Big Game Hunt adventure. Only instead of guns they were taking cameras, for their destination was the KRUEGER NATIONAL PARK, where game is stalked with the 16 millimeter lens instead of the 30 caliber rifle.

With typically magnificent irrelevance, Zsa Zsa explains, "It is only about an hour's drive from Johannesburg—three hundred miles, I theenk." Friend Bundy elaborates, "It *is* three hundred miles, but the trip takes seven or eight hours. Of course it might have seemed but an hour's drive to Zsa Zsa—she was talking the whole distance, and, for her, when she is talking time stands still!"

They must have made a fairly eye-catching party, as they dashed across the South African countryside. They had gone equipped for the rigors of the journey with such essentials as a cooler filled with champagne, and a basket of chicken.

And Zsa Zsa was the very last word in chic. South African style. Pale beige jodhpurs, pale beige silk shirt, tropical straw helmet—and all her diamonds. Diamonds at the ears, around her throat, dripping from her wrists. "This is not so ridiculous as it first sounds," Buddy points out. "She simply wanted to keep her diamonds with her, so she would know where they were. They were much safer, this way, than if she had left them behind in her hotel room!"

Nearing the park, their driver swerved left when he should have swerved right, and their car made a rather decisive contact with an oncoming truck. "Our group lost only one leg, though." Zsa Zsa shrugs. "Derek was not holding tightly enough to the chicken he was eating—and the drumstick flew out the open car window, poof!"

But everything that happens to a Gabor comes out sounding like it had been planned by a movie script writer. Within minutes, along came some fabulously wealthy Greek merchant, who "of course" recognized Zsa Zsa immediately. And with the gallantry of Greeks since Athens was young, he immediately offered not only his personal car, but also his station wagon. They continued their trip in style.

They reached the Park gates just before sundown, and were quartered in the mud huts erected by the natives specifically for the use of tourists at SKUKUZA CAMP. To say these huts are primitive is a pretty wild understatement. They are tiny, round, have a fireplace in dead center, and the only powder room facilities are a block's hike down the pike—hardly the accommodations Zsa Zsa is used to. "But I rough it like a good scout-boy," she admits.

The next day the trio put enough big game on film to more than fill out a thirty minute short subject. Zsa Zsa pointing at a herd of elephants. Zsa Zsa pretending to be brave as a few lions stroll casually toward her car. Zsa Zsa coyly enticing tall baboons to the car window with bits of banana and cocoanut macaroons.

Then it happened. Suddenly, for four tense hours, they were marooned smack-dab in the middle of a kaffee-klatsch of hungry lionesses who kept hoping the car would disgorge something edible—namely Zsa Zsa. And since park rules frown on running the beasts down, and several of them kept parking right before the front wheels, there the party of brave white hunters sat, until the wind finally changed and the beasts smelled something really juicy a few acres away.

"Now I know how the animals in the zoo must feel." Zsa Zsa sighs. "All that time being stared at so intently. Only the people don't look at the zoo animals so hungrily as those lions looked at us!"

Zsa Zsa Gabor can be seen in U-I's Beast Of The Kremlin.



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New, richer Pamper is the really gentle shampoo. So gentle it cannot dry your hair, leaves it instantly easy to manage *right after shampooing*. So rich it leaves your hair soft, shining, in finest condition. So rich and gentle you could use it every day. Get Pamper today.



Gentle as a lamb.



"you can't win," says Errol Flynn

"The Printed Word has certainly had a powerful influence in my life. How come? Well, it's this way." Errol Flynn grins. "When I started out in the movies, the studio press agents overworked the playboy angles about me. For instance, they made quite a to-do about the fact that Fletcher Christian, the *Mutiny On The Bounty* ringleader, was a direct ancestor of mine. Fletcher was quite a gay blade with the island beauties of Tahiti, you know—and I put two years into pearl fishing on Tahiti before it turned out that the movies were my oyster. So that made me a natural for an *adventurer* build-up.

"Another favorite item of the publicity lads was the ambition that had burned within me as I grew up. Unlike most lads, I hadn't wanted to be a policeman, an engineer, or even a Wild West scout. I'd wanted to be a *bartender!* Dangerous, this Flynn.

"Well, reams of releases along this line ultimately convinced the press that I was a combination of Romeo, Casanova, and King Farouk, and that any girl I dated should wear an asbestos petticoat—or better still, a suit of armor with even the eyelids down!

"It was an amusing reputation to keep for a while, but keeping it wasn't worth the constant effort. So I recently decided to show the press that wasn't the real me.

"I'm a steady-going conservative guy is what I decided to show the people. So—

"Publicity releases on the new Errol Flynn emphasized the fact that my father had been a professor of biology at Queens University in Belfast; that my favorite color is black. I patiently read the New York Times *twice* a day; I took care to button up my overcoat even on balmy afternoons; and in crowded restaurants I went to the extreme of ordering yama yogurt, not martinis.

"And where did this get me? Well, it convinced me you can't win. Just today I picked up a fan magazine and right away this caption hit me: *Is Errol Flynn Getting Old?*

"Now, I ask you!"

Errol can currently be seen in U. A.'s The Big Boodle. *Watch for him soon in 20th Century-Fox's* The Sun Also Rises.

There's only one Marilyn Monroe but there isn't one Marilyn Monroe picture that teases and tickles like

Marilyn Monroe starring with Laurence Olivier

in **The Prince and the Showgirl**



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The Maharajah of Baroda proved his courage to Ann Miller—and to all the rest of us, too!



Al Zugsmith grins like the party would have been worth it if it cost a million—and who can blame him? He's surrounded by Mansfield, Sterling, Lynn and Lamarr.

I CAN'T THINK OF ANY HOLLYWOOD male with the courage the Maharajah of Baroda showed when he stood in the center of a crowded cocktail party and gave his opinion of the most beautiful women present!

Without batting an eyelash, our bejeweled and famous visitor from the other side of the world looked the group over and told me—by pointing them out—that **Susie Parker, Ann Miller, Jeanne Crain,** Mrs. Francis Lederer and **Esther Williams** were the most beautiful women at the party given in his honor by the Kenneth McEldowneys.

Later, when we took him on to the Albert Zugsmith's party honoring **Hedy Lamarr,** the Maharajah again proved himself a man of lion heart by settling on one woman, **Jan Sterling,** as the most beautiful in the room! I must say Jan did look lovely in a pale blue gown with her blonde hair severely slicked back.

"Miss Lamarr is much handsomer than she photographs," the Maharajah confided to me in an aside. "And there's another pretty girl," he said, indicating pretty **Rosemarie** (Mrs. Bob) **Stack.**

When he was introduced to **Diana Lynn,** he told her she shouldn't wear that nylon leopard dress she had on: he'd send her the real thing.

But His Nibs saved his *ultra* frankness for **Jayne Mansfield,** who made a big point of archly admiring the jewel-studded buttons on his frock coat by saying, "They'd make beautiful earrings." He got the hint—but didn't take it up.

"I'm very sorry, Madame," he said with formality, "they are my coat of arms."

We *really* got a kick out of the visit of this Maharajah!

NO NEED FOR HOLLYWOOD'S bachelor girls to get excited about **Ben Gazzara,** who is such a smash in his first picture *The Strange One,* and before that was very sensational in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* on Broadway. He's very much in love with **Elaine Stritch**—even to the point of following her to Rome, where she's making *Farewell To Arms* with **Rock Hudson** and **Jennifer Jones.**

However, there are religious problems that must be ironed out before these two can think of marriage. Ben is getting a divorce, and his marriage would have to be annulled before he could marry Elaine, who is a cousin of Cardinal Stritch of Chicago.



Carroll Baker's road to success is thorny!

WOWIE, IS CARROLL BAKER running in bad luck! Of course to my mind the worst break she had was starting her screen career with *Baby Doll,* one of my most unfavorite pictures of all time. And I say this despite the fact that it won Carroll an *Academy Award* nomination.

But after this, everything has gone wrong for her careerwise. Her home studio, WARNERS, wanted her for **Diana Barrymore's** best-selling shocker about her life, *Too Much, Too Soon.* I get two versions about why this fell through.

The first is that Carroll herself turned it down because she thought she'd had enough criticism from certain quarters about that other shocker *Baby Doll* and wanted a recess from stories in bad taste.

The other version is that blonde Carroll looks about as much like brunette Diana Barrymore as she does like **Charles Laughton,** and the producer decided to get another actress. This latter argument doesn't hold much water because WARNERS put Miss Baker on suspension for not doing *Too Much, Too Soon.*

Next, she was announced for the role **Marilyn Monroe** has been campaigning for over the years, the femme lead in *The Brothers Karamazov*—a role Carroll was dying to do. But before a camera could turn, WARNERS threatened suit against MGM for hiring a suspended actress—and Carroll was out of this. By the time you read this, her troubles may be all ironed out.

But as of now, everything is happening Too Hard, Too Often—in the career of the Baker girl.

SHELLEY WINTERS IS A HAPPY bride and very frankly says that the six years difference in age between herself and bridegroom **Tony Franciosa**—she's thirty-four and he's twenty-eight—means nothing. "Tony and I have (*Continued on page 16*)



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Rita, director George Sidney, and Frankie work out the next scene on Pal Joey



Stacy, Julie London and Lisa. The tykes are so proud of Mommy's success! "Cry Me A River" is still a top money-maker, and Julie can really act, too!

too many important things in common—our work, our love of a home, my little girl's devotion to him and his to her, and our love—for the matter of a few years to mean anything."

She says he's the most thoughtful and considerate person she has ever met. "Tony designed my wedding ring, made in the form of a wishbone—good luck symbol, you know—and he was as interested in the color and design of my wedding dress as I." Because his favorite color is blue, Shelley wore a blue and white lace dress with matching hat when they said their "I do's" before a Justice of the Peace in Carson City. Tony was on location there for *Obsession*, the **Anna Magnani** movie.

WHEN I DROPPED IN TO VISIT the *Pal Joey* set at COLUMBIA, I was like the cat who wanted to look at the queen. Only I wanted to look at two queens: **Kim Novak,** who is the new queen of the boxoffice, and my friend of many years **Rita Hayworth,** who has reigned for quite a spell.

The girls were getting along like a pair of gloves, which I'm sure was a big disappointment to the publicity department. Feuds make headlines, but what good is compatability?

Kim said to me, "If you see me frowning at Rita, that's what the scene calls for. She's supposed to be lording it over **Frankie Sinatra** and me when we entertain at a party at her mansion, and since we know her real background as a strip teaser, we are resenting it."

These girls are totally unalike, except for their sweetness, which both of them possess behind their glamour. Just the same, I doubt that either will be careless when they play a scene together. Kim has lost about ten pounds for this role and looks wonderful, and Rita's figure hasn't been as good in a long time.

Rita seems very happy these days. Her romance with HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER's Jim Hill continues, though she tells me she will go to Europe in July for the summer. Rita loves Europe, and this will give little Princess Yasmin a chance to see Aly Khan and the ailing Aga. Rita told me there never was a word of truth in those stories that Aly was angry at her for not sending Yasmin over to see the Aga Khan when he was so sick. "Nobody expects a little girl to travel alone," she said.

If I were Mr. Hill and wanted to hold Rita's love, I wouldn't let the glamorous Rita travel alone either. This girl has a mighty susceptible heart.

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM: Julie London. She came up so fast that even Hollywood was caught unawares—and by the time the movie producers got around to bidding for her, her salary was six times what it would have been before she became a hit in nightclubs and on records.

For years everyone thought of Julie as the pretty wife of **Jack Webb,** then as his pretty ex-wife, with one of the biggest divorce settlements ever made in our industry; and then as a sort of mixed-up novice trying her wings as a singer at Johnny Walsh's 881 CLUB.

"With all that dough Jack settled on her, Julie must be crazy to start the nightclub and record grind," the wisecrackers commented. No one expected she'd get very far.

Even those who admitted she was better than they thought she'd be—singing her intimate sex-y songs, and looking very beautiful in form-fitting gowns and shoulder-length hair—said, "Her voice is pretty, but small. She won't go too far."

So what happens? Julie's record "Cry Me A River" became the sensation of two seasons ago. She became a smash in every nightclub and TV appearance she made—and the girl was a *big* success!

"Hmmmmm," went Hollywood—and then started paying *plenty* for her services in such movies as *The Great Man* and Robert Taylor's *Three Guns*. Alan Ladd was as mad as a hornet when he lost her for his next picture.

Through it all, Julie has remained her own sweet and unbitter self. She's worked very hard to get where she is—just as hard as if she didn't have 'all that dough.' She says, smiling, "People forget that I was doing very well as an actress before I married Jack and had two children. Even though Hollywood may be surprised about the boost in my career—my friends aren't. They know I've never forgotten my love of show business."

And vice versa, Julie.

THE LETTER BOX: So startling was MARY LOU GIBBS' letter from Petaluma, California, stating she had seen some nude pictures posed by **Kim Novak** in a national magazine that I called COLUMBIA STUDIOS to get the straight of this matter.

A spokesman told me, "Before she was ever signed by COLUMBIA, a so-called interviewer made some snaps of Kim draped in a stole which showed only her bare shoulders and legs. Similar pictures have been made of many actresses. Miss Novak, believing these draped pictures were being made just for a friend, never realized they would be sold as 'sensational art' after she became well known as an actress."

ELAINE ELLIS certainly set off a hornet's nest when she wrote in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN that **Debbie Reynolds** and **Eddie Fisher** "weren't romantic" as a team in *Bundle Of Joy* and that all she could think of during the picture was *"their dashing home to give Carrie Frances her formula."* EVELYN ANGLETON, Brazil, Indiana, makes the most biting reply:

"If Elaine's only thought was of Eddie and Debbie rushing home to feed their baby, Carrie Frances wasn't even BORN *when the picture was made. Debbie was quite obviously expecting!"* So there, Miss Ellis.

"Thank heaven for ***Sophia Loren****—the hope of all tall girls,"* writes MITZI MORRIS, Meriden, Conn. *"She's a life saver for us tall girls. I'm five-foot-seven inches, and am being discouraged in my acting ambitions by being told I'm too tall. How tall is Sophia?"* She's five-foot-nine inches, Mitzi. Take heart.

Pardon my giggle 'CAROLE,' of Denver: John Wayne would love your glowing praise, but *not* for his performance in *Friendly Persuasion*. That was **Gary Cooper!**

LIZ LUDINGTON, Philadelphia, writes on the most beautiful stationery in the most beautiful hand: *"Thanks for agreeing with me about* ***Earl Holliman*** *and for nominating him for stardom after his great work in* The Rainmaker. *I hope Hollywood producers don't let him get lost in the silly rush for big names."* Don't worry, Liz—Earl is going strong.

Personal to GUADALUPE MERLO, Pueblo, Mexico: Don't believe a word of that article printed in Spanish which you translated for me that **Elvis Presley** has criticized the women of your country. Take my word for it, Elvis isn't stupid. I feel the writer of that article felt he could get away with such a libelous article because it was printed in a foreign language.

"Don't you like ***Jack Palance****—you never mention his name"* protests BETTY KIELGAS, Appleton, Wisconsin. I admire Jack very much as an actor—but like **Yul Brynner,** he isn't too keen about publicity about his private life and lives very quietly. Not as good copy as some of the other stars, Betty.

MRS. JOYCE HARMON, Live Oak, California, thinks **Elizabeth Taylor** isn't taking care of her health. *"She should not be traveling around as much as she is. As one who had a physical breakdown in 1954, I can tell her that she should stay put for at least a year if she wants to completely regain her health,"* advises Mrs. H.

That's all for now. See you next month.

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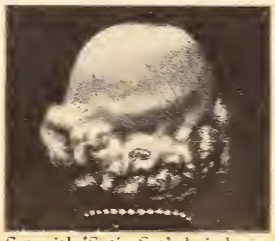
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Set with 'ordinary' spray, hair loses curl fast, soon gets droopy.



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WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
The Wayward Bus
Man On Fire
Monkey On My Back

FOR LOVE AND LAUGHS
The Prince And The Showgirl
Love In The Afternoon

FOR SUSPENSE
Fire Down Below
The Midnight Story



The Prince and the Showgirl aren't quite seeing eye to eye—but it's only the beginning!

THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL

Marilyn Monroe
Sir Laurence Olivier
Dame Sybil Thorndike
Richard Wattis

comedy—romance

■ Here is Marilyn Monroe with a firm grip on her title, and Laurence Olivier with a tightening grip on her. The scene is London, 1911. King George V is going to be crowned any day and so a lot of royal visitors are in town. Among them is Olivier, a stuffy, Prussian type who happens to be Regent of Carpathia. With him is his son, boy king Jeremy Spenser, who can't wait for the day he'll wrest the power from his pop's hands, and is even now engaged in intrigue against him; and his mother-in-law Dame Sybil Thorndike, an absent-minded aristocrat who rounds out her boring days with childish delight. Olivier rounds out his boring jobs of state with visits to the front and backstage of local music houses where he grants favors to pretty girls. He presumes that his dinner invitation to American chorine Marilyn Monroe will run as smoothly as the rest. Awed, Marilyn slinks over to the embassy in a tight, white dress. She's shocked that the dinner is only for two, and very private. But when Olivier impartially divides his time between her and the phone, encouraging her to eat alone, she recovers her nerve. Vodka and every American girl's desire to be wooed with finesse does the rest. Olivier is upset and angry when she laughs at his clumsy advances. Soft lights, music, perfume—that's what she expected of a prince, she tells him, and prepares to leave. While she's preparing he's wildly spraying the room, dousing the lights and calling for a violinist. No go. Marilyn passes out. From that point on, Marilyn, always on the verge of going home, is continually delayed by one or another member of the family. By this time she's in love with the uncomfortable Olivier and doesn't mind hanging around—or even serving as Dame Thorndike's lady-in-waiting at the Coronation. It's enchanting!—Technicolor, WARNERS.

MAN ON FIRE

Bing Crosby
Inger Stevens
Mary Fickett
E. G. Marshall
Malcolm Brodrick

a divorced father

■ If you have Bing Crosby for a father, you don't need a mother. That's Crosby's philosophy, soundly seconded by his young son. Crosby is rich and lonely. His wife, Mary Fickett, left him two years before to marry a distinguished lawyer. Once she loved Crosby, but she insists—Crosby never loved her. Now she's decided she wants full custody of her son, whom Crosby rarely lets her see. With all the rage of a wounded bull, Crosby fights to keep him. His lawyer (E. G. Marshall) and Marshall's assistant, law school graduate Inger Stevens, try to do what they can, but the judge awards full custody to Mary. Refusing to accept this, Crosby abuses his visiting privileges by trying to take the boy to Europe. About now, you see what Crosby's like. He's charming and sensitive, but he's also selfish and infantile. Inger Stevens loves him, but in his complete self-absorption Crosby doesn't notice. He even sneers that girls like her are a dime a dozen. She hands him a dime and wishes him luck. His lawyer decides that Crosby is a very unreasonable man and doesn't deserve the son he's lost. But Mary Fickett acts lovingly to her child and sets the stage for reform.—MGM.

THE WAYWARD BUS

Jayne Mansfield
Joan Collins
Dan Dailey
Rick Jason
Betty Lou Keim

drama on wheels

■ Adapted from the novel by John Steinbeck, *The Wayward Bus* is an absorbing account of a group of people who are thrown together without choice. Rick Jason is the bus driver, in love with his wife (Joan Collins), who runs a sandwich shop where the bus begins. Joan is afraid of losing her youth; she drinks too much and is fast becoming a shrew. Among the passengers dropping in for refueling before they begin what is to be a hazardous drive through the mountains of lower California are wise-cracking salesman Dan Dailey, B-girl Jayne Mansfield, a rich and miserable couple and their man-crazy daughter (Betty Lou Keim). When they leave, Rick has had what may be his last argument as a married man. Before the trip is over (1) Dan Dailey falls in love with Jayne, only to be disillusioned by her past; (2) the daughter throws herself at Rick, who accepts the pass only to feel guilty; (3) and Joan Collins takes a good look at herself in the mirror. But when the trip is *really* over they've all grown up, accepted themselves and each other, as it were, and look to the future with some hope of happiness. The story is well-told. The side effects are unusual—the use of helicopters, for instance, and the suspenseful handling by Jason of a rickety bus on a wild ride in the storm.—20TH-FOX.

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

Audrey Hepburn
Gary Cooper
Maurice Chevalier
Van Doude
John McGiver

the lady's fatal charm

■ Maurice Chevalier is a private detective whose office files are full of the kind of information on which CONFIDENTIAL magazine thrives. He has a young daughter, Audrey Hepburn, who is always snooping into those files when she ought to be practicing on the cello. Gary Cooper is a wealthy playboy who, at the moment, is involved with the wife of John McGiver. Chevalier has the pictures to prove it—and McGiver has the gun to end it. Audrey rushes over to Gary's hotel to warn him and stays to entice him. He is bewildered by her total recall of his past, and intrigued by her airy suggestions that *her* romantic history would put his to shame. So it goes—whenever Cooper's in Paris, Audrey trots over, leaves her cello in the corridor and enters his suite at the RITZ for an afternoon of caviar, champagne and Olga Valery and his gypsy violinists. Where will this romance between an old rake and a young innocent girl lead? Papa Chevalier closes in for a French finish.—ALLIED ARTISTS.

MONKEY ON MY BACK

Cameron Mitchell
Dianne Foster
Richard Benedict
Kathy Garber
Jack Albertson

barney ross vs. morphine

■ This is the story of Barney Ross, former welterweight champion of the world, and his fight against drug addiction. Barney was always a big winner, a big better, a big spender and a big boy who needed applause. Kathy Garver doesn't want to marry him since she's the security-loving kind. She decides she's through after Barney (*Continued on page 20*)



COSTUME BY SYLVAN RICH

I dreamed I had Tea for Two

in my maidenform bra*

Maidenform is just my cup of tea . . . such a marvelous pick-me-up! Chansonette's unique spoke-stitched cups give me the lift of a lifetime. And Chansonette* Tri-Line* adds *three-point miracle straps* for extra comfort, extra accent, extra cling! Treat yourself today to one of these *beautiful* bras! A, B, and C cups. Chansonette—from 2.00. Chansonette Tri-Line—2.50.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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new movies

(Continued from page 18)

bas lost his title in a bloody prize fight, lost bis money in bad bets and lost the free-loading saloon he partly owned. But when be joins tbe Marines, Katby's convinced he's changed and she does marry him. Barney becomes a bero on Guadalcanal, killing twenty-two Japs and winning the Silver Star. He also catcbes a malignant case of malaria that can only be relieved by morpbine. At home, things look good. He has a nice apartment; be gets a public relations job througb tbe father of a buddy be saved; be feels like a father to Katby's little girl. But he's hooked. He can't live without drugs. They destroy his marriage and are about to destroy him when the winner instinct flickers back to life. Barney voluntarily commits himself to the U. S. Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, for the tougbest fight of his career.—UNITED ARTISTS.

FIRE DOWN BELOW

Rita Hayworth
Robert Mitchum
Jack Lemmon
Herbert Lom
Bonar Colleano

love in the tropics

■ "I'm a woman out of nowhere going nowbere," is Rita Hayworth's more or less accurate description of herself. She's a wanderer without passport and with a shady background. Rohert Mitchum and Jack Lemmon, who own a dirty little boat, agree to transport ber from one tropical island to another, neither one of them paradise. Mitchum's rather beat-up himself, baving been wronged by a wife just like Rita. Ever since, be's heen dabhling in small time smuggling. Lemmon is a boy from Indiana who thinks he'll find himself by bumming around. He falls in love with Rita, promises to marry and save her. Mitchum's disgusted with bis buddy—so disgusted that when Lemmon takes out tbe hoat on a smuggling trip for dowry money, Mitcbum reports him to tbe Coast Guard. Swearing vengeance, Lemmon gets a job on a Greek freighter in an attempt to work his way hack to the island and kill Mitchum. Unfortunately, the freigbter collides with another sbip and Lemmon is trapped in the wreckage—and eighty tons of nitrate in the bold will explode any minute. Tben the fast action begins. —CinemaScope, COLUMBIA.

BERNARDINE

Pat Boone
Terry Moore
Janet Gaynor
Dean Jagger
Richard Sargent

a slick one for teenagers

■ Not *all* teenagers are juvenile delinquents. Some of them dream—even thougb tbey scorn higher learning, dress rather casually, bunk in rooms cluttered with junk and have a loyalty to their friends which paralyzes outsiders. Like Pat Boone and his pals dream of Bernardine, a romantic image of womanhood. Imagine their delight when she comes to town in the form of telephone operator Terry Moore. Richard Sargent, lanky son of Janet Gaynor, and lowest man on the prospective list of higb school graduates, falls for her like sixteen tons. The boys rally around to aid bim in his pursuit, hut Sargent must leave the field to study for end-term exams. Pat Boone rusbes bis older hrother (Air Force Lieutenant James Drury) into the breach to pinch-bit for Sargent. Tbe worst happens. Drury and Moore get engaged. Sargent joins the army to recover from this great betrayal. Before friendship is restored on all fronts, mothers of teenage boys everywhere grow up a little. Pat Boone's as easy as Crosby and mellow to the ear.—CinemaScope, 20TH-FOX.

THE MIDNIGHT STORY

Tony Curtis
Marisa Pavan
Gilbert Roland
Richard Monda
Argentina Brunetti

a new kind of story

■ Some murders are understandable, hut anyone who would kill a kind and loving priest is certainly heyond redemption. Tony Curtis was an orpban brought up by Father Tomasino. Now he's a police officer. When Father Tomasino is killed, Tony wants to be put on tbe case. But it's out of his department. So he leaves the force to follow a hunch tbat Gilbert Roland is the murderer. Gilbert Roland certainly doesn't look or act like a murderer. He's a high-hearted, generous fellow wbom everyone knows and likes on the wharves of San Francisco. He befriends Curtis, invites him to share his comfortahle home where live Mama (Argeutina Brunetti), teenager Richard Monda and Marisa Pavan, a cousin from Italy. For the first time in his life Curtis discovers tbe warmth of family circles. He comes to regard Gilbert as a brother, and falls in love with Marisa. Now, instead of boping to prove Gilbert's guilt, he eagerly looks for and finds signs of innocence. But then, who did kill Father Tomasino? It's an unusual and interesting movie.—UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.



ANNE'S WISHBONE TREE—AND MARLON BRANDO

■ In Hollywood where oranges, apricots, peaches, bananas, and even avocados will grow in anyone's back yard, Anne Francis is the owner of a most unusual tree.

"It's a wishbone tree," says Anne.

"A year and a half ago," she explains, "when I was being tested for the lead in *Blackboard Jungle*, somebody gave me a wishbone for good luck. I got the part, and I've been collecting wishbones for luck ever since!" That's where Marlon Brando comes in . . .

The wishbone tree is in an alcove in Anne's living room. It is made from an enormous piece of gnarled driftwood that Anne found at the beach. Painted gold and nailed to the wall by Anne, it juts four feet into the room. On its branches hang fifty scrubbed and gilded wishbones.

"Most of them are chicken and turkey wishbones," admits Anne, "but I do have one quail, one partridge, one guinea hen, and several squab among them." She grins. "Now I'm out for bigger game. One of my friends is on location for a picture in Africa, and he's promised me the wishbone from an *ostrich*."

Anne has acquired her fifty wishbones in varied ways. The quail was sent by the same friend—he was on location for a western movie and bagged it himself. The partridge was from a fan.

On the top branch of Anne's wishbone tree there is an empty space just large enough for the wishbone from a Christmas turkey.

"I'm saving that space for Marlon Brando," Anne says. "I was supposed to go to Marlon's house for Christmas dinner. At the last minute something happened, and I couldn't make it. Marlon solemnly promised to save the wishbone for me. Since Marlon never breaks a promise, someday I'm going to collect!"

And she's also going to collect first prize as owner of Hollywood's most unusual tree—but absolutely!

Watch for Anne in MGM's Don't Go Near The Water.



Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean*.





Now! Wash away "new perm" frizz and odor!

NEW! Quick! The prettiest wave in the world leaves your hair instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!

New! The only wave you dare wash at once!
Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work!
Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped. Use ½—Save ½.
$2.00 plus tax. 1 wave size, $1.25 plus tax.

© 1957 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.



A GUY GETS SO LONELY WITHOUT HIS WIFE!

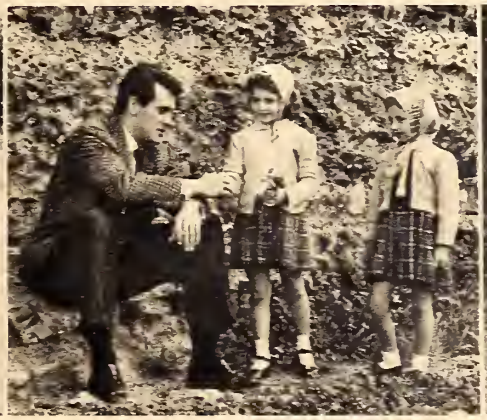
Rock had to be in Rome...

Phyllis had to stay in Hollywood





"Yes," Rock Hudson smiled at the vegetable vendor, "The Signora would know if these are not the finest peppers in all of Italy." The Signora . . . his wife Phyllis . . . Phyllis would know. But Phyllis was in Hollywood, still so pale and ill from that liver attack. And he was in Rome, alone . . . It wasn't much fun having an afternoon off, alone .



He'd walked maybe a mile along the Appia Antica road when he saw the two little girls. The ledge was a natural bench for resting and he sat down, thinking that here—or there!—a Roman charioteer might have stopped to rest, 2,000 years ago . . . thinking some day it would be his and Phyllis' little girls gathering wildflowers. Yes, he had much to thank God for . . .



They had talked about it together, how they'd sandwich in their sight-seeing between his takes on A Farewell To Arms. *Maybe that's what was making the ache for her so bad . . . seeing it alone. "Honey," he'd tell her—soon—"next time we'll see it together." But this was now, and now he was alone . . .*





GRACE
and
RAINIER
make a
HOLY PILGRIMAGE
to the POPE
and receive
HIS blessing on their
UNBORN CHILD





After a long day of driving from Monaco to Italy, interrupted by a huge rainstorm, Grace and Rainier arrive at their hotel in Montecatini . . . Next morning, they breakfast quietly in the hotel's garden, then attend a special mass in the Church of the Franciscan Friars . . . Another day on the road brings them to Rome and to a small hotel . . . Finally their great morning arrives—an audience with Pope Pius XII and a papal blessing for a future Prince or Princess.



■ It had been a long drive from Monaco to Rome. But Grace and Rainier couldn't wait for morning to come, for their audience with the Pope. They decided to retire immediately after a light dinner. Rainier had driven all the way and he fell asleep in minutes. Grace put through a call to Monaco and to her baby's nurse there. "Princess Caroline is fast asleep and well," said the nurse. Grace smiled and went to bed, too. When she and Rainier awoke the next morning they both got dressed immediately—Rainier in his best uniform, Grace in a long black gown—had breakfast and then, holding hands all the way, drove to the Vatican. They had to wait a few minutes for the Pope to appear. Grace was nervous; the Prince tense. And then Pius XII entered the room—and somehow the nervousness in both of them disappeared. Rainier bowed and Grace bent to her knees. "Your Holiness," they said. "My children," said the Pope, smiling his gentle smile at the handsome couple. They talked for a while—the Prince of Monaco and his wife and the Prince of the Church—and then Grace begged the Pope's forgiveness but asked if she might ask a favor of him. The Pope nodded. "Your Holiness," said Grace, "we are expecting another child and I would be grateful if you would bless the child for me." Again the Pope nodded and then the three closed their eyes while Pius intoned a prayer for the unborn baby. When he was finished, they all crossed themselves and Grace leaned forward to kiss his hand. Then, before they left, Rainier reached for a beautiful box of gold he had brought from Monaco. He handed it to Pius who admired it. But it was when His Holiness opened the box that his ancient eyes twinkled. "Ah—*dolci*—candies." Grace and Rainier's eyes smiled back. They had heard that His Holiness had a sweet tooth and they couldn't think of any nicer gift for him. "*Grazie,*" said the Pope as he left the room, "thank you." Grace and Rainier's hearts were too full. They couldn't answer. They simply stood and watched the great man as he walked away and silently they thanked *him* for his blessing.


Is debbie
a good
mother?

by HELEN GOULD

will eddie settle down?

■ Debbie Reynolds once told me, and not so very long ago at that, "I'm so busy, if I got married now I'd have to give my husband a picture of myself, so he'd know what I look like!"

My, *how* that attitude has changed! Debbie's still busy—even busier, she thinks, than when she thought making pictures didn't leave much room in her life for a husband. But what a different kind of busyness—ever since she became Mrs. Eddie Fisher!

Take their life in Las Vegas, right now at this writing, where they're calling the TROPICANA their home for five weeks. Eddie opened the elegantly beautiful hotel, Las Vegas' newest, as the headliner.

Outside is the plush sophistication of a luxurious resort hotel. In the background is that feverish Las Vegas music—the whirr and clack of the gambling casino. In the TROPICANA, the whirr is a discreet murmur, subdued like footsteps falling into thick carpets.

You can leave that behind you, by entering the Fishers' own haven.

You walk down a blue-carpeted, white-walled hall to rooms 148-49-50.

You open the door to 150, and you're in a nursery. A nursery just like in that nice house on Shady Lane, Anytown. Complete with baby. There's a play pen inhabited by a couple of pink, cuddly lambs. Carrie Frances herself is lying in her bassinette, holding tight to a rattle in her sturdy, sweet fist, regarding it with great interest out of her brown eyes.

Brown?

Well, that they're the *shape* of Eddie's, there's no denying. But the color is the grey of Debbie's the way they are when the light doesn't change them to blue. But Debbie says *positively* "Oh, they're going to be brown!" So Carrie Frances, who has her father's eyes, coos and makes happy talk, smiling up from (*Continued on page 81*)



You've all been
asking for
the personal story of
TOMMY SANDS.
Here it is.
Meet . . .

tommy!

by Lou Larkin

■ "Most people think that I was trying to get on the show," Tommy Sands will tell you, "because I walked in to Radio Station KWKH and said to the receptionist, 'My name is Tommy Sands. I play the guitar and sing.'"

That was the beginning. That's how come Tommy Sands was a professional at eight. But it happened because he had a new guitar . . .

"It began," says his mother, "with Ed's ukulele. Ed is Tommy's older brother—by ten years. Tommy was four when he first began to make music with the uke. He grasped the instrument as if he was desperate to have it make more music than the routine four notes you get by plucking each of the strings. As a matter of fact, he was so eager he broke the strings constantly! After two years of buying new strings for Ed's uke, Tommy started begging for a guitar.

"He played it—well, let's say he picked it, for hours each day. He would turn on the radio and in the fumbling, young, inexperienced way he had, he would attempt to follow the music he heard. His hands were far too small. But strangely enough he didn't break any strings. And one day, after about a year of this, I was listening to him accompany a well-known southern radio singer named Pop Eccles and somehow—without training, without guidance—Tommy had found a way to play. He was strumming along with Pop just as though they were together in the studio. And then I heard Tommy singing softly.

"When Tommy called his dad's attention to the tinny tone of the guitar, we both knew what came next. A better guitar. Well, better guitars were expensive, and frankly I was a little afraid that Tommy's burning desire wouldn't last long.

"So we bought a real good guitar on the installment plan; two dollars a week, with the guitar to come out of the store when the last payment had been made. And that's how he became (*Continued on page 85*)

modern screen
sneak-previews
SOPHIA LOREN'S
fabulous "next-year"
date dresses

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES IN THE WORLD

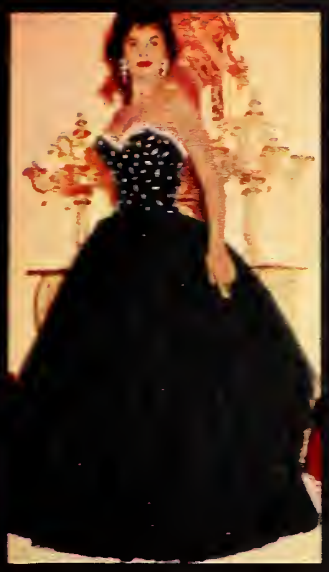


"When I do not be sure just how dressed up to be, theese are my favorites," says Sophia—because they're high-style, but simple too. The blue jersey-chiffon has a motif of silver-embroidered leaves; the green chiffon's accent is strictly on line—the intrigue lies in the overskirt's unusual pantaloon hem.





or an afternoon office par-
, around Christmas time
r instance, you might like
mething on the order of
phia's royal blue, square-
ecklined shantung-taffeta.



And for New Year's Eve, choose a bouffant black tulle skirt, with velvet and sequins topping it off. The white sequins on black make for a most dramatic turn-about.



One simple touch makes the difference! On this organdy, that's as uncluttered as can be, the note of distinction is the rhinestone halter strap. Add it yourself, to any gown!



The fabric's the attention-getter in this white faille with its flowered pattern blending from black to gray. The style has that classic simplicity that's right, whether you choose satins—or cottons!





ABOVE Rose silk organdy with a bouffant skirt—that's what Sophia chose for waltzing. But you can do a mean lindy in it, too!

ABOVE RIGHT Blue and rose-coral in this chiffon plissé that's styled for cocktails - and - on - into - dawn. Ideal for packing.

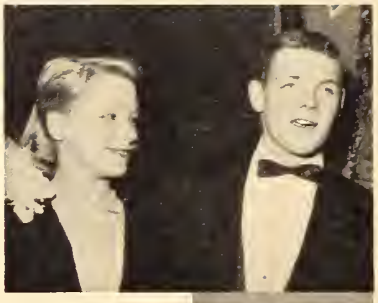
RIGHT Designer E. Schubert admires Sophia in his white chiffon. A matching stole adds a dramatic note to resort—or prom!

FAR RIGHT "I saw thees dress and I theenk—'It'll k-nock 'em dead!'" So make yourself a tip-of-the-shoulder red gown.





an intimate report on the most exciting moment in JAMES MacARTHUR'S *life—a moment he shared only with Joyce...*



A STAR IS BORN!

by Irene St. Regis

■ Jim MacArthur and his girl walked into JIMMY RYAN'S, a dixieland hangout on New York's Fifty-second Street, sat at the first empty table they came to and grabbed each other's hand. It was hard to tell who was more nervous—Jim or Joyce. They'd both come from an evening preview of Jim's first movie, *The Young Stranger*. They'd been pretty good about all the excitement at the beginning. Jim had picked Joyce up and they'd had a nice fun dinner at a roast beef sandwich place on Times Square—Jim had downed three thick ones—and then they'd gone to a penny arcade up the street—Joyce had beat Jim at rifle shooting, three games to two—and then they'd walked over to the theater where the movie was to be shown. That's when the trouble started, when Joyce began to tremble. Jim had known her for three years now. They'd met at school—the SOLEBURY SCHOOL in New Hope, Pennsylvania—and Jim had liked her right off. "There was nothing phony or put on about Joyce," Jim has said, "and what I liked was how she had a good sense of humor but didn't try to be funny, like some girls." What he liked most about Joyce, though, was the fact that she was always very calm and self-controlled and mistress of the situation. But earlier that night, as they neared the theater, something had happened to Joyce's calm and she clutched Jim's hand and said: "I'm nervous . . . I can't help it . . . but I'm nervous."

Jim wasn't going to get nervous. No sir! Matter of fact, he'd thought, it was up to him to show Joyce what calmness and pulling yourself together really meant. After all, he was nineteen years old now. And so he'd squeezed her hand tight and said *tsk-tsk* and *now-now* and they'd gone into the theater and to their seats, the brave leading the beautiful.

It had been fine for Jim—right up until the movie started. A few minutes earlier he'd greeted his mother, famous actress Helen Hayes, (*Continued on page 56*)



should I

invite him

to visit me

in Hollywood?

KIM and her father

will I be

proud of him,

and learn

to love him again?



Christmas Day—a life-time ago. That's what Kim used to think when she saw this picture, and remembered that it was snapped in Chicago the year all her dreams seemed to be coming true at last . . . until her Father said the words that hurt so. Then she saw him again. And knew he'd been right.





by Susan Wender

■ "Kim," said the man across the desk, "just exactly what is your father?"

Kim Novak stared at him. *"What is my father?* What do you mean, 'what is my father?' What kind of a question is that?"

The man sighed. "Well, now, Kim, let's look at it sensibly, from the studio's point of view. Your father is coming to Hollywood next week, isn't he? Going to stay a while, visit, see the town."

"That's right," Kim said coldly. "What about it?"

"Ah," said the man. "That's just the point. That's what we have to find out. Now, your mother's come to see you any number of times. A lovely lady. You took her to premières, restaurants, all over the place. Right?"

Still bewildered, Kim nodded slowly.

"And you gave out interviews by the dozen, talking about her. Said she was your inspiration, your guiding light, best mother a girl could have—right?"

"You're darn right that's right," Kim answered. "What about it? It's all true."

"Sure it is, Kim," the man said hastily. "We could see that for ourselves. Sure. But Kim—" he paused impressively. "Kim—when (*Continued on page* 83)

by FLORENCE NILRES

I love you too much to marry you, darling...

■ *This is a story which Natalie Wood's close friends know. No two of her friends would tell it exactly the same way—you know how stories get changed around in little ways as they pass from one person to another. However, we feel that what you will read now is a pretty close version of what actually happened.*

Natalie lay in bed, wondering why she didn't feel sleepy. It wasn't even eight o'clock yet, so why this feeling that she must hurry, that there was something she had to do?

Then she remembered. She had met a fellow last night, a swell fellow, and the thing she had to do was figure out how to see him again, soon. Reaching for the phone, she decided *I'll call him. . .*

Then she laughed at herself. It was only eight o'clock; he wouldn't be at his office yet!

She dressed. She had breakfast. She picked up a book. She tried to read, but her mind wandered. She picked up the script of the picture she'd be starting in a couple of weeks, but she was too restless to study it. She waited till 9:30, then she dialed his number.

"Hi," she said, "are you busy tonight?"

"Who is this?" he asked.

"Nat. Nat Wood. You met me last evening. At the party. You brought me a sandwich."

Her pulse was hammering. She didn't know what to say next.

"Yes, I remember," he said. "How are you?" His voice was kind of stiff and puzzled and Nat knew that he hadn't given her another thought.

But there was nothing she could do now except go on with the conversation.

"I was just wondering if you were free tonight," she asked. The words had just sort of tumbled out and now she was embarrassed that she'd asked him. Her embarrassment increased as he explained that he was too tired, and besides he had some work he wanted to finish up.

"Of course," she said, quickly, wanting to let him off the hook, "perhaps some other time."

And as she hung up she thought, *Well Nat, me girl, that's that.*

But a few days later, *he* called *her.* And their friendship began.

Many dates later, when they knew each (*Continued on page* 83)

She tries to look happy

She tries desperately to have fun on dates

But there is such an ache in her heart

Here at last is the true Natalie Wood story





...ATTENTION BUDDY D., SOMEWHERE, U.S.A.

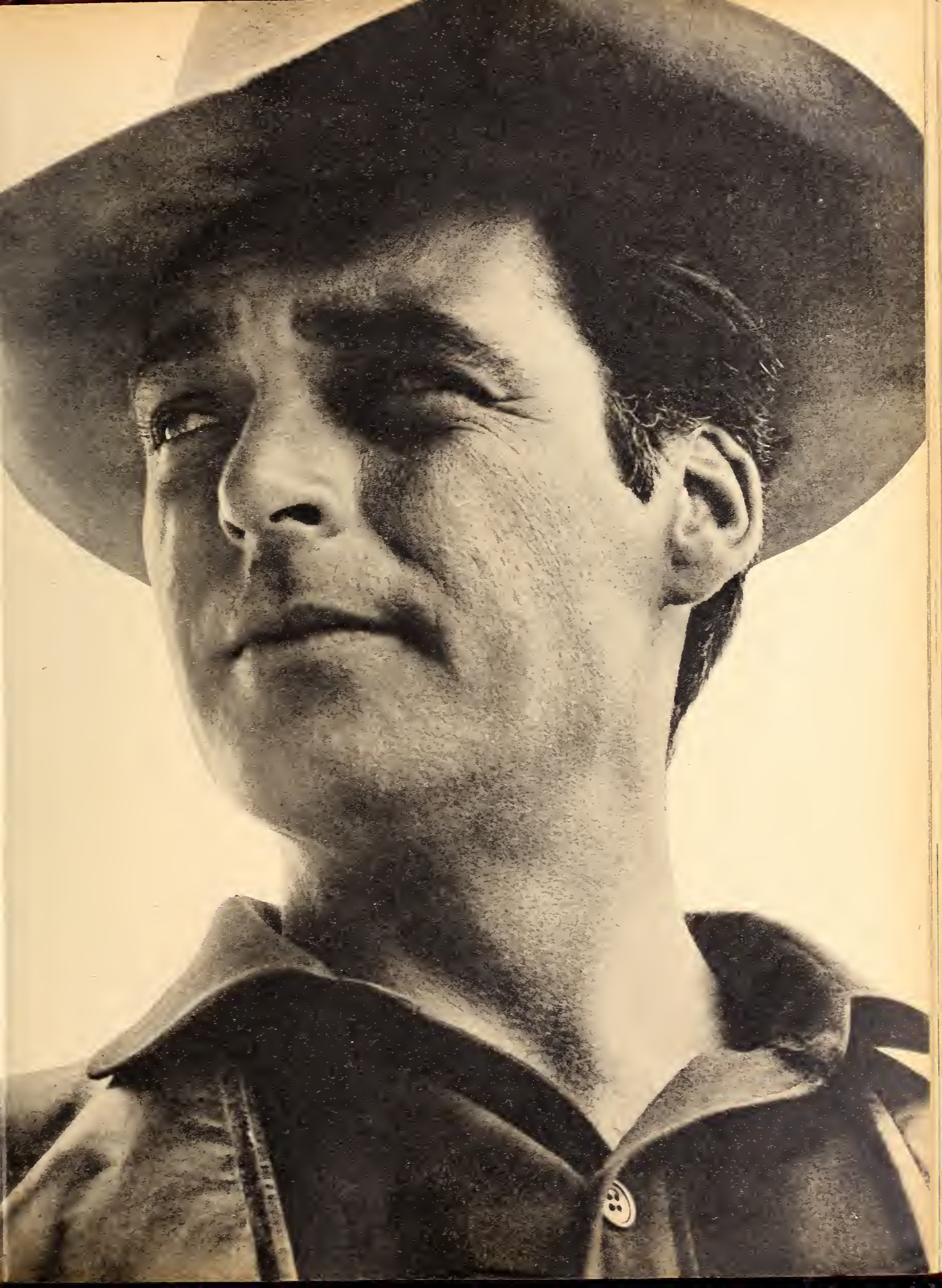
call your friend RORY at hollywood 5-2027

■ Dear Buddy,

I never heard of you till yesterday. I don't know where you are or what you do or if you'll ever get to read this. I hope you do read it though, because it's really a message to you from an old pal of yours—Rory Calhoun.

I was having lunch with Rory yesterday, a casual let's-get-together lunch. We talked about lots of things. Rory's a funny guy and we did a lot of laughing. Then, somehow, we got to the subject of friends. We were still laughing, exchanging stories about goofy experiences we'd both had with friends in our lifetimes, when all of a sudden Rory put down his fork and stopped laughing and clammed up. For a minute, I thought he was a little sick. For another few minutes, I didn't say a word. Rory was staring over my head now, looking out into the middle of the restaurant. It didn't take me long to realize that Rory was thinking about something, thinking hard about something. I picked up my cup of coffee and took a sip. I was putting the cup down when, very softly, Rory said, "You know, I was just thinking about the *first* friend I ever had." He smiled as he said that, the smile of a guy who was remembering something from long ago that was good and bathed in all the nicest things in life. "His name was Buddy," he said. "Buddy D. . . ."

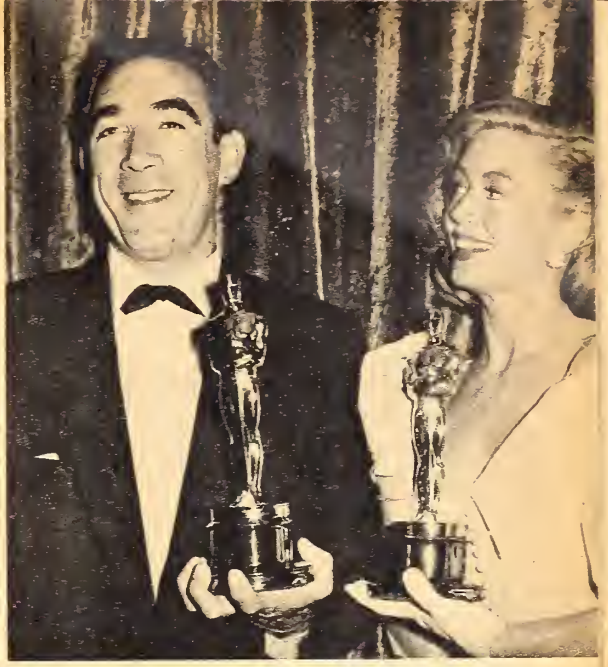
(Editor's Note: In order to respect Buddy's right to privacy, we've decided not to print his full name.) He may not wish to be bothered by friends calling him up and telling him *(Continued on page 63)*



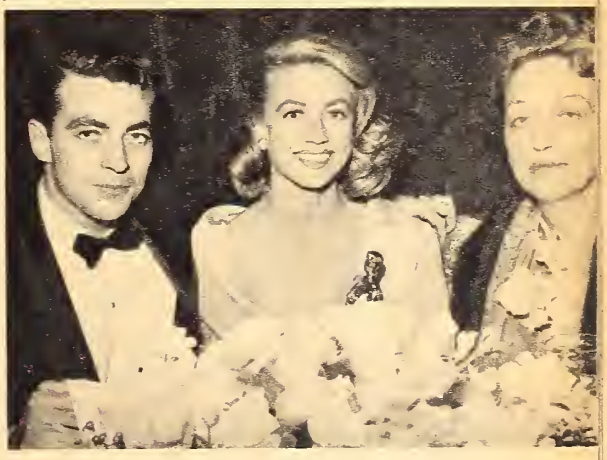


LAW AND ORDER *was your first movie, and the rootin' tootin' Western—with Ronald Reagan, Ruth Hampton, and Chubby Johnson—was to start you towards the hard-won Oscar . . .*

THIS IS YOUR bittersweet LIFE DOROTHY MALONE



You shared the stage with Anthony Quinn, and later you celebrated with your mother and Bob. And you were the only one who knew your heart cried for that other one who should have been there . . .



by *Kirtley Baskette*

■ To you, Dorothy Malone, it seemed like a mile to the stage of the PANTAGES THEATRE. When Jack Lemmon opened the envelope for *Best Supporting Actress of 1956* and announced, "The winner—Dorothy Malone!" your legs had suddenly turned to putty. Somehow you made your way down the long aisle as the orchestra struck up "Written On The Wind" and applause thundered. But all you could think of was, "This isn't for me. It's for Billy."

So the first words you blurted into the mike, as the house hushed and the TV cameras moved in, were "I'd like to dedicate this award to my late little brother, Bill."

Not many who heard you that gala Academy Award night in Hollywood last March understood the strange tribute. You went on to thank everyone who'd helped you in the picture so effusively and so long that Emcee Jerry Lewis fingered his wrist watch nervously, as if you'd never stop. But Dorothy, you had really said it all with your first sentence.

Back in your seat, you felt your brother Bob reach over and clasp your hand. Squeezing his gratefully, you creased your dimples in smiles all around and, at the same time, struggled to keep those green eyes of yours from blurring too much.

But your mind's eye searched far away—and back—to a golf fairway, the 17th Hole of the DALLAS COUNTRY CLUB, on the highest hill in the city. And to a golden-haired boy of sixteen, taking his stance for a gambling shot to the green. That was Bill.

(*Continued on page 79*)

from Yvonne Lime's diary:

"My Weekend with ELVIS"



Elvis was waiting for my plane in his shiny pink Cadillac.

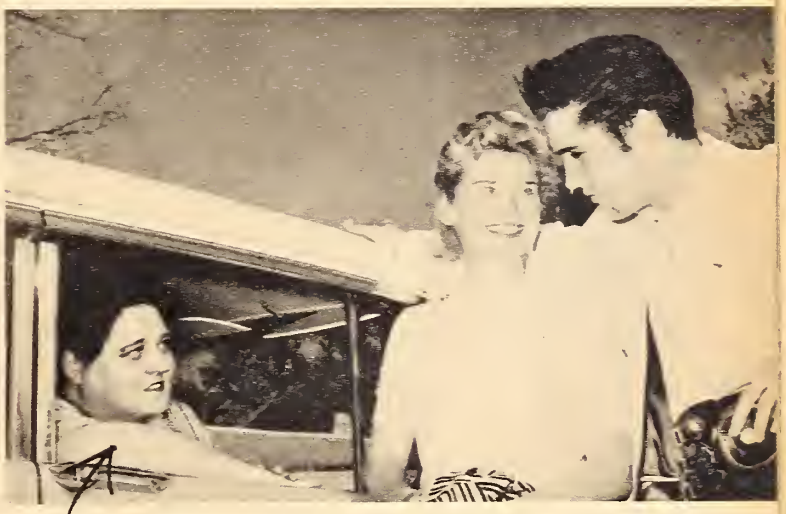




I climbed on Elvis' motorcycle and held on to him—tight.

"This is my home," he said proudly, "for me and my folks."





Elvis' ma was wonderful, warm and generous.

I gave him a toy chick wearing a red cap—like the one I wore in "The Rainmaker"



■ *Friday, April 19, 3:00 a.m.:* Here I am, flying to Memphis to spend a weekend with Elvis at his home. I can hardly believe it! I'm up in the air in more ways than one. What will it be like to spend an entire weekend—every waking moment—with Elvis? And who would have dreamed, that day I met him, this would happen!

I met Elvis on the set of PARAMOUNT's *Loving You*. I had a small role in it, a scene in which I talk to a group of teenagers in favor of Elvis. In the middle of the scene, Elvis came on the set and watched me. Did *that* make me nervous! Then when I finished, he came over and said, "Hi, I'm Elvis Presley." As if I didn't know. But I tried to act cool about it, because I knew that all the girls were throwing themselves at Elvis. So I just smiled and told him my name. Was I surprised when he said, "I know who you are. I saw you in *The Rainmaker*."

Then he told me a funny thing. He'd tested for the part that Earl Holliman eventually got, but the studio didn't think Elvis was comedian enough for the role.

We talked quite a while then, and when Elvis had to start his next scenes he said, "Be sure you give me your phone number (*Continued on page 68*)

SHELLEY WINTERS and ANTHONY FRANCIOSA:

they're screwballs...

they're unpredictable...

they're newly-weds...

they're madly in love

by D. E. Laso

■ Here is the story of Shelley and Tony's love . . .

It was the spring of 1955 and Shelley Winters was fed to the teeth with Hollywood. She'd been in pictures for seven years—"I was suspended so many times I only got paid for five years. Big deal!"—and she'd been satisfied with only three of the dozens of roles given her. She decided it was time for a change. "I'm heading East," she told a producer one afternoon over lunch. "Going shopping?" the producer asked. "Yeah," said Shelley, "for a whole new life!"

That's what she got.

By East, Shelley meant Broadway, the stage.

"Get me a play," she told her agent.

The agent got her a nice little play called *Wedding Breakfast*, in a summer stock company. The man Shelley was to love on stage for two and a half hours every evening and twice on Wednesdays and Saturdays was a young actor named Anthony Franciosa. He'd done very little theater work, she was told, but he was tall and good-looking and he had a velvet speaking voice—

"How old is he?" Shelley asked.

"Twenty-six," she was told.

"Mmm," said Shelley, thirty-two at the time, "you don't think that's just a little bit too young?"

"You'll look fine together," she was assured, "just fine."

Shelley couldn't have agreed more the next day (*Continued on page 65*)





This headline, seen all over the country, forces us to tell now the story we've refused to print for several months.

We kept this story quiet because we hoped and prayed that Ingrid and Roberto would be able to work out their problems. Now we have no choice but to tell the truth—hoping even as you read this that some miracle will save their marriage.

David Lewis



Ingrid and Isabella



Rossellini



Ingrid

Robertino



■ We hoped it wasn't true. We'd begun hearing the rumors a little less than a year ago—that Ingrid Bergman was finding it rough going with Roberto Rossellini, that he was on the brink of an affair—he'd had several, we heard, but he was due, priming himself, for something bigger—that Ingrid was on the brink of the second great heartbreak of her life.

No, we'd hoped it wasn't true. We ignored what we heard. And then, the other day, newspaper headlines around the world screamed the news. The word was out. Roberto, the wonder of the movie world, had found a new leading lady. Ingrid, the beautiful Ingrid, the mother of three of his four children, the woman who'd given up her own first child—and husband—eight years ago to follow him and be with him, was being scratched from the script.

The newspaper accounts said little. They were datelined from Paris, where Ingrid is appearing in a stage play. And from Bombay, India, where Rossellini is making a movie. They said (*Continued on page 76*)

I'm Luana Patten

I hope every



teenager w



I WAS A RUN-AWAY TEENAGE BRIDE

■ The air was hot and heavy and the beautiful, red-haired girl could hardly breathe as she sat in the car next to the tousle-haired young man that August afternoon two years ago. She gazed dully at the flat desert flanking the road that led from Yuma, Arizona to Hollywood.

The boy cheerfully began to whistle, "*Here Comes The Bride*," but the girl bit her lips to keep from crying. He took her hand, and holding it to his lips, kissed her finger tips.

"I can hardly believe it—now you're my wife," he said. Her heart began to pound—not with joy, but with panic. She was a bride of only a few hours, yet as she looked at the boy's smiling profile, instead of feeling a surge of love she thought *What am I doing here?*

Shame and fear burned inside of her. How could she face her mother and father when she got home? She'd told them she was spending the weekend at the home of a school friend. But here she was with a thin, gold wedding band on her finger instead. (*Continued on page* 74)

GOES STEADY" or is planning to rush into marriage, will read my story.





tony,
janet and
Kelly:

ain't we got fun!

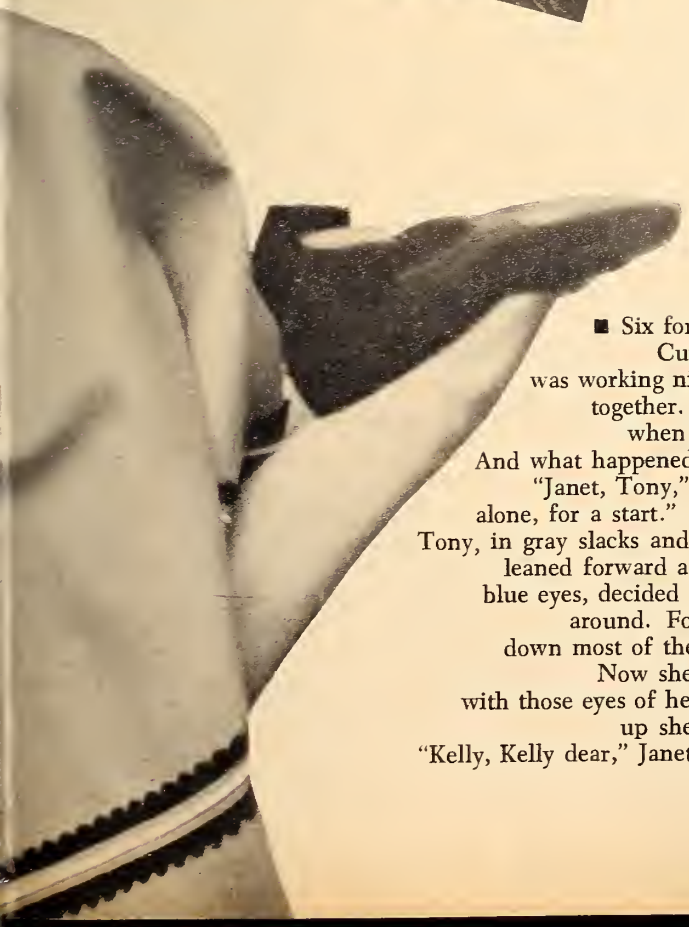












by Ed DeBlasio

■ Six forty-five p.m. is an odd hour for an interview. But Tony Curtis was working days on *The Sweet Smell Of Success* and Janet Leigh was working nights on *Badge Of Evil* and it was the only time we could get together. It just so happened that this was also the only time during the day when Tony and Janet could get together with their daughter Kelly.

And what happened after that went like this:

"Janet, Tony," I asked, "how do the two of you go about having fun? When you're alone, for a start."

Tony, in gray slacks and sweater, sat back to think. Janet, wearing light blue leotards, leaned forward as if to answer. Kelly, wearing a little yellow dress and blue, blue eyes, decided to get into the act too. Kelly can't walk yet. But she sure can get around. For the last few minutes she'd been doing a great job of climbing up and down most of the chairs in the room, the couch, an ottoman near the TV set.

Now she decided she'd like to park herself in a lap—*my* lap. She asked with those eyes of hers if she could. And then, without waiting for an okay, up she came.

"Kelly, Kelly dear," Janet said, "get down off the man's lap!" (*Continued on page 72*)

THE LINDA CHRISTIAN TRAGEDY:

Good-by





by CLAIRE WILLIAMS

■ Linda Christian sat in the church of St. Paul's Outside The Gates—just outside Rome—and prayed. She attended Mass every morning and every morning she prayed for peace and for her two children and for Fon, very much for Fon. Fon was the Marquis Alfonso de Portago, the handsome Spanish nobleman she'd met a year earlier and fallen in love with. "They say he is a playboy, a daredevil, a young man who doesn't like to work," Linda, her eyes closed, whispered to God this particular morning, a Friday, May the tenth, 1957. "But *You* know, Dear Lord, *You* know that he is a fine man, a good Christian, a humble person. And I beg You to protect him from harm . . . He drives," she said, "he drives too fast. . . ." And as she said that a shiver crept through her body. She tried to open her eyes, but she couldn't. "*No*," she whispered as she saw his car in flames, as she saw the blood, "*no*!" Her eyes opened, and the priest was still reciting the Mass and the other people were still deep in prayer and nothing had happened, nothing bad had happened. She tried to smile, the way you smile after awakening from a nightmare and realize it was only a dream. She tried very hard to smile. But she couldn't.

She was back in Rome, at the hotel, an hour later. She went straight to Fon's apartment. He met her at the door and kissed her. He noticed that her body was trembling. "What is wrong?" he asked.

Linda wanted to say nothing was wrong. Instead she heard herself say: "The *Mille Miglia*, the race on Sunday. It's very dangerous, Fon. Don't drive in it."

"Ah-ha," Fon laughed, his white teeth (*Continued on page* 78)

my love...





A kiss for luck . . .
A wave good-by to speed him to the winner's flag . . .
And, hours later, together again.
But not as planned—no, not as they had planned it . . .

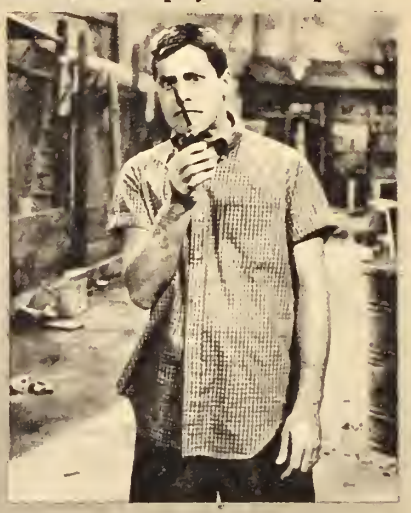
WANTED!

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 804

"He just kind of smiled, Officer, as he pulled out a switch-blade . . ."



"Then his eyes got kind of funny, and I knew he played for keeps . . ."



"There was cold-blooded murder in his eyes as he started towards me . . ."



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

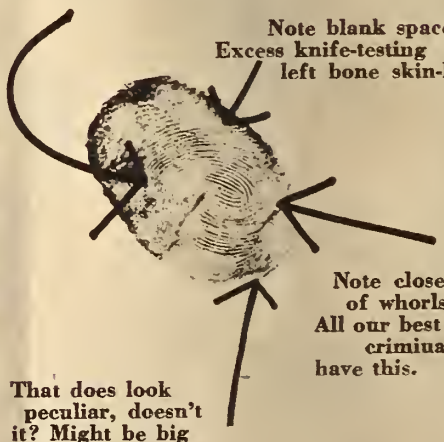


"He looked like he couldn't wait to feel his shiv rip into my guts . . ."



"But when he tested the knife's edge —he cut his pinky and fainted!"

Ignore this smudge. Criminal's thumb was dirty.



Important clue: This dangerous killer was last seen in The Delicate Delinquent.

is it true

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a star is born

(*Continued from page 32*) with a kiss and shook hands with lots of important people in the theater and movie business who'd come to see the movie and smiled and nodded at people as they walked down the aisle and turned to sneak a peek at the new young actor. But then the lights had gone out and the movie had started and all of a sudden a tremendous close-up of Jim's head appeared on the screen and the boy who'd been so brave up until that point groaned an agonized "Oh!" and—not content to be holding Joyce's hand with his right—he grabbed for his mother's hand with his left and sat for the next hour and a half in perspiring silence.

Now that part was all over. The movie had mercifully ended. The theater was a few blocks away from his life and dark and silent. Jim's Mom was at a special party honoring the movie and her son—a party Jim begged off going to at the last minute —"Please—because I don't feel too well." His Mom, always a victim of opening night stage fright, had understood. Six or seven New York newspaper critics, the toughest in the business, were at their desks at that moment writing of their loves-or-hates about the movie. And Jim and his girl were at JIMMY RYAN'S, looking for all the world as if they'd just come from the saddest funeral anybody had ever had the sorry misfortune to attend.

What will they say?

"Hi Jim . . . Joyce," a waiter said, rushing over suddenly and breaking the silence. The waiter, a big man with one of the jolliest faces around, knew the two kids well. This was one of their favorite spots when Jim—who was attending HARVARD up in Boston now—came down to New York to see Joyce. Jim and Joyce liked RYAN'S for the music and the laughs they always seemed to have there. Except they weren't laughing now, that was for sure. And the waiter was the first one to notice this. "What's the matter?" he asked. "You don't say *hello* no more?"

"Oh . . . hello," Jim said, snapping out of it a little.

"Hello," said Joyce.

The waiter grinned. "That's better," he said. A few minutes later he was back at the table with two cokes and an extra special lot of ice, Jim MacArthur-style. "Hey," he said to Jim, as he poured Joyce's coke, "I hear this movin' picture you made last summer is opening here sometime this week."

"Tonight," Jim said. "It opened tonight."

"Well, how do you like that?" the waiter said, nodding.

"I don't know," Jim said, very softly. Then he asked the waiter if he'd let him know as soon as the newspaper stand down the street got its first deliveries of the morning editions.

"Yeah, sure," said the waiter, still grinning. "I guess you want to read them reviews and see how great you were."

"I don't think they're going to say I was so great," said Jim.

The redhead meets Jim

Jim stared down at the tablecloth for a little while, then Joyce tapped his arm slightly and said, "Jim, there's somebody over there waving at you."

"What?" Jim asked as he looked up and over at a table about three tables away. A man and woman were sitting over there. Jim recognized him as a man in theater publicity or something whom he'd met once at a crowded, noisy party. He waved back. With that, the publicity man vaulted up from his chair, took his redhead's hand and led her over.

"Sorry I missed the picture tonight, Jim. Had some business to attend to."

"Oh, that's all right," Jim said, shrugging. "You really didn't miss too much anyway."

"Aw," piped up the redhead, "it had to be good. You're Helen Hayes' adopted son, aren't you?"

"That's right," Jim said.

"Well I should think," said the redhead, "without trying to be rude or anything, I mean, that being Helen Hayes' son didn't exactly make it tough for you to get into this picture or anything."

"Tell Helen's son we're sorry"

Jim and Joyce couldn't help looking at one another now and smiling a little bit. They were both thinking about the day, about a year earlier, when Jim tried out for a part in a television play titled *Deal A Blow*. Jim had called Joyce that morning and told her the reading was scheduled for three o'clock that afternoon. *Did he feel confident about getting it*, Joyce wanted to know. *Sure he did*, Jim had told her. He'd read through the script a couple of times and it was a good part—a great part for him—and he didn't see why he wouldn't be good enough to get it. . . . At 4:15 that afternoon he'd phoned Joyce back. *No*, he'd said slowly, sounding real down in the dumps; *no, he hadn't got the part. They'd said he was all right, yeah—but not really good enough.* Joyce wanted to know if there was still any chance of getting it. *Well*, Jim told her, *there was one fellow up in the studio who liked him, who told him he thought he had what it takes for the role, who suggested that he take the script back home with him and study it, study it real hard, and leave the rest to him for the time being.* "Are you going to study it?" Joyce had asked. "I don't know," Jim had answered.

On the Sahara desert, between takes in *Legend Of The Lost*, Rossano Brazzi sings constantly—practicing for the Pinza role he'll play in the film version of *South Pacific*. The Sahara is a good place to practice —no neighbors to complain . . . In N. Y. Richard Rodgers invited Brazzi to cocktails. It was a long session and the star kept fidgeting, because he had tickets to *My Fair Lady*. Then Rodgers told him the news—the Pinza role was his. Brazzi therefore became the only man to whom a visit to *My Fair Lady* was an anti-climax.

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

Then, a real change in his voice, Jim had said, "I sure as heck am!" Four days later, Jim got a call from the man at the studio. He'd arranged for Jim to have another test, he said. Only catch was that this test would have to be made in Hollywood, where the show was going to be filmed. Could Jim make it out there in a couple of days, the man from the studio asked. Jim, bit hard now by that old bug Challenge, said he could. It was another six days before he could sit down and write to Joyce about that second reading: "I wasn't nervous for that reading in New York, but I could feel my knees shaking a little this morning. The reading was held in a big room with a long table and eight men sitting around this table. They looked very serious and, for a while, I felt as if I were going to give a treasurer's report to all the vice-presidents of GENERAL MOTORS. Anyway, I read a few scenes and then I was asked to leave the room. About fifteen minutes later, someone came out and told me that I had gotten the part. I heard later that one of the vice-presidents had said: 'Tell all th other boys—and tell that Helen Haye son—that we're sorry, but we've foun our actor!' He didn't know who I wa He just liked me. That makes me fe very good."

There was more to the letter, but that private.

The beautiful girls in Hollywood

It was from this TV play that the movi was made.

"Gee," the redhead said, "some peopl get all the breaks. Movie star. Hollywoo . . . How'd you like Hollywood, anyway?

"I liked it very much," Jim said, pc litely. "I don't know if I'd like to liv there all the time, but the weather's su nice."

"And all those beautiful girls," the red head added. "Did you go out with lots those beautiful girls out there?"

"I worked pretty hard," Jim said, "an didn't have too much time to go ou Sometimes I'd go to bed at nine o'clock

"Nine o'clock?" the redhead shrieke "You mean you didn't get to any of th famous night spots or restaurants?"

"I used to eat mostly in luncheonett and drive-ins," Jim said.

"Why?" asked the redhead. "To g atmosphere for your part or something

"No," said Jim, "they were cheaper."

The redhead laughed heartily at this, if Jim had just made a real funny. Sh laughed so hard, in fact, that she near fell over the table and the publicity ma decided it might be a good idea to take h back to their table.

"Gosh," said Jim, when they were gon

"Gosh," Joyce agreed.

No longer a kid

Their waiter friend returned now wi two more cokes, and word that the new papers they were waiting for would prol ably be delivered to the corner newsstar in about ten minutes.

"You know," Jim said to Joyce aft the waiter left, "I almost feel as if I don want to see those reviews, ever."

"Now, Jim . . ." Joyce said.

"Honest," Jim said. "I feel sudden like a kid again who'd just as soon nev see his report card."

Joyce leaned over and gave him a litt kiss on the cheek. "But you're not a k anymore, Jim," she said, gently, tender "You're a man now, Jim. A man."

Jim was about to say something wh the musicians, who'd been playing on a off for the last hour or so, really got do to business now and blared out with loud, loud chorus of "Madcap Crawl."

Jim sat back in his chair. "*You're man now, Jim.* . . ." It was funny, thought, how he'd heard those same wor a little less than a year ago from anoth woman very close to him, his Mom. The gone down to Nassau for a week of Eas vacation. They were sitting, Jim remem bered, on a terrace of their hotel havi breakfast when, for some reason or oth they began arguing about something. I Mom had gotten genuinely annoyed something and she decided to dismiss argument with the words, "You're young to be right, Jamie, too young." J had resented this. All his life he'd resent older people telling him that he was wro because he was supposedly too young know better. "Mom," he'd said that mor ing on the terrace, "I *know* I'm righ His mother was about to say that he c tainly was *not*, Jim remembered, wh suddenly she looked at him as if she w seeing him for the first time in a lo time and reached over and took his ha and said: "Yes . . . it's true . . . the ye do pass . . . and you are a man now, J . . . You are a grown-up young ma

The music stopped suddenly.

'Hey!" It was the waiter again. "I just
k a peep out the door and I saw the
wspaper truck pull up to the stand.
u want I should go get you the papers?"
Jim looked at Joyce. "Want to take a
le walk?" he asked her.
Joyce nodded.
Jim started to take out his wallet and
plain that they'd pay their check and
pick up the papers themselves.
'Put the green stuff away," the waiter
d. "Tonight the cokes are on me, special
celebrate your preview."
'But . . ." Jim started to say.
'Put it away," the waiter said, shoving
e wallet back into Jim's pocket. "Now
ne on and get outta here . . . get outta
re!"
Jim and Joyce were out on the sidewalk
f a minute later, breathing in the brisk
rly-morning air. Jim took Joyce's hand
d they began to walk towards the news-
nd.
'Jim," Joyce said, just before they got
the stand, "I just want you to know
e thing. It's hard to say and I know
erything's going to be all right. But
t in case the reviews aren't good, I . . .
want you to know that I'm your friend
d that I'll always be your friend
d . . ." She found it hard continuing.
'I know," said Jim, gratefully.
The woman at the newspaper stand
s very old and very pleasant. "Would
u like a NEWS," she asked, "or a MIRROR
a NEW YORK TIMES, maybe?"
'We'll take one of each," said Joyce.
e poked Jim for some change.
'Oh, yeah," Jim said, reaching for a
arter.
They walked a few steps away from
e newsstand and stopped under a tall
eet lamp. "Well," said Joyce, her voice
t a wee bit shaky, "I think I'll just open
e of them now and take a look."
'If you want," Jim said, shrugging.

ddenly Joyce reads . . .

Joyce opened one of the papers slowly.
e was so nervous she stopped turning
ges after a moment and found herself
ring at the picture of a man who'd been
ot a few hours earlier.
'That's not it," said Jim, sneaking a look
o the paper and then shifting his eyes
ck to the passing traffic.
'No," Joyce said, as she began to turn
e pages again. "I know . . ."
Then suddenly, she said: "A new star
s born last night."
Jim looked a little dizzy. "What was
at?" he asked, not daring to read the
ge she was looking at.
'A new star was born last night," said
yce, reading. "His name is James Mac-
thur." She dropped all the papers to
e pavement. "Jim," she said. "Jimmy!"
Jim took her into his arms and kissed
r, right then and there. A wise guy
iving by tried to break it up with some
ncy horn blowing. But that didn't work.
fact, it took a sudden rush of wind and
cloud of newspapers in their faces to
eak up this particular clinch.
"Jim," Joyce said, "all the papers . . . all
e reviews . . . They're flying all over.
et's go back and buy another batch."
"Why don't we buy them later," Jim
id. "Why don't we just walk now."
"All right," Joyce said, taking his hand
ain. Then, as they began to walk, Joyce
oked up, up at an imaginary theater
arquee and she began to whisper:
ames MacArthur . . . James MacAr-
ur. . . ."
"Aw, come on," Jim said. "None of that
uff."
And he meant it.

END

James MacArthur is currently in RKO's
he Young Stranger.

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transform your figure as if by Magic







■ *Opposite page:* Maidenform waves the magic wand and presto, Fris-Kee! The new junior pantie girdle (or girdle) that can instantly transform you into a modern Cinderella! Here is youth, beauty and magic in every line! It controls you and holds you, gently as a cloud! Of all nylon power net this pantie girdle dries as quickly as a summer raindrop. Fris-Kee glorifies your figure—makes you an alluring dream girl! S. M. L. White. Pantie or girdle, $6.50 each. Shown with Fris-Kee, Maidenform's new Allegro bra that is also a Cinderella wonder-dream come true for feminine daintiness and figure perfection. Sweet enough to delight the most feminine heart, it is fashioned of luxurious acetate satin elastic with embroidered nylon sheer. White. $3.50. *Right*: Allure in a magician's second! Maidenform's new bra, Private Affair. Until now you never really knew how enchanting you could look. Just like magic! Round, young new beauty is assured under sweaters, soft wools, clinging jerseys! Nylon lace and nylon Leno elastic. Push-up pads of foam rubber to lift and curve. Can be worn three ways. White. $5.95. *On the basket*: Flaming Tycora sweater by Canterbury. *Above:* Six-way magic! Maidenform's beauty-wise and budget-priced Concerto Six-Way bra. This figure favorite is a bra wardrobe all-in-one that does glamour tricks for all your clothes 'round the clock. Here's a lift that lifts you! White broadcloth with foam rubber underlift within the bra cups—all the better to hold you. White. $3.95.

All photos by Roger Prigent
Credits for opposite page: *Cinderella Golden Slipper—Delman. Cinderella satin evening slipper—every girl's dream—by Delman. The floating peignoir is by Laros.*



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home perms

as you like them

■ Are you one of the girls that would love to try a home perm but feel that you are confused and just don't know which one of the many to try—feel it would be difficult to give yourself a successful home perm? The answers to your problems are really simple if you heed the advice of Hollywood. The stars are the first to know just what to do for more glamorous hair, just how to do it, just when to do it and just what to use. We asked Terry Moore to discuss her valuable knowledge of home perms and give you advice and tips about them. The real secret (*Continued on page 62*)



Roger Prigent

See Terry in 20th's, Bernardine

home perms—as you like them

(*Continued from page 61*) of the success of any project is assured if you know your subject. This is particularly true of home perms. The way to really know and understand about home permanents is to read, not only all the articles about them, but most importantly to thoroughly read, and understand the booklet and instruction details that come with every home perm package.

It is just not possible to use a hit-and-miss system when it comes to giving yourself a really professional home perm. Terry is very thorough on any project that she undertakes and she urges every girl to be the same. She feels that any girl can be a success at almost anything and so likewise at giving herself a home perm.

Terry also feels that a home perm is also a very economical way to have glamorous hair. Not only that—but she thinks it is a very great time saver to be able to do your own hair. And, today—time is important to every girl for she must not only take care of herself but she must improve herself constantly for eleven times out of ten she is either a career girl, student or young housewife.

Since Terry has married handsome and brilliant Gene McGrath she has come to realize the importance of routine and order and full knowledge of any subject even more than ever. Terry flies several times weekly back and forth to California, from California to New York, Panama and Carácas—besides keeping up with her motion picture career, her television appearances and other theatrical enterprises.

When you realize the career, domestic and beauty schedule that Terry adheres to, any other girl should feel ashamed that she is not always beautifully groomed and cared for.

Terry many times finds it necessary to put up curls in a taxi (or on a plane) between engagements so that she will always look her beautiful best. No wonder we asked Terry to give us tips about home perms. Before we list a few important tips from Terry about home perms a word about what kind of a home perm you should give yourself.

All girls who are used to giving themselves home perms know whether their hair requires a rod type perm, a pin curl type or an end curl perm.

The girl who has never given herself a home perm should use a rod type if she has shoulder length hair, a pin curl for short hair—and, an end curl if ends are very straight and need tight curls.

Now lets get to Terry's tips on home perms.

"Have your hair styled—before you give yourself a home perm. If your hair is already styled still be sure that the ends are trimmed perfectly before you give yourself a home perm. Thin your hair after you have given yourself a home perm. Between perms, give your hair a lot of care—shampoos and brushing. Groom it at least twice a day. Use a hair spray to hold unruly hairs in place. Set your hair with clips or bobbi pins daily if needed for that perfect look. And—a final word again about your home perm. Be sure and read instructions carefully." See Terry next in 20th's *Peyton Place*.

SUGGESTED HOME PERMANENTS: Pin Curls: *Casual, DuBarry Perfect, Pin-It, New Bobbi, Pin-Quick;* Rod type: *Lilt, All New Toni, New Creamy Prom, Richard Hudnut's New Quick, DuBarry Perfect, Silver Curl (for grey or white hair)*; End curl: *Prom, Lilt Refresher, Tip Toni;* Children's: *Tonette, Lilt Party Curl, Richard Hudnut's Quick.*

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE SOPHIA LOREN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JAMES MacARTHUR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE DOROTHY MALONE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE LUANA PATTEN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ
☐ all of Louella Parsons In Hollywood ☐ part ☐ none

15. How many bridal showers have you been to in the past year? ☐ none ☐ one ☐ 2-3 ☐ 4-5 ☐ 6 or more

16. How many baby showers have you been to in the past year? ☐ none ☐ one ☐ 2-3 ☐ 4-5 ☐ 6 or more

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY..... STATE.....

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call your friend rory

(Continued from page 38) to get in touch with Rory. However, we hope Buddy D. will read this story himself and contact his old pal.)

Rory shook his head. "How many years has it been now?" he half-asked himself. "Sixteen, maybe seventeen," he half-answered. He was quiet for a few more minutes after that, Buddy. In those few minutes he was back, past all those years in between, with his first friend, with a tow-headed kid with straight blond hair and a pug nose and a couple of hundred freckles and scraped knees—with *you*, Buddy.

When he began to talk again, he was still kind of half lost in that childhood world you both shared up there in the town of Santa Cruz. "It's funny how I'd forgotten so many things," he started to say. And then he began to remember. . . .

He told me how he was six or seven when he first met you. It was about mid-summer. You'd just moved to Santa Cruz from a nearby town—Rory's forgotten which one. You were from a pretty poor family, like Rory's—and like most of the poor kids in Santa Cruz you used to have your summer lunches on the beach, courtesy of Mother Nature and the Pacific Ocean coming up with a couple of dozen clams.

Do you remember that particular day when Rory—a tall, gangling kid with curly black hair and sky-blue eyes—came up to you there on the beach that first time and said, "Look, if you're gonna eat dinkys, you've gotta eat them right."

Rory remembers how you looked up at him and said, "I eat dinkys anyway I want to eat them." With that, Buddy, you squeezed open another clam with your penknife, brought it up to your mouth and swallowed it down.

"Look," Rory said, kicking the clam out of your hand, "you've gotta eat them with lemon juice. That's the way the Chinese people around here eat them. That's the best way."

"I don't have any lemons," you said.

Rory explained. "There's an orchard up there where they grow lemons," he said. "Come on. We'll go get some. We don't take the ones growing on the trees. We take the ones on the ground, but those ain't rotten yet. Okay?"

"Okay," you said.

Fifteen minutes later, you were both back on the beach, four pockets bulging. You waited for Rory to dig up his batch of dinkys from the mud and then you both sat down on the sand for lunch. Rory cut the first lemon and did the squirting, first on his dinky, then on yours.

"Pretty good," you said.

"*Pretty* good?" Rory questioned.

"*Very* good," you admitted.

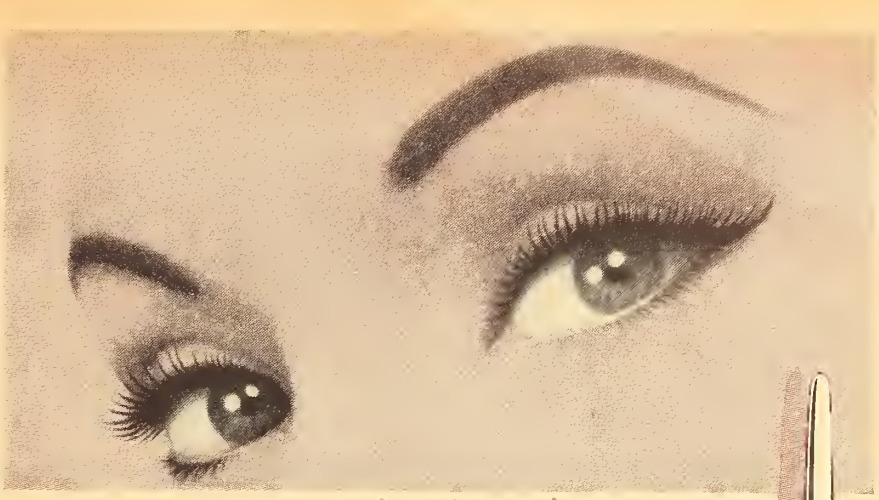
With this, you both exchanged your first smile. Then, while he began to squirt his own dinkys, Rory asked you your name.

You told him yours and he told you his—his was Francis Timothy Durgin back then.

"You wanna be my friend?" Rory asked next.

"Yeah," you said.

"And so it began," Rory told me in the restaurant yesterday, remembering. "Buddy and me, the most live-it-up pair of kids you've ever seen. . . . We used to do everything together, everything. We made rafts and played Robinson Crusoe on 'em together. We stole milk bottles together. We pulled girls' braids together. We were even in the same class in school together. School! Now there was a place Buddy and I really liked. We used to spend half our time wondering why they had them in the



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first place. And we used to spend the rest of the time talking about how we could have been out fishing and digging for dinkys and running around and swimming. And sometimes we did."

There are two days in your lives together, Buddy, that Rory remembers more than any of the others. Both of them stand out because they were days you got sore at each other, real sore.

The first crisis happened when you were both nine. It centered around Rose-Rose. Remember Rose-Rose? She was the pretty blonde Polish girl in your school—all of eight years old, at the time—and it was her birthday and another girl from school was having a party for her. Both you and Rory were invited to the party. Both you and Rory had a crush on Rose-Rose and both of you very gallantly asked her if you could pick her up at her house the day of the party and walk her to her girlfriend's. Rose-Rose probably liked both of you very much because even though you and Rory had asked her separately, she'd said *yes* to both. When you and Rory found out about this on the morning of the party, you both felt like hurt puppies but growled at each other like proud bulldogs.

"*I* asked her," Rory said, giving you a poke.

"So did *I*," you said, poking him back.

For a while there, it looked like there'd have to be a duel at dawn just to get things straightened out. And then—remember, Buddy?—Rose-Rose came down with whooping cough and the party had to be called off and *nobody* was going to get to take any pretty blonde to any birthday party. That afternoon, in case you've forgotten, you and Rory shook hands, swore off girls forever and went down to the beach to roast some potatoes.

The second crisis happened when you were both twelve or thirteen. It centered around the Santa Cruz Junior Yankees and its two leading batsmen. You and Rory played on the team—were the two leading batsmen, in fact. You called yourself Babe, after Ruth. Rory called himself Lou, after Gehrig. One day the kid who called himself Tony, after Lazzeri, began razzing the two of you about who the really better player was. You'd never thought much about it before this. But little Tony taunted on and on to the point where you found yourself saying:

"I am."

Rory didn't like this. So he upped and said: "*I* am."

Can you ever forget the game that afternoon, the batting duel to decide once and for all? And can you ever forget how both you and Rory went completely hitless that afternoon and how little Tony ended up getting two homers and a double and sticking out his tongue and declaring: "*I* am!"

The next few years went quickly and, before either you or Rory realized it, you were young men. You got a job out of the state at this time and left town. You promised to write to Rory and he to you. But neither of you did, because things happened.

Rory doesn't know what happened to you. He remembers what happened to him—the trouble he got into with the police and the months in jail; his talks with the kindly priest who helped him to leave the jail a new man. His visit to Hollywood and the chance meeting with Alan Ladd on a lonely horse trail, a meeting that eventually made him into the big movie star he is today.

You probably know the details of those few bad years Rory had before coming to Hollywood. Practically everyone who can read does. But just in case you think your old pal had it easy from the day he got here, that it took a single lucky break to get him riding on the pinnacle he's riding today, listen to what he's got to say about those first years here in movie town. And see if maybe *you* didn't have problems like this when you left Santa Cruz for whatever life you decided to cut out for yourself.

"Alan Ladd and his wife thought I'd be good for pictures," Rory will tell you, "and they helped me get my first job. I got a contract at TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX through them. Most guys were off in the service at this time and they were putting anybody and everybody under contract. I started at $100 a week. *Not bad*, I thought. I'd certainly never seen that kind of money before. Except that what the studio forgot to tell me was that with this money I had to get me a whole batch of new suits and take a whole lot of starlets out so I could be seen. I just plumb couldn't afford this kind of living, so to make some extra dough I drove a wrecking truck most nights and on Sundays I got a job at a gas station.

coming attractions:
in the **september** issue
of **modern screen**
(on sale **august** 6)
terrific stories and
exciting pictures of
ann blyth, alan ladd,
pat boone, audrey
hepburn, tab hunter,
audie murphy, mitzi
gaynor, jane russell
—and many others.
lovely **janet leigh**
will be on the cover!
that's **ms** in **september**
. . . don't miss it.

"And if this business of going out with starlets a couple of times a week at the beginning of a career sounds like jim-dandy fun, let me tell you this: It isn't exactly hard work sitting at a restaurant table with a beautiful girl, no. But when all you want to do is talk about fishing and hunting and the things you love, and all they want to talk about is Shakespeare and the Russian method of acting as opposed to the Hollywood method—look out because it can get pretty dull. And it's costing you a small fortune, to boot."

You'll be happy to know, Buddy, that Rory shoved all this would-be high-hat living aside once he got his first big break. And that he's still the kind of guy who chooses his pals carefully, who can tell the square-shooters from the round kind, who knows a good guy when he meets one and who values a good guy the way most people value their very lives.

I asked Rory about some of these friends yesterday and here's what he said:

"Ricardo Montalban. Here's one of my best friends. He's my *compadre*, too—my baby Cindy's godfather. Ricardo's a swell guy. He's an all-the-time-the-same kind of guy, full of energy, always happy to see you. If you suggest something and he's never done it, he goes after it with all kinds of intensity just to please you. This is a pretty admirable trait in anybody.

"Jim Webb's another friend. I believe he's called James Watson Webb Jr., if you want his full title. I met him when I first came to Hollywood. He's a multi-millionaire who wanted to work and become a director some day and so he got a job at Fox, editing film. I was with Fox for one year at the beginning and a publicity girl was asking me all kinds of questions for the biography they were doing on me. When it came to hobbies, I said I liked hunting and fishing best. She said, 'Oh, you should meet Jim Webb—so does he.' We met and we've been friends ever since. Jim's the kind of guy you don't see in six months and yet you still feel free to call on. When you do, it's like you saw him yesterday.

"Guy Madison's another good pal of mine. He made an impression on me as a loyal-type fellow the first time I met him. That was when I was with Selznick, about twelve or thirteen years ago. Guy was in the Navy then. We started out by going on hunting and fishing trips together. We still do. Guy's the one who got me interested in archery, by the way, and introduced me to Howard Hill, the greatest archer in the world and another pal of mine."

And so Rory talked, Buddy, about his pals and the qualities in them that made them his pals. And then, as he had about an hour earlier—it was about 2:30 now and the restaurant was practically deserted—he stopped talking again and again he looked straight ahead and straight back into the past.

Finally, when he did speak, he said, "I wonder what Buddy would say if he could see my baby right now." He smiled. "I know he'd be crazy about Lita," he said. "Here's a wife who's always looking out for me. She's for me, with me and backing me up all the time. Buddy would like her. Yeah, he'd like her fine."

I asked Rory if he had any idea where you might have gone when you left Santa Cruz.

"No," Rory said, "no idea. But I'd sure like to see him or hear from him again," he added.

A waiter came over to our table now and asked if we wanted another cup of coffee or something. We said *no thanks*, and then decided it was time to go.

I was taking a cab back to my office and so I left Rory outside the restaurant. We shook hands, said *good-by let's get together soon* or whatever we said. Then Rory walked up the sidewalk to the parking area alongside the restaurant where he'd left his car.

I watched him as he walked. He's usually a pretty snappy walker. But yesterday, when we parted, he walked slowly, very slowly, his hands in his pockets, his eyes up in the sky somewhere. And I know that as he walked he was thinking about a little blond kid and about dinkys with lemon juice and about Rose-Rose and a birthday party and about the Santa Cruz Junior Yankees and about how he'd like to hear from the little blond kid again and re-live all of those memories for just a little while.

In case you ever get to read this, Buddy, why don't you give Rory a ring? He'd like that. His number is HOllywood 5-2027.

Sincerely,
Ed Ritta

Watch for Rory in U.A.'s Ride Out For Revenge, *MGM's* The Hired Gun *and Columbia's* Domino Kid.

they're newly-weds

(*Continued from page 44*) when she saw Tony for the first time. The place, she remembers, was a small rehearsal hall on Manhattan's West Forty-ninth Street. The time, she remembers, was 10:45 a.m. "And Tony," she remembers, "was a dream of a man come true—and a darn good actor, too."

Neither of them remembers exactly when they felt that *this* was it. It could have been about 11:45 that same morning. At any rate, they had lunch together that afternoon at a tiny pastrami-and-pickle place near the rehearsal hall. And they continued to have lunch *and* dinner together every day for the next few months —in Illinois, where the play opened, and then down in Pennsylvania and up in Connecticut and all along the summer stock route.

It was a wonderful summer—right up until the last few weeks of the tour. That's when Shelley and Tony discovered that this was really it, that they were really in love; that they were not only really in love but that they were hopelessly in love, with the accent on the *hopeless.*

Before that, everything had been strictly for laughs. They used to swim together, play tennis together, hold hands together and tell all sorts of stories about themselves, like two young people who'd just met at a mountain resort and who figured that, while this was all very nice, come September and who'll remember? Shelley would break Tony up with her story about the first big fight with her ex-husband Vittorio Gassman . . .

"And we're in Rome at the time and he's appearing as Hamlet on the stage and it was in Italian and who could understand? So when I went backstage after it was all over I was dead tired and Vittorio asks me 'How did you like it?' and I just happened to yawn and so he slugged me—and I slugged him right back!"

. . . Or when she recalled what made her decide to enter show business . . .

"I forget if I was in seventh grade or eighth. Anyway, this girl says to me one morning, 'You should see the new boy who's captain of the basketball team.' I said, 'I'm not only going to see him, I'm going to get a date with him!' So I head for the gym and while I'm walking, I pass the auditorium where they're having a try-out for THE MIKADO. *A girl is singing, singing terrible. I knew I could do better. So I walked in and tried for the part. I got it, too. That was the end of my basketball hero."*

Tony's portable radio

And Tony—who was born on New York's crowded West 116th Street—would tell her about things he remembered, too. Like about the summers when he was a kid. . . .

"Everyone used to have a portable radio to bring to the beach. And your portable had to be better-looking than anybody else's. I remember we used to go swimming at Orchard Beach. That's not exactly a beautiful beach; it's up in the Bronx. We used to leave our neighborhood, a whole gang of us, and walk to the subway up on Lexington Avenue, all of us carrying a towel over one shoulder and our portables on the other. The portables were all blaring away at different stations—ball games, music. They were a mess. But you had to have one."

. . . Or about the jobs he had before he decided to become an actor. . .

"I used to rivet. I used to dig ditches. I used to drive a delivery truck. And then I decided to live dangerously and go to sea for a couple of years. I got a job on a passenger liner. I was a waiter. The only



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waiter on board who could handle eight dishes of hot stuff at once. And that's good!"

Yes, it was a wonderful summer—right up until that night near the end of the tour when Tony took Shelley in his arms and told her he loved her and they kissed and what should have been the most wonderful glow on earth wasn't.

The laughs were over

Tony realized that he was married—to a nice young woman named Beatrice whom he didn't love any longer, but to whom he was nonetheless married. Shelley suddenly realized that she had been married twice before and had a little daughter to think about whose happiness should come before anything else.

The laughs were over; tension took over.

An old friend of Shelley's, who traveled with her on part of the tour, puts it like this:

"It was just awful towards the end. They began to fight every minute they were together.

"Tony would start one fight and then he'd go back the next day and say he was sorry. Then Shelley would start one, and then *she'd* go back to be forgiven. It was awful. I knew that Tony had had a nervous breakdown about a year earlier and his falling in love with Shelley had thrown him. And Shelley was nervous and jittery and when the explosion hit, it hit her hard."

When the tour ended, Shelley and Tony said *good-by* like two people who'd barely known one another.

Reunited by Hatful

For about a month, they stayed miserably apart. Tony asked mutual friends about Shelley—but he never called her, never tried to get in touch with her. Shelley asked friends about Tony and how he was—and she spent lots of her time telling producers how great he was.

Then late one afternoon Shelley's agent dropped by her New York apartment, where she was living with her mother and her daughter, and asked her if she'd finished reading the stage script he'd sent her. It was called *Hatful Of Rain.*

"I'd like to do it," Shelley said.

"Great," said the agent.

"Who do they have in mind for the male parts?" Shelley asked.

"Ben Gazzara for your husband," said the agent, "and Tony for his brother."

Shelley blinked. "Tony who?" she asked.

"Franciosa," said the agent, surprised, "don't tell me you've forgotten who. . . ."

"I remember," Shelley said, as she walked out of the room. She walked straight to the telephone in her bedroom. She stared at the receiver for a few minutes, then picked it up. She started to dial, then put the receiver down. She went through this routine a few more times. She was about to pick up the receiver again when the phone rang. She stood, staring at it, knowing who it was calling her. The phone rang again. And then it rang again and Shelley picked up the receiver. "Hello?" she said. "Tony? . . . Yes, Tony, isn't it wonderful? . . . Yes, Tony, yes . . . Well, why—I mean, if you want to—why don't you come over and we can have a drink to it. . . ."

Hatful Of Rain opened and Shelley gave a brilliant performance and Tony was signed to a fat Hollywood contract between the first and second acts of the third performance.

A happy year until . . .

And for about a year Shelley and Tony were deliriously happy. Tony was still married, but it was no secret to anyone who knew him and Shelley that he'd asked his wife for a long-overdue divorce, that Shelley had agreed to marry him when the divorce became final.

When their contracts were up, Tony was notified that he had to fly to the coast—immediately—to make his first picture, *This Could Be The Night,* with Jean Simmons. He asked Shelley to go along.

"Not right now, Tony," Shelley told him. "I've just read a new play, *Girls Of Summer* and I'd like to do it here in New York. Look, you go to Hollywood and make the picture and I'll do the play. They'll give you *Hatful* next, for sure, and it'll be like this all over again, us acting in it together and being together. . . ."

A few months later, Tony was completing the Jean Simmons movie and it was Shelley's opening night in New York.

Backstage, there was the typical bedlam of tight nerves and strained smiles and earnest *good luck* cries all around and Shelley, like a nurse in a battle hospital, went around patting the backs of the shaky and trying to give everyone a boost. That's when she noticed one of the show's publicists standing with a frown on his face.

"Buck up, Fred," Shelley smiled, "the reviews'll be terrific!"

"It's not that," he answered, "it's just that I can't help feeling bad for you. About *Hatful,* I mean."

"What about *Hatful?"* Shelley asked.

"I thought for sure they'd use *you* in it," the man said.

Edwin Lester, head of the Los Angeles Light Civic Opera Co. was staying at the Warwick Hotel in N. Y. So was Frank Loesser, the songwriter, who was here for the première of *Guys And Dolls.* Lester and Loesser had been getting phone calls intended for the other. Lester finally met with Loesser and urged that they do something about the mix-up. "You, a famous songwriter and music publisher," he began, "and I, a producer, shouldn't be wasting our valuable time..." "Never mind all that," Loesser interrupted. "Where's my laundry?"

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

"Me?" Shelley asked, like she knew all along someone else was going to play the role, her role.

"Yeah, *you*!"

"Silly boy," Shelley said, as if she meant to say it funny. But the words came out all wrong, and all mixed up with tears.

One thing that mattered

Girls Of Summer lasted for only fifty-six performances. There was only one thing in life that mattered now, aside from the little girl, and that was a fellow named Tony; Shelley flew to Hollywood.

Tony was at the airport to meet them. He kissed Shelley, kissed little Tordy—Vittoria Gina's nickname—then kissed Shelley again.

"When can we get married?" Shelley whispered to him.

"Beatrice is in Reno now," Tony said, smiling. "It's going slow, I know. But she *is* giving me the divorce."

"How long is this all going to take?"

"I don't know for sure," Tony said, "but just to make the time go a little faster, why don't you and I get engaged?" Tony reached into his pocket for a ring, a beautiful six-carat marquis diamond. "Like with this," he said, "and with a little party at my place tomorrow night."

Shelley describes the engagement party this way:

"We had it at Tony's hotel, the CHATEAU MARMONT. I decided to make spaghetti

with clams for dinner. We had about twelve people there and I was all nervous to begin with. So instead of letting the frozen clams thaw early enough—don't think I'm a lazy cook; I just didn't have time to get fresh clams—I left them in the icebox. Then, I suddenly realized everybody was so hungry they were chewing on *lemon peels* from the martinis Tony was making. I figured I'd better get busy. So I got so nervous I plopped the frozen clams into a china bowl and I plopped them so hard the bowl smashed into a million pieces and the clams went spilling in one lump against the wall. I broke into tears. When I finished crying, I made the spaghetti *without* clam sauce. It was pretty tasteless. But everybody said it was good just the same—the liars.

"And anyway, Tony and I were officially engaged now and that was what really mattered."

"Ruining our lives"

For the next few months, everything went fine again. Tony was busy working in pictures, Shelley was getting excellent television offers—and the word from Reno was that the then-Mrs. Franciosa was getting ready to sign the final divorce papers and make her husband free to re-marry.

She signed those final papers on Friday, April 19, in Nevada. As she was signing them, Tony—hundreds of miles away—was about to make headlines.

Tony and Shelley were leaving the Los Angeles City Hall. They had just made an unsuccessful bid on a house in Beverly Hills and were headed for their car when a photographer raced towards them and asked them to hold it for a picture.

"No pictures till my divorce is final," Tony said, making a bee-line for the car.

The photographer asked them to hold it.

"Please," Shelley said, "my hair's a mess and I haven't got any lipstick on."

The photographer cocked his camera.

"Hey," Tony called out. "I said no!"

The photographer got ready to shoot.

"Hey," Tony yelled. And then, suddenly, his face turned blood red and he rushed the photographer, kicked the camera out of his hand and began punching. "I said no pictures," Tony said. "*No* pictures!"

Shelley tried to pull Tony away from the man, but she couldn't. She screamed. "Stop it, both of you. Stop it!"

A minute later, three court officers rushed over, got a hard hold on Tony.

Shelley ran after them. "Don't take him like that," she begged, crying. "You're ruining our lives. You're ruining our lives!"

Sorry about everything

Shelley sat in the living room of her house that night, alone.

She'd been sitting there for about two hours, still staring and thinking when Tony came in. He told her that he was out on bail; that he'd phoned the newspaper and apologized for hitting the photographer and breaking his camera; that he'd explained he'd been under a great emotional strain what with his divorce coming through that day and with the house they'd chosen to live in going from under their noses. That he was sorry about everything that had happened.

"I'm sorry, honey. I'm sorry."

"I know," Shelley said, softly.

Shelley looked up at him. She couldn't help smiling a little when she noticed how much he looked like a little boy now, a boy who'd done something wrong and who'd mustered his courage and sworn he'd never do it again, never.

"I realize this is very rough on you, Shelley," Tony said.

"Tony. . . ." Shelley said, taking his hand.

"Yes?"

"Tony," Shelley said, "can we get married right away?"



Tony sat on the couch, beside Shelley, now. He didn't answer her. He just sat there, staring into her eyes for a little while. Then he kissed her. Then, for the first time in many hours, he smiled.

And so they were married, last May, while Tony was on location in Nevada making *Obsession* with Anna Magnani.

An exclusive interview

A few days before they were married, MODERN SCREEN had an exclusive interview with Shelley. We asked her about Tony and herself, their plans for the future. This is what she told us:

"I can't wait. It's just a few days from now, but I can't wait. I love him so much. I love his honesty and his simplicity. Sure, we get angry sometimes. Doesn't everyone? But with Tony, I always know where I stand because he's honest and he tells me.

"We have a plan, Tony and I. We want to try to make enough money in a year or two so we can have security and do the things we want to do. Not a fortune, but enough so that we can keep on studying, and go to Europe for a while and live, just live. . . .

"And we want to keep in touch with the people we like. You know, it's funny. Lots of people say I'm a slob because I don't wear Christian Dior dresses all day, because I like to just throw something on and go out shopping and mingle with people, because this house I live in here is on a street just like any street in Brooklyn or the Bronx and not all fenced away from the rest of the world. To me it's important to be with the kind of people I love and grew up with and am supposed to be enacting when I act. And as for this house, well what's wrong with living on a street where there are other kids so they can come over and play with your daughter and so that she can run down whenever she feels like it and play with *them*? The house Tony and I were trying to bid for the afternoon of the fight, remember? Well, that was a pretty fancy place up on a hill with a pool and all that stuff. We liked it, yes, but now that I think of it, maybe it's just as well we didn't get to buy it. Maybe by getting to buy it we would have gotten away from it all—from people and everything, I mean—and I don't think either of us would want that. . . ."

So in love

How do they want to live, Tony and Shelley?

"We're going to want to entertain a lot after we're married," Shelley said. "Actually, I love to entertain. There are going to be plenty of nights when we'll call up eight or twelve people and I'll cook and we'll hide the TV and we'll just sit and talk and have fun. Other nights? Well, we'll have a maid, yes—you need one in this business. But I want to do most of the cooking. So we figure that on Sundays we'll shift between dinner at my mother's and Tony's mother's. On Monday through Friday nights we eat home. And on Saturday, that's the night I want to go out to dinner, get all dressed and go with Tordy and Tony to some restaurant and celebrate, even if the only thing we're celebrating is the fact that it's a Saturday night. . . .

"I'm so happy at the way things are working out. Lots of things that look so bad at the time seem to end happiliy.

"And we're in love. We're so in love. . . ."

END

Tony is currently in 20th's A Hatful Of Rain *and MGM's* This Could Be the Night. *He'll soon be seen in Paramount's* Obsession *and Warners'* A Face In the Crowd.

my weekend with elvis

(*Continued from page 43*) before you leave tonight." I thought he was just saying that though, as a line. But the next day he caught up with me on the lot, and followed me around and waited on the set for me, and finally he said, "My folks are in town. I'd like you to meet them."

And that night I did.

I also met his pal, Judith Spreckels, who writes those wonderful stories for MODERN SCREEN. She's swell.

But getting back to right now, Diary, I never thought that day on the set would end up today on a plane! Especially after Elvis left Hollywood. That's when he started begging me to come out to his home for a visit.

Some of my friends tried to talk me out of going. They said that Elvis was fickle and I'd just be another one of all the other girls in his life. But how could I explain how he sounded, calling me long distance night after night and begging me, "Honey, I miss you so much. Please leave Hollywood and come." How could I tell anyone how sincere and lonely Elvis sounded? They think of him as a big-shot, as the great Presley, not as the warm, sweet boy who has told me he cares for me.

But I've got butterflies in my stomach now. Only a few more hours and we'll be together. What will he be like now? Will my friends be right—or I?

Friday Midnight: This had been the biggest day of my life. Elvis has just kissed me good night and my head's still spinning just thinking of the glorious day I spent with Elvis from morning till night!

My plane was late, *two hours* late, and knowing how Elvis hates to wait anywhere because in a few minutes he's mobbed, I figured. *Guess his cousin Gene or the Colonel will meet me instead.*

But there he was, running toward me, sweeping me up in his arms and holding me tight as he kissed me long and hard!

"Yvonne, honey," he said, and his voice was low and husky, "I can't tell you how glad I am to see you."

A big crowd had begun to gather around us, so we ran to Elvis' shiny pink Cadillac. In the car, he kissed me again and put his arm around me. "I could hardly sleep last night, I was so excited about seeing you again, doll," Elvis told me, and my heart began to hammer. "I was at the airport at six, but when they told me the plane would be late, I went home and had breakfast and came back again. Now that you're here," he added with that sweet grin of his, "I won't let you go."

We drove to his home, a nice but modest one-story house with a black iron fence around it, and it was smaller than I expected. His parents were at the door and his mother put her arm around me and said, "We want you to feel at home here, dear." Such warm people. As we walked into the house I noticed lots of packing cases all over the place. Mrs. Presley apologized, "They're full of Elvis' fan mail. We can hardly keep up with them. The mail is crowding the furniture out! That's why we're going to have to move into a bigger house," she laughed. At that, Elvis winked and said, "Don't tell Yvonne any more about the new house. I want to show it to her myself."

Elvis carried my bag in and showed me to my room. "It's my bedroom, honey," he said, "but I want you to have it so that you'll be comfortable." How considerate he is!

A pleasant room, but so simple. Who would think that this room belonged to one of the biggest singing stars in the country? It's painted a soft green with blond modern furniture and a kingsize bed with a bookcase headboard. Over the bed is a large painting of Elvis which he told me had been painted by a fan. There's a framed photo of Elvis on the dresser and next to it—I could hardly believe my eyes! —a photograph I had given him of me. In the corner is a record player spilling over with records and all those stuffed animals his fans send him. That's when I gave him the little toy chicken with the little red cap on it—like the little red cap I wore in *The Rainmaker* which Elvis was always kidding me about. I got such a kick out of the way he put it on top of the bedstead—"The place of honor," he had said, with a bow—and kissed me on my nose.

"Now don't fuss up," he said then, "just unpack, put on pedal pushers and we'll get going. I want to show you my town."

I changed, and when I came out to the living room Elvis grabbed me and gave me a big bear hug. "Doesn't my girl look sharp," he said. "Come on, let's go for a spin on my motorcycle."

When we walked out I was startled to find a crowd of girls outside. They looked me over and I began to feel embarrassed. They were calling out, "Elvis—oh, El-vis!" and Elvis smiled and waved. "Don't let it throw you, honey," he whispered. "I've been telling everyone in town that my girl was coming here this weekend and they want to see what you're like. They mean well. You have to get used to this, just like I did."

Jerry Lewis had to pass my booth to get to his booth in Lindy's, and he stopped to tell me that the item I had about him in a recent column was right. This is unusual in itself. The item, to refresh you, was simply that Jerry Lewis appears to be getting taller. "I am getting taller," said Jerry. "I grew an inch-and-a-quarter during the past year. The doctor can't understand it. You're supposed to stop growing when you're twenty-five. I'm getting bigger. I used to wear a size ten shoe; now I wear size eleven and a half. Crazy, eh?"

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

I got on the motorcycle in front of Elvis and he held on to me tight, and off we went.

It was a thrill riding the motorcycle with Elvis. Elvis rode to the heart of the downtown section and parked in front of a barber shop.

Everyone in the barber shop knew Elvis. "I've been giving this boy haircuts since his dad brought him in for his first one," the barber told me proudly.

A couple of cokes later, Elvis was finished and back we went on the motorcycle again. "Now I'll show you the surprise." "What surprise?" I asked. But he wouldn't tell me, just kept grinning. He looked happy as a kid as we rode on and on to the outskirts of Memphis until we hit a section where the homes were large and beautiful with broad rolling lawns. We stopped in front of a magnificent white Colonial home that was surrounded by a flagstone fence.

Elvis took me by the hand and led me inside. "How do you like it?" he asked with a broad smile. "It's my new home—for me and my folks. We're going to move in as soon as it's ready. I bought this mansion and we're having it remodelled. To think," he said slowly, "that we Presleys will live here. We've been poor so long, I can't believe it yet." And I can imagine the thrill he felt—to have known poverty so long and then to be able to buy a $100,000 home for himself and his parents.

Then Elvis went on, "Only a few years ago I was driving a truck and I had to deliver something to one of these society families here. I came to the front door and the maid gave me a dirty look and said, 'Go on to the back. You can't ever come in the front door.'

"And now these people are practically my neighbors," he said with a chuckle.

He was like a little boy showing off a Christmas toy as he took me through the beautiful, enormous place—six bedrooms, a large foyer and workmen all over the place. He talked to one of them and said, "Can't you speed it up? I'd sure like to move in before I have to leave for Hollywood for my next movie."

Then, back home again. We were so tired we didn't bother to change for dinner. We all sat down at a long, narrow table in the dining room. It's a very informal room, with a small piano in a corner. I sat next to Elvis; then there were his mother, father, his cousin Gene and a couple of his buddies. The maid, Alberta, served us meat loaf and mashed potatoes, and there was a lot of kidding around at the table. "Hope you like our dinner, honey," Elvis said. "I'm always in such a hurry, I've gotten so I only eat food that's quick to eat, like meat loaf or sandwiches. Something like steak's too much work!" As far as I was concerned, just sitting next to Elvis, having him reach out and hold my hand between courses and lean over occasionally to give me a quick kiss, was enough. I would have been happy with bread and water.

After dinner, Elvis wasn't feeling too well. He'd developed a skin infection near his shoulder and it was acting up tonight. "Mind if we just stay home tonight, baby?" he asked. "Anyway, you must be tired from your trip."

Elvis sat down and played the piano and sang. We had such fun as he jazzed up "True Love"—and there was just lots of singing and laughing. Elvis and I began to dance and, since I'm a dancer, I wanted to teach him to bop. But he laughed and made for a chair. "None of that fast dancing for me," he said. "I'd rather look at you."

We played some pool, and later we all sat outside on the walk in front of the house. It was growing dark and it was very peaceful sitting with Elvis and his parents, hardly saying a word. Elvis sat with me on one side and his mother on the other, and he held both our hands. It was real cute. "My two best girls," he said tenderly. It took me back a couple of months to our first date in Hollywood, when Elvis had taken me and his folks to the movies to see *Giant*. Then also he had sat between me and his mother, and had held his mother's hand with his right hand and mine with his left hand. I remember I had felt a tingle run through me at the time—just as I did tonight.

A crowd of girls came by the house and waited outside the gate. They'd call out, "Are you there, Elvis?" and Elvis would reply, "Yes."

Later, when the girls had left and his parents had gone to bed, Elvis and I sat outside for a long time. "Are you going to be my little girl?" he whispered. I re-

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plied, "Yes, darling," but deep down, I knew it couldn't be. After our very first date, we had sat like this in his car outside my home in Glendale. That was the night I first met them and we all went to the movies, Elvis and his parents and me. Later he dropped his parents off at the hotel and took me home. We changed our mind about stopping off at a restaurant for a hamburger because of the crowds, and Elvis and I had sat in his car outside my home for hours, talking, talking, talking. And now here we were again, talking about ourselves, our families, our religion, about what we wanted out of life. And I knew then, from what Elvis told me, that he couldn't think of marriage—not for a long, long time. His career demanded all of him—too many people around him told him his fans would resent his marrying. As for me, I had told him that I was just beginning to get the picture breaks I've worked for since I was a child, and that my role as the flirt in the *Rainmaker* was leading to more good parts.

And tonight, sitting with Elvis, I thought —*Any ordinary boy and girl could fall in love and make plans for the future. But not us.* So when we walked into the house and he kissed me good night and said tenderly, "Good night, baby," I knew that I must never let myself think that anything could come of it.

Saturday: Up at 10:30, and after a quick shower, I slipped into pedal pushers and went into the kitchen. His mother was there and she said, "I'll wake Elvis now. He asked me to wake him as soon as you got up. He loves to sleep late when he's not working." When she returned she said, "He'll be along soon. You know," she added wistfully, "I worry about my boy, working too hard, going at too fast a clip, maybe ruining his health."

Just then Elvis bounced into the room, cheerful and handsome in black slacks and a white shirt with stand-up collar. He kissed me heartily and said, "What a wonderful morning—because you're here."

He ate a huge breakfast of sausage patties, bacon, eggs, fried potatoes, hot rolls, coffee and milk. He even ate some of last night's meat loaf warmed over!

We sat around and read the papers to each other, and shot some more pool and maybe because I'm an actress—too—Elvis seemed to want to talk about career. He showed me a script MGM had sent him—*Jailhouse Rock,* in which he plays a convict. "I hope to do a better job than in my first movie. Say," he added quickly, "would you like to see *Love Me Tender?* You said you'd missed it and wanted to see it. I've got a print of it here."

He set up the screen in the living room and we sat on the floor and watched it. While it was on he said a couple of times, "I hope I'm better in my next." How surprising to discover that even a fellow as successful as Elvis has doubts and fears about his career!

During the afternoon, lots of his friends dropped by—many of them to look me over, I think. He put his arm around me whenever anyone came in and introduced me—"This is my girl; came all the way from Hollywood to keep me from getting lonesome. Isn't she a doll?"

Could it be that some of the girls gave me a funny look, like I was cutting in on their territory? Hope not!

After a while Elvis and I took off in Elvis' white Caddy. Again there was the crowd of girls outside the house calling out to him and giving me the once-over.

First we stopped off at the new house again. Then, back in the car, he said with a shy kind of smile, "Now I want to show you my favorite spot. This is where I really lose myself."

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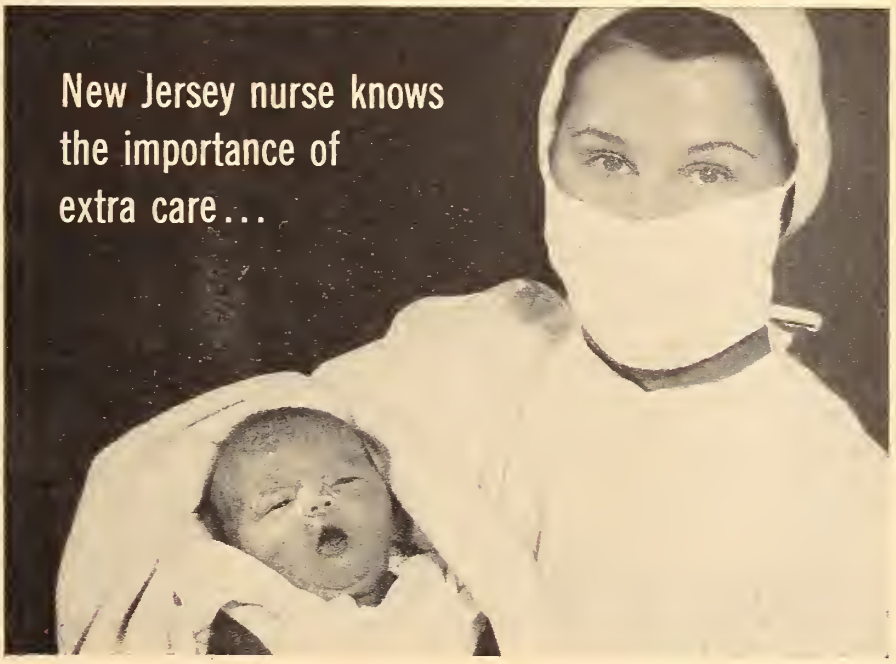
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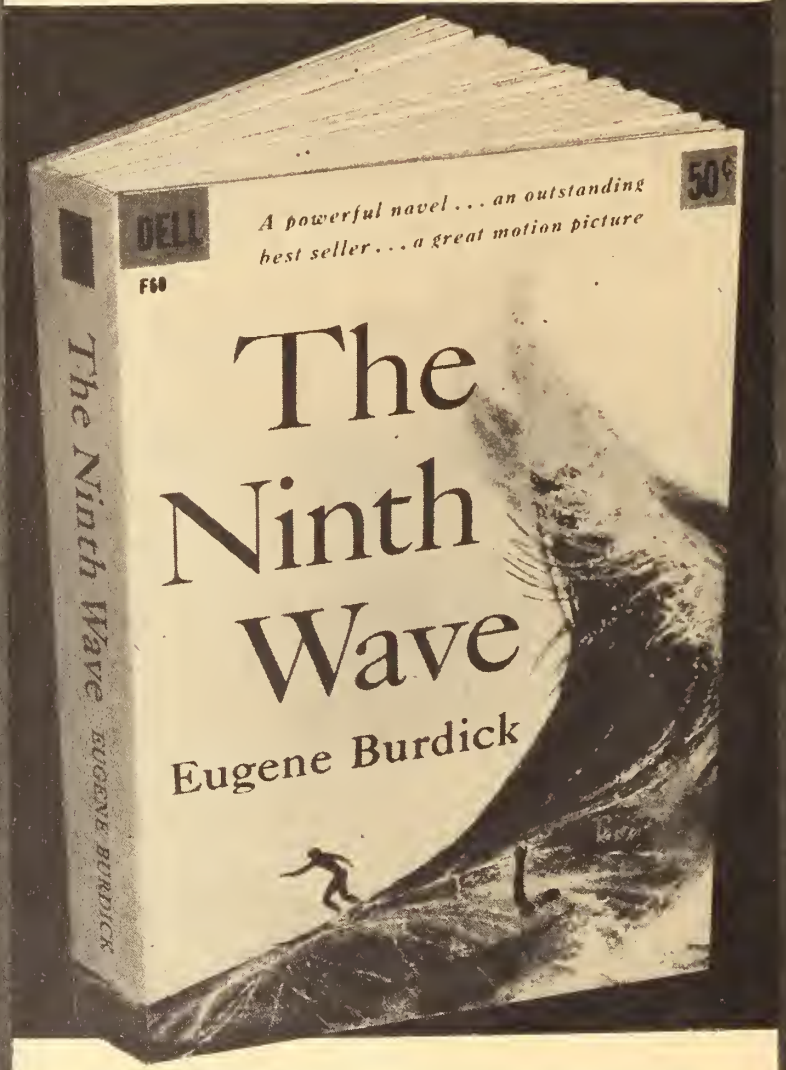
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We drove for a while until we reached a lake that was screened behind green hills and lots of trees brushing against each other. Not a soul was around.

"Gee," I said, "I feel as though we were in another world."

"That's the way I feel about this spot," Elvis said. "I'm so keyed-up all the time, so many people around me, so much noise and goings on—here's where I go to get away from everything and everyone."

When we started back home, he looked happier and more relaxed than I'd seen him in a long time.

Tonight—a big party given by Sam Phillips, who owns a record company in town. Elvis was still in that peaceful mood when we got home. When he saw me all dressed up in my pink and white cotton with a full skirt, he said, "You look real cute, baby, but don't wear heels. You look like a little doll in flats."

So I changed into white flats of course.

We had dinner at home before we left—pork roast and potatoes, but I noticed that Elvis didn't eat much. I could tell he wasn't well—his shoulder was bothering him but he wouldn't admit it. He was picking at his food and then said suddenly, "Can you cook?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful," he said, "I like a girl who can cook. Some day you'll cook for me."

Although Elvis didn't look too chipper, he insisted that we go to the party. "I want everyone to meet my girl," he said.

Everyone at the party crowded around Elvis. I might have been lost in the shuffle, but Elvis never let go of me. Sam Phillips, the host, came over and grabbed Elvis by the hand. Turning to me he said, "He's responsible for this beautiful house I live in today. A few years ago I didn't have much—and then Elvis cut his first record for me. Now, look what I have. This boy sure is loyal."

Even with all the noise and laughter, I could see that Elvis was feeling worse by the minute. He was unusually quiet, and his eyes began to get a sick look. I insisted that we go to the hospital and he finally gave in. The doctor gave him some penicillin pills and told us that would help clear the infection and he'd feel better.

Elvis insisted he felt well enough for us to return to the party. Along towards two or three in the morning we were all sitting around the floor singing, and Elvis began to sing a religious song. It was raining, and in the darkened room—with only the flames in the fireplace flickering—it was a thrilling experience to hear Elvis' mellow voice sing the hymns and spirituals he loves so well. Elvis sang on and on, until day began to break and it was Easter morning.

It took us a while to get back to reality, but when Elvis broke the spell by kissing me and saying, "Happy Easter, honey," we all got up and started moving. I went with some of the girls into the kitchen where we scrambled eggs. I cooked Elvis' eggs for him, because I know that he likes his eggs cooked real well—almost hard as a rock.

It was daylight when we got home, and Elvis kissed me at the door of my room and said, "This is a real happy Easter Sunday for me, baby." And it certainly was for me!

Sunday: Got up late today—after one. It was a leisurely afternoon as we sat around and played records.

Elvis said he was taking me to church services tonight at the Assembly of God. We were almost late, because Elvis wanted to go through his new house again, and for a special purpose. All of his relatives were waiting for us there. I met his aunts, uncles and their children, all dressed up in their Easter Sunday clothes. We

tayed there a long time, as Elvis showed is relatives through every corner.

We stayed so long that we didn't have ime for dinner before church. Elvis ooked so handsome in a gray suit with dark tie. It was the first time I'd ever een him dressed up this way, and he ooked wonderful.

There was quite a bit of head-turning hen we entered the church, and I could ee the minister smile paternally as Elvis alked to his seat.

Elvis is a deeply religious boy, but beause he's on the road so much he can't ttend church regularly. This was his rst time back in his own church in a ng time, and the Rev. Hamel welcomed im back by including Elvis in his serion. If I was proud of Elvis before, I as bursting with pride as I heard the ev. Hamel talk about him in glowing erms and explain to the congregation how ratifying it was that their local boy, who ad become such a worldly figure, had ever lost his bond with God and his hurch.

After the services, the kids clustered round Elvis and he signed autographs. hen he whispered, "Excuse me, darlin', m going to have a chat with the min-ter in his private room. Wait here, and ll see you later."

While I waited, the minister's wife and everal of the ladies in the congregation alked to me and told me about the Elvis ney knew. Like the time they needed n extra boy for the church quartet and lvis tried out—and was told, "Oh dear,

Do you know what androphobia is? That is a fear of men. Jane Russell once admitted she suffered from androphobia. Hers, however, is just a mild case. She does not suffer in the presence of one man. But when near three or more men she gets nervous. Incidentally, most women born under Pisces (Feb. 20-Mar. 20) suffer from androphobia. Or so say the stargazers.

E. V. Durling in The Journal-American

ou can't sing well enough to make the uartet."

It was late when we got home and we ere famished.

So I made some vegetable soup, peanut utter sandwiches and coffee. We sat down t the kitchen table and suddenly he rabbed my hand and said, "Please don't eave yet, darling. I know you're suposed to go home in the morning. But an't you stay for the rest of the week?"

But I couldn't. I had several studio ppointments lined up. I couldn't reist the pleading look in his eyes, so I aid I would stay one more day. We alled my mother and Elvis spoke to her.

Back in my room I had just begun to ake my hair down when Elvis called out rom the den: "My shoulder hurts terribly, oney. Can you put a hot pack on it?"

I slipped into a gold Chinese robe and idn't bother to put my hair up again in he usual pony tail. When I walked into he den, Elvis was stretched out on a hair, but as sick as he felt, his eyes pened wide and he exclaimed, "Holy moke, you look wonderful with your air down like that. Always wear it like hat—for me."

The hot packs made him feel better, nd when I tiptoed out he had fallen sleep in the chair.

Monday: Elvis hadn't slept too well. When I got up, his mother said, "I just ooked in on Elvis, and he's fast asleep. don't think I'll wake him yet."

Over a cup of coffee, Elvis' mother said slowly, "You know, Yvonne, I have noticed for a long time that Elvis often looks lonely and sad. Even though people fall over themselves and crowd around him, he seems to be alone. I think," she said wistfully, "it may be because he misses his twin brother."

When she noticed my puzzled expression, she went on, "I thought you knew. Elvis was one of twins, but his twin brother died at birth. Maybe it's just a sentimental theory of mine, but I've often felt that without realizing it, Elvis misses the twin brother who died just before he came into the world. I think he was born lonely. Oh well," she said briskly, "I'm just talking like a mother now. I'll call Elvis."

When Elvis came in, the first thing he noticed was my hair. I was wearing it in a pony tail again. He asked me to take it down, as I'd worn it last night. So I smiled and unloosened my hair.

Somehow, there was a sadness about today. We drove to the new house, and this time Elvis wandered through the empty rooms and said, almost to himself, "I have this beautiful home, but I wonder how much time I'll spend in it."

He wanted to go to his retreat once more before I left. We held hands as we walked along the soft, green hills and over the rocks and bushes, plucking at the leaves. It was very still and we felt very much together. Suddenly a group of girls dashed out from behind a clump of bushes and ran toward him, screaming "There's Elvis."

As we drove away, Elvis said slowly, "Well, I'll never be able to be alone there any more."

We didn't say much the rest of the drive home. I packed after dinner, and then we drove to a drive-in place in town where the young crowd gathers for hamburgers and malts, and inside there's a lot of fun and dancing to juke box music. We pulled up to the place, but Elvis parked in the rear—as usual.

Elvis looked in the direction of the little restaurant and saw kids his own age laughing and clowning around. He looked with such longing I felt that he would have given anything to go in and join them.

But we ate in the car.

We drove around town and got to the airport a little after midnight. Elvis had begged me not to fly, because ever since he had a near-accident in a small plane during one of his tours, he'd developed a fear of planes. He doesn't even like to walk inside one that's on the ground.

He kissed me outside the ramp and we made a promise to see each other when he came to Hollywood in a few days. I was sitting in the plane, feeling blue, when suddenly Elvis bounded in. "I'll stay with you till it's take-off time," he said.

We sat close, and silently wished we could hold back the hands of the clock. But soon it was take-off time, and Elvis had to leave. We clung in a long kiss, and then he was gone.

As I'm soaring in the air right now, on my way back to Hollywood, I'm re-living the moments of my whole glorious weekend with Elvis—and thinking too of the warnings of my friends before I left: "He's fickle. You're just one of many."

And yet, come to think of it, Elvis forgot his phobia and got on the plane so that we could be together precious moments longer. And gosh, Diary, the thought of that makes me feel that maybe there was something special about my weekend with Elvis!

END

Elvis will soon be seen in Hal Wallis' Paramount release Loving You *and MGM's* Jailhouse Rock. *Yvonne Lime can also be seen in* Loving You.



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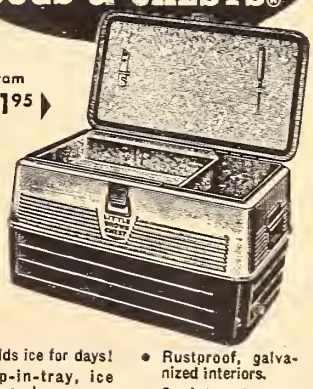


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Rex Harrison's 'Fair Lady'...
The return of Ed Wynn...
Why Hollywood won't sign
Kim Stanley in this month's

TV TALK



Even if Howard Morris, Sid Caesar and Carl Reiner have a spell of no-work, they'll do O.K.

Television observers have spent a lot of time lately feeling sorry for **Carl Reiner** and **Howard Morris** because the **Sid Caesar** Show was leaving NBC. Well, no matter what happens to Sid and his two bananas, here's one thing to remember: way back in 1950 or 1951, **Howard Morris** was earning something like $125 a week playing one of two Frenchmen in **Carol Channing's** big hit musical *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. He left that show—with a great deal of worry about how right his decision was—to go with Sid Caesar. His salary, this last year, has been something like $2800 a week. And Carl has been making even more. So, even if Sid and his supporting players have a short spell of no-work—the last six or seven years have been *great* . . . The panelists on *Entertainment Press Conference* spent a lot of time a few months back trying to find out from **Kim Stanley** why she's never made a movie. The real reason? Kim absolutely refuses to take a screen test, and so far Hollywood refuses to sign her until they know how she's going to look on celluloid . . . **Walter Abel** is a very domestic man. When his wife is away, he calmly goes to his neighborhood grocer, orders what he wants for dinner, totes it back home and cooks it up for himself. He's on exceptionally chummy terms with his local tradesmen, by the way—stays in the stores and chats and discusses the theater and cracks jokes . . . To think that only two years ago **Ed Wynn** was an embittered, out-of-work comic whose friends could hardly bear to visit him! They felt so sorry for him that they'd postpone dropping by. Some of them—one young TV producer in particular—tried to think up parts for him, but no one would hire him. And look at him now! . . . **Paulette Goddard** has the most gorgeous full-length chinchilla coat in the U.S., or probably anywhere else in the whole world . . . **Kay Kendall, Rex Harrison's** *fair lady*, often wears ultra-sophisticated clothes. But she also knows that there's no more flattering costume to any woman than black velvet with a white collar. And, when she wears her adaptation of Little Lord Fauntleroy's outfit, she looks adorable . . . The fashion columnists in New York rave over **Rita Gam's** maternity outfits. One was a beige chiffon Empire number that she wore with matching pumps and reams of amber necklaces—an outfit guaranteed to attract attention rather than disguise her condition. But that seems to be the new trend. **Betsy von Furstenberg** was an exception to the new rule when she, expecting her second baby, appeared in a white brocade mandarin coat. Incidentally, even people who have never approved of Betsy's hijinks on and off the stage are grieving for her these days. Nobody can really dislike a girl that has the problems Betsy has. That is, someone with a little baby, another on the way, and a husband in jail . . . **Mildred Dunnock** has one of the biggest mothering instincts. She loves to take people under her wing and tell them when to button up against the cold, when to go to bed, what to eat, how to diet. But she will devote very little time to such activities as interviews and publicity picture-taking. She thinks an actress' job is to *act*, not to sit with reporters or for photographers. Because she believes in acting, she is often willing to accept a part that is a very small one for an artist of her stature. She cares much less for the billing than she does for the *doing* . . . If you ever run into a bunch of TV people who sound as though they're speaking some new kind of language, it's a safe bet that they work for the **Steve Allen** show. It seems that Bill Harbach, Steve's handsome young blond producer, makes up words as he goes along in a sentence. It's apparently a very catching kind of talk because the cameramen and the crew on the Allen show have picked up Bill's words until their conversations are dotted with them too. Bop talk is nothing compared to Harbach talk . . . **Ben Gazzara,** though a sweet and delightful companion much of the time, does have his deep dark moods when it's just as well if no one else is around . . . **Herb Shriner's** stories are *not* all Indiana stories, no matter how hard he tries to palm them off as being pure Midwest. Some of them originated in—of all places—Vermont. One of Herb's writers was from Vermont, and a great story-teller of things that had happened "Down East." When he went to work for Herb, he just changed the setting when he wrote the gags: "Down East" became "Home in Indiana" . . . **Wally Cox'** wife Marilyn *must* love him. He decided to grow a goatee on their honeymoon—and she was just as delighted with it as he was! The few others who saw it agree with the Coxes—say he looked fine . . . **Julia Meade** is very helpful to her poor-author friends. Her late father owned a typewriter company, and her aunt runs it today. So when one of Julia's poor struggling playwright pals needs a new machine, Julia can get it for him wholesale—and does . . . **Shelley Winters** doesn't always endear herself to her co-workers when she indulges in her bad habit of being late for rehearsals . . . **Maureen Stapleton** remains the over-modest person she always has been. Although she admitted freely on the *Mike Wallace Show* that she once posed in the nude to get over being too modest, she still wears sacklike dresses and non-form-fitting suits.

ain't we got fun

(*Continued from page 51*) Kelly turned t her mother and smiled. Then she brough up her hand and tugged at my ear.

"That's all right," I said. I poised m pencil. "Now. . . ."

Janet shrugged. "Well," she said, "whe we're both working on pictures, as we ar now, we usually don't have much time fo fun. As a matter of fact, we're usually i bed by about 9:30 and have to be up a 5:30 on the dot."

"And that's no fun," Tony said, "r matter how you look at it."

"When we're *not* working and spend a evening at home alone, we either go to a movie. . . ." Janet started to say.

"We're still like a couple of kids," Tor interrupted, "a couple of kids on a Satu day afternoon about the movies. We see a most everything and we buy enough canc on the way in to open up a small store— and we eat it all, too."

Janet patted Tony's stomach, as if in agreement. Then she continued: ". . . or w sit around and listen to records—Sinatr Chico Hamilton, Belafonte, June Christ I guess they're our favorites."

Tony pointed to a fat shelf of record across the room. "And show albums," h said, "—we usually end up getting all th show albums as soon as they hit th stores."

Janet thought for a moment. "And the we both like to play scrabble," she sai "Though we don't play that hardly much as we used to," said Tony.

"Or," said Janet, "we might sit righ over here on the couch and park our le on this coffee table and watch televisio I'd say *Sgt. Bilko* is our favorite. Wouldn you, dear?"

Tony nodded. "With Sid Caesar ju about tied," he said.

"Of course," Janet said, "if it just hap pens to be one of those nights when we' not in the mood for television or scrabb or records, I can always count on a con cert by Tony himself." She winked. "He taken up the flute, you know."

A New Year's resolution

Tony looked Janet square in the ey "So where's your xylophone?" he aske He turned to me. "On New Year's Eve he said, "Janet and I made a resolutio The resolution was to think up three pr jects for us to do in our spare time, th really work on them. One project was learn to play tennis better than we c The second was to do things around t house—paint the upstairs porch togeth paint the backyard fence together, thin like that. The third was to take up musical instrument a piece. Two of o best friends are Jerry Gershwin, the age and his wife. Jerry plays a mean electr guitar. You just love to sit and listen him play that thing. So on New Yea Eve we're all together and we're maki resolutions and Janet here says, 'W don't we *all* take up instruments a form our own private combo?' Well, th sounded like a fine idea and I decided the flute, Janet on the xylophone a Jerry's wife on the clarinet."

Janet frowned. "Can't you just hear it she asked.

"That's just the point," Tony said. "Y never did hear it because Janet broke h arm right after New Year's."

"So while I had my arm in a sling," Jan asked, "who's been twiddling on the flu and improving his game of tennis?"

"Uh-huh," Tony said. "And who's be painting the upstairs porch and the bac yard fence?"

Janet cleared her throat. "Oh. . . ." s said, very softly. "I was just asking a simple question."

"Janet, Tony," I said, poising the pencil gain, "I hear that Tony's parents come isiting about once a week. How do you ave fun with them, your parents and in-aws?"

Janet was about to answer when she oticed, suddenly, that I didn't have a encil anymore. Kelly, who'd grown tired f fiddling with my ear, had just decided hat pencils were more fun. She'd plucked from my hand, given it a quick once-ver, then thrown it over my shoulder. ony jumped up to retrieve it and Janet aid: "Excuse me, but *Kelly*—will you lease get off the man's lap?"

Kelly smiled that smile of hers again. hen she gave me a gentle poke in the ose and, still smiling, indicated that she anted to stay a while longer.

"That's okay," I said, taking the pencil om Tony.

Janet shrugged again.

"Now. . . ." I said, continuing.

"Well," Tony said, "my mother's a great ook, you know, and every time she comes o the house she brings over something e's prepared for us."

"Tony," Janet asked, "what's the stuff I ke so much but can't pronounce—Polit-ita?"

"It's like a Bronx version of *crepe su-ette*," Tony said.

Janet closed her eyes. "I get hungry just inking about it."

"Or," Tony went on, "Mom might bring ver a big panful of stuffed cabbages. I've een crazy about these ever since I was a id and she's the only person in the world ho makes them—well, makes them just ght."

"And Mom always brings over all kinds f sweet stuff," Janet said, "cakes and ookies and buns. . . ."

ne escape from Hungary

"And now I've got a wonderful aunt ho's pulling the same thing," Tony said. e explained. "You see, my mother is ungarian and till all the recent trouble arted in Hungary a brother of hers was ill living there. Luckily, he and his wife ot out just before the Reds started barb-iring the border and we managed to get em here to California within a couple of eeks and set them up in a nice apart-ent and opened a butcher shop for them Los Angeles. Well, now when *they* come ver to the house, they bring all kinds of ungarian delicacies made with meat and don't-know-what. That, plus my *moth-'s* delicacies—and it's like a combination hanksgiving, Christmas and Fourth of uly picnic around here."

"Janet, Tony," I asked now, "speaking fun, how do you have fun with your aby?"

"Ah, now you're talking," Tony said.

"Yes," Janet agreed. I noticed she sud-enly looked a little concerned about omething. I looked down. Oh yes, Kelly as chewing on my tie. "Kelly dear," anet said, "don't you think it's time for ou to get down off the man's lap *now?*"

Kelly didn't even bother to turn around nd smile this time. The tie was obviously uch too tasty.

"That's all right," I said.

Janet sighed.

"Now. . . ." I said.

wound up Kelly

"Well," Tony said, "it's ideal when we're ot working and can be with the baby all ay. But when we are working, we try to et home as early as possible and then lay with her up till about seven o'clock."

ony checked his watch. "It's a little later an that tonight," he said.

"We put her to bed at 7:15, usually," anet said, "but we like her to sit with s real quiet and calm for those fifteen inutes so she can unwind."

"But when she's wound—wow!" Tony said.

"I think her favorite game," said Janet, "is when her daddy holds her high and I'll be standing on the other side of the room and Tony yells, 'Mommy, come and get Kelly!' and I go racing across the room and Tony turns her around and hides her just in time. And of course she gets a big boot out of Tony just running around the room for her and dancing silly and jumping up and down—you know, just making like a daddy."

Tony took Janet's hand. "I like it best when Janet holds her on her knees," he said, "—and Janet, what is it you sing to her?"

"It's just a little kid-thing my mother used to sing to me when I was a baby," she answered. "It goes:

This is the way the ladies ride,
Tra-la tra-la tra-la.
And this is the way the gentlemen ride,
Fa-la fa-la fa-la.

"And then you've got to make your voice all deep and gravelly and like a cross between Tennessee Ernie and a foghorn and you bounce her up and down and you sing:

And this is the way the farmers ride,
Clump-clump clump-clump clump-clump!

"And speaking of my little daughter," Janet said, "wouldn't you like her off your lap now?"

Kelly looked up at me. "Aw," her eyes seemed to be saying. "That's all right," I said. I looked into those eyes for a few more moments, and then I got back to my work. "Janet, Tony," I asked, "how do you have fun with your friends when you entertain them here at home?"

The very informal Janet and Tony

"Well, as you can see," Janet said, "we live very informally and we entertain very informally."

"After any guests arrive," Tony said, "I might sit and play cards with the fellows for a while—poker and canasta, maybe."

"And I might sit and watch television with the girls," Janet said.

"And then Janet cooks," said Tony.

"Well, I *try* to cook," Janet said, squeezing her husband's hand. "Usually on Saturday nights Tony and I will invite some of our friends over for dinner—the Gershwins, Dean and Jean Martin, Gower and Marge Champion, Blake and Pat Edwards . . . Blake's a director, by the way. For something like this I'll usually prepare New York strippers—a large steak you broil almost like a roast and then slice into individual portions. And I'll have a couple of vegetables and a couple of kinds of potatoes—or rice and one kind of potato. And a green salad and a mold salad—for whoever prefers which. And then plain old dessert and coffee . . . We don't have a dining room set yet—we're still shopping around for the exact set we want—so we all eat in here, off our laps."

"And even when we get the set," Tony said, "we're not planning to have many formal sit-down dinners. They're lots of work. . . ."

". . . And," Janet agreed, "you don't have half the good time."

I nodded. "Janet, Tony," I said now, "do you manage to have any fun while you're working on pictures?"

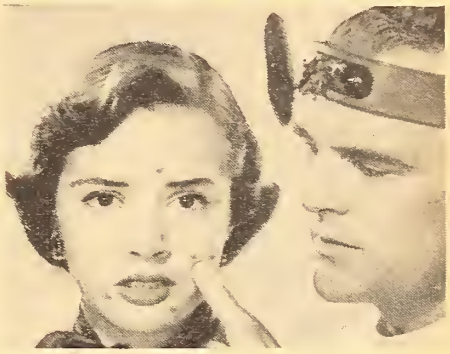
Working hard on the gags

"Oh, lots," Janet said. "Of course, it's kibitzing mostly. And like with any group working together, you have your own jokes, the kind nobody off the set or not connected with the picture would understand. But there are times when everybody knocks themselves out for a good all-around laugh. The crowd I'm working

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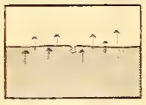
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with now on *Badge* is an awful lot of fun. But I think the funniest single thing that ever happened to me on a set happened a few years back when I was making *Two Tickets To Broadway.* All day one day—I think it was a Friday, towards the end of the picture—I had to shoot a scene where I had to start crying, walk towards a closet and open a door. Well, the director wanted this scene done just right and so we did it over and over again—goodness knows how many times—and I ended up crying for about twelve hours straight. At about eight o'clock that night I was exhausted. Actually, the director had finally got what he wanted by then—but he and the boys in the crew didn't tell *me.* They decided to play a little joke instead. So the director calls for one more take and I walk to where I'm supposed to stand and, drip-drip, I start bawling again all over the place and I walk across the room and open the closet door and, all of a sudden, in the closet I see one of the prop men—wearing bottom BVDs, a bright red brassiere and the longest Goldilocks wig you've ever seen. For a minute, I was stunned. But then I realized what was going on and I broke up laughing along with everyone else on the set and I must have laughed all the way home that night."

"Sometimes," said Tony now, "the fellows and girls on a picture will work harder on a gag than on a scene. A couple of pictures ago, I caught a bad cold and had to miss a few days' work. Well, when I got back to the set that third or fourth morning I was still feeling a little weak around the knees and my first thought was to finish working and get back home to bed. I kind of said a few *hellos* to people as I arrived and went to my dressing room. When I opened the door and switched on the light I saw that the light was real dim and the walls and ceilings were covered with cobwebs and everything else was covered with dust. Over the mirror was a sign which read: 'WELCOME BACK TO WORK—FINALLY!' It was just a gag. But I knew the kids must have spent a few hours after work the night before to set it up. And sure, penicillin and aspirin and Fletcher's Castoria are good for you when you're sick, but this was the kind of thing that made me feel better right away, lots better."

A trip to Palm Springs

"Tony, Janet," I asked now, "how do the two of you have fun when you're not working on pictures?"

"We love to go on vacations," Janet said. "Europe's a big favorite of ours when we've got the time. We have a real ball there."

"And we like to go to New York," said Tony. "It's a real stimulating place and we see all the plays we can take in and all the good friends we have there."

"When there's not too much time between pictures," Janet added, "we either go up to Palm Springs or Arrowhead and just rest and lie in the sun and swim a little and play tennis a little." She smiled. "Mmmmm, that sounds good, doesn't it?" Then she turned to Tony. "As a matter of fact, Tony," she said, "after I finish this picture I think I'm going to go up to Palm Springs for about ten days, alone."

Tony frowned. "You're what?"

"Well, Tony," Janet said, "it's been hard work on the picture and don't forget, I'm a woman, and I've been taking care of the baby at the same time and of this big house and. . . ." She looked suddenly sad. "And gosh," she said now, "that would be pretty lonely all alone up there, without you, without Kelly, wouldn't it? . . . What I meant to say, Tony, was—could you and the baby and I go to Palm Springs for a little rest when we're through working? Kelly hasn't even been there yet."

Tony grinned. "You bet we can go," he said.

"And speaking of the baby," Janet said, "*Kelly,* don't you think that *now* it's high time you slid yourself down from the patient gentleman's lap?"

Kelly had been quiet for quite some time now. I looked down to see what was wrong. I saw. "Shhhhh," I said, "Kelly's asleep."

Janet and Tony jumped up from the couch. They looked at their sleeping beauty for a few moments. And then they gently lifted her from my lap, said *good night* and then—very quietly—they carried Kelly to her room upstairs and to the big pink-and-white crib there. . . . END

Watch for Janet in RKO's Jet Pilot *U-I's* Badge Of Evil *and U.A.'s* The Vikings. *Tony will also be seen in* The Vikings, *and he's in* Sweet Smell Of Success. *He's currently in U-I's* The Midnight Story.

I was a run-away teenage bride

(*Continued from page 49*) "*I was a run-away teenage bride,*" Luana Patten says today.

"Bitter months later," she added, "I knew this was the greatest mistake of my life.

"My elopement was a sudden, impulsive thing. It should never have happened and it began when I yielded to the temptation to go steady with a boy I never loved.

"Like so many sixteen-year-old girls, I thought that going steady was a pleasant, social convenience that I could turn off and on like a faucet. Instead, it led to something I'd never bargained for.

"I knew what I wanted out of life. I had quit pictures when I reached the awkward age. I was living a normal school-girl existence with my parents in Long Beach, right outside of Hollywood. And I had it all figured out: I'd finish high school, get back in the movies, and then fall in love and marry.

"And then Jeff entered my life, and everything changed."

We are calling the boy Jeff, although that is not his real name, because he is not a professional and he is entitled to privacy.

"After school hours I worked as a cashier in a local movie theater to pick up extra pin money, but that was only until I grew up enough to return to picture work.

"A group of fellows from Long Beach City College used to come to the movie house. Jeff was one of them."

On her coffee break she'd see them in the lobby and chat with them. She didn't pay any particular attention to any one of them, until the night that she took her mother to the movies on her night off.

More and more dates

As they were walking in, someone tapped Luana on the arm. She turned around and stared into the dark, handsome face of one of the City College boys. He was tall and slim with broad shoulders, and he had a likable grin as he said, "Say, are you going to snub me after I've seen you here for so many weeks?"

Luana laughed and introduced Jeff to her mother. After the movie, she and Jeff made a date for Saturday night. And then more and more dates.

"Going steady was the craze at our school," Luana explained. "I had never gone steady—I was only sixteen; I wanted to return to acting; I didn't want to be tied down. But my girl friends used to say, 'You don't have to *marry* the boy you go steady with! It doesn't mean a thing, just that you have a steady boy friend you can count on to take you out every weekend and to dances. We all do it!'

"And it did give me a warm feeling to know that I could call on a fellow in emergencies—like the time my car ran out of gas. I got to a phone and called Jeff and he was over in no time at all and helped me out. And not having to get to understand half a dozen different fellows all the time.

"That's the way it became between Jeff and me. Soon other boy friends stopped calling me and at school dances, no one cut in. I met his parents, and he was completely at home with my folks. We slipped easily into the cozy pattern of 'going steady.' "

How to tell him

Then one night, as they were sitting in his car at a drive-in, Jeff kissed her tenderly, and taking her left hand in his slipped a ring on her fourth finger.

It was a small diamond ring—an engagement ring.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"It means," he replied, "that I love you, just as I know you must love me. And that we're going to get married."

Luana was stunned. That was not what she had bargained for. But how to tell him!

Driving home, Luana thought frantically, *Mother will get me out of this. She always knows how I feel, and she can explain to Jeff without hurting his feelings.*

The next morning, showing her mother the ring, Luana began, "I want to tell you something, Mother."

Mrs. Patten let out a cry of joy. "How wonderful! He's such a nice boy. I'm glad he has a serious side to him. So many boys today think that they can take a girl's time and mean nothing by it."

Luana's mouth fell open. "But mother, I want to finish school."

"You can, Luana. You're both such youngsters, you can wait a year if you want."

Looking back, Luana says today, "When I saw Jeff that night I wanted to tell him that I wasn't thinking of marriage yet, but there was such a happy look on his face that I didn't have the heart. *Some other day,* I thought. *Plenty of time.*"

"The girls at school absolutely flipped over my ring. 'How lucky you are, Luana,' they said, crowding around me. It was fun to get all this attention and have my friends look at my ring with such open envy. And I guess I figured there was plenty of time—maybe Jeff would get tired of *me* and the whole problem would just disappear.

But there wasn't any time, because Jeff wanted to get married. Right away. Luana stalled.

A lonely Luana

Tensions mounted. If another boy looked at Luana, Jeff would get jealous. They'd argue about little things; even about the earrings she wore.

One time they broke up. Luana was relieved. But . . . she was Jeff's girl and none of the other boys called her for dates. Saturday night—and all the other nights—were lonelier and lonelier. . . .

Then, one lonely evening, the phone rang and it was so good to hear Jeff's voice!

"No wonder we're at each other's throats, honey," said Jeff. "This is awful on our nerves—being engaged and dragging on like this. If we got married we'd be happy. No more fights. We'll be much better off."

They could run away and get married, eff explained, so that no one would know nd Luana could finish school. Luana's ead was spinning. She wanted to end the uarrels, the indecision, the confusion ithin herself. The loneliness. They made ans to elope to Yuma the following eekend.

She packed a bag and told her mother ne was going to spend the weekend at a rl friend's. They eloped to Yuma.

During the long, dark drive back from uma, all she could think of was that she ad lied to her parents; and what if her other had called her friend—and found ut she hadn't been there at all! Instead of appiness, it was fear and guilt that hung ver her on her wedding day.

Her face was burning as she stepped into er home. She was a liar—and she'd be ving a lie for a year, her senior year at igh.

"Is that you, Luana?" her mother called om the kitchen. "Did you enjoy yourself your friend's?"

Luana paused for a moment, and replied a tight voice, "Yes."

Then she shut herself in her room and oke into tears.

ne masquerade continues until . . .

Jeff continued to live at his house, she at ers. And the masquerade continued.

"But nothing was the same anymore; hool wasn't fun, and I couldn't get rid of eling guilty about the lies that piled igher and higher.

"After a while, Jeff wanted to tell our arents, take an apartment and live like usband and wife. But I didn't want to ve as his wife!—nor as anyone's wife, ally.

"We quarreled more and more. One of y girl friends was getting married—in nurch, as I had once dreamed of doing, nd I was to be her bridesmaid. I felt so lue the day of her wedding—and maybe eff felt I was blaming him for not having church wedding of my own—but any- ay we had a fight and I went to the edding alone.

"When I got home, still wearing my ale green bouffant bridesmaid's gown, eff was there, and one look at the hurt xpression on my parents' faces and I new that Jeff had told them.

"Dad came to me and the way he said, Baby, why didn't you tell us?' almost oke my heart. And Mother said in a ttle voice, 'Luana, I wanted to see my aughter at her own wedding.'

"I wanted to die."

Luana and Jeff moved in with his arents, since they lived alone in a fairly rge house. They were pleasant and nderstanding, and Luana got along well ith them. And she should have felt appy that everything was settled—but omehow, she just wasn't.

idn't know each other at all

The day after her graduation, she called er agent and told him she was ready to o to work. He got her a leading role in ock, *Pretty Baby.*

She was thrilled at the news, and when he told Jeff about it she thought he'd be roud. But strangely enough, he was up- et.

"At that moment," she says, "it struck ne that we didn't know each other at all, hat the other wanted—what would make ach other happy. During all the months e went steady, we had never really iscussed what we wanted out of mar- iage. We had rushed in so childishly hat we had never talked things over rankly. To us, getting married came after oing steady. But marriage was serious! or a lifetime . . .

"We were all mixed up."

We moved to the Valley to be near the studio. And everything began to change. I wasn't a kid anymore; I was an actress. And Jeff couldn't understand my new life. I'd leave at six in the morning and come home late at night, exhausted. It wasn't his fault, really, that he couldn't cope with the demands of my career. It was a completely new experience.

"Jeff would come home from his job, looking forward to an evening of relaxation and fun. I was still tied up in knots from the day's shooting. He wanted friends over. I wanted to shut myself up in the bedroom and study my lines for the next day.

"He wanted to watch me work on the set. I don't like to have anyone around, anyone close; it freezes me.

"I'd come home to a lot of questions that seemed like the third degree.

A full-time wife

"Things were getting worse and worse."

Then one evening, unexpectedly, several friends came all the way from Long Beach to visit Luana and Jeff. She had a difficult scene for the next morning and all she wanted was to be left alone to work on the script. And she was so tired she hardly said a word to their guests, even before she left them to shut herself in her room.

When they had gone, Jeff was furious. "—Insulting our friends like that!"

She was hurt, too, that he didn't understand. "I have to be up at 5:30. I had to study my scene—I have to look fresh in the morning . . ."

There were lots of angry words that night.

Finally Jeff blurted, "This can't go on. Which do you want? A marriage or a career!"

She looked at his tortured face, and she replied dully, "My career. I'll take my career."

A door banged, and she was left alone.

"I had a strange feeling of relief," Luana remembers, "as if—for the first time in a year—I didn't have a burden weighing me down. It wasn't Jeff's fault. He knew what he wanted out of life too—marriage and a full-time wife.

"Maybe I was to blame, for drifting into an elopement I never wanted. When I started to go steady with Jeff I didn't know what I was getting into. I thought I could escape what going steady means—the emotional involvement and everything else there is to going steady. But I couldn't."

Separate lives

She and Jeff took up their separate lives again. Luana stayed on alone in the little apartment in the Valley—her hit in *Rock, Pretty Baby* started her career climbing and after her performance in Walt Disney's *Johnny Tremain* she was in demand as a fresh, teenage actress.

Annulment proceedings were begun.

But Luana is not soured on marriage—"Far from it," she says. "Some day, when I meet the man I love, and I have given myself a chance to know my own heart—then I hope to marry and have a family.

"I want to be honest with myself, and with him.

"Never again," she says slowly, her gray eyes thoughtful, "will I allow myself to be caught up and carried away in the whirlpool of going steady—unless I really feel it.

"That much at least I learned from the wreckage of my teenage elopement . . ."

END

Luana Patten is currently in Walt Disney's Johnny Tremain *and U-I's* Joe Dakota.



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Rory Calhoun
August 10—**Eddie Fisher**
Rhonda Fleming
Martha Hyer
August 11—**Arlene Dahl**
August 12—**John Derek**
Kurt Kasznar
August 15—**Lori Nelson**
August 16—**Ann Blyth**
Fess Parker
August 17—**Maureen O'Hara**
August 18—**Shelley Winters**
August 19—**Debra Paget**
August 23—**Vera Miles**
Gene Kelly
August 25—**Mel Ferrer**
Van Johnson
August 26—**George Montgomery**
August 29—**Ingrid Bergman**
Barry Sullivan
August 30—**Donald O'Connor**
Raymond Massey
August 31—**Richard Basehart**
Fredric March



Robert Taylor
August 5



Ethel Barrymore
August 15



Shirley Booth
August 30



Fred MacMurray
August 30

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roberto jilts ingrid

(*Continued from page 47*) simply that Rossellini had fallen, fallen hard, for a twenty-seven-year-old Indian beauty named Sonali Das Gupta; that, while Sonali had left her husband and was living in the same hotel with Rossellini, Rossellini was calling the rumors "nonsense" and "untrue"; that Ingrid admitted she hadn't heard from her husband in weeks, but she too was branding the reports as "terribly false."

We thought back to the rumors we'd heard, long before the newspapers had got wind of what was going on. Rumors can sometimes be vicious things, but these had come from very reliable sources. We put them all together now to see how they stacked up with the recent headlines. Sadly, they stacked up very neatly.

The first one came from a director who'd visited the Rossellinis with his wife while vacationing in Europe last summer. "It's hard for me to say just how unhappy they looked with one another," he told us. "We had lunch together, the four of us, and all during the lunch Ingrid talked only to us and Rossellini talked only to us. They never talked, really talked, to each other. Rossellini is a great charmer and my wife was enchanted by him. But I don't think Ingrid was as enchanted as she was the day she ran off with him. Matter of fact, I had the feeling she was rather disenchanted. This was about the time she had decided to do *Anastasia* and then go into the Paris stage company of *Tea And Sympathy*. I think she decided on this return to work because she and her husband needed the money. When she first met Rossellini he was a top dog. He'd directed one success after another. And some of his stuff was really good, too. Remember how Ingrid wrote to him after seeing *Open City* in Hollywood? She told him she hoped he wouldn't think it presumptuous of her to write to him since they'd never met, but she admired his work so much and would like to meet him someday and be in one of his movies.

But Roberto was no genius

And then he met Ingrid and she bore his child and they got married. And while the rest of the world threw stones at her, she felt warm and secure in the knowledge that she had given up everything for a man who loved her like no other woman had ever been loved before, for a man who was a genius—or so she thought.

"Well," the director went on, "soon after they were married, it was clear that Rossellini was no genius. His next three pictures were box-office flops, bad ones. It was clear, too, that he and Ingrid were beginning to worry about where the money was going to come from. For a while, they figured, they could live on the money they had saved. And for a while they did, too—and in nice style, with a villa near the sea and plenty of sports cars for Rossellini and plenty of maids and nursemaids for Ingrid and the children. But *liras* don't grow on trees, and after a couple of years of turning down all offers and saying 'I will work only in films my husband directs'—Ingrid began to realize that nobody was begging for her husband to direct any pictures. Rossellini himself realized this and Rossellini was slowly beginning to suggest that maybe she *should* answer that letter from Mr. Zanuck out in Hollywood, that maybe she should reconsider what she had told those theater men up in Paris.

"When I saw her, Ingrid struck me as a woman going back to work just to keep life going."

The second rumor came from a free-lance writer in Rome, a few months later. His wire read: "*Do you want story on Rossellini and his flirtation with German starlet? She is here making movie. RR is here supposedly on business. Gossip is movie crowd along Via Veneto all talking about them having dinner together last few nights, about RR sending her flowers, taking her dancing, seeing lots, lots of her. Gossip is movie crowd here likes Ingrid tremendously; didn't like RR when he was on top and doesn't like him now that he's down on luck. They'll talk, talk plenty. Do you want?*"

The third rumor came from Paris where Ingrid was shooting parts of *Anastasia* at this same time. It was one of those inside stories making the rounds among the members of the cast and crew. It concerned Ingrid at a party, one of the few she attended while making the picture. I told how Ingrid, after a hard day on the set and an unusually light lunch and dinner, had become dizzy after drinking a glass of champagne at the party; how she'd gone and found herself a chair in a corner and begun to weep, about her three children by Rossellini—Robertino, seven, and the twin girls, Ingrid and Isabella, four—whispering to herself that she would never give them up, never, never. The people then figured Ingrid was having trouble with Rossellini and was worried that if they ever split up—Italian divorce laws being what they are—Rossellini, a native Catholic, might get all rights to the children over Ingrid, a Protestant foreigner. After all, he'd retained basic custody over his first son by a former marriage, hadn't he? What was to prevent the court from taking their three children away from Ingrid if worse ever came to worse? "It was a crushing blow to me when I realized that Pia"—her daughter by her first marriage—"was really no longer mine," Ingrid said a few years ago. What would the blow be like if the boy Robertino and the twins were to be no longer hers?

Tyrone Power tells of the way his father managed to rid himself of the drinking habit. A doctor had offered the solution: "Whenever you feel like taking a drink, have some food instead" . . . One night the senior Power heard shots in the room next door. It was a double-suicide. Power glanced at the two bodies, rushed downstairs to report it—then told the bellboy: "Quick, boy, double order of ham and eggs."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

A specific pretty young thing

The fourth rumor came from New York just a few months ago. Ingrid had flown in for a weekend from Paris to receive the newspaper critics' award for her work in *Anastasia*. She got a tremendous welcome and it made her look radiant!

Then, a few hours before she flew back to Paris, she had supper with some close friends at the COLONY and something happened that caused the radiance to fade.

"It was like pulling the plug out of the Christmas tree," someone who was there said. "Ingrid was talking about how wonderful the weekend had been, how she would never forget it, when somebody said it was a shame that her husband couldn't have come along with her. No one had mentioned her husband before this and now Ingrid's smile faded a little. But still she smiled and said, 'Oh, Robert is in India now, directing a picture.' 'India,' somebody at the table teased. 'I've been there and let me tell you they have more beautiful women per square yard than Beverly Hills and John Robert Powers' office put together.' This is what

he smile completely disappeared from Ingrid's face. She didn't say anything much after that. I noticed that she barely ate after that. I couldn't help wondering if she was suddenly thinking about Rossellini's famous roving eye and where it might be roving at that very moment, or if she had some kind of clue that maybe it had already ceased its roving and began to concentrate on some specific pretty young thing in a sari and with a diamond in her forehead and all that."

We know now that at that particular moment Rossellini was seeing a lot of the beauty named Sonali. He had checked in at the TAJ MAHAL HOTEL in Bombay one day and had met Sonali at a cocktail party the producers of the movie had thrown the next day. Sonali—who had been assigned to help Rossellini with matters concerning local customs and to help make revisions in the script—joined everyone else in toasting Rossellini and the success of the film. And then, shortly after, she found herself sitting next to the fifty-one-year-old director and telling him all about herself . . . how she had done a little of this type of work before she was married, how she'd met her husband—Hari, thirty-three, "a film director, as are you, *Signor*"—while working on a movie together, how they had two fine children, both boys, one five years old, the other not yet a year. "I have loved your work, *Signor*," she said, "and I consider this a great honor and a highlight to work with you now."

Dennis James dropped in at a Howard Johnson's in midtown New York, and the counterman said, "You look like Dennis James." Dennis admitted, "I know; everybody tells me that."

The counterman sighed, "Of course, if you were really Dennis James, you wouldn't be here." Dennis sighed, "You're right."

"Just my luck," the counterman said, "I never see any celebrities here."

Paul Denis

Rossellini, it is reported, answered the compliment with a gentle kiss on the hand. It is further reported that he never quite let the beautiful Sonali's hand go. A couple of months later, Sonali left her husband and moved to the TAJ MAHAL HOTEL. Her suite happened to be the one adjoining Rossellini's. A hotel maid whispered this information to another maid who told her friend who told *her* friend. And then, before Rossellini could say *more*, a Bombay newspaperman heard about it, investigated it and reported it.

An interview with Ingrid

Ingrid, in Paris, read about it in an early morning edition following a performance of *Tea And Sympathy*, according to a friend. "She had just got back to her hotel when she saw the newspaper on the coffee table," says the friend. "All she could see in the headline at first was her name. 'Oh God,' she said, as if she knew what it would all be about. Then she unfolded the newspaper and she began to read. I don't see how she could really have read it all, her eyes were so full of tears. She lay the paper down and wiped away her tears. Then she turned and said, 'If you don't mind, I would like to go and kiss the children and then go to sleep. I am very tired.' That was all she said that night. Nothing more."

The following morning, Ingrid put up a good fight with the dozens of reporters who crowded outside her door asking for a comment about the report from India. Her hands tensely clasped, but as gracious in voice and expression as ever, Ingrid stood by Rossellini. "I've heard about these rumors before," she said, "and I do not believe one word of them."

Meanwhile, a world away, in Bombay, Rossellini—his hands very relaxed, sitting back on a couch with a Scotch and water, as a matter of fact—told reporters, "My wife and I have much understanding."

"Exactly what do you mean by that?" he was asked.

"Just what I said," Rossellini smiled.

"Mr. Rossellini," he was asked. "do you not realize that the women of the world would consider you a Dracula if you caused your wife any further heartbreak?"

"Tell the women of the world," he said. "that they have nothing to worry about. I know my wife. She is a strong woman, stronger than I in many ways. She is very independent."

"What do you mean by that?" he was asked.

Again, Rossellini smiled. "Just what I said." He seemed to mellow for a moment. "Believe me," he went on, "I know what I have done to Ingrid's life, how she has suffered." He nodded. Then he brought up his finger. "But remember," he said, "she did what she wanted to. I did not kidnap her. And we have had a good life together."

"Mr. Rossellini," a woman reporter asked, "how do you explain your success with women?"

Rossellini shrugged. "I do not know the secret of my influence over women," he said, "but I will say that women are very human. . . ."

"Would you consider Sonali Das Gupta as very human?" he was asked.

"I will not answer that," Rossellini said. But he didn't mind continuing with his observations on the female sex and Rossellini. "Women," he said, "are easily touched by a humble, simple, honest man, and I do pride myself about my work and myself."

"And your women?" he was asked.

He bowed slightly. "And my women," he agreed.

"The crowds are always waiting"

That afternoon, there was much unexpected excitement at the TAJ MAHAL HOTEL. A little while earlier, Sonali—who begged off anything but the shortest kind of interview because, she said, she was ill—told reporters that "you will have to ask all questions of *Signor* Rossellini. I cannot answer anything." About an hour later, she ran weeping into Rossellini's suite.

"Roberto," she cried out, "they are after me. My husband's family. Over the phone they have said I am bringing them disgrace and that they will bring me justice."

Rossellini got on the phone and called the police. Within half an hour, six giant policemen were stationed outside Sonali's door and at the door leading to her terrace. Rossellini gave strict orders that no one must enter the frightened girl's room.

"No one?" he was asked.

"I may enter it from time to time," Rossellini said, and then he was off. Off, too, was the second press conference of the day which had been scheduled for early that evening.

"Go away everybody," Rossellini shouted that night when someone knocked on his door. "Go away and leave me alone."

And in Paris there was a knock on the door of Ingrid's dressing room that night. "The curtain is going up in a few minutes," a boy called out. Ingrid nodded. "*Oui*," she said. She did not move. Five minutes later, the manager himself came and knocked. "Madame Bergman," he called, "the crowds. They are waiting."

"The crowds," Ingrid said, "they are always waiting."

Then she got up to face them—again. **END**

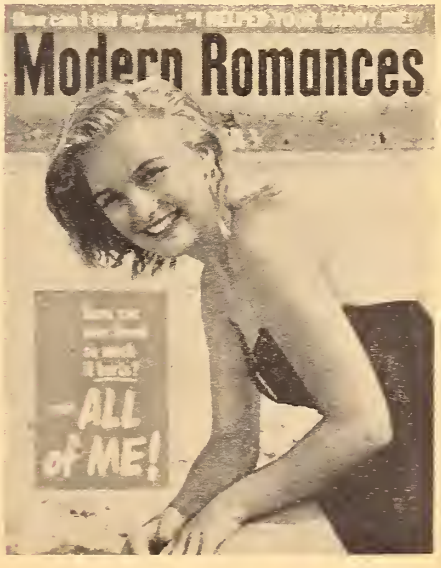
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(*Continued from page 52*) sparkling, "I knew this would come, that you would talk like this one day. Why do you talk like this now?"

Linda wouldn't tell him about the premonition she'd had. "Because—" she started to say, hesitating.

"Because," Fon interrupted, "you are a woman and you are afraid of speed. But I am not afraid of death . . . I know that I will probably die a very old man," he smiled, "sick in bed with the gout or some such thing."

"Even if I asked you, if I begged you," Linda asked, "you would not give it up?"

"Not for the greatest love in the world," Fon said. He embraced Linda. "For three years I have entered this race. Twice I have lost. This time I want to win. I can't control this feeling. I feel like an addict who *must* do something or else there is nothing . . . Do you understand?"

Linda nodded a very weak nod. "If that's the way it must be . . ." she said.

"This *is* the way it must be," said Fon. "Now you rest for a little while. And I, I must finish writing this letter I started to a very dear friend in Paris."

Linda lay back on the chaise and Fon went to his desk. He looked over at Linda. Her eyes were closed. "Rest, *querida*," Fon said, still smiling. Then the smile disappeared from his face and he sat down, picked up his pen and began to write again.

And I have a feeling, he wrote, *that maybe on Sunday I will die.*

"All the things we're fond of"

. . . Saturday was wonderful. Linda and Fon had breakfast together and then Fon said, "Today I want to do all the things we are fondest of." They spent the morning in the beautiful park of the VILLA BORGHESE, just walking together, like two lovers, hand in hand, and watching the rich children of Rome being wheeled by their nursemaids and the children playing and fighting and yelling and singing, and then they went to a little place they'd discovered a few months earlier, on a narrow and creaky side-street named LOMBARDI, and they had a small pizza each and a tiny glass of ordinary wine. After lunch Fon hailed a cab and told the driver they wanted to go to the *Via Condotti*.

"Why there?" Linda asked. Condotti was the most fashionable shopping street in all Italy.

"I must buy you something," said Fon. "A gift."

"May the eleventh," Linda said, teasing. She shook her head. "No, it's not my birthday."

"If it *were* your birthday today," said Fon, "I would buy you all of Rome." He squeezed her hand. "What would you like, Linda? Earrings, maybe? Those earrings you were admiring the other day?"

Linda felt the palm of her hand begin to perspire. *I don't want any gift*, she thought to herself. *What is wrong that on this day, of all days, you must buy me a gift?* But instead she said: "We are going to Monte Carlo next week, yes?"

"Yes," Fon said, softly.

"Well," Linda said, suddenly very gay, "I do need an evening bag to go with my new red dress. Can you buy me an evening bag?"

A note to Fon

Fon said *yes*, if that was all she wanted.

That evening they had long, leisurely dinner at ULPIA, their favorite restaurant, overlooking the moon-soaked Coliseum. After the waiter brought their coffee, Linda said she would fly to Milan and meet him at the end of the race the following day. "I want to be there when it is all over," she said. "I want to be there at the finish line and take you in my arms and know that it is all over, that the terrible race is ended and you are back with me."

"I would like that very much," said Fon.

At the hotel, they kissed good night. Then Linda went to her apartment and phoned a friend. "I want Fon to think I'm flying straight to Milan," she said. "But actually I'd like to surprise him midway through the race, somewhere, anywhere, at one of those towns they drive through. If we start very early, we can be there before the racers. Will you give me a ride up, first thing in the morning?"

Quickly, she packed a suitcase and got everything ready for the following morning. Then she went to her desk to write Fon a note, to explain that she'd decided to leave that night, that she'd see him the following evening. On the top right-hand corner of the note-paper she wrote *Saturday*. Then, for some reason, she looked down at her wristwatch. It was five minutes after twelve, five minutes after midnight. She sat there motionless for a minute. Then she crossed out the word and, her hand trembling slightly, she wrote *Sunday*.

The day of the race, the day she feared, had come.

Fon and his co-driver—a young American named Gunner Nelson—were in their shiny red Ferrari at the starting line at 10 o'clock. At 10:15 a shot rang out and the *Mille Miglia* was on.

Fon had the Ferrari up to 125 miles an hour within a couple of minutes. He'd been a trifle late starting, but one by one he seemed to be passing most of the other racers.

"We're hitting it," his co-driver shouted over the roar of the motor, after their first half hour.

"Good," said Fon, jubilantly. "Now we must hit it more!"

It was only a few minutes more before they passed the fifth car, then the fourth, then the third.

"*We're* number three now," Gunner Nelson shouted.

"And then we will pass the other two," said Fon, laughing, "and we are number one."

They had to slow down as they approached the town of Lubrano. Lubrano's main street was a short and sharp curve and nothing more, and all drivers had been warned to slow down to a crawl. Fon eased up on the accelerator. The blur of passing scenery became settled now, and as he slowed down he could see the signs over the doors of the stores on the main street and the faces and flying hands of the hundreds of people who'd come from all over the town and the farms nearby and now lined the street.

Looking ahead to the dead center of the curve, the place where he had to slow down the most, he noticed a girl. She was tall and she was beautiful and she wore a blue-and-white polka dot dress that he knew well. It was Linda.

He brought the Ferrari to a quick stop.

"*Avanti, avanti,*" shouted the policeman. "You must not stop here. You are mad. You must not stop here."

Linda rushed past the policeman and straight over to the car. Fon reached for her. They kissed quickly, deeply.

"Good luck, darling," Linda whispered. "I'm driving to the airport now to take a plane to Milan. I'll be there before you. I'll meet you at the finish line. I'll see you tonight."

"Tonight," Fon said.

"*Avanti,*" the exasperated policeman shouted.

"Take care, darling," Linda called.

"*Avanti!*"

"Tonight, *querida*," Fon called out as he hit the accelerator again and zoomed out of sight.

Looking for Fon's car

Linda was nervous on the plane. She kept looking out the window, down below at the mountains and the patches of farms and olive groves and the little specks of towns and, especially, at the winding roads. She was looking for Fon's car. She couldn't make out a thing. She sighed. Then, finally, she sat back and closed her eyes. The man who was sitting next to her told reporters later that he heard her whisper, "Is this right what we are doing, Dear God? Is this right?" It's possible that Linda—as hard as she always tried not to think about it—was thinking that Fon was married to a girl in New York at this moment and was the father of two fine-looking children . . .

Fon took a quick look at the speedometer. It read 133. He smiled.

"In a few minutes we come to Guidizzolo," his co-driver said. "We've got to slow down."

"All right," Fon said. He looked up from the road for a moment. A plane was flying overhead. It was headed north, just as they were. "Linda," he whispered.

Then, suddenly, his co-driver slapped his leg and said: "There's Guidizzolo ahead."

Fon began to slow down. Within a couple of minutes they were zipping through the town's main street, like all the others crowded with screaming mobs. Up ahead way up ahead, Fon noticed a large group of children—perhaps part of a schoolclass. They were all wearing olive brown uniforms and they were all waving little red-white-and-green flags. Like everyone else, they were probably all shouting *"Viva . . . viva . . . viva!"* at the tops of their lungs.

Fon was about fifty yards from the group when the blow-out came, a soft noise from out of nowhere. Then the car veered to the left, hit a telephone pole and began to spin, flying high in the air, across the road, towards the group of suddenly screaming, frightened children. Toward the others—not knowing what was happening—who were still waving their flags still shouting *"Viva!"*

The intense faces of the newsmen

It began to drizzle just as Linda's plane landed at the Milan airport. Linda put a kerchief on her head, left the plane and prepared to make a dash for the car she had ordered, the car that would drive her to the finish line. She noticed about a dozen reporters and photographers headed for her.

"Gentlemen," she said, smiling, "it is raining and I have nothing to say except that I am here for a day or two and. . ."

She stopped. She looked at the faces of the newsmen. They were all very serious, very intense.

"Has there just been a war declared?" Linda asked, trying to joke.

None of the men said anything.

Tommy Rettig, 13, who made his film debut with Richard Widmark years ago in *Panic In The Streets*, was working with Widmark again in *The Last Wagon*, on location in Sedona, Ariz. Tommy, who is well-known for his role in the *Lassie* TV series, has always considered Widmark his hero. So one day on the set he paid Widmark this compliment: "Gosh, Mr. Widmark, it would be perfect working with you —if you could only bark."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

Then Linda knew. Still smiling, the smile frozen on her face, she asked, "Has something happened to Fon?"

"The marquis—" one of the reporters started to say.

Linda's eyes began to fill with tears. "I know," she said. "The marquis is dead."

The newsmen looked at each other, nervously.

"*Si*," one of them said, nodding

Linda stood there, in the light rain, not moving for a moment. Then she screamed. "I knew it, I knew it," she sobbed. "I knew he would die!"

"All I have left"

Two hours later, Linda was in Guidizzolo, at the scene of the crash, and she stood weeping over the deep skid marks Fon's car had made, weeping over the ten blankets which hid broken little bodies from view, and the priest saying prayers over them; weeping as nurses and doctors worked to save others, as ambulances and hearses arrived from nearby towns at the same time, as broken-hearted mothers were led away, as policemen tried to keep the crowds from coming too close.

"The driver?" Linda asked one policeman. ". . . . he has been taken away?"

"Both the drivers and the car have been taken away already, *Signorina*," the policeman said. "You knew the drivers?"

"Yes," Linda said.

"It was very quick," the policeman said, as if to offer some consolation.

He had just begun to walk away when Linda noticed that he was carrying a driver's helmet. Fon's. She ran after the policeman and grabbed the helmet from him. And saw that it was covered with drying blood. She clutched it to her breast.

"*Signorina*," the policeman said gently. "I must have that back."

"Can't I keep it?" Linda begged, clutching it. "It was Fon's. It was *his*. It's all I have left. Can't I keep it?"

"I am sorry," the policeman said. Gently, he took it from her. "But we must use this in our investigation of the crash. I am sorry."

"Yes," Linda said, dazed. "Yes, I see."

It was a little after midnight when Linda—along with Fon's mother and sister—were allowed to see his coffin. It rested, alongside the coffin of his co-driver, in a dimly-lit chapel of a tiny church in Cavriana, a town not far from the sight of the crash.

Linda was dry-eyed now. She'd been taken to a hotel following the trip to Guidizzolo and had been given a heavy dose of sedatives. She'd slept a little and gradually her tears seemed to have left her. Now she stood there, stiff, staring, as Fon's sister walked over to the coffin, made the sign of the cross, knelt and began to weep; as Fon's mother walked over to the coffin, made the sign of the cross, knelt and began to weep.

A priest came over to where Linda stood. He saw that her face was pale, her lips blue. "Would you like to sit for a little while?" he asked.

Linda stared straight ahead. "We said we would meet tonight," she whispered. "Now we are meeting. I am here. Fon is here. We have kept our appointment. . . ." She looked at the priest. "Father," she said, "everything is gone." Then she collapsed.

"God have mercy, God have love," said the priest as he bent to pick her up and carry her away. "God protect this sorrowing child." **END**

this is your life, dorothy malone

(*Continued from page 41*) You weren't there yourself. At the time you were in Hollywood. But you knew exactly how it happened—to the smallest detail. That day the Dallas sky was as blue as Bill's eyes, except for a tiny, inconspicuous cloud over Fort Worth way. Bill was playing golf, just set for the swing; lightning struck and he died instantly.

He was eleven years younger than you and more like your son than your brother. He'd arrived as a special family blessing right after both your little sisters had died. You used to cuddle him as a baby and, in your teens, sit with him playing soldiers when your folks went out. People said he looked like you. You liked to take him with you wherever you went—

The show at the PANTAGES went on. Automatically, Dorothy Malone, you laughed at Jerry Lewis' quips and applauded the winners who followed. But your Oscar lay heavily on your lap, reminding you it was Billy who always rooted you on.

"You're going great—Dot."

When the Hollywood offer came and you left college, all your family thought you were foolish. Even Bob, who sat beside you now watching the *Awards* show. But Bill had always cheered you on. You used to send him your meager press clippings when the first studio going was rough and he'd scrawl back enthusiastically, *"Gee, Dot, you're sure going great!"*

The crowds sifted out of the PANTAGES when the last trophy was handed out. Still shaky, you went home with your Oscar and your brother Bob. Bob had been with you that awful August day in 1954 when you got the call from Dallas.

You and Bob were swimming in Bob Stack's pool. It was nothing unusual for the operator to trace you there. Calls to and from your family in Dallas took place almost daily and you always left word with the exchange where you'd be. But the minute you lifted the receiver you knew this one was different. Your mother was screaming. You caught the chilling words, ". . . Bill. . . . dead!"

You had to tell your brother, and that was agony. You flew home that afternoon. You were in the middle of *Young At Heart*. After the funeral, the unreal, unbelievable funeral, you had left in desolation and flown back to Hollywood because you had to. The first scene you made, on your return. was the most festive one in the script—where you announced your engagement.

Watching you play it, Frank Sinatra voiced the opinion of everyone on the set. "There's a girl for you," he said quietly. "A girl with guts."

That picture with Frank Sinatra was your first important milestone on a comeback trail, and the comeback was made even tougher by memories.

But—"There's a pattern in our lives," you're convinced, "and everything truly happens for the best." In the face of the bumps you've received you can confidently add, "It always has for me." Guess that's one of the reasons your nicknames in high school were *Merry Sunshine*—and *Breathless*.

You don't smoke or drink because any stimulant for you is gilding the lily. From October until May of this year you worked every day except weekends, piling up four still-unreleased pictures. In that time you bought a huge Beverly Hills house with seven bathrooms, and decorated it yourself. You wrote plays and

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poetry, played golf, rode horseback, swam, painted, sewed, raised two Afghan hounds, dabbled in politics, and—dating the Hollywood field—sometimes danced rock 'n' roll past midnight. When the career heat cooled, you kited off on charity benefits and resumed your favorite pastime—giving speeches to PTAs, youth organizations, church groups and humane societies.

"I simply adore to make speeches," you smile a little self-consciously. "Isn't that ridiculous?"

Well—not so much. Because usually, Dorothy, you have something to say—*no matter what happens, life can still be wonderful enough to be worth living to the fullest.* At least, that's the principle you have operated on, just naturally, ever since you were born.

A big family . . . for a while

When your parents, Robert and Esther Maloney, were blessed with a baby girl some twenty-eight years ago last January 30, they called you Dorothy, because the name means *Gift of God.* That's what the Maloneys' first child truly was to them.

You belonged to a happy family, and for a while, a big one—your two little sisters, Patsy and Joanne, two and three years younger than you, and a couple of brothers, Bob and Bill, nine and eleven years younger. For you, Dorothy, the role of big sister was tailor-made. Your sisters and brothers were never tag-along pests to you. Each new baby was your baby.

The day you started school in second grade at URSULINE ACADEMY in Dallas, your chestnut hair was clipped and shaggy from a bout with scarlet fever, your legs and arms were like matchsticks from the weight you'd lost. But your big blue-green eyes sparkled over a toothy grin. It must have been that grin that elected you class president, even though you were a new girl there—a popularity tribute you were to collect every year until you graduated.

Think for yourself

"I loved school," you often say. "Lessons weren't work—they were a game." Maybe that's why you were so good in all your studies! You've said, "That's the way it is now with my picture parts—a big fun game. Sometimes I think I shouldn't take the money!"

But even back then, Dorothy, you had a wide streak of *"I can think for myself."*

Take your first birthday party. You invited all your URSULINE classmates and, for a special treat, begged your mother to serve chicken-à-la-king, which everybody adored. But the first girl served looked down at her plate dismally and mumbled, "No—thank you." The awful realization dawned on you, as every other party guest left the chicken untouched: it was Friday! Bravely, sinfully, you ate yours all alone to save your mother's face. Because in your opinion, the Lord would forgive you under the circumstances.

Actually, Dorothy, you were a good Catholic and still are. Your religious faith has stood more than one test. The first occurred when you were ten years old. That year Patsy and Joanne got polio.

You got the news of their deaths at school. "It didn't seem real to me at first," you remember. "I wouldn't believe it. And then it was suddenly clear: they were with God. I felt content."

Off to a flying start

Until you graduated from URSULINE ACADEMY at twelve—class salutatorian and a full year ahead of your age group—your world was almost exclusively feminine. After convent classes you took ballet and studied piano and voice with more little girls, or alone. Summers, when you weren't modelling in kiddie fashion shows at the downtown NIEMAN-MARCUS department store, your family vacationed on a two-acre country place—away from the world. Mostly, you had to play alone. Your baby brothers were much too little.

The switch from this sheltered and exclusively skirted climate to big, co-ed HIGHLAND PARK HIGH might have terrified any other girl. Maybe you were a little scared, too, looking in the mirror at your drab blue serge convent uniform, black ribbed stockings and tam. No lipstick, of course. Already you were gangling—today you measure 5 feet 7 inches—and braces studded your teeth.

But that bubbling personality got you off to a flying start—

On your *first* day in school, the boy behind you dropped *I love you* notes so persistently down your blouse that you finally had to slam him over the head with your geography book. During the next four years, besides hitting your studies for a row of A's, you were Girl Scout leader, Hi-Y representative, president of the Latin Club, and a rangy captain of the girl's basketball team. You won cups and blue ribbons for diving, swimming and horseback riding. The Student Council named you parliamentarian and head speaker. In your junior year you were elected to the National Honor Society, one of eight chosen from a class of 400—for *leadership, scholarship, service and character.* You made the debating team and were co-chairman of the Social Service Committee. During your senior year in the Dramatics Club you won first place in Dallas district one-act plays, and, of course, ran off with the lead in the Senior Class play. That year the ROTC elected you queen and, to top it off, the whole student body voted you *School Favorite!* Along the way you found time to model teenage clothes and tutor English—not to mention keeping a date book stuffed with Dallas dreamboats. In short, Dorothy, you did all right!

Joan Crawford listened to a description of Dinah Shore's homecoming to Winchester, Tenn.: "In each place Dinah would be greeted, 'Honey, how'd you like a nice tall glass of ice water?' or 'Dinah, we have a nice pitcher of lemonade waiting for you.' . . . You see, Joan, Dinah doesn't drink." . . . "No wonder Dinah doesn't drink," said Miss Crawford. "Nobody ever offered her one!"

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

Starbound

When you graduated, three Eastern colleges—including BRYN MAWR—and two Southern Colleges—SWEETBRIAR and a local girls' college called MISS HOCKADAY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE—offered you scholarships, more or less on the theory that if there was an All-American girl, you were it. You picked MISS HOCKADAY'S. It was in Dallas, and besides, about that time you were pretty bothered about a boy named Buddy who went to SOUTHERN METHODIST U.—and SMU's in Dallas, too. After a year at HOCKADAY'S—studded as usual with honors—you switched to SMU.

At SMU you concentrated on science and languages. At that point you thought you'd wind up a teacher, or maybe a nurse—something useful. But, of course, meanwhile you got mixed up in campusology. You modelled for college shows, joined more clubs and committees than a congresswoman. One was the Drama Club. They put on a play about the same time you were nominated for SMU's Beauty Queen. The play's title couldn't have been more prophetic—*Starbound.* You played a girl who lives at the HOLLYWOOD STUDIO CLUB and wins a movie contract. So that's what you did in no time flat.

An RKO talent scout named Eddie Rubin was really hunting a boy when he came through Dallas. But when he looked at you in *Starbound,* he wanted you. To you it was just another interesting experience, making a film test. Afterwards, you forgot all about it until one Saturday morning weeks later when a special delivery arrived offering you an RKO contract. "Somebody made a mistake" you muttered and went back to sleep. When you got up you went off shopping with your mother, and the unsigned contract kicked around the house for days without an answer. Pretty soon wires and phone calls bombarded you.

Honging around RKO

For several weeks you didn't know what to say. But Bill said "Go!" and in October of 1946, with your mother, you boarded a train for Hollywood.

"I thought that a movie job was like any other job," you now confess. "I thought you started in a picture with one line, the next picture you had two lines, then three and so on—" *But* in the three months that you hung around RKO you didn't say *any* lines. All you did was study singing, dancing and diction, step out with some Texas boys in town and pose for a few commerical photographers. "But, no calendars," you laughed.

When your mother finally had to return and rescue her abandoned brood in Dallas, you moved into the HOLLYWOOD STUDIO CLUB, just as that college play foretold. One night, while you were browsing in the library, a woman gasped, "My lord—you're just the girl I'm looking for!" She wanted you to play a Spanish dancing girl in a club show a week later. During that week you nursed the flu, but you made up a fiery dance to match your temperature and risked pneumonia to do it. Solly Baiano, WARNER BROTHERS' talent chief, saw you and he knew something that you didn't—RKO was firing you. He hired you.

A match that didn't work

At WARNERS you dropped the *y* from Maloney but picked up five increasingly better parts—until you drew the lead in a big one, *One Saturday Afternoon.* For you this was the top.

"It was my favorite part in my favorite love story," you tell us. "I never enjoyed making any picture more." You also collected swell reviews. After that, RKO offered you a job, MGM two more, and U-I another. That's when you quit Hollywood and went back home to Dallas to get married.

No one but you, Dorothy, would choose this time to leave Hollywood. But your heart beckoned and, as usual, it ruled. Back you went to Dallas to be married with no thought of ever returning to your career.

"He was an ideal boy and someone I admire to this day," you confess. But as the wedding date drew nearer, you began to feel for some inexplicable reason you were not for each other. Slowly you realized there was only one course to take. You summoned all your courage and did what you knew in your heart was the right thing. You cancelled the wedding.

Emotionally exhausted from the biggest decision you had ever had to make, you found yourself in Dallas with all your bridges—you figured—burned back in Hollywood.

So you used the fame you'd collected in Hollywood to boost Texas charity, civic and church events. You took a public relations job with an insurance company and toured thirty-six states building goodwill. For that you made less in one month than you used to draw for a week in pictures. That didn't bother you.

The tour that led back to Hollywood—

One tour took you to New York, and you decided to stay for a while. You took a small apartment with two other girls and enrolled in the AMERICAN THEATRE WING, studying diction—"just to keep busy." Pretty soon you were landing such top TV shows as *Omnibus,* the *Goodyear Playhouse,* and the *Kraft Hour.* In one slow stretch, you whirled off on a goodwill tour of South America for BRANIFF AIRLINES, making speeches. Then PARAMOUNT lured you back to Hollywood with a job in a Martin-Lewis picture. This time it was for keeps.

"I didn't mind starting all over," you said. "You get a good look at yourself that way." The look was sharpened when Bill died. You knew what Billy always wanted you to be—the best. After that tragically interrupted part in *Young At Heart,* you went back to WARNERS, your old studio, and won the lead in *Battle Cry* over twenty other top actresses. It was the best thing you'd done yet. They've all been good since then, right up to *Written On The Wind,* your latest picture.

A ranch—for Bill

Between pictures, when you're not flying somewhere—you've already been to England for a Royal Command Performance and all over Europe, both Americas and Mexico—you're racing your white '55 Chevvy around the West looking at ranches, because — well — Bill always wanted a ranch, and you long someday to raise horses and dogs yourself. In Beverly Hills you ferret out antiques at auctions and change the decor of every room in your big house almost every hour on the hour. You design your own clothes, too, and usually look like the smart NIEMAN-MARCUS model you once were. Last winter you were all set to fly off to Hawaii and write a play—but a persuasive producer nipped that getaway. The only thing that holds you back from doing twice what you do is a tendency to drop pounds alarmingly when you rev up too much. You usually lose ten a picture, but quickly gain them back.

One thing you've never regained is the feeling that vanished when your marriage was blighted before it began. In the five years since, you have never again fallen in love—even dating such Hollywood men as Scott Brady, Richard Egan, Sidney Chaplin, Keith Larsen, and producers Roger Corman and Eddie Grainger, to name a few. You've dated swarms of Texas men and New Yorkers, too, who get in touch the minute they come to town. But the special one hasn't come along yet.

Contact Miss Dorothy Malone

That doesn't worry you, either; you know you'll find him.

And typical of you, your idea of marriage is—"I'd like to marry a boy I can help, one who's really ambitious—not just to be rich or famous, but the kind of boy who'd like to try becoming president of the United States for instance—even if he never made it."

So, if anyone's for being president—contact Miss Dorothy Malone. If your dream should ever come true, we can't imagine a first lady who'd light up the White House with more faith, sunshine, activity and good cheer. Not to mention kids: one of them, it's a pretty safe bet, will be a handsome, golden-haired boy named Bill. . . **END**

Dorothy can soon be seen in MGM's Tip On A Dead Jockey *and U-I's* Pylon.

is debbie a good mother?

(Continued from page 27) her friendly world. Her nurse, Miss Lane, who obviously speaks her language, was getting her lunch ready and telling her at the same time, "It won't be long now."

Debbie was wearing tailored pajamas and bare feet. It was eleven-thirty—in the morning, that is—which is pretty early for Vegas. She switched her chestnut pony tail toward an open door and said, "Come on into the sitting room." It was more interesting where Carrie Frances was but I followed Debbie into the next room.

I said, "Aren't you going to have any coffee?" She answered, "I don't drink coffee. Anyway, I always wait for Eddie to have breakfast. He's working hard and likes to sleep late. You know me, trained to those early calls on the set. Anyway, I like to get up so I can be with the baby."

I added, "Well, you look very far from a movie set, right now." Debbie answered, "Busy life, busy schedule! If I had kept up my own schedule, it would be impossibly busy. The solution is so simple. I just don't leave my husband to make a picture. You miss too much of marriage being apart. I'd rather be a wife than an actress. Maybe a weekend apart once in a while is all right. It's so nice to see each other again."

The two-week separation

Carrie Frances was making herself heard from the next room, giving out with a fuss that threatened to turn into a cry. Debbie said, "Well, what's the matter with her?" and went to see for herself. She came back with her in her arms, Carrie Frances holding tight to her bottle.

Miss Fisher, midway through her bottle, gave a satisfactory burp. "Gosh," said her mother happily, "aren't babies something?" and picked up our conversation exactly from where we were when she went out of the room. "When Eddie went East for two weeks and a half, it was the first really long separation we'd had. I had planned to go with him, but the baby was only four months plus, and the doctor thought it would be too cold and she shouldn't make the change. I wouldn't leave her, so I changed my plans.

"The press had asked me, so I had told them I was going with Eddie. When I didn't, they jumped to the usual quick conclusion: that we'd had a quarrel. So when I did take off to join Eddie for the last three days, leaving the baby with my mother, I was the one going after him to reconcile. At least, that was the impression in the newspaper stories.

"What actually happened was that Eddie had to break in the show he's doing here, at the TROPICANA. He was at the LATIN QUARTER in Philadelphia and BLINSTRUB's in Boston. I joined him in Boston; we went to New York and caught a few shows, and then we came home. It hurts when people print stories that are their own conclusions, but I've gotten used to it."

A trip abroad

Carrie got the rest of the bottle, after which the nurse carted her away to sleep off that lunch. Debbie looked so contented, so much at home in that hotel suite, I

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couldn't help asking, "Do you really like this gadding about—with a baby, yet?" She smiled that quick, wide smile and said, "Yes I like it—because we're together. And as the family grows, the family will all be together."

Right then, she was planning for their trip to Europe at the end of May. Carrie Frances isn't going along this trip—still too young to chance gallivanting around strange countries. She'll stay home in safe hands—with Debbie's mother.

The trip abroad is because Eddie has a two-weeks engagement at the London Palladium in June. Debbie said, "I haven't really seen Europe, except for some sight-seeing in London, and one day in Paris." That was exactly the same time of year in 1955, when they were engaged, and Debbie and her mother went over while Eddie was at the Palladium. This time, Debbie said, "Eddie will have two weeks vacation after the Palladium, and we'll be able to do all the things we didn't do then."

As for leaving their pride and joy with mother, Debbie said, "Carrie has a lifetime of traveling ahead of her. I have never been one to foresee the future, but it looks like that's the way it'll be."

Debbie's philosophy

Debbie's pet philosophy has always been, "I never worry about anything that hasn't happened yet." I remember asking her what she expected out of marriage, and her answer, prior to the event was, "How do I know about something I haven't tried yet?"

It's a philosophy that seems to have worked pretty well for her. Even her views on no separations seem to have been solved pretty neatly. Eddie will be doing his new TV show, alternating weekly with George Gobel, from Hollywood. "Of course," said Debbie, "Eddie will have to be in New York at various times out of the year for records and other business." But there will be no night club engagements during the show season. The Fishers can plan on being home folks part of the time, anyway.

So far, Debbie Reynolds hasn't frantically tried to fit a career and a husband together, if it meant they had to be apart. She turned down a picture she would have liked to do at Universal-International, because it meant she couldn't go to Europe with Eddie. "Maybe," she said, "they'll hold it, and I can do it later."

How does she feel about making adjustments like that, a different way of living, different schedules? Down-to-earth Debbie just hands you a level look out of those big eyes and says, "Every girl does this when she gets married."

Meet half way

But Debbie isn't one to *cope*. She said, "I don't like to lean on a plan." There are no rules in the Fisher menage for *making the marriage work*. No little fetishes like never go to to sleep on a quarrel, or never leave home without a parting kiss, *no matter what*.

Ask her about the quarrels and misunderstandings that are a part of marriage, and she says, "I won't discuss that. *We* don't discuss it. One person cannot change another, so there's no use trying. I am the kind, if I had a disagreement, I would try to forget it. I can't quarrel; I just wouldn't do it. Eddie doesn't get angry; he just gets very quiet. Fussing never solved anything.

"But letting ill feeling fester inside you is still worse. I find the best thing, if you do get angry over something, if you think something is unfair, if it is important enough, the situation will still be there later. Simmer down, get a perspective on it, then you can discuss it. That way is not likely to lead to quarreling. Talk it out, and at all times, try to be understanding. If you go along with the other person as much as possible, you're almost sure to meet each other half way. We don't have any problems; we never let anything get that big."

Fanny Fisher's problem

Debbie gave with a reminiscent smile. "I can think of one example of how people can see things together." And she went on to relate the tale of Fanny Fisher, the toy poodle Eddie gave her when they were engaged.

"Then," said Debbie, "later on. Eddie got me the other poodle, Rocky. Let's see, it was when I was pregnant; yes, I was making *Tammy* at U-I." Debbie is apt to trace all events now by the time of her marriage, or before and after Carrie Frances. "Anyway, after Rocky came Fanny just refused to remember she was housebroken! We were desperate, and Eddie said, 'We'll have to give her away.' I said, 'Not yet!'

"I took Fanny to my dog instructor, where both she and Rocky go to school. After a long talk, she explained that Fanny's trouble was that she felt that because we got Rocky, we loved her less. Being *un*housebroken was her way of getting our attention. When I came home and told Eddie he laughed, 'Dogs don't go to psychiatrists!' Nevertheless, he was willing to go along with the show-the-love program. You know—it worked!"

Father and daughter

The door from the adjoining bedroom opened and in walked Eddie, dressed in handsome grey shirt and slacks and looking fresh as the morning—which it wasn't any more. He looked casually and comfortably at home, like any fellow who had just had a good night's sleep and was ready for a good breakfast, but with that slightly shy expression Eddie Fisher never seems to shed. He said "Hello" to me, kissed Debbie, said, "Where's my girl?" and shot into the next room like a rocket. Came sounds of lots of father and daughter talk, strictly personal stuff that concerned just the two of them. The general effect was that they were enjoying it, the two of them having a ball.

"No change," says Debbie

From the nursery Eddie's voice called, "Debbie, how about some of those little pancakes and bacon?" Debbie answered, "All right with me. Who's calling room service?" "Me," said Eddie.

The impression around those who know Eddie Fisher is that marriage has matured and changed him, that the boy has grown up. Eddie of the continuous retinue of people around him, Eddie who would go on buying sprees like there was no tomorrow; that, says the smart money, has all changed.

I broached this "New Eddie" phase to Debbie. Over the father-daughter talk still going on in the nursery, she said vehemently, "Eddie hasn't changed. The difference is that before he was a bachelor; now he's a married man. Look, you're here. Have you seen scads of people milling around like it was Grand Central? Of course, Eddie has to have some people around him. He has to have his piano player—how could he sing without him? And his manager Milton Blackstone."

To Debbie, Eddie hasn't changed—because she didn't marry him to change him. And, in knowing what he wants, the boy hasn't! At the height of the worldwide speculation about their engagement, even the Duke of Edinburgh has been interested enough to ask him, in London, "Are you really going to marry that girl?" and Eddie had replied, "I certainly am, sir."

The subject of this controversial conversation came back into the room and perched on the arm of Debbie's chair. I said, "We've been talking about all your 'phases.' Clothes—cars. What is it now?"

A most intelligent phase

Eddie grinned that appealing, half-shy grin. "I think I am going through my most intelligent phase. I am concentrating on being happy—on enjoying myself and getting the most out of life. I am learning to live a little—to take things in stride and not get too wound up. That means settling down in California—and maybe raising seven kids."

This wasn't any news to Debbie. It's what they've both wanted from the beginning. No stress, no strain. To Debbie, that's the way it should be.

The phone rang. Mr. Fisher was wanted at rehearsal. He got up off the arm of the chair, said, "Got to go," kissed his wife again and took off—through the nursery.

I raised an eyebrow at Debbie Fisher, which is what she likes to call herself. "No more extravagances at all—like unexpected, expensive gifts?"

Debbie said, "Naturally, Eddie has a lot of clothes, so do I. We need them and make use of them. Extravagance is a lot of clothes hanging in a closet that you don't need. We give each other gifts the usual times—birthdays, Christmas, holidays. Of course, there are some exceptions—but since when don't you give someone you love a gift just because you feel like it?

"Oh, yes. Carrie sent Eddie flowers opening night here. He liked that. When he had the accident, she sent flowers again."

Old-fashioned type marriage

Eddie picked the name Carrie for his daughter because it had a nice, old-fashioned flavor. The second name comes from Debbie's own, having been christened Mary Frances. *This modern young pair likes an old fashioned type marriage, too*—in believing that being married means being together.

Plans for that include a home, to be built this year. Debbie says, "Eddie and I always liked country English, but we don't like too large a home." That's where the problem started. In one year and three months it went this way: First, they rented a one story, but rambling English in Pacific Palisades. They thought it was a wonderful country manor type home, but found it was too much. Then Debbie became pregnant while she was working in *Tammy* and the drive to the studio got to be too far. So they rented a two-story, still English but more urban, in Beverly Hills. Fire destroyed the master bedroom, and in Debbie's words, "It was quite a mess." They moved to the Beverly Hills Hotel while regrouping, and then they bought a house. They've been in it three months, and it's up for sale.

"It's just too large, too spread out," said Debbie. "We'll live in it until it's sold, but we know what we want now, and we'll have to build to get it. Something nice and compact, combining country English in a small house. Something," added Debbie, "that I could take care of myself, if I had to."

Of course, Debbie is the girl who wanted to be a gym teacher—so she's always known the value of team work. The way she sees it, that applies to playing the marriage game, too. The other half of the team likes it, he likes it. Which proves a nice point: It could happen in Hollywood.

END

Debbie's currently in U-I's Tammy And The Bachelor *and will soon be seen in MGM's* The Reluctant Debutante.

love you too much

(Continued from page 36) other very well, he finally got up the nerve to ask him why he had turned her down when she first called him.

He tried to explain it in a way that wouldn't hurt her, because his turning her down really didn't have anything to do with her, Natalie Wood as a person. He wanted her to realize that.

"Darling," he said, taking her hand in his, "in *my* field," he said, "it isn't a good idea to get a reputation as a light-hearted playboy running around dating the stars and starlets. The companies we deal with," he smiled, trying to make it sound really very silly, "—well, they're stuffy. But that's how it is. My company could lose a great deal—if our clients start thinking I'm a playboy rather than a solid businessman."

The smile left her face. Her eyes began to tear. "Oh," she said, "I see."

"No you don't!" he said, putting his arm around her. "What you don't see is that I love you and always will and who cares what my business associates think!"

No more films for Natalie

The next morning Natalie called her agent. "Look," she said, "we're not starting to shoot till next month and there's plenty of time for the studio to get somebody else. Okay?"

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm getting married."

"So congratulations. So why can't you make this picture?"

"I'm getting married, and I can't make this picture. Maybe I won't make any more pictures ever."

"Why not?"

"It's a long story, but I can't, that's all. I just can't."

"Honey," he said in a gentle voice, "you can't just break a contract. They won't let you go . . ."

"But—it's for seven years. I just signed it a couple of months ago. You mean I've got to . . . For seven years?"

"Honey, this guy'll blow over. Just like all the rest of them. Then you'll be rarin' to get back to work."

"You don't understand!" she burst out. "This isn't a one-shot dinner date that the columns pick up and build up as the new love of my life. And he isn't a friend, a Nicky Adams. Or one of the kids like Sal—to sit around and talk shop with. I love him! I want to marry him!"

Too busy for him

After she hung up, she sat staring at the phone. The decision to give up her career for the man she loved had been her own idea. He hadn't asked her to give it up. She knew he wouldn't. But she had been certain her decision would please him. Now her agent had told her she couldn't quit!

And she knew that it would be unfair to *him*. That he needed a wife, not a movie star. She phoned, and trying to sound very casual said, "Darling, you wouldn't mind too much if we skipped tonight? I have so many things to do before I start for Vegas in the morning, and I'll only be away a few days—a week at the most."

"Vegas?" he asked, startled.

"Didn't I tell you? I thought I'd go down to Las Vegas for a bit. Nicky says it's heavenly down there this time of year."

"You're going to Nevada with Nick Adams? You're kidding," he exploded.

"Of course I'm not kidding. It'll be fun."

He slammed down the phone, unable to see the tears rolling down Natalie's cheeks . . .

In the months that followed he heard about Natalie only through the newspapers. He read about her furious dates with someone new each night. He read the story of how she spent a weekend with Elvis and his family. How could he know that Natalie was doing all this for him really—so that he would lose all his love for her. Deep in her heart she said to herself, *he needs a wife, not an actress, and for seven more years at least I must be an actress. So, no matter how much it hurts him, it's better to break it off now. I'll go out with everybody; I'll get my name in the columns all the time. I'll make him hate me . . .*

Hurt him for a moment

In the months that followed, Natalie tried hard to have fun, to become interested in some of her 'actor boyfriends.' But the more dates she had, the more she missed *him*. And then one morning her phone rang—and she heard his voice saying, "I want to see you!"

And she heard herself say, "I'll be at the restaurant in half an hour . . ."

He was there, waiting. For a moment, seeing him there ram-rod straight like he always sat, that silly way one little piece of hair always curled as if it were trying to be a cow-lick and couldn't quite make it—she almost started to run to him. Then she remembered that for seven years she belonged to her studio, to her public.

The man waiting for her deserved a full-time wife. No, she said to herself courageously, *I'd rather hurt him for a moment now than hurt him forever*. She turned and walked out. She looked back at him once—sitting there patiently waiting, so handsome, so wonderful. Then she walked home slowly, her eyes filled with a heavy mist . . . END

Watch for Natalie who will soon appear in Warner Bros. No Sleep Till Dawn *and* Marjorie Morningstar.

kim and her father

(Continued from page 35) did you ever mention your father in an interview?"

"Why—" Kim said. She opened her mouth, paused, shut it again. A puzzled look came into her eyes. "Why, I—"

"Never," the man said firmly. "Absolutely never. And your father never came to visit you, did he? Never came along with your mother on one of those trips? Did he?"

"Well, no," Kim said. "But what—"

The man nodded. "Now, Kim, I'm not prying into your business for fun, you know. But the studio pays me a good salary, and I'm supposed to protect their property in return for all that money. You classify as pretty valuable property, and I'm going to look out for your best interests, see? Now, you take your father. How do we know what he is? All this time you've been hiding him, and now just when you're going into the biggest picture of your career, you spring him on us. Well—" He looked at Kim. "There was the famous case of another blonde in this town," he said, "who never talked about her mother. Just never mentioned her much, never produced her—nothing. So this blonde becomes a star—a big star. And then what happens? Turns out her mother, whom everyone had figured was dead and buried, has been in and out of looneybins all the time—"

"Stop it!" Kim cried. Of course she knew who he was talking about—Marilyn Monroe. But how cruel to say it like that. How cruel to say it at all. How unfair. "Don't



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you ever talk to me like that again," she ordered furiously. "And—and don't talk to me about my father, either. He's perfectly wonderful—and—and even if he were awful, it's none of your business!" She stood up swiftly, tossed a white stole over her shoulders. "I'm leaving now," she said.

Publicity got her to the top—fast

The man stood up behind his desk, towering over Kim. "Now look," he said. "You've come up fast, Miss Novak. You've got looks and you've got talent. But looks and talent didn't do it all for you. You've had publicity—miles of it. That's what got you to the top so fast. And that's what can drop you off the top just as fast. Remember that." His gaze softened. "Look. I know you like being a star. You gave up getting married a couple of years ago, just to give your career a break. A girl can't do much more than that. You've worked like a dog ever since—I know. And now you've got it made—almost. Everything up till now was to make you famous. But the *Jeanne Eagles* picture is more than that. It's Oscar stuff. And it's more box-office than you ever had before." He looked at Kim and saw that she was silent, watching him.

"Therefore—" she said.

"Therefore, don't take any chances. Maybe your father is fine. I'm not saying he isn't. All I'm saying is—what do we know about him? Is he liable to pull a boner?

"Is he liable to say the wrong thing to the wrong reporter?

"How are his manners in a night club?

"How's his English?

"What does he look like? For that matter, how much do you know about your father? All I'm saying, Sweetie, is this: if there's the smallest chance in the world that your father could queer things for you now—*don't let him come.*"

Kim stood still for another moment, looking at him from the doorway. Finally her lips parted. "Good-by," she said distinctly, coldly. She walked out, her shoulders back, her head high—the picture of defiance.

But outside the office, her steps slowed. What *did* she know about her father?

Her mom—so strong

She went home. She walked up and down in her living room until she thought her head would burst. Then she changed clothes quickly, climbing into slacks and a loose sweat shirt, and went outside to find her bike. And five minutes later she was doing what she always did when she was troubled or unhappy or just needed to be alone and at peace—she was peddling away from the city, out along quiet roads and some grassy slope with a quiet green view—a place to park the bike and stretch out, chew a blade of grass—and think. . . .

It was true. Her mother was mostly—by a big margin!—what she remembered of childhood. She had been such a strong-willed person, her mother—in fact, she still was. Always insisting that Kim get married, raise a family; always turning her life upside-down for inspection and correction on her wonderful, hectic, maddening visits to Hollywood. But her father . . .

She remembered him as he was in her childhood. Even then, to her upturned face, he seemed a small man in size. Especially small near her big-boned, hearty, laughing mother. And quiet. Her mother's voice echoed all over the house, calling people, giving orders, making things go—and her father—where was he?

Suddenly a voice came back to her, through the years: "Sssh, Marilyn—your father's writing poetry upstairs!"

She hadn't thought of that in years. Of course! It was her father who had first told her what a rhyme was, who had been so delighted when she brought him a poem she wrote in school. Lying in the grass, Kim Novak laughed delightedly. So that was where she got her passion for scribbling poetry—those poems she never showed anybody. It was a good memory to have found.

Something about her hands

Then she stopped laughing. Another was nudging at her mind. Something not happy—not happy at all. What was it? Something about her hands. Something—oh, yes—

It had been that same day. Her father had pencilled in corrections on the poem while Kim hovered, thrilled and proud, at his elbow, helping him. Then he had handed her the pencil and a clean sheet of paper. "Now," he said, "you write out a clean copy so we can show Mommy."

Joyfully, she reached for the pencil, began to print in careful neat letters. Then suddenly, "Stop!" her father said. "Why are you writing like that?"

Kim looked down. "Like what, Daddy?"

"The pencil—you're holding it in your left hand. It belongs in your right. Like this." He transferred it firmly.

Kim blinked. She had *learned* to write left-handed. The teacher had only fussed the first day and then let her write with her left hand. She told her father so.

"No," he said. "No, that isn't good. Try it with your right hand. Come on, now. You can do it."

She clutched the pencil. Daddy wanted her to. Sweat stood out under her blonde bangs. The pencil moved awkwardly. Letters sprawled across the page. "I can't," she whimpered.

"Of course you can." Her father's voice was worried. "Try again."

She tried. He went from worry to mild annoyance, almost to anger. It wasn't right to write with the left hand. She ought to do it properly. She could if she tried hard enough. She wasn't trying. . . .

The poem was forgotten. The pleasure and pride drained out of her.

Richard Greene, British-born actor, left Hollywood in 1953 to fly over to London for a few days: "I just took a couple of shirts . . . I wanted to see the Coronation and return. But I got offers and stayed . . . and got involved in the *Robin Hood* TV series . . . and now I don't know when I can return. I still have a Hollywood apartment and half my stuff is in Hollywood and half in London. I'm typical, I guess, of most actors today. We're spread over half the world, and we go where the job is."

Paul Denis

Suddenly Kim remembered 'Mickey'

Now Kim sat up, staring across the cloud-studded sky. Was that why she hadn't mentioned her father much—the little nagging feeling of shame that came to her when she thought of him, because she had disappointed him? No matter how hard she tried, she hadn't been able to live up to what he wanted from her. She could hear his voice again: *"Try, Mickey. Try."*

And suddenly she thought: *Mickey! He always called me Mickey—except when he called me Mac. Because he wanted me to be a boy—he wanted a son so badly. Is that how I disappointed him too?*

Remembering, so many things came back. Her father striding into her room with a crayoned sign in his hands: "Mickey, did you put this in the window?"

She looked at it; it read: BRING SICK PETS HERE. "Yes," she said. "I thought I'd kind of start to practice taking care of sick animals now so I'll be even better after I *study* how to, you know. . . ."

Her father sighed. "Look, I won't stop you if you want to do that. It's very—nice of you. But Mickey, there are so many more important things going on in the world. See?"

He spread out a newspaper before her. "Look—look what they're doing in England now. And—and the Middle East. Do you realize what all this means—to us, to our future?"

She stared at him blankly. "No."

"But you should. It's vital. You're going to be a voter some day, aren't you? Now I'll tell you what: you give up this running around the neighborhood every day taking care of every hurt alley cat you find. Then you can do your homework in the afternoon instead of leaving it till after dinner. And you and I will go over the newspapers together in the evenings. OK?"

"But, Daddy," she said, "I—want to—to—you know—take care of animals and things. I mean, my goodness, England can't take care of itself without me. I mean—I just don't care about that sort of thing . . ."

She couldn't be the son he wanted

Now she winced, remembering the hurt in her father's eyes, the silence with which he folded up his paper and left her room. She had been too young then to feel it, but now—suddenly she wanted to make up for it, to be what he had wanted.

"But I couldn't be your son, Daddy," she whispered aloud.

Had she wanted to maybe, as a youngster, without realizing it? Was that what had kept her from realizing her own beauty so long, had kept her in jeans and t-shirts long after the other girls were in sweaters and skirts. Maybe . . . maybe. . . .

But after all, she was a success now, wasn't she? Maybe she didn't read all the papers every day, but she was Somebody: she was Kim Novak the movie star—surely he was proud of her now. She thought back, trying to remember her last visit home to Chicago. When was it—Christmas time?

She had been trimming the Christmas tree when the call came. Her mother had hurried in from the hall: "Kim, it's the studio in Hollywood. Hurry up—long distance. . . ."

She climbed down the ladder and ran to the phone. She thought maybe they had a new part for her. But it wasn't a part—it was a whole new contract—it was too fabulous to believe. Five minutes later she put down the phone and turned a glowing face to her family. "I can't tell you all the details," she said breathlessly, "but what it amounts to is this"—she caught her breath and whirled away, pirouetting joyously across the floor—"they're giving me all the parts they'd have given Rita Hayworth! I'm going to be their biggest star!"

Why couldn't he rejoice?

Her mother went into ecstacies, of course—laughed, cried, grabbed Kim and kissed her, ran to call the relatives—but suddenly Kim had subsided, had come to a halt before her father, who stood silently to one side. "Well?" she demanded. "Well?" And knew that she was really asking: are you proud of me now?

And her father had said crisply, "It's all right, I guess—but it takes a lifetime to make a great actress!"

Remembering, Kim got mad all over again. Was that what he should have said right then? Couldn't he ever forget he once taught school and stop moralizing? Why couldn't he rejoice with her, be happy for her, not take the edge off everything? After all, who was he—just a railroad freight dispatcher, that was all. Who would ever have heard of him if it weren't for her? Who bought his wife a mink stole—not him, but his daughter, that's who. Why she'd even had to help out with her baby-sitting money and her modelling fees when

she was a teenager—and now she was wearing cashmere and furs and silks—and he was still going to work in overalls.

"My Lord," she thought suddenly. "What if he's right—that man who said not to let him come? What if—what if Daddy doesn't like the *Jeanne Eagels* movie—he'd be just the one to say so right out to the director or heaven knows who. What if he thinks my costumes are indecent? What if he bawls me out right in front of everyone? What if it gets in the papers? What if—"

She stood up swiftly, brushed herself off and clambered back down the hill to her bike. She turned it and headed back for Hollywood, her thoughts racing ahead of her. Maybe—maybe it would be better if Daddy didn't come—right now. Maybe she should write—no, call—and suggest that he wait a while—just till *Jeanne Eagels* was all wrapped up. Because it wasn't as if this was just any picture. This was really the start of her career, in a way, her biggest chance to prove she was an *actress*, not just a blonde with a pretty face and a good figure. After all, she couldn't coast along on that—she had to keep going—it took work and living and years of effort to make a great actress—

The bike wobbled suddenly and came to a halt. Kim put one foot down to brace herself. *That was just what her father had said. Just exactly what he said!*

The best possible daughter

A passerby would have thought the girl on the bike had frozen there, so still she stood, her face grave, thinking as she had never thought before. For Kim was feeling the anger draining out of her, leaving behind a vast, sudden understanding. *Why, he's right,* she was thinking. Of course he was right. Haven't I always been furious when people took second-best from me and then told me I was great? Haven't I always yelled that they should make me work harder—because there's better than second-best in me—if they can just dig it out? Well, that's what Daddy was saying, too. That's what he's always been saying, all my life. Not wanting me to be a son—just wanting me to be the best possible daughter. Sure he wants a lot from me—a lot better than just fame and praise. But he doesn't demand any more than I demand of myself. Than I mean to get!

She stood there in the road, and she began to laugh. Why hadn't she ever seen it before? For all her strength, her mother would have let her coast along and never thought anything of it. But her father—her quiet little father—he was the one in the background, who made her want to go on and on and do things better and better!

All right, Kim thought. Come ahead, Daddy. I don't care what you do or say, or what anyone thinks of you. If you want to bawl me out for something, go right ahead—you're my father, and you've got the right. If you want to talk back to directors and producers, you can go right ahead—because maybe you know more than they do after all. If anyone wants to look down their noses because you work for a railroad—well, let them look at me that way too, and welcome—because the best thing I ever was or will be is the daughter of a freight dispatcher named Joseph Albert Novak—the guy who always wants to be proud of me—for the right reasons! Come ahead, Daddy—I can't wait.

A deep breath—and then . . .

A week later, Kim Novak stood on the platform at the railroad station, waiting for her father's train. She had no inkling of what was to come. She didn't know that in the weeks ahead, at parties and premières and dinners, her father would charm her friends, make columnists beam. She didn't know that the pride and happiness in his dark eyes would be shown in a hundred news photographs to be seen and noted by millions of her fans. She didn't know that when he visited her on the set of *Jeanne Eagels,* the director, hurrying by, would stop to say—"Pardon me—but Miss Novak, your father is exactly the type we need for that bit in the fourth scene—do you think he would do it for us? Would he be offended if I asked?" She didn't know that her father would do the scene to the applause of the cast and crew and walk off the set to hear someone whisper, "Now I know where Kim gets her talent—it's pretty obvious!"

No, she knew none of that. All she knew as the train pulled in and her searching eyes found the dignified little man descending the steps was that her father had come to see her in Hollywood. All she knew as she ran into his arms was that she was proud of him and loved him—and would want, all her life, to have his pride and his love in return.

Kim Novak took her father's arm. She walked with him down the long platform to the other end, where a group of Hollywood dignitaries stood, also meeting friends on the train. She stopped before them, and looked around the group—some of the biggest names, the most important men and women in Hollywood stood there. Kim Novak took a deep breath. Her hand tightened firmly on her father's arm. Pride and pleasure were in her voice.

"I'd like you," Kim said, "to meet my father..."

END

Kim will soon be seen in Columbia's Jeanne Eagels *and* Pal Joey.

tommy

(Continued from page 29) a professional at eight!"

The day Tommy went to the store to pay the last two dollars on his guitar—well, let Tommy tell it—"I walked over to my guitar, hanging there on the wall. It never looked so beautiful. The storekeeper came over and said, 'Well Tommy, today it's all yours.'

"In a daze I walked into the street with the guitar. It was so big I had to carry the case with two hands. I knew it was a long walk home and I was dying to play just a few notes on that guitar. But I knew I couldn't stop on the street and do it.

"Suddenly, while standing in front of the doorway to Radio Station KWKH I got an idea."

And that's when eight-year-old Tommy went in and said "My name is Tommy Sands. I play the guitar and sing. And I want to meet Pop Eccles."

He looked cute and he looked earnest, so they introduced him to the singer he'd been practicing with—Tommy at home, the singer's voice coming over the air.

"All I remember," says Tommy, "is playing a song for Pop. Everybody laughed and applauded when I was through. Then they took me into the studio, put me up on the chair and told me to sing. So I sang into my first live microphone.

"But the only thing I *wanted* to do was find someplace where I could play the guitar before I got home!"

Tommy became a regular feature on the air after that, during the six months a year he spent in Chicago.

A shock to Tommy

Each year Mrs. Sands shuttled between

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Chicago and Shreveport, Louisiana. Mrs. Sands had learned early that young Tommy was so susceptible to colds that led to more serious illnesses associated with winter in the north, that each winter she and her two sons travelled to the home of Auntie Burt and Uncle Charlie in Greenwood, near Shreveport.

For eight years Tommy went to school for one semester in Chicago, then to Shreveport for the winter term.

Inevitably, the long separations resulted in the divorce of Tommy's parents.

"It was a shock to Tommy," Mrs. Sands explains. "He was too young to understand. But I tried to explain that he would never lose his father. And he hasn't. Tommy and his Dad are good friends, often traveling together, and Tommy has learned a great deal from his father's rich musical background—he's a name-band pianist, you know."

Faced with a man's challenge

He was still in grammar school—and he was starring on the *Louisiana Hayride* TV program originating from Shreveport! Later he was a disc jockey on the same station, and at another time he was a platter spinner for a Chicago station.

Tommy started guitar lessons with Shreveport instructor Tilman Frank. Frank was so impressed with Tommy that he arranged an audition for him—in Houston, Texas, for a show over station KPRC called *Hoedown Corner*.

"Tommy and Mr. Frank went to Houston," Mrs. Sands tells you, "and when they came back Tommy was so blue I was sorry he'd ever gone. Tommy didn't feel that he had made an impression on anyone.

"But a few days later he received a wire asking him to come back to Houston—this time at the station's expense! He was scheduled for the next day's program.

"Now I got scared. At seven he was on a radio program; but now, at thirteen, he was about to start a serious career. I wanted Tommy to be happy. That meant that I should let him do what he loved most, play his guitar and sing his songs. But at thirteen, still a baby in my eyes, he was being faced with a man's challenge—the pressures of success . . . or failure.

"I didn't want Tommy to face either one.

"So I asked for twice the salary Tommy deserved, sure that the station would never agree."

There is nothing that makes Tommy laugh harder than remembering his mother's surprise when she learned her exorbitant demand had been met!

An over-enthusiastic actor

Already a successful singer at thirteen, Tommy began another career.

He was in the ninth grade of LANIER JR. HIGH SCHOOL in Houston, and he impulsively auditioned for the role of a budding adolescent in a play called *The Magic Fallacy*, to be presented by Houston's famous ALLEY THEATER. It was a hit, and one of Houston's newspapers mentioned—A YOUNGSTER NAMED TOMMY SANDS WHO OVERACTS AT TIMES, BUT IS FORGIVEN ON THE GROUNDS OF UNBOUNDED ENTHUSIASM.

"For the next four years," Tommy laughs, "I was one of the busiest teenagers in town!" He chalked up a long list of appearances on TV and radio, as an actor, at private parties—and even found time to write a play!

At sixteen, Tommy's dramatic abilities were so impressive that he won a part in a play called *Open House* with movie stars Charles Korvin and Reginald Owen.

Tommy's performance was so good that Owen asked him to sign a run-of-the-play and go on to Baltimore and then New York with it. But in Baltimore the play folded.

It was a great disappointment to Tommy. "I was seeing my name in lights already," he smiles, "and walking down Broadway in all my dreams!" The silver lining to that flop, though, was that it calmed his mother's biggest fear for her son; now she *knew* her son Tommy could live with failure.

A prayer for the group

In his junior year at LAMAR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL, Tommy had one of the leads in *Our Town*, and this wasn't just for the high school kids and their parents. This was for the highlight of the amateur dramatic year in Texas—the state-wide competition among all the drama organizations from all over the Lone-Star state! Tommy and his fellow KOCHINA DRAMA CLUB actors watched troupe after troupe present plays that were so good even the judges seemed moved! When the time grew near for the KOCHINA CLUB's appearance, they went back stage to prepare. Tommy went into his dressing room and shut the door.

A few minutes later, one of the boys burst into the room to hurry Tommy along—and stopped, staring. Tommy was sitting in his chair, eyes closed, praying. Tommy's fellow actor didn't say anything, just quietly closed the door.

And when *Our Town* got the all-state honors, the boy who had seen Tommy praying told the rest of the kids, "We won because Tommy prayed that we'd win."

"I didn't pray that we'd win," answered Tommy. "I asked Him to help our hearts, to show us how to behave if we lost."

Late in 1955, Tommy was seventeen—

Herb Shriner was telling his wife, Pixie, about a New York night club that is very poorly lighted: "It's very dark . . . I guess the customers must make love in there."

Pixie inquired: "So how come you never brought me there?"

Herb answered: "If they find you in there with your own wife, they throw you out." *Paul Denis*

he was just four months away from graduation—and money was tight. He left high school to work as a disc jockey on Station KCIJ in Shreveport, The program was called *Tommy's Corral*, and he played records, did commercials and conducted phone interviews. And it was just about the best he ever did. Not because the program was a sensation, or anything like that.

A call from an old buddy—Elvis

It was the best thing he ever did because his voice was on the air for a particular someone to hear and one afternoon Tommy got a phone call. From an old buddy, Elvis Presley.

Back in his days on *Louisiana Hayride*, Tommy had become friends, close friends, with another young performer, Elvis.

Tommy was on the air when the phone call came in. The conversation ended with the announcement by Elvis to Tommy's listeners that he was on his way to Hollywood to make a movie for 20TH CENTURY-FOX. "And I am telling you right now," Elvis said to Tommy, "that you'll be in that picture!"

Elvis didn't know he wouldn't be able to keep that promise, but the phone call had been an inspiration to young Sands anyway. "A few months later, Mom and I had pinched enough pennies to buy one-way tickets to Hollywood," says Tommy. "That's all we could afford."

"Tommy doesn't talk about the next three months," Mrs. Sands will tell you, "but he must have seen every agent, producer, director, personal manager in all of Los Angeles. Even now I could cry thinking of the miles of discouragement he walked before anything happened."

It was in June of 1956 that he went to watch a telecast of *Hometown Jamboree*.

Another chance for Tommy

"I sat there for over an hour watching Cliffie and Mollie Bee and all the other wonderful performers on *Jamboree*," Tommy remembers, and I thought, *Heck that's the way I like to sing!* I went backstage and found Cliffie and asked him if he'd give me a chance. Cliffie looked at me and said, 'Who are you?' I said, 'My name is Tommy Sands. I play the guitar and I sing.'

"I flipped when he said, 'Okay, son.' He started to walk away, then he turned to me and said, 'You know, son, that's flesh and blood and brains and heart out there in front of that bandstand. People. They'll *want* to like you. So don't get scared at all those faces.'

"Later I found out Cliffie hadn't been very impressed, but he just can't say *no*."

After the show Cliffie *was* impressed. The applause of the audience left no doubt about how well Tommy had gone over.

One night Tennessee Ernie Ford, who is managed by Cliffie, caught Tommy's act. A few days later Tommy appeared on Ernie's show, pulling a mail response that startled even the executives of NBC television.

And then . . . nothing, months of nothing. No more shows, no more breaks, no more anything.

"Mom," Tommy decided one evening, "I'm quitting show business. I'm going to get a high school diploma and then study law. At least we'll know where the rent's coming from, and when!"

Tommy as the Singin' Idol

So, of course about seven that evening the phone rang. Part II was coming up, of that lucky decision to quit High for a disc jockey job. The call was from Cliffie and he was excited, "Listen, Tommy," Cliff said, "the *Kraft Television Theater* just called and said that you had been recommended to them for a play called *The Singin' Idol*. They wanted Elvis, but he couldn't do it *and sold them a bill of goods on you!*"

"I'll never forget that moment," says Tommy. "I don't remember what I said, but it must have been *yes!*"

In the four days following the telecast of *The Singin' Idol*, more than 10,000 letters came in on Tommy. The comments ran from *"sensational"* to *"he's the first person in ten years of television whom I could believe enough to cry over."*

He knows, now, where the rent is coming from—and when. Now he can look back at his days of discouragement, the days when he was thinking of studying law, with a smile. He's making a movie of *The Singin' Idol*, and the offers are rolling in—for TV, for radio, for Broadway shows. What has success done to Tommy Sands as a person? "Nothing," his mother is convinced, "nothing except to make him happy.

"And I guess," she adds, "to teach him not to take success for granted."

What does Tommy think? "Success taught me one thing—if you fail, you are unhappy a while. But then you forget it. If you succeed, you can never forget that you could fail all over again . . .

"The other day in a restaurant I was having a malt shake and somebody dropped a dime in the juke box to play one of my records. Two girls were sitting in a booth behind me. One of them said to the other 'Who's he, who's that singing?'

"And do you know, I darn near turned around and said, 'My name is Tommy Sands. I play the guitar and sing.'" **END**

Tommy will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's The Singin' Idol.

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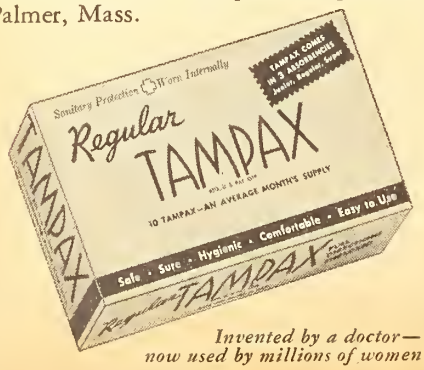
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SEPTEMBER, 1957

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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Color portrait of Janet Leigh on the cover by C. Blackwell of Globe Photos. Janet can soon be seen in U-I's **Badge Of Evil,** *RKO's* **Jet Pilot** *and U.A.'s* **The Vikings.** *Other photographers' credits on page 74*

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that when **Liz Taylor** woke out of the anaesthetic after her recent back operation, the first thing she asked was, "Where's my diamond ring?"
—T.R., San Francisco, Cal.

A *Yes.*

Q Was **Carroll Baker** turned down for the role that **Natalie Wood** played in *Rebel Without A Cause?*
—H.R., Ellenville, N.Y.

A *Yes.*

Q Is it true that **Tony Perkins** has gone Hollywood?
—S.T., Baltimore, Md.

A *He's showing signs of the disease.*

Q Can you tell me if **Pat Boone** and **Elvis Presley** flopped in Cleveland on their personal appearance tours?
—E.R., Cleveland, Ohio

A *Both flopped with a bang.*

Q What is the relationship between **Henry Fonda** and director John Ford?
—L.K., Louisville, Ky.

A *They once were friends; are friends no more.*

Q What happened to **Bella Darvi?**
—E.S., NYC

A *She has become one of Monte Carlo's top gamblers.*

Q Is it possible for you to reveal from whom **Grace Kelly** now buys her clothes—now that she's a princess?
—O.R., Chicago, Ill.

A *She buys them from* Lanvin Castillo. *Grace recently purchased six dresses—from a collection of eighty shown her!*

Q Who is responsible for this remark: "I've been broke but I never lived poor."
—C.R., Milwaukee, Wis.

A **Mike Todd.**

Q What is **Martha Raye's** real name?
—F.L., Seattle, Wash.

A *Margaret O'Reed.*

Q Is it true that when **Jennifer Jones** sees photographers, she begins to cry?
—A.M., Detroit, Mich.

A *Photographers frighten Jennifer; when they insist upon taking her photo, she frequently breaks into tears.*

Q The feud between **Kim Novak** and **Barbara Nichols** in Pal Joey—was it on the square?
—J.Y., San Francisco, Cal.

A *A case of mutual jealousy.*

Q Is it true that Aly Khan's son is as great a lover as his father?
—D.H., Ft. Worth, Tex.

A *Amine Khan, eighteen, has been dating film star* **Betta St. John** *in Cannes; doing a fine job.*

Q Is it really true that the family of the Marquis de Portago, the racing driver recently killed, would not allow **Linda Christian** at the funeral?
—V.T., Bangor, Me.

A *Various members of the family objected to her presence, so Linda was not at the funeral.*

Q Does **Henry Fonda** hate Hollywood?
—H.R., Omaha, Neb.

A *He says he does.*

Q Why does **Tony Curtis** let his hair grow the way it does?
—Y.G., Miami, Fla.

A *Tony's answer: "In 1948 I was too poor to visit the barber. I was paid $150 a week but I owed so much money, I had none left over for haircuts. So I let my hair grow. I came to like it that way."*

Q Will **Anne Baxter** ever marry again?
—H.T., Carmel, Cal.

A *She might, but she's the first to admit that "as wives, actresses are bad bargains."*

Q Are **Sinatra** and **Lewis** feuding?
—B.T., Cody, Wyo.

A *At the moment Frankie and Jerry Lewis are not on the best of terms.*

Q Is **Peter Lawford** all washed up in movies? And how come?
—V.R., Richmond, Va.

A *Having lost his bobby-sox following, Lawford no longer has any real big box-office pull.*

Q **Mario Lanza** had so much trouble with MGM. Can you tell me why he is now making another film there?
—E.L., Long Beach, N.Y.

A *MGM is merely releasing the new Lanza film,* Seven Hills of Rome, *not producing it.*

Q Has **Bing Crosby's** new girl friend **Inger Stevens,** ever been married?
—V.R., Hartford, Conn.

A *Married once to agent Tony Soglio.*

(Continued on page 19)

You'll have big lovin' eyes for **Elvis** when he sings "Loving You"... you'll dig **Elvis** when he comes on strong with "Hot Dog"... you'll flip for **Elvis** when he rocks to "Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear"... you'll go-go-go for **Elvis** when he rides out on "Mean-Woman Blues"... you'll get your kicks from **Elvis** when he swings to "Lonesome Cowboy"... you'll say **Elvis** is the wildest when he belts out "Got A Lot of Livin' To Do"... and you'll know **Elvis** is too much when he wails up a storm to "Let's Have A Party"!



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LIZABETH SCOTT
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Loving You

A HAL WALLIS Production

Directed by HAL KANTER · Screenplay by HERBERT BAKER and HAL KANTER · From a Story by Mary Agnes Thompson · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Gregory Peck wouldn't pose alone, gallantly insisting that his wife be in the photograph. And after all—can you blame him?



The King, Clark Gable, and his lovely Queen were the cen of all eyes. Kay was radiant—'specially when looking at hi

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

This was a fabulous month

In Hollywood—filled with

Joy and heartbreak, laughter and tears.

Come—join me in Our Wonderful Town.

THE PARTY OF THE MONT

The movie husbands and wives who insist sitting together at parties got all shook up dinner partners by courageous hostess Fr Stark who, with husband Ray, gave one of most star-studded affairs I've ever attend

It was really cute to see **Robert Tayl** crossing the room to kiss **Ursula Thies** who was sitting at our table. And **Cla Gable** came back—and then back agai to talk to **Kay,** who was seated just a ta or two away from him.

I never saw **Lana Turner** look m beautiful. She is so slender these days c her tight-fitting tangerine-colored dress show off her figure to perfection. I must say Lo looked very happy too, dancing with go looking WARNER BROTHERS actor **Micha Dante.**

Just an added word about this twenty- year-old man. His real name is John Vitti c for a short time he played baseball for WASHINGTON SENATORS. Growing discoura when he got in few games and spent mos his time warming the bench, he turned to ing and got himself a job in *Raintree Cou* before WARNERS signed him to a contract. likes Lana plenty—and it seems to be mut

Gregory Peck was a charming din companion with our group although he, kept an eye on his vivacious French w looking very smart in a Paris gown, sitt a few tables away.

Merle Oberon's fabulous jewelry always eye-catching and she looked stunn in a white gown with her diamond neckl **Norma Shearer,** former star, looked youthful as today's group dancing with h band Marty Arrougé; among others twir



re are Bob and Ursula a few seconds after he kissed her. It could have been their first date, the way they held hands while together.

und the dance floor were the Mervyn Le ys and the Buddy Adlers.

Speaking of the Stark party, a couple at- cting much attention was **Jacques de rgerac** and **Claire Bloom.** Jacques, king his first appearance since his divorce m Ginger Rogers, was most attentive to the ely British actress who had just arrived in llywood for *The Brothers Karamazov*.

remember Claire from her early days in llywood, when she was far from being the portant stage, screen and Shakespearean ress she is today. Even after she was cast **Charlie Chaplin**'s picture *Limelight*— s was long before his troubles with Uncle n—she didn't attract too much attention. arlie's movies are always ALL-Chaplin cs, and few of his leading ladies get a nce to shine on their own.

But Claire went to Londo. where, in a short e, she became a really important young ress with the OLD VIC COMPANY. **Sir urence Olivier** himself said that her iet was one of the loveliest performances had ever seen.

When MGM brought her back for *The Broth- Karamazov* with **Yul Brynner,** Claire s accorded the red-velvet-carpet treatment which must have been a wonderful satis- tion.

Later she came to my home and I had a g talk with her. She said one thing I greatly mire her for—it took a bit of courage to say considering the way Americans feel about aplin these days—and vice versa.

"I do not agree with his politics and think- g—but I shall always be grateful and feel sense of loyalty to him for the chance he ve me," Claire said. *(Continued on page 8)*



Merle Oberon was so very beautiful—and happy as a lark!—glittering and glamorous like a fairy princess at a magnificent ball.



Claire Bloom disagrees with Charlie Chaplin's ideas on politics, but she always remembers he launched her career.

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Susan Oliver's very pretty, very talented and very popular—a combination that spells success

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM: Susan Oliver, the blonde, emerald-eyed beauty who has been discovered by Marty Melcher to star in his first production *without* his wife **Doris Day,** *Tender Fury.* I don't know when I've been more impressed by a newcomer than I am with Susan.

A novice to the screen, this girl has had excellent training. She appeared on Broadway in *Small War On Murray Hill* and originally came to Hollywood to star in two *Matinee Theatre* TV shows.

Many girls get started this way—but the important thing about Susan is that she has the air of a star—that intangible something that separates the hopefuls from the big leaguers. I hear that WARNERS are going to give her the same build-up **Natalie Wood** and **Carroll Baker** received.

In fact, Susan may give Natalie a run for her honors in the date business. In the short time she's been in town she's been out with Warner LeRoy, son of the director, **Tab Hunter, Dennis Hopper** and **Tony Perkins.**

I like one story about her particularly—as soon as she finished her starring role in *Tender Fury,* she returned to New York to pay off $1,000 of debts she had accumulated while struggling for a break in the big town.

She was born in New York on February 13th, 1936, and before her parents were divorced she lived with them in Japan, where her father produced documentary films for the US Information Agency.

"I can speak Japanese," she laughs, "i that will help in my screen career!"

FRANK SINATRA: Frankie was **Humphrey Bogart's** closest friend, and has done much to cheer Bogey's widow, the beautiful **Lauren Bacall,** by seeing that she is included in every party to which he is invited. I must say he has helped her considerably and she looks beautiful these days

One of the parties she attended with Frankie and his pals was at Sinatra's favorite bistro THE VILLA CAPRI, an affair hosted by Frankie in honor of agent Irving Lazar before Lazar departed for a month in Europe.

Betty, as Bogey always called her—and so do all of us who are her friends—wore a flowered print, a white background with bright red roses. So becoming to her.

She was as gay as a bird, and without that strain of trying to keep her chin up—and face the world courageously—which marked her in the tragic weeks following Bogey's death. No matter what happens, Betty's philosophy of life is to keep up one's morale and turn a smiling face to the world. Only once did she lapse, and that was when she told me that her young daughter, four-year-old Leslie, had fallen and broken *(Continued on page 10*



He bought her...she was his!

He bought a beautiful slave and made her mistress of his giant plantation! ~ He came to Louisiana with $2,000,000 in gold! ~ In his New Orleans mansion he kept a stunning prisoner that he never touched! ~ He knew the greed at Rio Bongo, the debauchery at Pointe du Loup, the treachery at Belle Helene — but nobody really knew him! ~ ~



CLARK GABLE ~ YVONNE DE CARLO

as the man who took the strange name of Hamish Bond — *as Manty, the girl who thought she was a Louisiana belle...*

and all the passionate emotions and lush splendor that flows from the tumultuous best-seller by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of 'All The King's Men'!

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IN WARNERCOLOR FROM WARNER BROS.

WITH EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR. REX REASON • SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN TWIST AND IVAN GOFF & BEN ROBERTS • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER • DIRECTED BY RAOUL WALSH

her front tooth and had also been ill in the hospital. "My year for bad luck," she said—and then turned a smiling face toward the other guests.

Tyrone Power brought the Japanese beauty, **Miiko Taka,** who stars with **Marlon Brando** in *Sayonara,* to Frankie's party. So nice to see Ty, who has been away from Hollywood for over two years appearing on the stage and making movies in England and in Mexico. Ty was just south of the border, by the way, finishing up *The Sun Also Rises* with **Ava Gardner**—Frank's ex, you may recall.

Among the other guests enjoying the Italian food were Cole Porter—he had just arrived in town that morning; the William Goetzes, Sam Goldwyns, Buddy Adlers, Mike Romanoffs, **Betty Furness, Clifton Webb,** Jean Negulescos, Sammy Cahns.

P.S. I noticed the menu featured *Sinatra Steak*—fixed just the way Frankie likes it, with pepper-pods and green peppers.

IT'S MY PRIVATE OPINION: Ava Gardner's romance with **Walter Chiari,** the Italian actor, is cooling even though they made up a short quarrel long enough for him to accompany her to visit her family in North Carolina.

While she was making *The Sun Also Rises* in Mexico City, Ava said to a confidante, "I'm no longer in love with Walter—but, well, there's no one else." I'm not too sure about *that,* either. Me-thinks the lady is quite smitten with a well-known writer, a most sophisticated man whose marriage is said to be on the rocks but not officially ended in divorce.

Chiari now seems to be more of a pal to this lonely woman. Yes, Ava *is* lonely, despite all her fame and fortune—and beauty. After a short visit to Hollywood on a "visitor's permit"—ironic, isn't it, that this girl who was born in this country now is a citizen of Spain and has to visit her native land on a *permit*—she hurried to New York, and to her family.

As usual, she dodged the press. Her only personal comment was, "I'll never marry again. No other man is going to ruin my life."

I've never felt particularly close to Ava and yet I can't help feeling sorry about the way she seems to have mixed up her life.



Here Walter Chiari, attentive and charming as ever, is lighting Ava Gardner's cigarette. But things seemed to have changed between Walter and Ava. Once their love flamed as brightly as the flame in his lighter. Now it looks like it's over—they're "just friends."

TERRY MOORE FILED SUIT and Eugene McGrath was just as surprised as the rest of the world at her sensational and unexpected charges against him, naming four women. Later he told me—"Terry and I weren't even separated when she dropped this bombshell."

But I knew first hand of McGrath's surprise because I had run into him in Las Vegas the day before Terry's story broke in the papers. I was walking into the SANDS HOTEL, where I was stopping, just as a tall and handsome man was walking out. He stopped me.

"I'm Eugene McGrath, Miss Parsons," he introduced himself. "I've always wanted to meet you."

I thanked him and asked, "How is Terry?"

He smiled and said, "Oh, she's just fine." We chatted a moment and if there were any immediate worries in the life of this wealthy young business man, he didn't show it. I'm sure he knew nothing then of Terry's plans.

I tried to contact Terry, but she had entered a hospital. That's how unnerved she was by her drastic action.

But I did talk with McGrath again. I knew he had talked several times with Terry at the hospital because he was served with her divorce papers there—on his *first* visit!

"Are you and Terry going to reconcile?"

He spoke very seriously as he replied, "That is in the lap of the gods. Terry is big enough to admit now that she was misinformed. I have filed a legal denial of all of her charges of misconduct. As for gambling, I can prove on my income tax reports that I have lost only $5,000 in five years, certainly not an amount to endanger our marriage in my income bracket.

"It isn't easy to take to be clobbered over the front pages of newspapers all over the world. But Terry and I will talk again. Don't be hard on her. She's very upset and she needs her good friends—like you."

By the time you read this you will know what happened.

TEMPERAMENTAL HEDY: Hedy Lamarr should be told that the good old days when movie stars were temperamental and showed up late on the set and made it difficult for everyone—are gone forever.

Instead of being prompt and charming, as Hedy very well can be if she wished, she was so difficult that everyone heaved a sigh of relief when *The Female Animal* was completed.

Hedy is still an attractive woman; in fact, even better looking than when she was younger. But beauty isn't enough these days of movie making. She was so difficult she made very few friends. In comparison, **Jane Powell** and **Jan Sterling** were angels.

JACK LEMMON SAID IT—at least, he's quoted as remarking to **Cliff Robertson** after Cliff told him that he is marrying Jack's ex, Cynthia Stone Lemmon, sounds a little conceited to me.

Jack is supposed to have said, when he learned that his former wife has found a new love, "Cynthia always had good taste in men!" Now, really! *(Continued on page 12)*



Now! Wash away "new perm" frizz and odor!

NEW! Quick! The prettiest wave in the world leaves your hair instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work!

New! The only wave you dare wash at once!
Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work!
Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped. Use ½—Save ½.
$2.00 plus tax. 1 wave size, $1.25 plus tax.

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Advertising agents are competing for the right to use the bed and mattress slogan: Marilyn Slept Here. But she won't give her endorsement.

I know I speak for all Debbie's fans when I tell her that while we love her as a wife and mother, we urge her not to neglect her movie career.



THE LAUGH OF THE MONTH: Ever since **Marilyn Monroe** gave her now-famous interview about "a big comfortable bed being the most important thing that has come with fame and riches"—every bed and mattress manufacturer in the United States has been hounding her to endorse their product!

I'm sure Marilyn didn't realize the commotion she would stir up by this comment.

It occurred during an interview with a New York reporter who had asked MM what she would miss most in life if she was suddenly poor again.

Said Marilyn, in effect—"It wouldn't be diamonds, because I don't care for jewelry. Or furs or clothes or automobiles—what I'd miss most would be a great, big, comfortable bed. When I was poor I always had to sleep with a female relative or in a bed too small and uncomfortable."

Now the poor gal can't stick her nose out the door that some advertising agent doesn't beg her to say, for publication, that it's his company who makes the bed she prefers!

OPEN LETTER TO DEBBIE: My little friend, I think the time has come when you'd better start minding the store. I mean, start thinking about your own career again.

I might not have felt this so strongly if it weren't for the news that an absolute newcomer, a little fifteen-year-old model-actress from New York named Carol Lynley, has been signed by MGM to star in *The Reluctant Debutante*, a London stage hit which was purchased more than a year ago to star YOU.

There was no announcement from the studio about why this switch had been made. If I hadn't remembered running a lead story in my column that *Reluctant Debutante* had been bought especially for you, to set off your particular talents, I'd never have known from MGM that you have been replaced by a virtual novice.

My point is this—recently, it has seemed that you are really more interested in Eddie Fisher's career than in your own. You love him very deeply and heaven knows I'm not knocking that. I thoroughly approve of married movie people being together as much as possible. And it can be done without one sacrificing too much to the other.

It seems to me that **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** work out this problem very well. They make every effort to be together as much as they can and they solve this by juggling their assignments so Audrey is free when Mel is working and he tries to be between pictures when she is working. In this way they can accompany each other on location jaunts, one vacationing while the other keeps the career banner flying.

Think it over, Debbie. You could use a top picture right now—and you aren't likely to get it staying away from Hollywood these long stretches at a time.

THEY WANT A BOY: Pretty Shirley (Mrs. Pat) Boone makes no bones about using every superstitious hocus-pocus she knows to insure that she and **Pat Boone** have a boy in March.

"All my maternity clothes will be in shades of blue from light to dark. Even my shoes will be blue. And my lingerie," she laughed. "With three little girls, three, two and one, Pat and I are just sure we'll have a boy this time. We've picked out the name Michel—and we'll refer to the expected new member of the family as *Mike*—until proven otherwise."

To help the good work along, Shirley and Pat, I'll keep my fingers crossed that you get your wish! *(Continued on page 14)*

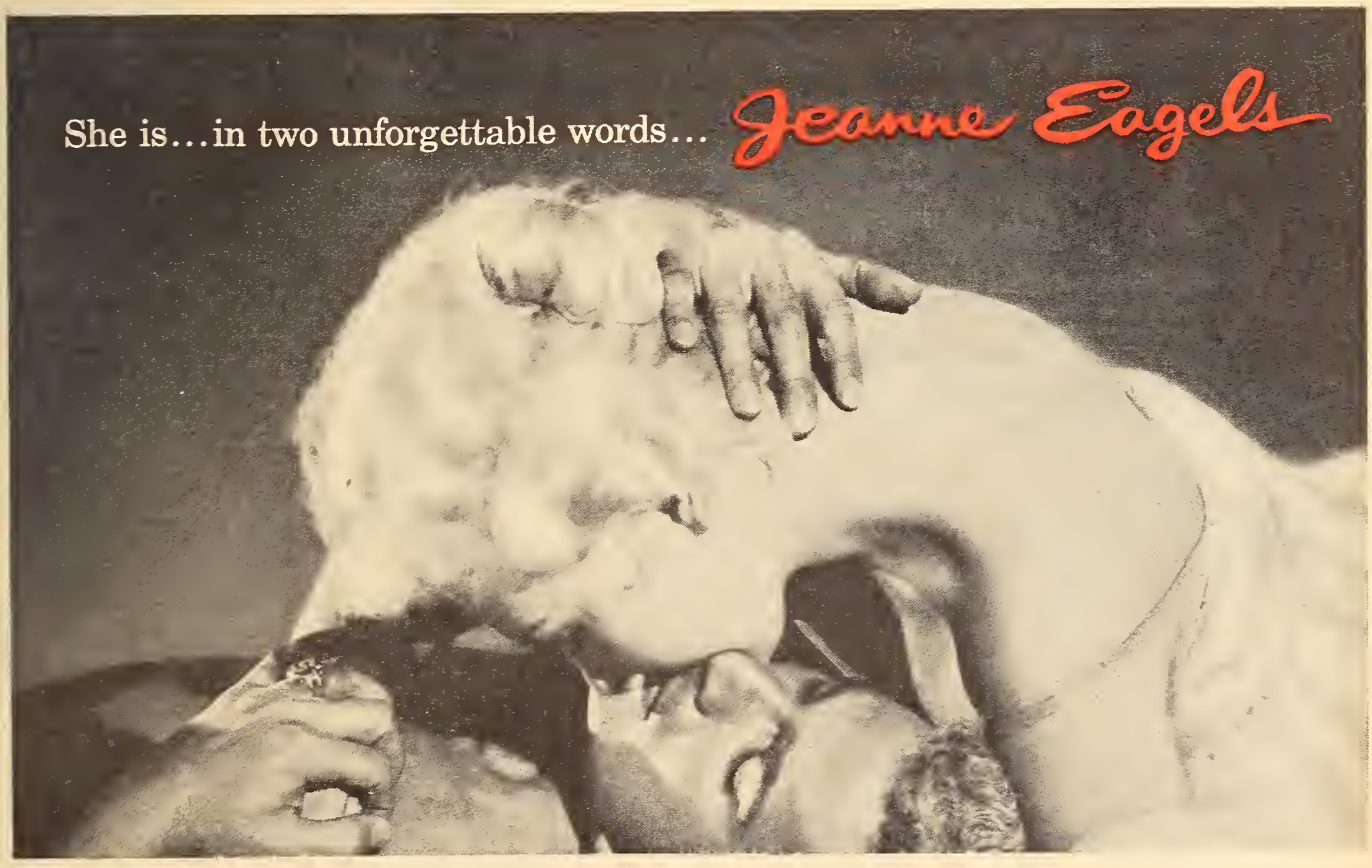
She is eager • young • sensual • luminous • arrogant • vain • shimmering • drifting • unbridled • passionate • impudent!



She is icy • bewitched • defiant • glistening • childlike • brazen • exultant • vulgar • tender • cruel!



She is animal • wistful • impulsive • piquant • blessed • damned • loved • hated • adored...



KIM NOVAK
JEFF CHANDLER IN GEORGE SIDNEY'S *Jeanne Eagels*

co-starring AGNES MOOREHEAD with CHARLES DRAKE • LARRY GATES • VIRGINIA GREY • GENE LOCKHART

Screen Play by DANIEL FUCHS, SONYA LEVIEN and JOHN FANTE • Story by DANIEL FUCHS

Produced and Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • A COLUMBIA PICTURE



I can almost hear Mike telling Liz: "All right. We missed the plane. I'll hire one and we'll go to Paris and then to Nice." And I hear Liz's answer: "Mike, I just can't stand Paris."



And here's the happy ending. Mike tells Liz: "Okay, my darling. We won't stop over in Paris. I'll charter a plane that goes straight to Nice."



I'm so thrilled by this picture. After twenty years of married life Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are still so much in love—and appear as young—as ever. Here they are cutting their anniversary cake. Congratulations to two wonderful people.

PICTURES OF THE MONTH

These pictures I'm showing you this month really take you inside the personal lives of the stars. You see them quarreling and making up, celebrating a wedding anniversary, getting married, becoming American citizens, and going on a vacation. Just like in any town in the United States—except that this month it happened in Hollywood.



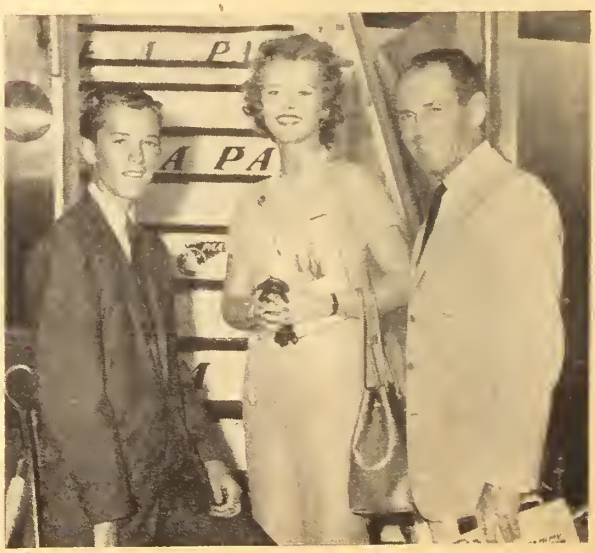
Newly-weds Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall surprised everyone by getting married earlier than expected. Only a few friends attended. It's Rex's third, Kay's first.



Gia Scala is due to become a citizen of the U. S. A. She's just taken her examination for citizenship and is so happy that she's about to kiss Ike's portrait.



America gets a new citizen and a pretty one. Ursula Thiess, German-born wife of Bob Taylor, just received her naturalization papers.



Henry Fonda and his children, Jane and Peter, are off for a European vacation. Jane is pretty enough to be in pictures and I think Peter looks a little like his Dad. The three Fondas plan to spend the summer seeing all the wonderful sights abroad.

(Continued on page 16)

The only pincurl permanent that gives you

Weatherproof Curls!



You get soft, shiny curls 5 times faster! Guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl wave!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to *last!* New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer . . . you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. $1.75 plus tax.



New Siliconed

PIN-QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

© 1957 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

Debbie comes out



A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

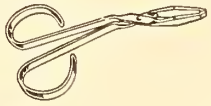
First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.



KURLENE®
tube **50c*** jar **$1.00***
**plus tax*



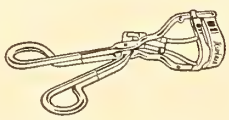
Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (Newcoif flatters eyes and face.)



TWISSORS® **75c**



Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes... new beauty to her eyes.



KURLASH® **$1.00**

See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash® Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)



Hal March designed a beautiful piece of jewelry for Candy. They recently had a son, Peter Lindsey.

A SENTIMENTAL FATHER is **Hal** *(\$64,000 Question)* **March,** who turns movie star in *Hear This Good* at PARAMOUNT. The day I visited the set he was proudly showing a piece of jewelry he had designed for wife Candy.

It's a gold likeness of Candy holding the baby in her arms, circled by clusters of fresh-water pearls. Inscribed on the back is *"Darling, we love you and thank you. Peter Lindsey and Daddy."*

THE LETTER BOX: *"Will you give me one good reason why such lucky and rich people as* **Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra, Danny Kaye,** *and even such newcomers as* **Joanne Woodward** *seem to think they must undergo psychiatric treatment?"* snaps WILMA WILLIAMS, Oklahoma. For the same reasons that rich and lucky bankers, bakers and candlestick makers need psychiatric help, Wilma. Emotional ills have nothing to do with luck or wealth . . .

From El Paso, VIVIAN WEAR says: *"I want to get my two cents in about the* **Debbie-Eddie** *situation. As appealing as they are as a team, I think it would be to the benefit of both if they would separate their publicity for awhile. After all, they are individuals with separate talents and should not be thought of as a sort of married* **Martin and Lewis.**" You may have a point there, girl . . .

SHARON JOHNSON scolds me and MODERN SCREEN for not printing more about **Dorothy Malone.** *"We in St. Louis love this girl—and she's from Texas, not Missouri. She deserves much more space than she gets, particularly since winning the Best Supporting Actress Oscar."* I wasn't at all aware that we were neglecting Dorothy, Sharon. Did you see the August issue?

BILL BYERS, New York, inquires: *"I wonder if* **Marlon Brando** *is aware that he has been replaced as the King of Sex by* **Yul Brynner**?" I doubt if Marlon, with his self-esteem, is at all aware of this situation, and it will take a great deal more than your inquiry to make him believe it . . .

From Detroit, DORIS WILSON rushes to the defense of **Mitzi Gaynor.** *"I was distressed to read in your department that a fan complains that Mitzi does not answer her fan mail. May I say that she has answered every letter I have ever written her, and sent me lots of pretty pictures as well."* . . .

BETTY PARSONS—no relation, but from my former favorite town of Chicago, writes: *"Hollywood producers must be crazy not to sign* **Perry Como** *for the movies. He's the GREATEST!"* Don't worry that the Relaxed Singer hasn't had movie offers. But right now he's going such great guns on TV he probably can't take the time off . . .

"This is just one guy's opinion, but I hope **Doris Day** *doesn't make any more pictures without singing,"* says DONALD TROUTMAN Brooklyn. *"I think the sales of her records are suffering because she's better known these days as an actress rather than a singer."* You'll hear Doris sing several songs in *Pajama Game* . . .

IRMA DOOLITTLE has me stopped. *"Write me under separate cover, the real trouble between* **Ava Gardner** *and* **Frank Sinatra,**"—is all she wants to know. If I knew that I could write a book, my girl . . .

Had to read VERA RAMSEY's letter twice. *"I'm just crazy about your new radio show,"* she pens from Indianapolis. *"Your voice sounds like you've been coached by an expert. It's really a swell show. Keep it up!"* If you've heard me on radio in the past five years you're hearing spooks, my friend. But thank you, anyway—maybe you mean you've heard me on a few TV broadcasts . . .

That's all for now. See you next month



KIRK DOUGLAS —GHOST!

■ They were shooting *Lust For Life* on location in Holland. and Kirk Douglas was the spittin' image of the Dutch Vincent Van Gogh—the painter all Holland. and all the world. knew and loved.

The director called an hour break. It was a hot day and Kirk decided he'd take advantage of the time to catch a cold beer.

When Kirk left the studio. he didn't bother to change his costume. Although he was attired as Van Gogh—complete with artist's smock. beard. and funny looking hat—nobody paid any special attention to him. In Holland. quaintly dressed Bohemian artists are a common sight.

That is. nobody paid any attention to him until Kirk seated himself in a little cafe. The waitress took one look at him and fled. screaming. into the kitchen!

Then an English-speaking patron explained. "She thinks you're dead."

"I'm *what*—!" exclaimed Kirk.

"Dead. See that picture? That's you, she says. but *you* died in 1890!"

Kirk turned around and there. sure enough. hanging on the wall was a reprint of a self-portrait by Van Gogh. The resemblance to Kirk—or Kirk's resemblance to Van Gogh—was so striking. it was easy to see why the waitress had been so petrified. Van Gogh's ghost!

Kirk burst out laughing. and then explained that he wasn't really the ghost of Van Gogh. just an American actor playing him in a movie. Also. would the waitress *please* get him his beer?

Rather suspiciously the waitress served Kirk—gin! "She says," translated Kirk's cafe acquaintance, "that Van Gogh never drank beer. only gin."

"But I'm *not* Van Gogh," said Kirk.

"She's not so sure," the man grinned. "Isn't there some way to convince her?"

"Say *afrekenen.*"

"What's that mean?" asked Kirk.

"Never mind. just say it."

So Kirk said *afrekenen.* The waitress looked aghast. then sighed relief.

"*Afrekenen* means *how much do I owe you?*" the man said. "And everybody in Holland remembers that Van Gogh. like all poor artists, never paid for a drink in his life!"

Kirk finally got his beer!

Kirk's currently in MGM's Lust For Life *and Paramount's* Gunfight At The O.K. Corral. *Watch for him soon in U.A.'s* The Vikings *and* Paths Of Glory.



JEANNE CRAIN LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries – it beautifies

thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!



Cream or Lotion

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS



Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N. Y. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Charlene's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient holds waves best! Protects hair from drying out — leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER



Kim has always loved animals—but why she won't even swat a fly is a fantastic story!

KIM NOVAK and the wounded fly

■ To this day, Kim Novak won't swat a fly!

Now it isn't because she's crazy about animals and things—which she is. In fact, when she was a child her big ambition was to be a vet.

But why Kim won't swat flies is because there was once this fly . . .

She doesn't remember where she found it. Probably in the streets. But there it was, crawling along the ground. It was an ordinary house fly, without any particularly outstanding feature to recommend it. Except that it was wounded.

Its wings were damaged in some way. It couldn't fly, and a non-flying fly was just the thing to arouse Kim's sympathies.

She brought it home. Her house had always been a depot for lost, strayed or neglected animals. Kim had even hand-lettered a sign, *Bring Strays Here*, which for several years decorated one of the front windows, despite her mother's protests.

So the wounded fly became part of the Novak household. She built him a cozy home in a bottle. She stocked the bottle with twigs and leaves for the grounded fly to crawl on, and fed it on sugar and little scraps of food.

It got to be a real pet—or as much of a pet as a fly can ever be. It would crawl on her arm and she'd take it to school in its bottle and let it crawl on her arm to the amusement of some of her classmates, the disgust of others, and the amazement of all.

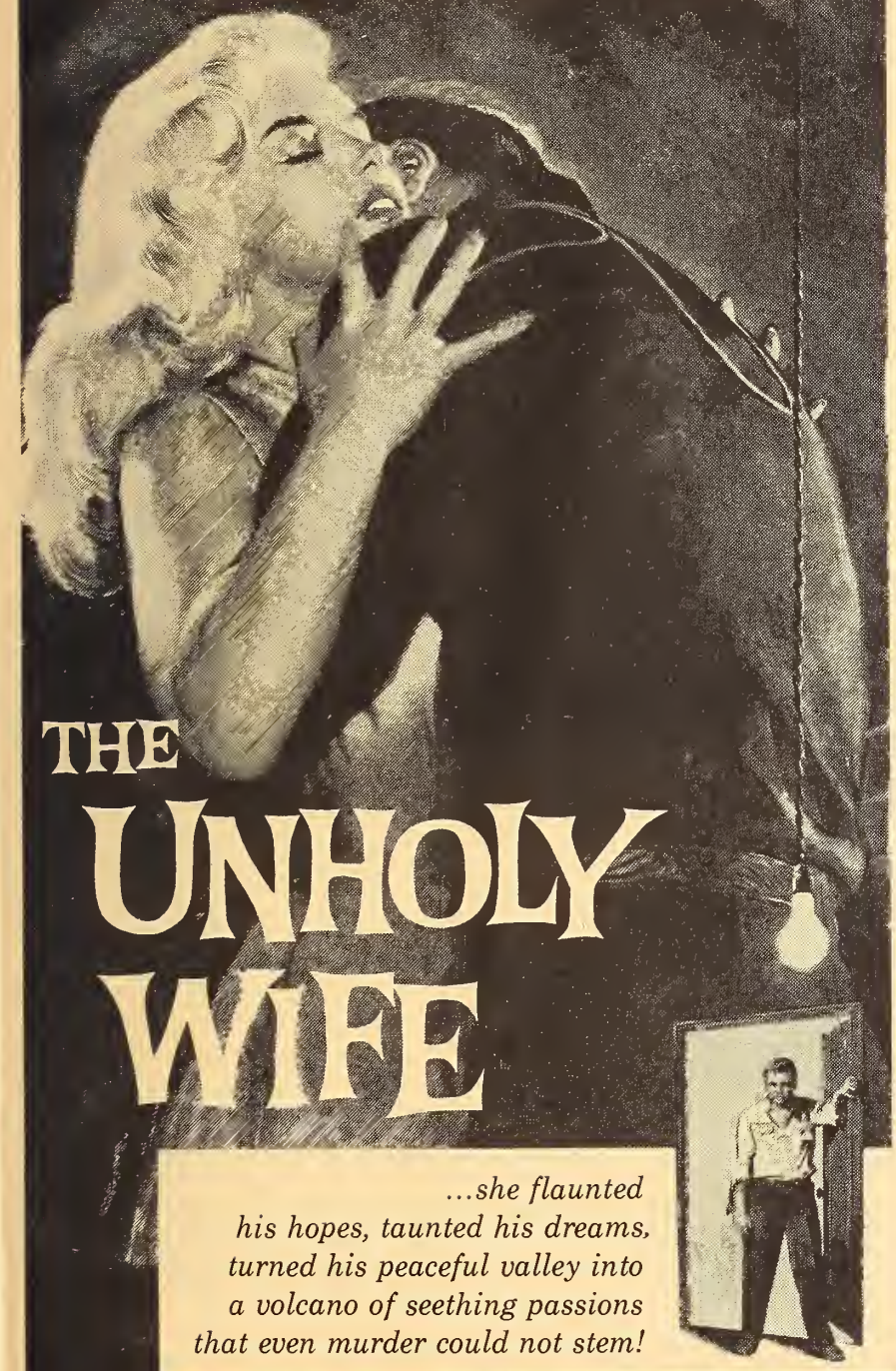
She never named him because "I never named any of my pets," she says. "I don't know why, but that never seemed important to me. He was always *The Fly*, just as the black cat was *The Black Cat* and the brown dog was *The Brown Dog*."

She kept the wounded fly for three or four months, as she remembers it. Then, one morning, she went down to give it some sugar for breakfast and it was dead. She buried it, over by the railroad tracks, and she thinks she shed a tear or two.

And she still won't swat a fly.

Watch for Kim in Columbia's Jeanne Eagels *and* Pal Joey.

HALF-ANGEL.....HALF-DEVIL
she made him HALF-A-MAN!



THE UNHOLY WIFE

...she flaunted
his hopes, taunted his dreams,
turned his peaceful valley into
a volcano of seething passions
that even murder could not stem!

TECHNICOLOR®

starring
DIANA DORS · ROD STEIGER
Co-Starring
TOM TRYON . BEULAH BONDI with MARIE WINDSOR · ARTHUR FRANZ
SCREENPLAY BY JONATHAN LATIMER • PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW
RKO RADIO PICTURES
AN RKO RADIO PICTURE · A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
SEE IT SOON...FOR AN EXCITING NIGHT OUT AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

inside story

(*continued from page 4*)

Q Is it true that **Harry Belafonte** and **Yul Brynner** make up biographies about themselves?
—K.T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
A *They have on occasion.*

Q Who receives more fan mail, **Sal Mineo** or **Bob Wagner?**
—F.F., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
A *At this writing—Mineo.*

Q Is it true that **Gregory Peck's** wife Veronique Passani will have practically nothing to do with friends who knew her in Europe in the old days?
—K.F., NYC
A *That's what the old friends say.*

Q I heard **Robert Mitchum** worked on a chain gang. Is that true?
—B.Y., DURHAM, N.C.
A *He says he did, many years ago.*

Q The WORLD ALMANAC lists **Sophia Loren** as having been born in 1922—is she really thirty-five years old?
—T.R., MADISON, WIS.
A *Sophia is not thirty-five; she's in her early twenties.*

Q Is it true that **Red Skelton** smokes twenty cigars a day?
—N.R., VINCENNES, IND.
A *Skelton chews cigars, never smokes.*

Q How much does Universal get every time it loans out **Rock Hudson**?
—E.L., BANGOR, ME.
A $200,000.

Q Didn't **Ginger Rogers** bounce **de Bergerac** because she's got Walter Troutman of Atlanta on the string?
—M.Y., NEWARK, N.J.
A *No; the age differential proved too great.*

Q Is it true that **Tab Hunter** will go out on the road with an ice show?
—K.R., ROCHESTER, N.Y.
A *Plans are for him to appear late this winter in such a show.*

Q How old is **Ava Gardner**? Can she have any children?
—J.R., RALEIGH, N.C.
A *Ava is thirty-six; can have children.*

Q Isn't **Audrey Hepburn** responsible for **Mel Ferrer's** success as an actor? Why does the press dislike him?
—F.L., URBANA, ILL.
A. *Ferrer has always had a European following. Newsmen at one time felt he was over-protective where Audrey was concerned, but no longer think so.*

Q Will **Natalie Wood** marry **Liz Taylor's** ex, Nicky Hilton? Does Hilton do anything for a living? Why do they call him a playboy?
—F.L., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
A: *Natalie says she and Nicky are "friends." Hilton works for his father.*

Q Isn't **Debbie Reynolds** pregnant again?
—R.P., SANTA FE, N. M.
A. *Debbie and Eddie want a large family but as of this writing, she is not pregnant.*

Q Is **Burt Lancaster** considered a greater lover than **Michael Rennie**?
—F.L., PARIS, KY.
A. *Lancaster is a respectable married*
—T.R., MAD'SON, WIS.

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
The Three Faces Of Eve
A Face In The Crowd
Sweet Smell Of Success
Island In The Sun
Jeanne Eagels

FOR LOVE
Interlude

FOR MUSIC
Loving You

FOR SUSPENSE
House Of Numbers
Decision Against Time
3:10 To Yuma

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Psychiatrist Lee J. Cobb is amazed to see drab Eve White change to a gaudy brash woman who calls herself Eve Black. When a third personality emerges, Cobb realizes he's got an unusual case. Based on actual fact, the film stars Joanne Woodward as all three personalities.

THE THREE FACES OF EVE

Joanne Woodward
Lee J. Cobb
David Wayne
Terry Ann Ross
Edwin Jerome

psychological drama

▪ This is the true story of a woman who had three different personalities. It is based almost entirely on an actual case history recorded by two psychiatrists in Georgia. The result is a fascinating movie that doesn't have to depend on tricks or loud music for effect. Joanne Woodward plays Eve White, a drab southern housewife who comes to doctor Lee J. Cobb's office with her well-meaning but dense husband David Wayne. She complains of violent headaches followed by blackouts and loss of memory. There, in the doctor's presence, one personality is eclipsed by another. Eve White becomes Eve Black, a brash, gaudy extrovert who lives to flirt and have fun. Eve Black knows that Eve White is married, and pities her and her little daughter; she also hates her. Baffled, Cobb takes her as a patient. When her dual personality gets out of hand, she tries to strangle her daughter and she is confined to a hospital. Gradually, a third personality called Jane emerges. Jane is a healthy, vital individual who develops at the expense of the other two—and wins a victory over them. How she wins, the struggle itself and the brilliant acting of Joanne Woodward are things to see!—20TH-FOX.

A FACE IN THE CROWD

Andy Griffith
Patricia Neal
Anthony Franciosa
Lee Remick
Walter Matthau

an idol's rise and fall

▪ Directed by Elia Kazan, this movie of the making and breaking of a TV idol is rich in satire, and absolutely pulverizes the hard and soft sellers of TV commercials. Pat Neal has been emceeing a morning radio program at her uncle's small station out west. One morning she goes to the local jail for local color and finds a sloppy, cantankerous vagrant named Andy Griffith, to whom she guarantees freedom for a song—he accompanies himself on a guitar. That's the beginning. Pretty soon his hillbilly accent, his disrespect for authority and sponsors, his ingratiating TV manner snowball him to fame. His audience is in the millions, his power is unchallenged and he moves into politics rudely jockeying a staid Senator into Presidential position. Naturally, off TV Griffith is an egomaniac who chases women, sneers at the hands that feed him and has great contempt for his public. Pat Neal can't seem to stop loving him, though—until the day she is more terrified by his influence than by the loss of his company. In smaller parts, Walter Matthau, Anthony Franciosa and Lee Remick are fine, but everyone is overshadowed by Griffith. The movie suffers by this, but it's a small complaint.—WARNERS.

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

Burt Lancaster
Tony Curtis
Marty Milner
Susan Harrison
Emile Meyer

sordid side of publicity

▪ "Here's mud in your gossip column," says hat-check girl Barbara Nichols to columnist David White, under circumstances that I would blush to mention. How mud is mixed, carried and smeared through gossip columns is the main line of this movie, which plays up the personalities of two stupendous heels—Burt Lancaster, a powerful and sadistic N.Y. columnist, and Tony Curtis, a weasel of a Broadway press agent who would sell his mother for a "mention." As it is, he works feverishly to destroy the reputation of idealistic and talented guitarist Marty Milner, who has the bad luck to be in love with Lancaster's pretty (*Continued on page 22*)

Rinses twice as clean!

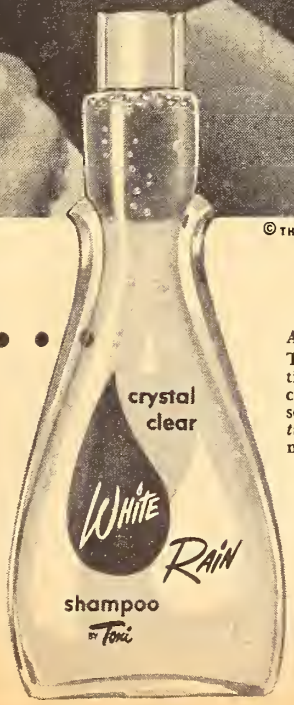


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It's crystal-clear..

the first and only crystal-clear liquid shampoo!

The difference is *clear!* It's new, pure, that's why it rinses twice as clean as any other leading shampoo. No thick, hard-to-rinse oils. No artificial color. Nothing but rich, crystal-clear WHITE RAIN . . . shining with a thousand sparkling bubbles . . . to leave your hair gloriously clean . . . freshly laced with sunshine. Try it tonight!



Also available— The *original* lotion shampoo . . . creamy-rich and so gentle. *Three times milder* than most shampoos.



NEW! CRYSTAL-CLEAR *White Rain* LIQUID SHAMPOO



A FACE IN THE CROWD



SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS



ISLAND IN THE SUN

little sister, Susan Harrison. Susan is pure and sweet, and her possessive brother Burt reduces her to gelatin at will. Curtis does Lancaster's dirty work: he plants a blind item that Marty is a Red and a narcotics addict; he plants marijuana in Marty's pocket and calls upon greasy cop Emile Meyer to arrest him. All this on the promise of taking over Burt's column while he's on vacation. Here's the world of double-cross, cynical amorality, crowded night-spots and celebrity-making. It's very naughty.—UNITED ARTISTS.

ISLAND IN THE SUN

Harry Belafonte
Joan Fontaine
Dorothy Dandridge
James Mason
Joan Collins
Patricia Owens
Michael Rennie
John Justin

racial conflict and love

▪ The setting is a beautiful island in the British West Indies; the theme is color. James Mason and Joan Collins are children of a respected old family. Harry Belafonte and Dorothy Dandridge are children of the people who are waking up to their rights to equality and self-rule. Belafonte is their aggressive, passionate leader. James Mason strides through the film like an angry lord until he discovers that he's not completely white himself. This is only part of his problem; the other part is his insane jealousy of wife Patricia Owens, which leads him to murder Michael Rennie. Joan Collins is engaged to young nobleman Stephen Boyd, but discovery of *her* mixed blood throws her into tremendous conflict. Dorothy Dandridge rather level-headedly takes up with pure white John Justin, and Belafonte forms a pained alliance with Joan Fontaine. The complicated plots and politics unfold against beautiful scenery, and Harry even sings a couple of enchanting songs. And the question of inter-racial love, although it is treated slickly, is out in the open, which is saying a lot for the movie.—CinemaScope, 20TH-FOX.

LOVING YOU

Elvis Presley
Lizabeth Scott
Wendell Corey
Dolores Hart
James Gleason

Elvis!

▪ It's Elvis, girls. Need I say more? Ambitious press agent Liz Scott finds him working a beer route in the farm country. He's an orphan boy. She's the ex-wife of Wendell Corey, who's struggling to go places with a cowboy band and vocalist Dolores Hart. Liz signs up Elvis, who has this chaotic effect on teenagers the very first time he breaks a guitar string singing. In a couple of months he's headlining the show. The only problem is to keep him happy. He doesn't want fame, fortune, crazy publicity; he wants to be down on the farm with friends. *I'll be your friend,* says Liz, sealing the pledge with a kiss—she's already sealed a fifty-fifty deal on his career. Comes the time when all the mothers of Freegate, Texas, march on the mayor's office in protest against Elvis. Elvis runs out on a big TV broadcast because 1) he doesn't want mothers to hate him 2) he finds out that Liz isn't sincere 3) he wants to be down on the farm. What's he going to do? What's Liz going to do? What is Dolores Hart, who came up from the farm to see Elvis, going to do? I'll tell you what Elvis does: he sings a lot of songs in his inimitable way and works his magic.—VistaVision, PARAMOUNT.

INTERLUDE

June Allyson
Rossano Brazzi
Keith Andes
Marianne Cook
Francoise Rosay

romance abroad

▪ Take June Allyson, an American girl with the glow of apple pie in her eyes, who turns up in Munich seeking fulfillment. Take Rossano Brazzi, a famous conductor with the fever of despair on his brow: his wife, Marianne Cook, has made it tough for him by losing her mind. Put them both together and you have *Interlude,* a romance destined to lead nowhere. But, oh, the adventure and the poignancy of it all. Allyson standing in the wings as Brazzi twirls a baton; Allyson and Brazzi zipping over Germany in a red sports car; Allyson and Brazzi breaking open a picnic basket on the grass; Allyson and Brazzi caught in a thunderstorm. Oh, oh! Allyson and Brazzi spending the night together. You think he proposes? Well, he'd like to propose, but he's got this wife cutting up like crazy on her aunt's estate. A wise young American doctor, Keith Andes, waits patiently by to pick up the pieces of Allyson. After what *she* did, it's a mercy anyone as fine and true as Keith can love her. CinemaScope.—UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

HOUSE OF NUMBERS

Jack Palance
Barbara Lang
Harold Stone

over the prison wall

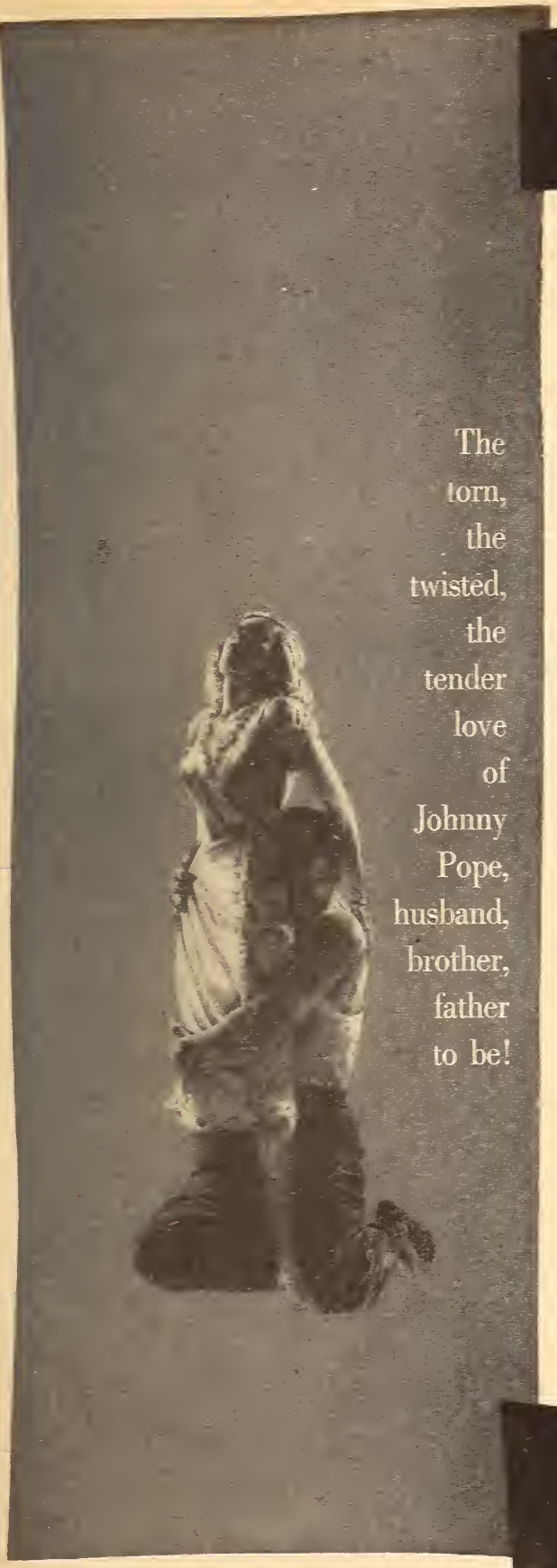
▪ Jack Palance has a kid brother, also played by Jack Palance, who is serving time for murder. Kid brother makes things worse by tossing a prison guard over a rail to a concrete floor three tiers down. But big brother Jack is loyal to the kid, and with the help of the kid's wife, gorgeous Barbara Lang, who Jack thinks is responsible for it all, plans a most ingenious scheme to save the kid from justice. He and Barbara rent a house in view of the prison and study its operations through binoculars, until one dark night when Jack slips over the prison wall to take his brother's place. Brother, meanwhile, digs himself a hole to hide in until escape is effected. It's tense and unusual entertainment.—MGM.

JEANNE EAGELS

Kim Novak
Jeff Chandler
Charles Drake
Agnes Moorehead
Virginia Grey

beautiful, but damned

▪ Jeanne Eagels (Kim Novak) was a famous actress in the 'twenties, but don't rely too heavily on this film for biographical accuracy. This film, as it says in the cast sheet, is based on fact and fiction. But anyway, Kim starts climbing in a traveling circus owned by Jeff Chandler, who is later to become the czar of Coney Island. He keeps saying *let's get married and have kids,* and a glazed tortured look comes into her eyes. *Later,* she says. Meanwhile she takes herself to drama coach Agnes Moorehead; steals a role from ex-star Virginia Grey, who is trying desperately for a comeback, and reaches the heights in *Rain.* Then she marries hard-drinking ex-football star Charles Drake, whom she divorces after a five-year drinking bout in New York and Hollywood. Chandler pops up now and then to try and save her, but a glazed, tortured look always comes into her eyes. Now that she's famous she's really miserable, and takes dope to hold herself together. It's a highly dramatic saga, *(Continued on page 24)*



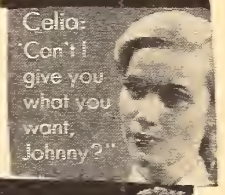
The torn, the twisted, the tender love of Johnny Pope, husband, brother, father to be!

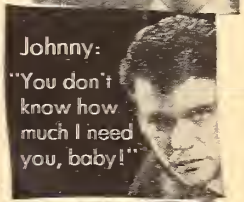
20th Century-Fox presents

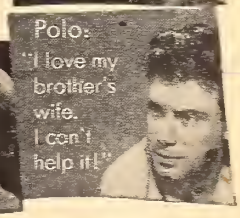
A HATEFUL OF RAIN

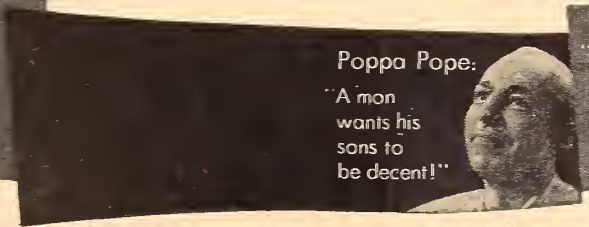
CINEMASCOPE

The Motion Picture that crosses a new boundary in screen entertainment!









STARRING

Eva Marie SAINT / Don MURRAY / Anthony FRANCIOSA / Lloyd NOLAN

PRODUCED BY BUDDY ADLER / DIRECTED BY FRED ZINNEMANN / SCREENPLAY BY MICHAEL VINCENTE GAZZO and ALFRED HAYES

Based on the Play by Michael Vincente Gazzo • As Produced on the Broadway Stage by Jay Julien

movie previews (Continued from page 22)

all right, and Kim Novak's all right, but the movie won't cheer you up on a rainy Sunday.—COLUMBIA.

DECISION AGAINST TIME

crash landing

Jack Hawkins
Elizabeth Sellars
Jeremy Bodkin
Gerard Lohan
Walter Fitzgerald

▪ Jack Hawkins, a reserved and extremely sensitive Englishman, is test-pilot for a shoestring aircraft company whose very existence depends on the sale of a certain cargo plane. Jack takes the prospective buyers on a test flight and a wing catches fire. Everybody bails out but Jack. He's told to bail out, but it occurs to him that he can bring the plane down. Even if he can't, even if he himself goes up in flames, he knows he must try. He spends twenty-five gruelling minutes in the air. Down on the ground and unaware of his danger is his wife Elizabeth Sellars. She's depressed because Jack is discouraged about his future, and the fact that he can't afford a house they want. Pitted against these trivial cares is the true heroism Hawkins displays in the crisis. It's a well-made, absorbing film.—MGM.

3:10 TO YUMA

the measure of two men

Glenn Ford
Van Heflin
Felicia Farr
Leora Dana
Henry Jones

▪ Glenn Ford's a bad man who robs a stagecoach with a gang. Van Heflin's a tired man. There hasn't been any rain and it looks like all the cattle on his Arizona ranch are going to die. It's because of money that Heflin agrees to escort Glenn Ford to the 3:10 train to Yuma—and justice. Ford has been brazenly hanging around town and is easily captured. He's never stayed captured, though, because of indifference and the fact that he's protected by a gang of gun slingers. So escorting Ford to Yuma is rather a hazardous undertaking. There is also the matter of temptation. *Let me go,* says Ford, *and I'll make you a rich man. Besides, if you don't let me go, your wife (Leora Dana) and the kids will have a corpse on their hands.* There's that, but there's also the innate nobility of Heflin. Plenty of action and suspense.—COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL (Warner Bros.) Sir Laurence Olivier, Regent of Carpathia, meets American cborine Marilyn Monroe in London. He invites her to the Embassy, tries wooing her—only to have her laugh at his clumsy advances, She tells him what she expects of a Prince (soft lights, music, perfume) and love wins out. This enchanting movie also stars Dame Sybil Thorndike.

BERNARDINE (20th-Fox): It's Pat Boone's first film and be's in trouble. Terry Moore comes to town and Pat's friend, Richard Sargent, falls in love with her. Since Richard must study for exams, Pat calls in his brother, Air Force Lieutenant James Drury, to pinch-hit, but tbe two fall in love and Pat's accused of betrayal. Starring Janet Gaynor.

MAN ON FIRE (MGM): Bing Crosby bas custody of his son and rarely lets his ex-wife (Mary Fickett) see the boy. Bing's lawyer (E. G. Marshall) and his law assistant (Inger Stevens) lose when the judge awards full custody to Mary. Croshy abuses bis privileges, takes the boy to Europe. Meanwbile Inger falls in love with Bing but he doesn't notice.

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON (Allied Artists): Maurice Chevalier is a private detective. He bas a daughter (Audrey Hepburn) who's always snnooping into his files. Gary Cooper is nearly shot by Chevalier' client and Audrey runs to warn him. Gary's amaze at her total recall of his past and *her* romanti history. Wbat can come of tbis romance? Plenty

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I READ: ☐ all of **HOW HE PROPOSED** ☐ part ☐ none **IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE VENETIA STEVENSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE TONY PERKINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say

I LIKE RUSS TAMBLYN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE JOHN SAXON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE AUDIE MURPHY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ All of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JANE WYMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE DEAN STOCKWELL:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE JUNE ALLYSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE TERRY MOORE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ
☐ all of **Louella Parsons in Hollywood** ☐ part ☐ none

16. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE
(2)_____ MALE
(3)_____ MALE

(1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN POLL PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE

Gerry Fitzgerald, Queens Village, New York; Florence McGill, North Hollywood, California; Sally Roberts, Pasadena, Texas; Josephine Burley, Azusa, California; Sally Noyes, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Melodie Yoell, Corte Madera, California; Pat De Angelis, Revere, Mass.; Margery Snyder, Beaver, Pa.; Carmen G. Hudson, Fort Worth, Texas; Raymond Crecron, Thetford-Mines, Quebec, Canada.

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON THE TURKEY?



Most anybody can add, but can you add correctly? The reason people like number puzzles is because they are fascinating. Fun right in your own home, and CASH REWARDS for the WINNERS.

$6360.00 IN CASH PRIZES

(NOW ON DEPOSIT)

FIRST PRIZE $2,000 including $500 bonus for promptness (see rule 2)

Second Prize	$1000.00	9th to 13th Prize, each....	$100.00
Third Prize	$500.00	14th to 18th Prize, each...	$50.00
Fourth Prize	$350.00	19th to 44th Prize, each...	$25.00
5th to 8th Prize, each....	$200.00	45th to 75th Prize, each...	$10.00

—HERE ARE THE CONTEST RULES—

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Turkey and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23", etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. In real life of course a Turkey has no feathers on the beak, legs and feet but for the purposes of this puzzle all of the figures in the drawing should be added. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. **Cbecks and Money Orders sbould be made payable to 'SCHOLARSHIPS, INC.' Send casb if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.**

2. First prize is $1,500. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize $2000. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. **Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn.** A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly.

4. This contest is confined to persons living in the United States, its territories and possessions including Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, Guam, Canal Zone, Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc., their advertising agency and members of their Immedlate families are ineligible.

5. Entries will be accepted from July 1 to October 10, 1957. Entries postmarked October 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Turkey Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's positlon In the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permlssible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together, and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

C. L. KITTLE, Manager

Here is a contest soon over and soon paid off. The rules are simple and complete. It's entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a game of skill. We print tbe winning answer with the name and address of the winner, in fact we send every tiebreaker contestant (winner or not) the names and scores of all 75 winners. A pencil is the only tool required and you start on an equal basis witb everyone else. No pictures to identify, no statements to write. If you have never taken part in a number puzzle contest why not give it a try. Give yourself a fair chance to succeed. Tbis may be the hobby you have been looking for. Operated by a non-profit corporation required by its charter to devote receipts in excess of prizes, advertising and legitimate operating expenses to nurses training, cbild welfare and otber tax exempt charitable purposes.



Miss Jo Ann C. Vogel is one of 52 nurses in training at nearby hospitals under our scholarships, and writes: "I would like to take this opportunity to express my gratitude to Scholarships, Inc., for they made it possible for me to become a nurse."

Mail to SCHOLARSHIPS, INC., Box 241, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

There are.....feathers on the Turkey.

Type your name and address if possible. If not print by hand.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Donations mailed before **SEPTEMBER 10, 1957**, qualify for Promptness Bonus.

Trundle Bundle

BABY'S SAFEST SLEEPING GARMENT!

SCREEN STAR...

Jane Powell (Mrs. Patrick Nerney) and her lovely daughter, Lindsey Averill, are shown below. Jane Powell is now appearing in "The Girl Most Likely".

Better stores everywhere will feature Trundle Bundle, the original bag-type sleeping garment for babies. Five lovely fabrics . . . four models for baby from infancy through 6 years. Write for name of store nearest you.

TRUNDLE BUNDLE PRODUCTS CO.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

DULUTH 2, MINNESOTA



Gown and peignoir by Vanity Fair.



Trundle Bundle
BABY'S SAFEST SLEEPING GARMENT!



AVA plays for high 'steaks'

■ Did you ever eat a steak costing $216.24? No? Well, Ava Gardner did!

On arriving in Mexico last month, Ava stopped over in the capital for two days before she set out for the small colonial town of Morelia where she was going to film the last scenes of *The Sun Also Rises*.

The second night in Mexico City, director Henry King invited her for dinner at El Afro, a swank supper club. Ava asked for the speciality of the house. Told it was a kind of pepper steak, Ava—a gal who'll try anything once—immediately ordered it. "If only she hadn't!" sighed King later on.

What happened was that, once in Morelia, Ava just couldn't get the memory of that pepper steak out of her mind, that's how delicious it was. Unfortunately, none of the cooks at her Morelia estate, rented by the studio for Ava's private use, knew the recipe!

But Ava wanted pepper steak.

And when Ava wants something, she wants it—and fast! No pepper steak? No movie!

Henry King was frantic. Work was being delayed. A two-and-a-half million dollar production was being held up because of a steak!

So Henry King put through a rush call to the Mexico City restaurant.

"Look," he said, "do you remember the pepper steak Miss Gardner had at your place a couple of nights ago?"

"Of course, Señor King," replied the proud manager.

"Well, she wants another one. Can you send it out here to Morelia?"

"Of course. For what day do you want it?"

"What *day*? Now! Right away! Otherwise we can't go on with the shooting!"

"B-but," stammered the suddenly embarrassed restaurateur. "Morelia is hundreds of miles away. I'll have to pack the meat in ice, and then the car will take at least six or seven hours to get there."

"Car? What car?" spluttered Ava's director. "Send it by plane!"

"But Señor, there is no airline that flies to Morelia from Mexico City."

"Then charter a plane!"

"Yes *sir!* Naturally, somebody there knows how to prepare pepper steak?"

"No, nobody."

"Then should I send one of our chefs along? That will cost extra, but—"

"I don't care anymore *what* it costs. Just get a pepper steak over here!" shouted King.

Less than two hours later, a specially chartered DC-3 landed at a small Morelia airfield. Even before the propellers had stopped turning, the chef with his precious cargo of pepper steak was rushed to her house. Moments later, Ava's dinner was ready and she consented to continue filming. Here's the breakdown on this little caper:

One pepper steak:	25 pesos
One phone call to Mexico City:	90 pesos
To charter the plane:	2,388 pesos
The chef's salary:	200 pesos
Total:	2,703 pesos

And that comes to 216 good American dollars plus twenty-four cents!

Ava can currently be seen in MGM's The Little Hut. *Watch for her soon in 20th Century-Fox's* The Sun Also Rises.



WHO GETS TOP BILLING?

■ His name is Rick Jason and he's married to a gal who's a writer, Aria Allen.

They've just walked into a party, and if you happen to be getting an intro you might be a little startled to hear your hostess introduce them by saying, "This is Rick Jason, and Aria Allen—Rick's wife."

No *Mr. and Mrs. Rick Jason* or *Rick and Aria Jason*—not ever!

How come? "It's simple," Rick will tell you. "I just never introduce Aria as Mrs. Jason because she's Aria *Allen*—my wife. She's a writer by profession. And she's an individual; she should be introduced by *her* name, not the one she took when she married me."

People at that party might be surprised, might think it's most unusual and talk about it for days. But all of the Jasons'—oops, the Allen-Jason—friends and associates know about it and they're not surprised at all.

"We also have two telephone listings," Rick will tell you, "and two names on our mailbox. Everything works out very nicely and not too many people get confused. But the only real trouble we've ever had," and here a big frown comes to Rick's face, "is with motel registers."

And here's where top billing comes in.

When Rick and Aria travel and stay at a hotel or motel, they sign in just the way they're introduced to people—Rick Jason and Aria Allen.

Sometimes Rick gets top billing; other times Aria gets top billing. Then the hotel register looks like this—Aria Allen-Rick Jason.

They usually get surprised looks but no comment.

That is, until one day when they were driving cross-country. They signed the motel register as usual—"I had top billing that day," Rick says. "Some fuddy-duddy behind the desk gives us a peculiar look, and says, 'Sorry.'

"'Whaddya mean *Sorry*,' I ask him—we were beat!

"'You gotta be married,' he says.

"'We *are* married.' I say to him.

"'You sure?' he asks me.

"'You want a lawsuit?' I ask him, and that was that!"

Rick is currently in 20th Century-Fox's The Wayward Bus.



Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean*.




BREAKS THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN BARRIER!
No man can pay the price for what this woman offers!
Love that knows no boundaries... passion that explodes a cold war into a jet-hot battle of the sexes!
HOWARD HUGHES'
JET PILOT
Starring
JOHN WAYNE · JANET LEIGH
AND THE
U.S. AIR FORCE
with JAY C. FLIPPEN · PAUL FIX · HANS CONRIED
TECHNICOLOR®
RKO RADIO PICTURE
Released by UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL®
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG • Written and Produced by JULES FURTHMAN

a modern screen exclusive

will you marry me?

—the question that changes our lives—

On the next four pages, Modern Screen tells you what happened when this question was asked and answered by Marty and Doris, Pat and Shirley, Rory and Lita, Don and Hope, Charlton and Lydia, Vic and Pier, Guy and Sheilah, and Bill and Brenda...

→

how he proposed



CHARLTON HESTON

■ It was in college that Lydia Clarke met Chuck Heston. They were both students in the same drama class.

"I wanted to be an actress," said Lydia Clarke. "In my life, I had decided, there'd be no time for love, flirtations or the petty frivolities of young womanhood." But that didn't mean she'd never date, of course—particularly once Chuck came along. And one date resulted in another, and another and another. . .

Many times during their college years, Lydia told Chuck she intended to forget about love and marriage and dedicate the next part of her life to a career. But somehow, Chuck proposed often. Just as often, she refused.

Then the war came and Chuck joined the Army. "It was when he left my life that I realized—not how much I loved him, but how necessary loving him was to *my* happiness," Lydia says today.

It wasn't long before the letter came, the letter from a camp in Greensboro, North Carolina—a long letter full of love.

How wonderful that he loves me! she thought. *Why is it so important?* she asked herself. And then her heart answered for her—*Because you love him*, it whispered.

"I didn't wait to write a reply to Chuck," she'll tell you, "I went to the nearest telegraph office and after nearly an hour of concentrated thought, I wired him—

I HAVE DECIDED TO ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL.

"I remember the woman who took the wire and counted the words looked up at me with a big smile. 'You must be very happy,' she said. 'But—wouldn't you like to end I *love you?* It won't cost you any more,' she said to me, so gently. That's when I realized how stiff and unromantic my wire seemed to her. But Chuck understood."



WILLIAM HOLDEN

■ The first time Bill Holden asked Brenda Marshall marry him, they were riding in Bill's convertible unde full moon that was unreal with beauty. Well, the mc was a little too full, the night was a little too fragrant a Bill was a little too close for a girl to be sure that was the right answer.

A few days later they were splashing their way dov the length of a swimming pool under the hot sun. Ar Bill, between gulps of air, asked Brenda again. This tin her answer was a very watery, "I'll have to think it over

A week later, during a badminton game, Bill aske her again. She lost the game thinking about it so hard.

And so it went, month after month until finally on evening Bill said, "You know I've been asking you t marry me for nearly a year and a half."

Brenda was startled. "Oh, Bill! Has it been that long?"

He nodded his head sadly. "But I'm going to keep asking for another year. If you don't say *yes* by then, I'll give up."

"Would you really give up, Bill?"

He said he would.

She thought about that for a moment, then said—concealing a smile, "I guess I'd better say *yes* right now and save a lot of time—for both of us."

"Now," says Brenda, "every once in a while I ask Bill if he really would have given up."

He gives her a slow grin and asks, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

She *would*, too!



RORY CALHOUN

■ He first set eyes on her in 1943, and he never got over the sight. He was a logger then, and she was a night-club entertainer. He didn't even shake her hand, but the vision of her—dark-haired, white-gowned, smiling—warmed him through a hundred winter nights that followed after.

By 1947, he was in Hollywood, a movie star. He went out dancing, and he found her again, the dark one with the smile. She had her own band now. Across his date's head he studied her, and his heart sang. "This is it," he told himself, "and isn't it a wonder!"

For six weeks he haunted the club where she worked, never speaking to her. First he took different dates along every night. Finally he grew brave, and went alone. He wangled an introduction. He offered her champagne. He didn't care anything about champagne, but he'd heard it made a marvelous impression. She was impressed—not by the wine, but by Rory. "He was funny, he was sweet, he had the grayest eyes," she says, "and he showed me a new world." She'd spent her whole life in the murkiness of studios—dance studios, singing studios—and working in hot, smoky clubs. Rory took her out into the cool green woods, to watch the deer and breathe in the air's sweetness. He taught her his love for nature. And she brought him true tenderness. Faced with the story of his boyhood, his days in prison, his mixed-up beginnings, she was not shocked. She only wanted to help him put his past away and move toward his future.

1948 arrived. They'd been seeing each other steadily, yet nothing was settled between them. Lita's a shy girl, but it was Leap Year.

One night she faced Rory squarely. "Where is all this leading to?" she asked.

Rory gulped, and made his formal answer, right out of the pages of a book: "to matrimony," he said, his voice shaking.

"Good," said his love, "now ask my father."

"But I'm not marrying your father!"

"But it's an old Spanish custom."

So Rory asked her father for Lita's hand in marriage.

How did Rory propose? Guess you might say Rory proposed to Lita's pop!



PAT BOONE

■ It was one of those puppy-love affairs—two kids meeting in high school. That's what everybody thought, even the other high school kids; no one thought Pat Boone and Shirley Foley would last, except Pat and Shirley! When he twisted his knee playing basketball, it was she who cried. When he was named Nashville's *Discovery of the Year*, it was straight to Shirley he ran, and hugged her right out in front of all those people. They went steady for ten months before he ever kissed her, yet that one kiss told them all they needed to know.

Of marriage they spoke first to each other, then to their families. The families were sweet, but amused. Shirley's father, the famous country singer Red Foley, put into words what everybody else was thinking, "There are years ahead, years and years. You talk like there's no tomorrow." Pat's mother, equally fearful about young love, said her son might have her consent, but "in due time."

Pat and Shirley turned seventeen, and finished high school. Shirley started studying to be a nurse. Pat went to college, and his popularity as a singer grew. He had a radio show; he'd been invited to New York. Afraid of being separated, Pat and Shirley went to their parents again. This time the older people asked the kids to stop seeing each other. "They thought we'd grow out of love, and forget—"

But of course they couldn't forget each other. So they met in secret, miserable about sneaking around but unable to stay apart. One night she met him in an ice cream parlor "in a part of town where not too many people knew us," Pat explains. Shirley was crying. "My Daddy's got an offer to take a singing job in Springfield, Missouri," she sobbed. "We're moving, and I'll never see you again, Pat, I'll never see you again."

He led her out of the ice cream parlor, into the street. He put his arms around her. "You know what we're going to do?" he said. "Tomorrow, we're getting married—we're going to elope—"

And that's just what they did.

continued on next page

how he proposed

continued



GUY MADISON

■ He'd known her about thirty minutes when he got fresh—at least it looked that way to her. She was hiccuping, and he volunteered to stop them. "A good long kiss," he said. "That'll fix 'em every time."

Sheilah gasped. "Don't you dare."

Madison was pleased as punch. "See, the hiccups are gone," he said. "You can cure them by startling a person." He thought a minute. "But I've never tried it before."

Later that night Guy told a friend that Sheilah was the girl he wanted to marry, but he didn't tell Sheilah herself for a long, long time. He was still involved in the problems of his separation from Gail Russell. It wasn't until Gail filed for divorce that Guy felt free to call Sheilah.

Guy and Sheilah began to see each other every day. He discovered she was a good horsewoman; he taught her to shoot with a bow and arrow. He never lit her engagement finger with a diamond ring, but he lit her eyes up so brightly the whole world could look at them and see a girl in love.

Then, suddenly, they were faced with separation. Guy was to go to Reno for three weeks' location on *Five Against The House*, and after that straight off to Mexico and *The Beast From Hollow Mountain*. It would be months before he and Sheilah would meet again. They were driving to the beach as he told her, and suddenly he stopped the car.

"I can't stand it," he said. "I can't be away from you all that time. We're going to have to get married." She loved the commanding way he said that. She loved the way his arms felt strong around her. "Let's go to Mexico where nobody knows me and we can be all by ourselves." He looked at her longingly. "Right away," he said.

Sheilah hugged him tightly. "I'm with you, Guy," she said. And she's still saying it.



MARTY MELCHER

■ "He was my agent," said Doris. "It seems like I've always known him." They claim a certain dining room table is their engagement ring, because they found it together and thought of buying it for a mutual home long before either mentioned matrimony. Even when he was only her agent, she depended on him for all sorts of advice. Let a fuse blow, or a field mouse appear, and she was on the phone calling for help. Often they had dinner together to talk over a thousand details about money and contracts. But whenever a columnist called to inquire, Melcher and Day denied romance. "Strictly business," they said. "Strictly, strictly business." And if, after a long business dinner, weary of facts and figures, agent and client should agree to relax at an early movie, who was there to think it a bit peculiar? And if, during such an early movie, a hand crept into another hand, well, doesn't everybody hold hands in the movies? Hand-holding, of course, can lead to good-night kisses, which begin to strain the agent-client relationship just the littlest bit, but still Doris wasn't absolutely positive that Marty was *the* man.

One afternoon when Marty had come to lunch, he commented on how good the coffee was. Terry, Doris' son, looked up at Marty and said, "My mother cooks lots of good things. Why don't you eat with us all the time? You'd find out." So Marty did.

Then Marty and Doris' mother became good friends. Finally the family doctor got in on the act. "Just the kind of man Dodo ought to marry," he said. "Doctor's orders!"

But Doris didn't follow the doctor's orders. "It was really Terry who decided us," she says. It was on a certain Christmas. . . At the end of the day, Doris' mother got up to take Terry to bed. Before Terry left his mother and Marty, he spoke. "Thanks for everything," he said. "It's nice to have a family at Christmas—"

After he'd gone, Doris and Marty sat staring at the dying fire. Finally Marty spoke. "Let's see he always has a nice Christmas."

By traditional standards, that was no proposal, but Doris knew her man's intentions from that moment on.



VIC DAMONE

■ In 1952, Pier Angeli was in Munich making a film. One night Vic Damone called Pier. Wouldn't she like to come out to an Army show, he wanted to know. He was a Private 1st Class; he was stationed there.

She cut him short: "I have to go to work early. And my mother is with me."

"I'll be around for both of you," Damone said.

It turned out to be a wonderful show. Vic sang "September Song" and dedicated it to Pier. Pier blushed; it was the beginning of romance.

For two months, Pier and Vic saw each other every night. The eve of the day she was to come back to the States, Damone put his heart in her hands. "Marry me," he said. It scared her. Twenty years old, she was, but a sheltered twenty. Maybe he wasn't serious, maybe Mama would get angry—and anyhow, what did she know about love? She knew Vic's eyes were brown, his voice was warm, his hands were gentle—but love was for grownups, was forever, and Pier wasn't ready.

Pier came home unpledged. She came home more alive in some ways—and more vulnerable. And she got hurt. There was a romance with Kirk Douglas, a romance with Jimmy Dean. Perhaps the Douglas affair was just an infatuation and maybe she and Jimmy really weren't suited to each other. But it was a much more grown-up Pier that Vic met months later at MGM. Vic had just got out of the army. "Let's go across the street and have a glass of champagne," he said.

They went across the street. Crazily, the juke box was playing "September Song." She drifted into his arms.

"I still mean it," he said. "Let's get married."

"It's the champagne," she said.

"I haven't touched it," he said.

Suddenly she was trembling. "You haven't been out with me in a year—"

"Marry me," he said, "marry me." He pressed her closely to him.

Maybe, she thought, *maybe I've always loved you . . .*



DON MURRAY

■ He was in *The Rose Tattoo* on Broadway, and she was still going to junior college, when Don Murray started talking marriage to Hope Lange. "I'm too young," she said. "I'll wait," he said.

His play went on tour, and he wrote to her from every town he hit. She hardly ever answered. He was undismayed.

Drafted into the army in 1952, he admitted to being a conscientious objector, spent two years in European refugee camps doing social work. He came home, according to Hope, "thin as a rail," but unchanged. He'd had pneumonia; he didn't own a civilian suit; he didn't know where his next job was coming from, yet his conversation picked up exactly where it had left off two years earlier. What did he want? To get married. "I don't want to settle down," said Hope. He threatened never to ask her again! Occasionally they parted forever. Then he'd start worrying, of course, he didn't really want her if she didn't want him—but there she was living on the ground floor, and shouldn't somebody go put bars on the windows? He visited her, suggested this precaution, and fell in love all over again. She was the only girl in the world for him.

A play called *The Hot Corner* had a place for him, and he got Hope a part as an understudy. It flopped out of town, and Don and Hope came back to New York.

It was February, 1955. "Hey," said Don, as if it were a brand-new thought, "don't you think it's about time we got married?"

"Maybe," said Hope.

He didn't believe his ears. After five years, the first sign of weakness. He talked until four o'clock in the morning. Her eyes were heavy, her resistance low. "All right," she said finally.

"All right what?"

"All right I'll marry you." So it was over at last.

She blames it all on Don's "persistence." Still, no one's ever heard her complain.





? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

by CLAIRE WILLIAMS

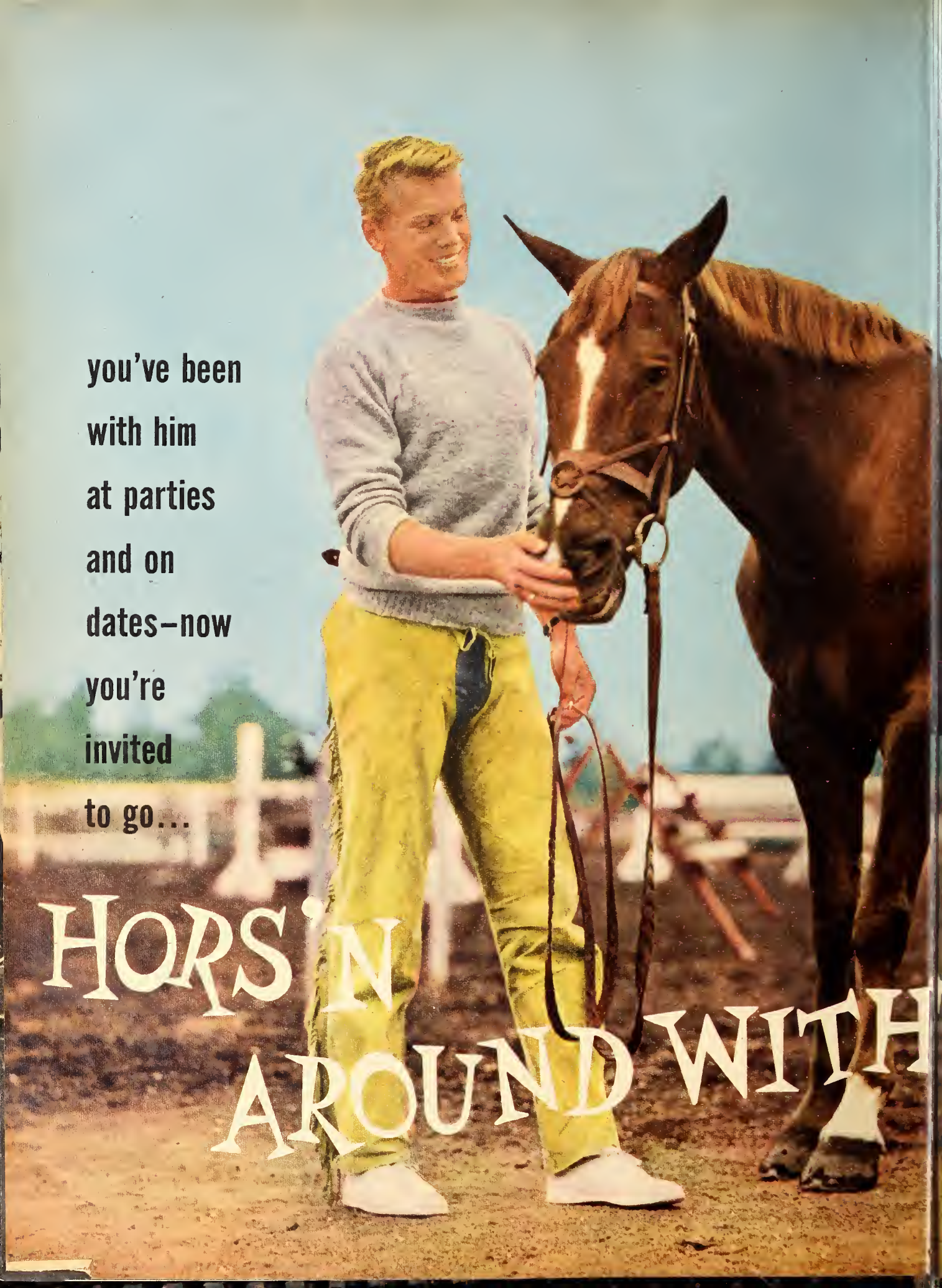
■ What *could* be wrong—you may think—with a picture of two kids out shopping for an automobile? He's handsome, she's beautiful—and the sun's shining.

But there *is* something wrong with the picture . . . there's something left out of it. The handsome boy is Tony Perkins; the beautiful girl is Venetia Stevenson. Only there's a missing third party who really should be there to make the picture complete—because Tony and Venetia are part of a triangle and all three of these people—Tony, Venetia and Russ Tamblyn—are in trouble. Bad trouble.

What kind of trouble? Take Tony first. At twenty-four, he hit the big-time with a crash. From nowhere, he skyrocketed to fame. "I left New York a failure," Tony says, "no girl, no car, no nothing." Now, only two years later, fifteen million dollars is invested in seven Perkins films.

Tony had wanted success as badly as anybody can want *anything*. He's known the taste of despair—"I was once dropped by a studio," he says. Yet, at twenty-five, he's already said, "Success isn't all I thought it would be. It's a little sad, a little disillusioning." And his eyes gaze into the distance with a deeply hurt look.

Take Venetia next. At seventeen she was a bride so romantic that she wept through her wedding ceremony—and vowed she'd never take her wedding ring off. "I'll cover it with (*Continued on page 91*)

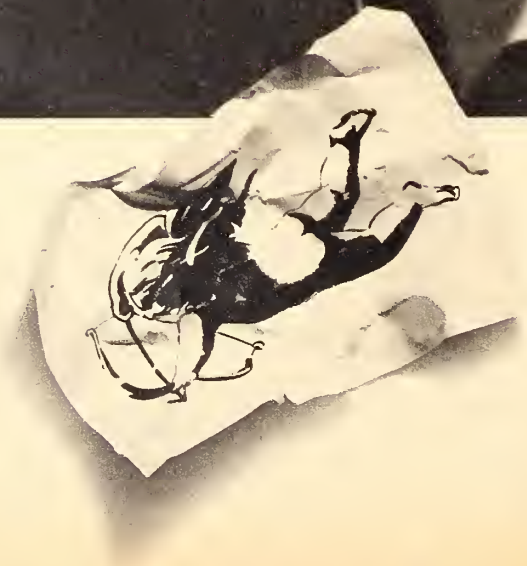

you've been
with him
at parties
and on
dates–now
you're
invited
to go...
HORS'N AROUND WITH



■ It's a bright and sunny Saturday afternoon, when suddenly over the loudspeaker you hear—"First prize: Swizzlestick, ridden and owned by Tab Hunter." And you'll probably get almost as excited as the broadly-grinning Tab, cantering over to pick up his ribbon and looking as proud as if he'd just gotten an Oscar. This is the part of Tab's life you may not know about. Not unless you date him, anyway. Then you'd know about it for sure, 'cause hors'n around with Tab means hors'n around with his horse Swizzlestick, for one thing. And if you were dating Tab, you'd enjoy all the other things he likes too—like going for a swim with him when he gets the yen, and that's often. Or maybe a spot of tennis. Or ice-skating—Tab won't expect you to show that championship form that won him all those cups, but he'd kind of like you to like the sport enough so that your skates don't have to be de-rusted first! One nice thing about this kind of dating with a fellow like Tab: all you need is a swim suit, some jeans, and a couple pair of shorts to be dressed to the hilt —when you're out hors'n around with Tab!

once Marlon loved a gal and Kim loved a guy — and bot





the truth about their...

BROKEN

rned, too late, *that you can't fool with love*

MARLON *got jilted...*

The reporters were shooting questions at im but their words barely registered. ll Marlon Brando could hear as he walked ff the plane was the echo of those words ie had spoken a year ago: "I love you, Iarlon, and I always will." A year apart, xcept for a few phone calls. And now, in less ian an hour he'd be with her, hearing her alk, laugh, watching her as she listened to im with that grave look on her dark lovely ace that he loved so.

"Do you have any marriage plans?" a eporter called out.

"Do *you*?" Marlon grinned at him.

"Been married twelve years."

"You're a lucky (*Continued on page 62*)

KIM *kidded herself...*

So much has been written about Kim Novak lately, it is astounding that one of the most important events in the twenty-four years of her life has never been mentioned—Kim's engagement!

The engagement came about as suddenly as it broke off. It happened in a tiny, romantic, candle-lit Italian restaurant in Chicago when the young man she had known for several weeks asked her to marry him.

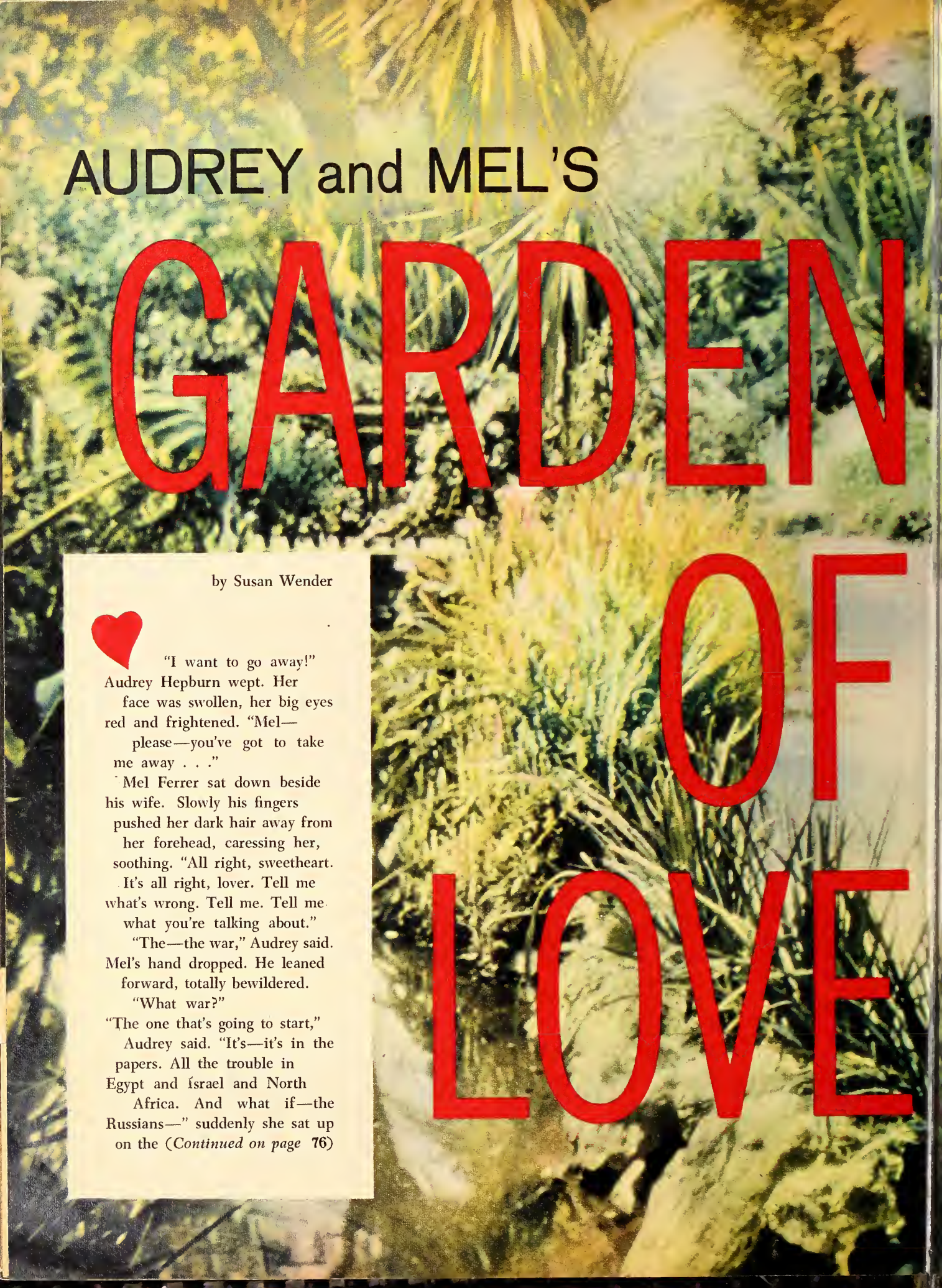
"Yes. . ." said Kim. "Yes, yes, yes. . . "

This was the most beautiful night of her life, to be remembered as long as she lived. And she knew just the way to make sure of it.

When he brought her home, they passed through a nearby park. The air was clean and crisp. The stars shone brightly. Patches of snow (*Continued on page 87*)



ENGAGEMENTS



AUDREY and MEL'S GARDEN OF LOVE

by Susan Wender

"I want to go away!" Audrey Hepburn wept. Her face was swollen, her big eyes red and frightened. "Mel—please—you've got to take me away . . ."

Mel Ferrer sat down beside his wife. Slowly his fingers pushed her dark hair away from her forehead, caressing her, soothing. "All right, sweetheart. It's all right, lover. Tell me what's wrong. Tell me. Tell me what you're talking about."

"The—the war," Audrey said. Mel's hand dropped. He leaned forward, totally bewildered.

"What war?"

"The one that's going to start," Audrey said. "It's—it's in the papers. All the trouble in Egypt and Israel and North Africa. And what if—the Russians—" suddenly she sat up on the (*Continued on page* 76)



A house is a place where people live,
A place they furnish with their love.
There to receive, there to give,
There to take root, no more to rove.

But we have no place to call our own,
For we are forced to wander.
Nevertheless our love has grown
Strong and ever fonder.

But the warmth of home is in our hearts
And we find gardens everywhere.
Flowers bloom on the city streets
And all the world is wondrous fair.



WHY TONY & JANET WERE SCARED TO ATTEND THE BIG HOLLYWOOD PARTY



SHE *was going to be there— the starlet who had snickered at Janet's dress...*

HE *was going to be there—the star who had laughed at Tony's Bronx accent...*

by Ed DeBlasio

■ Tony kissed Kelly Lee goodnight. Then he went from the nursery to his and Janet's bedroom. Janet smiled and swung around to show her new dress. "How do I look?" she asked. "The most," said Tony, grabbing her. Janet made a face. "No better than that?" she asked. "The very most," said Tony. "That's more like it," Janet said, kissing him. "Now," she went on, "I know Your Majesty has been working hard at the studio all day, but if we're going to this party tonight, you've got to start getting ready."

"Okay, Queen," he answered as he began to unbutton his shirt, "I guess I owe you a big splash every once in a while." "You *bet* you do. . . ." she started to say, laughing. And then a shirt which had just been flung across the room landed square on her head. "Tony!" she yelled, still laughing. But Tony was already on his way to the shower, whistling away, happy that the picture he'd been working on for the past three months was nearly finished, happy that he and his wife were getting ready for a big night out.

He was still whistling when he walked out of the bathroom and back in to the bedroom. "Honey," he asked, drying the wet from his neck, "who's going to be at this shindig, anyway?"

"Well . . ." Janet (*Continued on page* 73)



A few days ago we received the following story about you from a fellow who claims to be one of your former buddies at New Utrecht High School. We know you would be too modest, Johnny, to tell us this story yourself. What we want to know . . .

JOHNNY, IS THIS STORY TRUE?

■ It was Monday lunchtime and Johnny knew the sandwiches would be meatball. Yesterday was Sunday and for Sunday dinner there were always meatballs on the table at home—and those that were left over always went into Monday's sandwiches. It was something Johnny could count on. It was one of the few things this quiet, often moody, almost too-goodlooking seventeen-year-old could count on.

Johnny scooped a sandwich out of the paper bag and he began to eat. As usual, he sat alone in Brooklyn's New Utrecht High School cafeteria—eating fast with the idea of finishing and then maybe going upstairs to the gym for a round of one-man handball or maybe just going for a walk, as he often did.

"Hi," a girl called out as Johnny was finishing his second sandwich. She was a tall, thin, dark-eyed girl who lived on his block and was in his biology class.

It was obvious from the way her friends were giggling that she had a crush on him and that she was going out of her way now to say *hello.*

"Hi," Johnny said back. He smiled a little. It always embarrassed him when girls went out of their way to be nice to him.

"I saw you in biology class this morning," the girl said.

"Yeah?" Johnny said.

"That frog nearly made me sick," the girl (*Continued on page 79*)

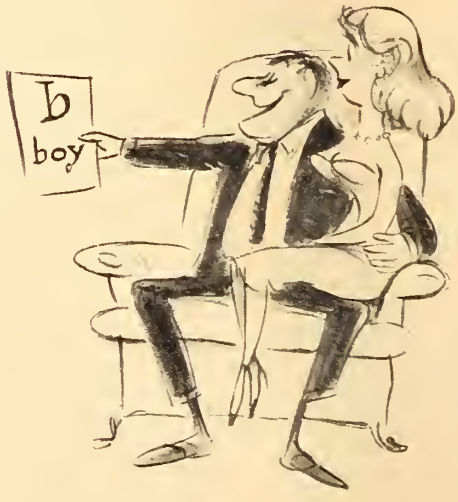
Jayne Mansfield reveals:

How to get your man...





...to CATCH you



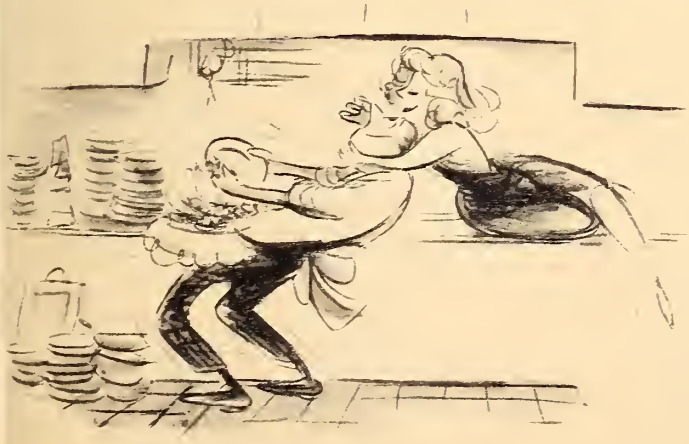
...to TALK to you



...to FEED you



...to LOVE you



...to HELP you



...to MARRY you

Illustrated by SAXON

■ How do I get a man?

Well, first I catch him. I catch him by running. This brings out the wolf in him. If he is not a fast-running wolf, I drop my handkerchief and stop to pick it up. Then he's got me (—and I've caught him). And that leads to a date. Naturally, on a date—when it's your first date, anyway—you want the guy to talk to you . . . if you know what I mean.

So I play dumb. Every man likes to think he's leading a girl down the road to knowledge, so it's easy. Like that Spanish publicity man I was going with once. He said he'd like to teach me Spanish. I had already been studying Spanish for years, but I pretended that I didn't know a word of it.

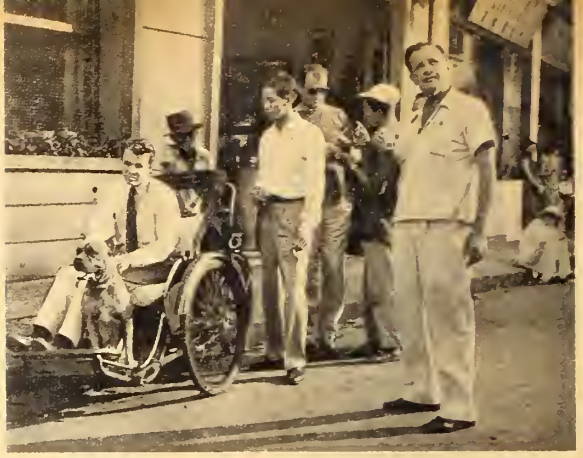
He just couldn't understand how I picked it up so fast!

It would have been just too cruel to disillusion that man—when he was so pleased to think I learned so fast because he was such a great teacher!

Of course, after a while, when you're less anxious to keep him talking, you do different things, like look at his (*Continued on page 89*)

at last, Audie Murphy thought, the nightmare is over . . .

thank God I'm home



Audie was in Saigon making a movie—but he found tragedy.

by JEAN FRAZIER

■ Audie Murphy was crying. It was broad daylight and he wasn't acting. To his own shock and surprise, and to the surprise and fascination of the crowd staring at him, the uncontrollable tears fell from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks before he could rush into his hotel and hide.

The place was Saigon, Vietnam, the desolate city which used to be called 'The Pearl of the Orient.' The time was early this past March . . .

And the soul-shaking emotion that was ripping Audie apart was his first step towards home. Not just the home of the house he lived in—but the home of belonging and *knowing he belonged* . . . and feeling at last a *part* of the world his God had created. This was the first step, and there were two more mountains Audie Murphy had to conquer . . .

The road home started when Audie was in Saigon making *The Quiet American* with Bruce Cabot, Michael Rennie, Claude Dauphin and Georgia Moll. It was a (*Continued on page 71*)



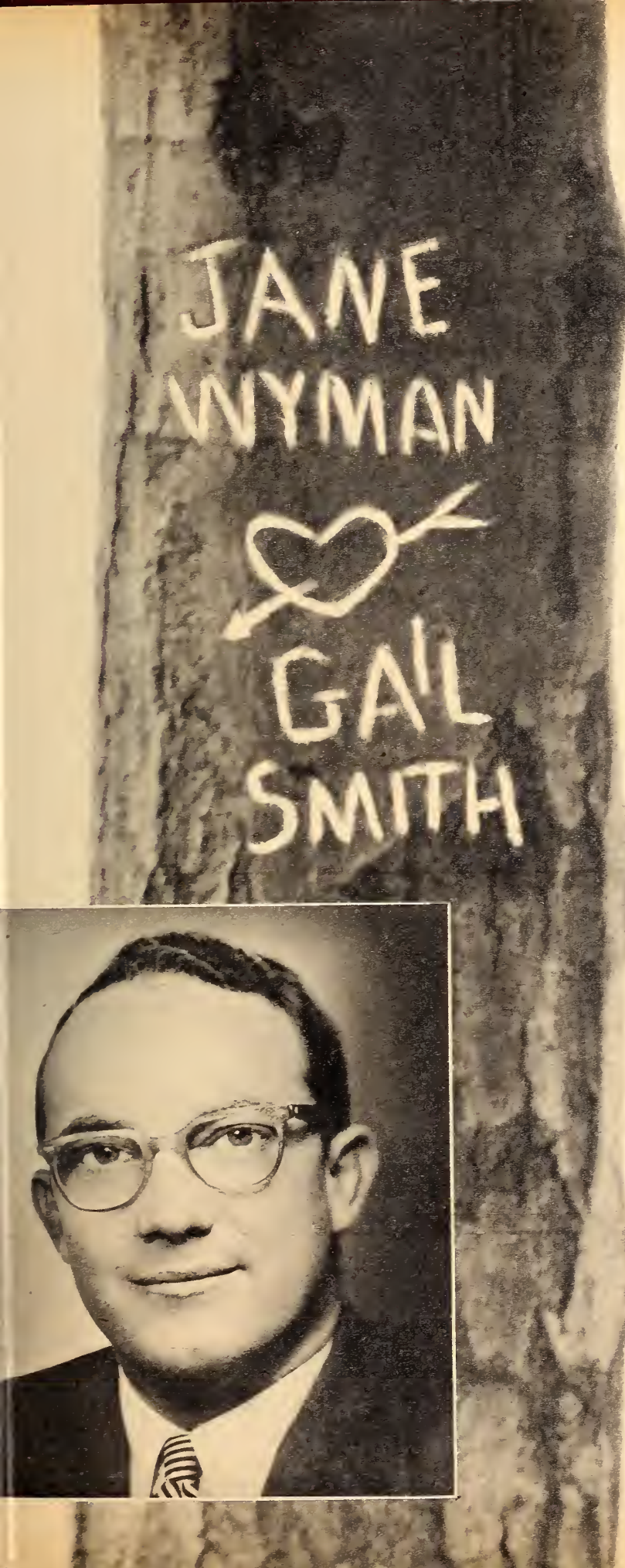
His wife was a part of coming home for Audie Murphy, but home was more than his family, his house.



Pam, his sons—now at last Audie and his family were truly one. Because at last, the nightmare was over . . .







A love story is hard to keep a secret--- when it's a deep and wonderful kind of love...

■ Janie Wyman's getting hitched! She's met her kind of man—and that's the best news possible.

Who is he? How did they meet and all the rest of it?

Well, Janie's so delirious about it all —that all she'll say is, "When I marry again my relationship with my husband will be ours alone, intimate and sacred."

But a love story is hard to keep a secret—especially when it's a deep wonderful kind of love. The kind of love that makes a girl want to shout, *Listen everybody, I'm in love! I'm getting married! I'm so very happy.* So here's the story.

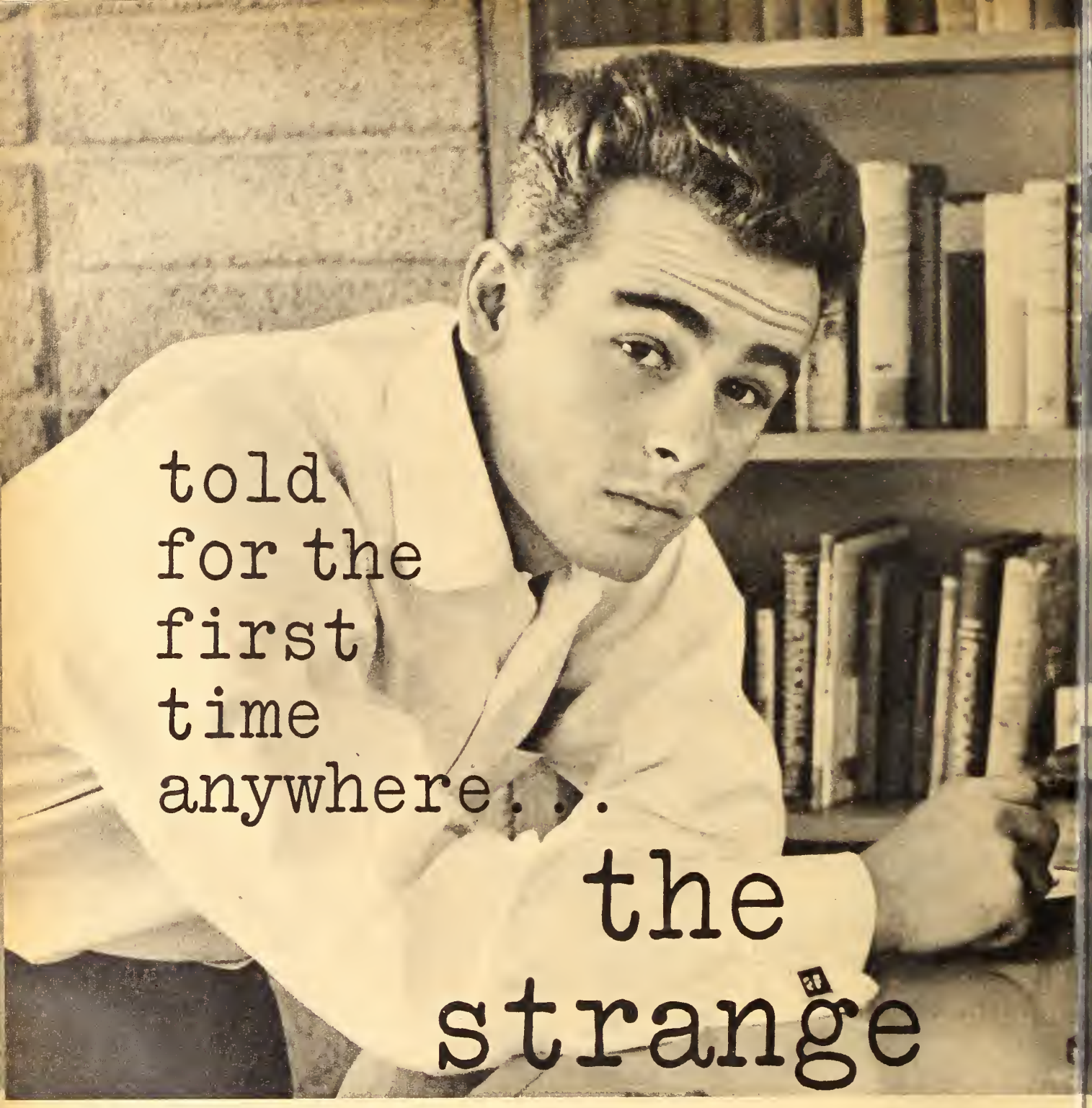
The groom-to-be is Gail Smith. He's a big executive with the company sponsoring Jane's TV show. The romance ran something like this: In March, 1956, Dorothy Kilgallen reported in her column that *Jane Wyman's friends believe she's wildly serious about Gail Smith, and he reciprocates. Wedding bells would surprise no one.*

But a month later, Walter Winchell told the world *the Jane Wyman marriage talk last week has been blue-pencilled.*

That wasn't the end of the story however. By September Louella Parsons' column carried this item: *At the* COCOANUT GROVE *were Jane Wyman and TV's Gail Smith.*

In December Ed Sullivan had *Jane Wyman and Gail Smith blazing.*

And everything seemed real set by January, 1957. Sheilah Graham predicted *it looks like marriage for Jane Wyman and TV executive Gail Smith.* (*Continued on page 90*)



told
for the
first
time
anywhere...

the strange private life of



DEAN
today...

DEAN
as a child
star...



by BOB MONROE

■ "So long, Sonny," a stage-hand said to Dean Stockwell a couple of years ago; "see ya around the lot," he called as he ambled off, a little behind the rest of the departing cast and crew of *Cattle Drive*. Dean felt a light touch on his arm. The script girl was standing in front of him.

"Hi," Dean said.

"Good-by's the word," the girl said. She smiled. "Gee—here we've been working together for weeks, and I *still* can't get over thinking of you as just a baby. Every time I walked on the set I expected to see you practically *toddle* in—and here you are, a great big gangling boy, going on sixteen any year now." She laughed. "Well, it's all over now. Bye-bye, kid."

She reached out one well-manicured hand and ran it through Dean's hair. "The tousle-headed boy," she murmured. And then she was gone, too.

For a long moment Dean Stockwell stood staring after her, alone in the big empty room. Slowly he looked around at the scattered chairs, the camera dollies, the thrown-away scripts. And then he was running—off the set, across the lot, down the sunlit Hollywood streets. Running home. And even then he didn't stop; he climbed the stairs two at a time, gasping for breath, and paused only when he was in his own room with his door locked behind him.

"Never again," he said aloud. And (*Continued on page 69*)

DEAN STOCKWELL

ONLY MODERN SCREEN WAS THERE...



Land Ho!—and these two old salts are rarin' to go. But they stop for just one more family portrait of the Fishers at sea.

WITH Debbie and Eddie on their trip to Europe



Debbie and Eddie wanted these photos for Carrie Frances, who's at Grandma's.



(This is the story of a reunion, the reunion of two Modern Screen *reporters; their letters tell it all . . .)*

■ Dear Boss *(said the letter from the first reporter)*— Love this work—taking an ocean trip to Europe with Debbie and Eddie Fisher! Right now, Debbie's shouting "We're landing! We're landing!" And hugging Eddie so close you'd think they hadn't been married for two years already! But, like she said, "It's really our *first* honeymoon. We never had one!" First stop: London —Eddie's singing at the PALLADIUM. Then, Paris. *(The other reporter's note came in the afternoon mail)*— Boss—The French Riviera is lovely . . . except Todd says NO PIX! Understandable, though. Liz' baby is expected soon and Mike doesn't want her tiring herself posing. Course, if Liz didn't know she was being snapped— So here, courtesy my camera's telephoto lens, are the Todds at home. They're hopping over to Paris next week—Liz loves the races. . . *(The next letter was signed by the* TWO *news-hounds)*— Guess who we ran into? Each other! Havin' a ball!! Nice of the Todds and Fishers to arrange to get together!



The two-and-a-half Todds entertain near the swimming pool. Liz looks beautiful!

INSIDE Liz and Mike's Villa on the French Riviera



"I Love Paris In The Spring-time"—we're halfway there!



Liz' doctor ordered her to rest, and at their Cap Ferrat Villa Mike makes sure she gets plenty.

Four Americans get together in Paris and place a sentimental bet on a horse named *Friendship* . . .

AT Debbie and Eddie's reunion with Liz and Mike in Paris



end

ONLY MODERN SCREEN WAS THERE...



The strains of "Aloha" and a fragrant flower lei welcome the honeymooners.

With June and Dick on their "Second Honeymoon"



And then they were at a wedding, on the beach, just as if a young couple fell in love especially to marry on this day—so June could be blessed by their Hawaiian priest.



June's making sure that nothing's going to spoil their morning —like a sunburned-as-a-lobster Dick. She spreads the oil on.





That's Dick all right, wearing a native hat like a— native! And the twinkle in her eye gives June away.

But the most unusual hat in Hawaii is the one that lunched with Dick and June. It has her autograph.



■ What a promise! Absolutely no work, no-how, what-so-ever—even though the film Dick was going to direct and produce down in Hawaii was ready to roll. But this was their second honeymoon, and Dick promised his June-bug—no work. Not the first day anyway, that is! So, from the minute the ship touched shore there was nothing but sunning and funning for the Dick Powells, with June crowding a week into one morning—and enjoying it, too! How? Well, MODERN SCREEN was there, and here's the exclusive, inside, top-secret info on how June and Dick lived one day of their life . . . their love-life . . . together. . .

more on next page →



"It may not look pretty—but it's practical!" One look at Dick's face, and Junie decided *not* to be practical!



"It may not be practical," says Dick, "but it'd be pretty—with just you, instead of a blouse showing!"

The Powells Shopped, Played, Danced and Romanced

Sun and fun in the morning—but the afternoon's for more serious stuff. Like shopping, f'r instance, and that's a family project—like everything else is with the Dick Powells these days. Of course that kind of makes a fella hungry, so June and Dick take time out for some more of that exotic Hawaiian food. But what's dinner without some food for the soul? And there's no denying—dancing in each other's arms, holding each other close, is just about the best kind of soul-magic for these two. . .



But the swim suit was out when June spotted these bright shirts. Her grin adds up to "Wrap them, please!"





But an hour later the grin's faded—'cause the next course is ready, and Junie can't make it!



After dinner, a night club and some fun-talk with Reri, Tahitian dancer. The girls compare styles.

And, to end their day, a last dance in each other's arms to wipe away the memory of the time they almost lost each other—when June forgot that life was nothing without Dick—until a miracle saved their marriage . . .



Vicious, ugly gossip has created a crisis in their marriage...



can TERRY MOORE and her husband Keep LOVE ALIVE?

by JAE LYLE

■ Terry Moore lay on the bed, very still. The room was quiet, as rooms in rest homes always are. She looked around, barely moving her head. Everything was white, blank white—the bed, the chairs, the dresser, the water pitcher on the table next to her. And the sun, glistening brightly on the big tree outside the window, made even the leaves glare white. She wished she could sleep, sleep for just a little while. "Gene . . ." she heard herself whisper, "Gene . . . Gene."

Then the door knob at the far end of the room clicked open and the nurse, smiling brightly the way nurses in rest homes always do, said "Well, we have a visitor here for you"—she winked—"and a very good-looking one he is, too." Terry's body tensed under the sheets. The nurse pretended not to notice this. "Why, it's Mr. McGrath, your husband," she chuckled, as if she'd been waiting for Terry to guess who it was and Terry had taken just a little bit too long. (*Continued on page 82*)

All the joys of naturally curly hair



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Not only holds your hair softly in place, but trains it to stay!

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Be sure to ask your hairdresser to use SPRAY NET *on your hair.*

it took a chihuahua to make EDDIE laugh



■ *"Whassa matter, Eddie? Lonesome?"*



■ *"Let me tell you what I'd do, man to man . . ."*



■ *"First I'd take a little snooze . . ."*



■ *"Then a little sight-seeing around Philly . . ."*



■ *"Then a little work smiling at the birdie!"*

Eddie was in Philadelphia, his home town. This was his opening night, the first time he would appear in Philadelphia as the *famous* Eddie Fisher. Throngs had made reservations at the LATIN QUARTER. Fans jammed the nightclub just waiting for a peek at Eddie, and police had to be called to keep order.

It was a big night for Eddie. And his dressing room was a hubbub of activity. His mom came in to wish him luck! His many buddies whom he hadn't seen in years were visiting. As we said it was a big night for Eddie and it should have been a happy occasion. But it wasn't!

Eddie was very lonesome.

He missed his Debbie who had to remain in California to take care of Carrie Frances. She'd join him when he appeared in Boston but that was a week away. And he wanted to see her *now*. He wanted to feel her lips on his cheek when she wished him good luck. He wanted to see her sitting out front. He wanted to introduce her to so many of his buddies. But he couldn't. And he was pretty upset about it!

MODERN SCREEN'S photographer was with Eddie on this important evening. As a matter of fact, he'd been with Eddie all day, taking photos. Now he was setting up his camera in this crowded dressing room. And he could see Eddie was sort of lonesome. And the photographer noted that Eddie hadn't smiled all day.

It was about twenty minutes before curtain time when a Philadelphia photographer knocked on the door and asked Eddie if he might bring in his daughter to say hello. Eddie was delighted to meet a new fan and even more delighted to see the chihuahua that she held in her hands. It reminded him a little of home and the two poodles he and Debbie loved so much. One poodle was named Fanny Fisher; the other, Rocky. Eddie thought of them—and home—as he played with the chihuahua. And for the first time that whole day he smiled.

marlon's broken engagement

(*Continued from page 39*) man," Marlon said. And he meant it.

"Anything to declare?" the customs inspector asked in his routine, bored voice.

"Yes," Marlon answered, reaching into his pocket, "this ring. . ."

The cab driver recognized him and grinned broadly at his famous passenger. Marlon gave him the address and leaned back letting his hand touch the bulge the ring made in his pocket.

"Been away long, Mr. Brando?" the cabbie asked.

"Too long," Marlon answered, thinking—*not from the city, but away from her.* One year tomorrow. The longest year of his life. A year of exile from the girl he loved. It hadn't started out to be a year. The separation could have been for a week, or forever. Because on that last night together he had started out to ask her to marry him. And suddenly found he couldn't do it.

"Marlon," she'd said, with anger flashing in her eyes, "nobody ever said you *had* to marry me."

He nodded slowly, watching the tears glisten in her dark eyes. "Nobody ever said I *had* to love you, either," he said, "but I do." He moved to the window of his apartment and looked out. "But when a man marries, he's got to be ready. . ."

Thinking—*I've got to know exactly what I want from life. And that takes time.*

He took her lovely face between his hands and said, "I need time."

"Haven't I made you happy?"

With sudden, unaccustomed bitterness, she asked, "Is it Movita?"

Marlon shook his head. "I guess I deserved that. But you know that's over."

Her eyes stayed close on his face. "The Moreno girl?"

"No" he said, angry with himself. "Not Rita, not any girl. Just me!" Thinking—*This is the only girl I've ever really loved, and I can't prove it to her by the one true proof: marriage. I can't do that to her. . . she deserves a guy who knows where he's going and what he's looking for. And that's not me . . . yet.*

She crushed her cigarette out and whispered, "Haven't I made you happy, Marlon?" He wanted to take her and hold her tightly and tell her how, on some confused, lost nights, she was the only bright star in a black sky.

But he loved her enough to want *her* to be happy so he didn't move; didn't take her in his arms. He stood there stiffly and said what he *had* to say—coldly. "We're not discussing happiness right now." The cabbie's voice was a welcome interruption. So Marlon didn't have to go on remembering , . . remembering how her face looked when she turned away from him and walked out of the door, leaving him alone in a room that looked out over an empty world.

Risk losing her forever

He hadn't slept at all that night. Sam Gilman, his closest friend of pre-fame days, was in town. And when you don't drink, the next best thing is to stay up and talk to a friend. Sam understood; he knew that Marlon had tried to do the best thing for the girl . . . even risking losing her forever.

"You're right, Marlon," Sam had said. "She deserves a man who's ready to devote himself to her. You may be that man . . . but not just yet."

Well, Marlon thought, lighting a cigarette and flipping out the match, *now he WAS that man.* The cabbie's voice droned into his con- (*Continued on page 64*)

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Not all Danny's jokes backfired. But two of them did!

Danny Kaye's Prize Gags ...and how they back-fired!

■ Nowadays Danny Kaye thinks twice before playing practical jokes on anybody —because one day he pulled two boners, one right on top of the other.

That was the afternoon Danny was called to the set, and then it started to look as if he wouldn't be needed after all. Standing on the sidelines he watched the Goldwyn Girls rehearse a number for the third time. He began to feel restless. So he looked around for a little diversion.

He wandered into the make-up department and found a fellow who could appreciate a good gag. Off the two went to a dressing room to carry out Danny's brainstorm. By the time they were through, he looked as if he'd been in one heck of a drunken brawl. One eye was black; there was a mean-looking slash along one cheek, and his shirt was splashed with some rolling-in-the-gutter kind of dirt and blood.

Danny was real pleased with his appearance. Off he stumbled to the set. He made his entrance roaring threats right and left and leering at all the girls. The men turned pale. The women screamed and ran for cover. Half a dozen property men started to close in on him to cart him off to the studio hospital, but Danny was too quick for them. He made the door, yelling over his shoulder, "I'm going straight to Mr. Goldwyn!"

Danny only got as far as the outer office. The producer's private secretary took one look at Danny, and firmly told him, "You go right back to make-up, Mr. Kaye. Mr. Goldwyn won't think you're funny."

It seemed like good advice and Danny, completely deflated, took it. Setback #1.

But Danny was still in a playful mood, so this time he had himself fitted with a wig and a beard, and he headed for home.

When his housekeeper answered his ring, he said gruffly, "I want to see that fellow Kaye."

"He's at the studio," she said.

"Then I'll see that wife of his," Danny yelled, pushing past her.

She ran from him, to the kitchen. And reappeared in a minute waving a wicked-looking meat cleaver.

As Danny sprinted behind a sofa, he outdid himself on his fast-talking routine. "May," he yelled, yanking at the false beard, "it's me! Take it easy!"

That was the last trick the clown prince of mirth ever played on his housekeeper!

Danny will soon be seen in Paramount's The Five Pennies *and MGM's* Merry Andrew.

(*Continued from page 62*) sciousness, "Pretty exciting, Europe musta been, eh?"

Marlon answered politely, recalling days at THE LOUVRE in Paris, and standing awestruck before the churches of Florence in Italy. Before he'd left, Gadge Kazan had told him, "Soak it all up, Marlon. Everything you feel in Europe will help you to know the kind of actor you want to be—and the kind of man, too." Good old understanding Kazan. He hadn't said a word about *her,* but Marlon knew Gadge was talking about her in his own way, saying he hoped they'd find a way to work it out.

Suddenly it was love

They were deep in the city now and the cab was working its way west. "Can't you go any faster?" Marlon asked.

"Doin' the best I can, Mr. Brando. Central Park has murderous traffic."

Central Park, Marlon thought, *the dramatic school where they'd met had been near Central Park.* It was early summer, and as the trees turned green their friendship grew, and suddenly it was love, warm and intimate.

They would have coffee after class and Marlon would talk and talk, telling her about the time he organized a five-piece band called the Kegliners, with himself as drummer; or the times when he rode his father's Guernsey cow from the barn to the pasture and back. Little, silly things. Then, one day as he was bubbling away, she suddenly interrupted saying, "Marlon, I love you . . . and I always will!"

He should have grabbed her then, held her and never let her go. He could have been happy then, instead of living this life of wandering, working and wandering some more. Sitting in smoky night spots, watching the dawn come up over the NOTRE DAME in Paris; seeing the red hot California sun drop into the Pacific; drinking bitter coffee just after dawn, with the make-up men and the camera crew. Not always alone. But always lonely.

And then, two weeks ago, it had ended. Walking down a street in Rome, thinking of her, he just knew that he was going to her. It wasn't that he was 'ready' now, the way he thought a man had to be before he could ask a woman to share his life. It was just that he knew now you had to take life and love while you could, ready or not. And if trying meant anything—well, then he would make her happy.

Sorry to hear it like this

The cab pulled to a stop. Marlon got out and half ran towards her house. No one glanced at the world-famous face, no one except Sam Gilman. Marlon had come four thousand miles and there, as he stepped out of a cab, was Sam.

"Marlon," Sam called out, "welcome home! It's good to see you!"

"Sam! How'd you know I was here?"

"The grapevine. Word gets around."

Marlon pulled the ring out, but Sam wasn't smiling.

"What's the matter?" Marlon asked.

"You mean you don't know?"

Marlon felt his heart sink. "Know what?" he asked.

"She's getting married, Marlon, tomorrow. He's a musician. A real nice guy."

Marlon turned away. The brilliant spring sunshine now seemed unbearably blinding and he covered his eyes for a moment. She was getting married. Married to someone else. The one thing he'd never imagined possible. From somewhere outside his pain, he heard Sam speaking, "I figured for sure that she wrote to you about it. Maybe she didn't know where you were. I'm sorry you had to hear it like this. Come on to my place now. I'll make some coffee." Marlon shook his head and turned away . . .

Ready for love

In his apartment, still moving like a sleepwalker, he leafed through the pile of mail accumulated on his desk until he came to the one in her handwriting:

MARLON,

I SAID I'D ALWAYS LOVE YOU; AND I ALWAYS WILL. BUT I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU ANY LONGER—I'M GETTING MARRIED, TO A MAN WHO KNOWS HE WANTS ME. YOU'RE ON A JOURNEY —AND IF IT'S A JOURNEY FOR TWO, WELL I WANTED TO BE THE OTHER ONE. BUT, MY DEAR, I DON'T KNOW. IT MAY TURN OUT TO BE A JOURNEY FOR ONE. ONLY YOU CAN KNOW WHICH IT WILL BE. AND I HOPE YOU FIND OUT SOON. MY LOVE TO YOU ALWAYS . . .

The letter slipped to the floor. *Too late,* he thought; *I've found out what I wanted too late. And I've lost her.* The bright, sunny world was gone. The apartment seemed strangely large and lonely. Suddenly, he smashed his fist down, hard, on top of the desk. Then, without looking at it, he took the ring-box from his pocket and, opening a drawer, put it away.

Marlon took a deep breath and leaned on the mahogany desk. The room was filled with the dying afternoon light. *She's right,* he thought. *Life has to be a journey for two, or else it isn't worth living.*

Then he opened the window to let in fresh air and began to unpack. And knew that next time he'd be ready for love . . . **END**

Marlon can soon be seen in Warner Bros. Sayonara *and 20th Century-Fox's* The Young Lions.

whose gonna be
in october's
modern screen?

lots of your favorites:
clark gable, tab hunter, natalie wood, joanne woodward, jerry lewis, jayne mansfield, pat boone,
and **many others.**

and, commemorating the anniversary of his tragic death, a moving memorial story on
jimmy dean.

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debbie reynolds
on the cover.

all in october's
modern screen
(on your newsstand september 5th)





barbara rush says: "you can have... beauty in minutes"



■ Beauty for the busy is always a question of "how much can I do with the time I have?" No matter how busy her schedule, Barbara Rush knows that "how much" beauty care means "as much as possible." Whether a campus queen, career girl, Mrs. Thank Goodness or a glamorous actress, the approval and applause of friends or the world demands the very best of good grooming habits. Barbara has collected a few important beauty tricks which offer a maximum of care in a minimum of minutes (*Continued on page 72*)

See Barbara in 20th's NO DOWN PAYMENT

terry moore's fashions



a



b



c



d



e

All photos by Roger Prigent

and Footnotes

for campus • country • career

a Terry Moore in a 100% wool tweed suit with sheath skirt and 38 inch length coat with detachable velvet collar and Alpaca lining. By Haber-Levy. Terry's smart taper-toe flats by Huskies—see details on page 68—caption J.

b Terry accents her Tycora sweater and McArthur skirt with a Jills Continental flat in white sand—for details see E—and a Clifton full grain hand tooled and laced handbag. *On the basket,* a Nite-Aires lounging slipper.

c Terry's tiny, dainty feet in The Convertibles. These are the new shell stepins with optional and detachable straps. This chic flat comes in the fashionable colors. Vicuna tan; grey or white sand. Made by Jills. About $7.95 a pair.

d Here Jerry wears Jills Fluffs—lightweight oxfords of soft suede with bouncy crepe soles. Fluffs make you feel as though you are walking on a cloud. Caviar grey, true white, jet black, Vicuna tan. About $7.95 a pair.

e A close-up of the Continentals which Terry holds in B. These stepins are of true moccasin construction with hand-sewn vamps. Choose Jills Continentals from colors—Vicuna tan, white sand, grey or black. About $7.95 a pair.

f Terry chooses new Jills Fluffs—shown in close-up D—with her outfit of plaid Bermuda shorts, plain McArthur shirt and JoKay suede jacket. Don't miss Terry in 20th's great film *Bernardine* with Pat Boone and Janet Gaynor.

Continued on the following page



f

Fashions and Footnotes *continued*



g

Cinderella style—pretty clothes are transformed into prettier ones if worn with smart shoes! Hollywood stars wear them for play—and work. 20th star Terry Moore accents her sports costume with Huskies Minuet flat that features a draped brass trimmed twin arrow vamp overlay. Black or brown leather; black suede. $5.99. Terry's water-repellent Jo-Kay, suede jacket is a lifetime joy. Below right, other Huskies Cinderella flats—$5.99 a pair. Terrys' next film is 20th's *Peyton Place.*



All photos by Roger Prigent

g



h

Oxford with a pinked overlay vamp and a thin foam sole. Blonde, caramel or gray cork; also black suede



i

Novelty strap and brass buckle trim on vamp and quarter. Black suede or leather; gray or caramel cork



j

Taper toe. Envelope vamp, pearl button trim. Red or black leather or black suede; gray or caramel cork

k

Terry waves a wand of good luck over a few of Huskies Cinderella shoe collection. Blouse and skirt by McArthur. Ltd

dean stockwell's strange life

(Continued from page 53) began to pull pictures down from the wall. Pictures of himself—glossy prints, newspaper shots, four-color magazine portraits. Stills from *The Boy With Green Hair*, from *Gentleman's Agreement*, from *The Green Years* . . . Quickly he tore them down, ripping them to shreds.

For a moment he stood puzzled in the middle of the room, trying to remember the other thing he had to do. Then he remembered. His scrapbook too was stuffed into the metal wastebasket in the corner of the room, on top of the torn and crumpled pictures.

Then he struck a match, and sat on his bed and watched his past burn to ashes.

When the flames reached the last little heap of newsprint, he reached into a pocket and took out a piece of red silk. He had found it one day, and on that day he'd gotten some wonderful new role or signed a fabulous new contract—he couldn't remember any more what it was that had happened to make him so happy, but it happened right after he found the piece of silk—so he had carried it for almost eight years, a torn bit of cloth that had been a good-luck charm and a symbol of dreams that were all to come true—a good-luck charm for a child.

He dropped the silk into the dying flame.

Then he buried his face in his hands and began to cry.

But at dinner that night he was dry-eyed when he told his mother he would never make a movie again.

His mother looked up from her plate, and her eyes weren't even surprised, only tired, as she looked at her fifteen-year-old son with a weary love he had seen before.

Quietly she asked, "Dean, can you tell me why—why you've made this decision?"

"I've got to find out"

Dean bent his head. Through these last weeks, knowing what he was going to do—*had* to do, he had known that was the question he would have to answer. Time and time again he had worked out sentences that would explain why he had to quit. Sentences? Whole speeches! *Mom,* he would say in his mind, *it's no good for me, this acting. I have to know if people want me—for myself. It sounds corny, but Mom, I've got to find out. Now. The only really happy time I can remember in my whole life is when I was a kid and went to public school every day like everyone else and never even thought about acting—except to brag to the kids about how you and Dad used to be on the stage. But I never thought about it for me. Not for me, Mom. Oh, I had a ball all right, that first time, when you got me and Guy into that Broadway show—only the next thing I knew I was in another one. And then there was the movie contract and—Mom, I was so lonesome, so lonesome.*

But how could he make her understand, when he knew she would say, "Why didn't you tell me? Your father and I thought you were happy. We only wanted your happiness."

All that petting and fussing—I felt like it didn't belong to me. All those people saying, 'ooh, what a sweet little boy, ooh, how talented, ooh, how cute'—they weren't talking about ME. *They were talking about the child-star, Dean Stockwell, the little darling. What did they know about* ME? *And I was scared that if I quit acting and just was me—no one would love me any more. Maybe not even you and Dad. How does a kid know? And then—when you and Dad—broke up—and he moved out—well, a kid gets mixed up. He thinks 'my father left because he doesn't love me any more' my father's smart, so he knows I'm a phony.' Mom, I'm older now, and I know that's not true, but I still don't know, and I have to know if people want me—for myself. It sounds corny, but Mom, I've got to find out. Now.*

His cross to bear

That was the way it went in his mind. But now, facing his mother across the table, he couldn't say a word of it. Maybe because he didn't want to hurt her, didn't want her to think she had failed him.

So he finally looked up at her and said, "I just want to go to college. That's all."

So that year, when he finished high school, he went to college. In the northeast, because his brother Guy lived there now and could keep an eye on him. But in Guy's neighborhood everyone knew about his kid brother, the actor. They liked the shy, good-looking boy, and wanted to make him feel right at home—so they fired away—with questions about Hollywood and praise for Dean's talent. But Dean didn't know it was their way of making friends. They were nice people. They just didn't know.

And on the campus, half the fellows fawned on him—and the other half turned their backs on "that snooty movie star." Girls he avoided, terrified of asking for a date—because maybe he'd get turned down. And if a girl did accept a date, something cruel in Dean's head buzzed over and over, *she's accepting just to tell her friends she went out with a movie star. She doesn't give a hang for me.*

One man, an upper classman, took him aside one day. "Let me give you a piece of advice. I have a friend who's a big track star," he told Dean. "He could never get away from it either. Learn to

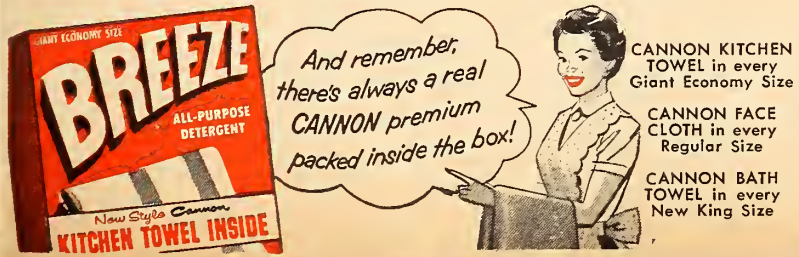
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Errol Flynn's QUIET Weekend

■ Errol was in New York recently for a weekend—a little relaxation in the big city. He checked into his hotel at midnight. Seven hours later, Errol's phone started ringing . . .

7 A.M. Lawyer phones to discuss catastrophes: summonses, alimonies, etc.

7:15 Hollywood producer calls about casting *The White Witch Of Jamaica*, in which Errol shares in writing and producing, as well as stars.

7:30 Girl calls who says she met Errol in New York two years ago—"Remember? I was the one wearing the *orchid?*"

8:00 Darryl Zanuck calls. Just in from Mexico; leaving for London, Paris, Stockholm, Los Angeles; back to Mexico—all in three days—"I just wanted to say *hello*," says Darryl.

8:25 John Ireland calls to see about going ice skating before lunch. "We could talk about *The White Witch*," he suggests cheerfully.

8:30 Teddy Stauffer, Hedy Lamarr's ex, calls. Hopes Errol will be best man at his marriage Sunday to Ute Weller. Errol accepts with a condition: "OK, but you'll have to use one of the gifts I gave you for the other three weddings." This is great with Ted.

8:35 Errol's agent calls. Will he do a TV panel show while in New York? Errol says *fine*, and they arrange for a Sunday night *What's My Line?* appearance.

8:50 Warner Brothers. Does Errol want tickets to a film première next week? Declines. He'll be in Europe by then.

9:30 Putnam's calls—they're publishing his autobiography—"How's the book coming?" Errol answers, "I'm working on it right this minute. Call me tomorrow."

9:45 Huntington Hartford, the producer, calls to talk about *Richelieu*, pet Broadway project Errol's wanted to do for years. They arrange luncheon date.

10:15 Hollywood agent phones to ask if Errol would play Barrymore in *Too Much, Too Soon*. "No. Nobody but a Barrymore would dare play a Barrymore." Errol says firmly.

10:25 Sydney, Australia, newspaper calls to ask for serial rights to Errol's book, since he was born there. They offer $10,000.

"You're booked, but for 20 G's. Half the book's about Australia," Errol answers.

Errol picks up phone, puts it down, turns to his secretary, John. "Where's Gloria staying?"—Gloria Swanson, that is—"I want to wish her *bon voyage*."

John doesn't know off-hand, so Errol fires him. This doesn't seem to bother John.

10:50 It's Bob Evans, to say *hello*. Errol suggests he go ice skating with John Ireland.

11:00 Darryl Zanuck again. "The plane is delayed," he reports, "so I've decided to go to Nassau instead. How about meeting me there?" Errol declines with thanks.

11:10 German Consulate calls to invite Errol to Berlin in June for its *Film Festival*. Errol accepts, with one reservation, "If you invite my secretary. He speaks German." John reminds his ex-boss he's just been fired. Errol pays no attention.

11:30 Call from the coast. Ava Gardner. The first time she's been there in years and she's forgotten where to eat. Errol the Gourmet tells her of a Mexican spot in L.A.

Lawyer shows up to get promise that Errol will not get married or divorced for next five years. Lawyer rehires John "because he has too much on Errol"—and takes off.

11:45 John Ireland again. He's with Bob Evans but *without* ice. Does Errol want to go to Greenwich Village for spaghetti? Or maybe roller skating? Errol says *no thanks*.

11:50 Schoolgirl calls. Editor of school newspaper. Wants to interview Errol Flynn. Errol tells her, "wrong number." Suggests she try another, which he dictates. Hangs up. "Gary Cooper's number," he chuckles.

12:05 Hotel switchboard calls—young lady in the lobby to see him. "Hello, Mr. Flynn? I'm the girl who called this morning. You know, the one with an orchid two years ago at the New York party where we met?" Wonders if Errol is free for lunch. Errol throws wild look at John, collectedly explains he's very sorry, but he has just made luncheon appointment. Which reminds him to take off.

After hurried luncheon with Huntington Hartford and columnist Earl Wilson, Errol returns to hotel, enters a few sentences in tape recorder for biography, gets on phone.

Talks to Francoise Sagan in Paris and learns she's feeling better after her sports car crack-up. "I'm bringing you some California champagne," he says jokingly, "so you can drink imported stuff, instead of your domestic champagne."

The New York Times phones for interview. Errol recites Gary Cooper's number.

Phone rings. Picking it up, he hears roaring and engine noises in background.

"Hello, Errol? This is Darryl." He has to shout to be heard over racket. "I'm still at the airport. Nassau plane's making repairs. Say, I just had a whopper of an idea. Instead of heading South, why don't I take the plane with you Monday morning to *Europe*? It's a nice twelve-hour ride. We could talk about a new picture. . . ."

"Well . . ." says Errol.

"After a weekend of doing nothing," Darryl adds, "you'll be glad to talk business!"

Watch for Errol in 20th-Fox's The Sun Also Rises *and U.A.'s* The Big Boodle.

live with it, man. It's your cross to bear—stop fighting who you are."

"No," Dean said. "No. I'm going to shake it all right. Maybe—this just isn't the place."

At the end of his freshman year, he quit.

Always a stranger

"What will you do now?" his mother wrote, every word a little stab of worry and love. *"You are only trained to act—and you won't do that. Without a college degree—what will you do?"*

"I don't know," Dean wrote back. *"I have to look—for a while. Don't send me any money, Mom. I'll get along."*

He mailed the letter and watched it drop into the box. Then he walked to the railroad station. When the night was dark, he climbed into a boxcar and stretched out on the straw and waited. Hours later, the train pulled out.

Dean didn't know where it was going. He didn't care.

For three years, Dean roamed the country.

And at the end of three years, one night Dean Stockwell woke up in a cheap hotel room and found himself crying again.

He had proved nothing.

Oh, *he* had proved he could live on his own, take care of himself. Only he'd never doubted *that*. But his search had been for love, a search almost to find himself—and there he had failed. For who could love a boy who wandered into town and did a day's work and wandered out again? Who could get to know him, to like him for himself—or for any other reason? Was this the self he had been looking for, this wanderer who was always a stranger—everywhere?

With a scratchy hotel pen he wrote a letter. *"Dear Mom—I'm coming home . . ."*

Only she can end his search

Dean Stockwell's back in Hollywood now, making movies. But he never reads the reviews, the reviews that say how good he is. And as soon as he leaves the lot for the day, he forgets the world of picture-making. But even that doesn't help him.

So he lives alone, in his house near Griffith Park—the loneliest section of Hollywood.

In his own room he studies music and tries to write it. Not many people know that . . . as if he has a fear of sharing anything he really loves—because then it might vanish. At night he roams through the park, a silent, thin figure—looking for something he cannot find.

He dates once in a long while—never an actress, no matter how his studio pleads with him. But sometimes when the hunger for company is too great to stand, he will call a friend, or a girl.

He is marked with a loneliness, a longing for love, that sends him restlessly on in his never-ending search . . .

Among the movies Dean Stockwell made as a boy and has forgotten, was *The Boy With The Green Hair*. There was a song in that movie. It was called *Nature Boy*. And it described a very strange, enchanted boy, who wandered very far . . . searching for truth. At the end of the song, this strange boy tells what he has learned in all his wanderings and sufferings. It is this: *The greatest thing you'll ever learn, is just to love—and be loved in return.*

Somewhere there is a girl who will love Dean Stockwell, as he wants to be loved. Sometime they will meet, because work and friends and wanderings cannot find for him what he needs. Only she can do that. Only she can end his search . . .

END

Dean Stockwell can soon be seen in The Careless Years, *a Byrna Production released by U.A.*

ank God I'm home

ntinued from page 48) company which uld have been a lot of fun. Bruce was ver telling tall tales of high life in all world's capitals, and Michael Rennie tributed his own crazy stories about don, and Claude Daughin supplied the nch wit—usually wicked. As for Joseph nkiewicz the film's producer-director, always been one of Hollywood's best n spinners.

veryone was having a ball—except lie. Oh, he loves jokes and laughter, right, but in Saigon he couldn't join All he could do was hole himself up, after day, in his hotel suite with its dows that looked out on nothing but reet he couldn't bear to walk along. ause walking in Saigon made Audie der what *he* had ever been born . . . or fought for—ever since that first when he'd arrived, and decided he'd on a sightseeing tour and got all of feet before he was lost in a crowd of reaching hands, outstretched for ey; children looking at him with eyes such hunger that his heart began to ak. And he began to wonder if *this* what he had fought a war for. And he more a stranger than ever to good ls and a lovely home and a family of and sons.

he next step for Audie's discovery e when he almost died—and wondered he had been spared . . .

udie had gone to Hong Kong to do e shopping for Pam and the kids when doubled up with violent stomach nps—acute appendicitis.

ack in Saigon, director Mankiewicz re- ed a cable saying that Audie had been en to the hospital, operated on, and the tor estimated that he would need a four to seven week convalescent period. Worry set in. They all knew that with an ordinary appendectomy, the patient could be up and around the next day and out of the hospital within a week, but Audie was allergic to wonder drugs.

There was no telephoning. The telephone lines from Saigon to Hong Kong were open only an hour a day, and half the time you couldn't hear the party on the other end of the line anyway. It was Tuesday and the first commercial airline flight to Hong Kong was scheduled for the following Friday. In desperation, someone thought to call the Army. They reached General Williams, explained the situation, and the General said he had a military flight going to Hong Kong the next day and would arrange for an Army doctor and a representative of the company to be on board. Next day at dawn, they flew out, and flew Audie back with them. Audie was a real sick boy, and he looked it when he came back. He'd lost fifteen pounds and was terribly weak.

"How could I fight"

He was also depressed. What good was he? Who needed him? And now he'd let the company down, and they hadn't even started the picture yet! Because Audie never thought much of himself as an actor. Way down deep, he's had the feeling that people in Hollywood were giving him a break in movies because of his war-record, and not because of any acting ability. They tell the story that when Audie was signed to make *The Quiet American* he said to the director, "I'll be working under a great handicap in this picture, Mr. Mankiewicz."

"What's that?" asked Joe.

"No talent," replied Audie.

When he returned to Saigon after the operation, he saw the hungry kids again, begging in the streets. That was the afternoon he broke down, crying in the street.

"That was the afternoon," Audie will tell you, "when I first found out that maybe, in some small way, there *was* a reason for even me. And I could feel"—and here the kind of smile breaks out on his face that makes you think of a bright, warm sun suddenly bursting through a gray cloud—"well, I could feel like the road was a little familiar and I knew where I was going on it. . ."

Audie was crying, the uncontrollable tears falling from his eyes while small faces forgot their own hunger at the sight of this greater misery.

"And suddenly there was a strong arm around my shoulders," Audie remembers, "and such a gentle voice asking, 'My son, what troubles you?' He was a priest. He led me to his office, and he listened to me, and after a while his face began to blend into a huge poster hanging on the wall behind him—a poster I'd seen all over the states, begging people to remember the poor children of this war-torn earth . . . by becoming a part of the foster-parents plan. And all of a sudden I knew that it didn't really make any difference if I was pulling in the paychecks because of talent or because of my war record—what mattered was that *I had the money to spend.* And maybe—now—*that was how I could fight.*"

His heart knew

Maybe, now, *that* was Audie's reason for being. And if he had work to do, there was some special little place in the world that was all his . . . that was *home,* just for him. . .

Before he left Saigon, Audie adopted some of these poor children under the foster-parents plan. He drew a very large check for their care. "Only don't

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let me see any of them, or know any of their names," he said to the orphanage representative, "or I'll probably start bawling again."

The day he knew the company was pulling out of Saigon, to finish its shooting in Rome, Audie began to smile for the first time. Bruce Cabot, or maybe it was Michael Rennie, asked him if Pam was meeting him there, but he said *no*. "She shouldn't leave the children," he said. *But he reckoned without his heart.* His heart knew better; his heart knew he too had earned the right to happiness.

Rome was some twenty-eight hours away, as a plane flies. Audie came down at Istanbul and cabled Pam the hour he'd make the Eternal City. As he came into his hotel in Rome, her call was waiting for him. He picked up the receiver and heard her voice, for the first time in almost two months. Pam put Terry on, too, and then the clincher came.

Always before, Pam would say, "Daddy, this is Skipper, wanting to hear your voice." Audie would talk and talk, but not one word would his baby son answer. But this Roman evening, Skip piped up, "Daddy, when you come home, will you bring me a crocodile?"

Couldn't go on another week

His youngest son was suddenly old enough to know what the telephone was all about, old enough *not* to need his Mommy! Old enough to lend Mommy to his Daddy for a little while. And now Audie knew he too had the *right* to ask for what he wanted.

He heard himself speaking, "Pam, darling, come over here. I can't go another week without seeing you. The kids will be fine for a little while. Darling, fly here!"

Before they hung up, it was all arranged. Two days later, Pam was there, beside him, in Rome.

But it wasn't until they came back to California and were in their house in the Valley that Audie knew, deep within him, what had happened to them.

A reason for living

He stood in his own living room, with Pam in her favorite chair, and the kids playing in one corner, and he knew that he was home, in his own house, his own country. Terry had grown so tall, in the six months since Audie had seen him and Skip had stopped being a baby and was a little boy now. Pam was glowing from the closeness they had found on their second honeymoon.

This was homecoming, too, his second homecoming. This was the face of love, and now he felt whole enough to see it in all its glory. Man-fashion, Audie didn't say it that way. He expressed it by grinning at Pam, asking, "Know the name of my next picture?"

"Of course I do. It's *The Way Back.*"

"That's what I've found at last," he said softly, "the way back—a reason for living—and home . . . our home, you, the kids."

It was a very nice moment. But, in a way, what happened the next morning, was even better. For next morning Audie went and sold a batch of his quarter horses. He didn't discuss it with Pam and she asked no questions. But they both knew it was an admission that Audie had been following too many race tracks with them. Spending too much time away from home.

Deep in his heart, Audie whispered to himself, *"This is where I belong—always."*

END

Audie can soon be seen in U-I's Night Passage *and U.A.'s* The Quiet American.

barbara rush says

(*Continued from page 65*) which we thi
can be a great help to all girls.

"Starting from the top," Barbara sa
"I make sure that my hair is always cle
shining and in perfect order. Straggl
tresses just won't stand up under
severe eye of the camera. If I am
tween permanents I battle those wis
ends and drooping neckline hairs with
touch-up perm on the ends—this
carry me through to my next perm
great style. It keeps my hairstyle pre
and easy to manage and saves hours
time—and money."

"As to complexion care, proper and f
quent cleansing is basic. There are s
eral schools of thought on the just ri
cleansing preparations for the ultimate
skin cleanliness. I think all methods
complish the same end if frequently a
properly used. I alternate soap and w
ter, cleansing lotions and creams. E
and effective cleansing can be acco
plished in minutes with any of these pre
arations with these little beauty tricks.

"When using soap and water I massa
the soap into my skin and let it rem
on for a minute or so. Then I smooth o
nourishing cream—unless I use a s
with a cream base."

When I choose a lotion—I pour a lit
into the palm of my hand and with
fingertips smooth it on my face and ne
Then I wrap my fingertips in cleansi
tissues and remove the lotion thorougl
with slow, gentle upward and outwa
strokes. This procedure removes ev
last trace of dirt, grime and make-up."

"If I use a cleansing cream my technic
is the same as for lotion except that I
the cream here and there on face ratl
than first putting the preparation into
palm of my hand. I smooth in the cre
just as do a lotion. This speedy,
gentle, smoothing brings up the circu
tion and helps to cleanse the skin."

Now here are speedy little tricks Ba
bara uses when applying lipstick.

"When applying lipstick I find that
pays to do it very carefully and painsta
ingly. Once applied properly lipstick
remain on all day except for a mi
touch-up after luncheon."

"Personally, I like a lipstick brush
a clean and sharp outline but most gi
are a whizz at outlining their lips with
stick itself. It takes time to learn
technique of lip brush application a
while it is fun to do when you know h
it is surely not a must."

"For lip makeup I always get bet
results when I start with clean dry li
Outline the upper lip first, fill with col
Then do same on the lower lip. Full l
are the vogue these days—so be in sty
Allow color to set a minute or tw
lightly blot off excess with tissue. T
will keep your lipstick fresh and fla
less for hours.

"Manicures can be great time-consu
ers, but one simple trick cuts minu
from the process. When removing pol
save time and effort by putting a goo
amount of remover on a pad of cot
and press firmly on the coated nail. H
a minute or so and remove the cott
Most of the polish will come away. Wh
applying a polish change give it the sa
thought as you do when you are giv
yourself a complete manicure. Cho
the newest shade—put it on carefully a
be sure to remove any polish that m
have touched the cuticle."

"Being beautiful isn't easy when
fine for a little while. Darling, fly he
help you, as they have helped me. Y
can probably add a few more, too, to ma
Time and Beauty your allies!"

why tony and janet were scared

(*Continued from page 43*) said, thinking. She called out a couple of names.

"Great," Tony said.

She called out a few more.

"Great," Tony said.

She thought of another.

"Great."

Then she called out still another name. Tony didn't say anything this time.

Janet repeated the name. It was the name of an actor—a name you'd all know—a fellow about Tony's age who was very popular in movies when Tony was still an unknown; a fellow who has since slipped from the top, slipped badly and who now does occasional television work and nothing more. "You know him, Tony, don't you?" Janet asked.

"Yeah," Tony said, "I know him."

Janet turned around. There was something strange in Tony's voice as he said that. Now she noticed that his face looked kind of strange, too. He wasn't smiling any more. As a matter of fact, he looked downright glum. "What's the matter, dear?" Janet asked.

Tony didn't answer.

Janet put down her comb and got up and walked over to him. "You feeling a little sick or something?" she asked, putting her arms around him.

"Honey," Tony whispered, "do you mind if we don't go to this party tonight?"

"No," Janet said, "not if you don't want to."

The big party—that falls flat

Tony sat down on the bed. "I'm kind of knocked out from work today," he said, "and this cold I've got is acting up on me a little and . . ."

"And," Janet said, "somebody you don't like is going to be there."

"Sort of," Tony said.

"But you won't have to talk to him," Janet pointed out, taking Tony's hand. "There'll be lots of people there, lots of them good friends of ours and . . ."

Tony got firm now. "I just don't want to see this character," he said. "I don't want to be in the same room with him."

"But why, Tony?" Janet asked. "Why?"

Tony shrugged off her question.

Janet took his face in her hands and looked into his eyes. "I tell you everything, Tony," she said softly. "And you've always told me everything. It makes us feel better that way, all the more married that way—doesn't it?"

Tony nodded. He closed his eyes. For a long moment he was silent. Then he began to talk. "Well—" he started. And this is the story he told Janet that night. . . .

It all happened when Tony was nineteen. He'd been in Hollywood a couple of months when somebody phoned and asked him to come to a party the following Saturday night. He'd been lonely those first few months, very lonely—"It isn't that people were cold at the beginning," Tony said, "It's just that not many of them know you enough to take time out to make you feel welcome."

So he said *you bet* to the invitation and hung up before he had a chance to ask what he should wear.

Truth is, that wouldn't have mattered much anyway, because Tony had come to Hollywood with only one good suit, a sharp Bronx creation with padded shoulders and slightly-pegged pants and the stripiest stripes this side of Sing Sing, and like it or not that was the suit he'd *have* to wear come Saturday.

The star walked in

Tony was the first one to arrive at the party. The girl who was giving it, a director's daughter, was very nice. She showed Tony around the house, let him linger a while over the first real-live private pool he'd ever seen, made him a cool drink and sat and talked with him about life and Hollywood and himself in general, and then introduced him to each new batch of guests as they arrived.

Tony was having a great time. Even when he heard a girl whisper something to a friend about his hair being "awfully longish, don't you think?"—he thought *well-maybe-I-didn't-hear-right-and-besides-it-is-a-little-long*. And he continued to smile and be pleasant and mingle with the others, most of them kids about his own age who were either already in pictures or were trying to get in.

The star makes his entrance

The Star of the evening, Tony remembers, arrived last. And when he walked in, you would have thought it was a young emperor on a good-will tour come to say *hello* to the natives.

"Hi, everybody," The Star called out, flashing his then-famous smile.

Tony watched the goings-on from one end of the room for the next few minutes—the other kids all rushing up to The Star, telling him how great they thought he was in his last picture (his fourth straight hit), asking him what his plans were and suggesting that if he had some time in the near future why didn't they all get together again soon—maybe for dinner?—maybe for a swim?

Then suddenly, The Star—with drink in hand and smile on face——walked over to Tony and introduced himself.

"Anthony Curtis," Tony said introducing himself back, and feeling pretty good about someone as big a name as The Star coming over to him and going out of his way to be friendly and nice. "Real name's Schwartz," Tony said, "Bernard Schwartz. But my mom's maiden name is K-e-r-t-e-s and I thought I'd make it Curtis."

"Smart boy," The Star said, winking. He added, "My name happens to be my real name. It's the kind of name that goes well on a marquee—but if it hadn't been, let me tell you, I'd have been the first to suggest it be changed to something else. So don't ever let it bother you, Bernie. I mean. . . ."

"Anthony," Tony said, laughing.

"Anthony," laughed The Star.

For the next hour or so, Tony remembers, "This guy was being so nice to me it hurt. Every once in a while I'd say something to him, something that was a little on the funny side, and his laughter would roar out and then he'd turn and say, 'Hey, everybody, I want you to hear what Curtis just told me.' So I'd repeat it and everybody would stop everything and listen and then they'd laugh and after a while I thought I was the hit of the evening and that I was really a pretty witty and amusing guy."

His fists clenched

When The Star went to get himself another drink, Tony—very much elated and a trifle flushed over his success—walked out into the garden for some fresh air. The girl who was giving the party followed him out a few minutes later.

"Anthony," she said, "I—I had a very pleasant time with you when you first came tonight. . . ."

"So did I," said Tony.

"And—and I like you very much." The girl added, a little embarrassed about what she was going to say, "And—well, I just hate to see you being made a fool of like that."

"A *what* of?" Tony asked.

"Anthony," the girl hesitated, "Anthony, he was making fun of you. That's why he was friendly with you tonight, so he could

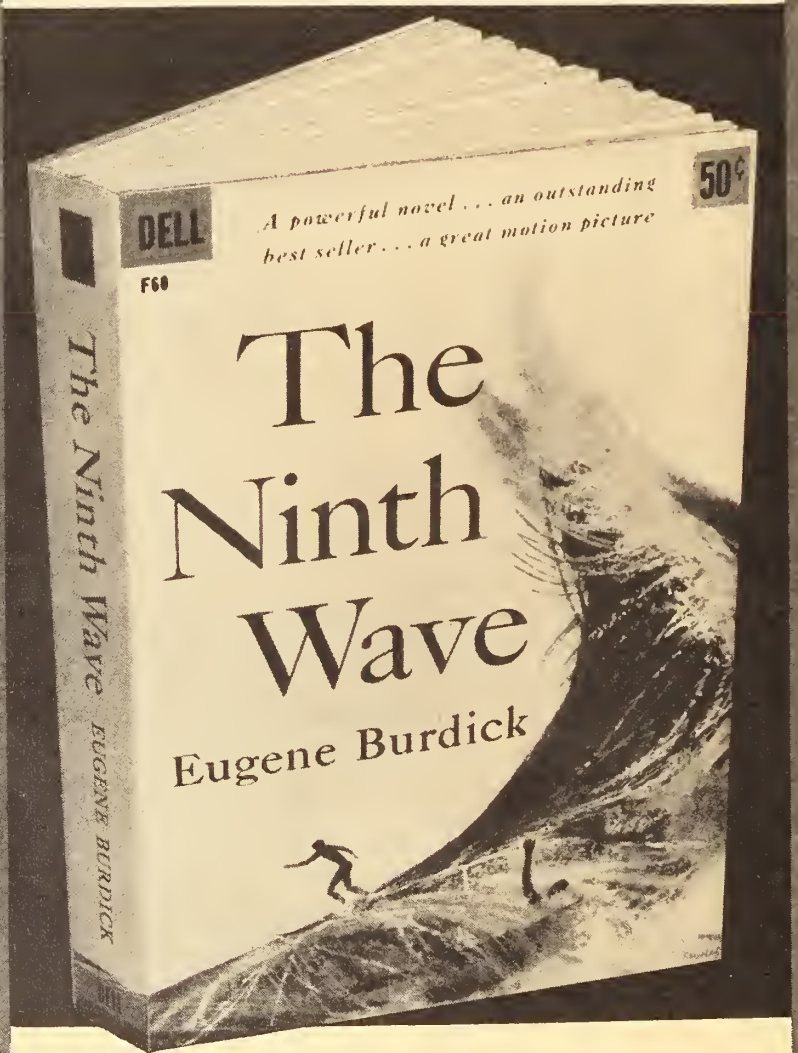


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have some fun—

"He thinks your accent is very funny, Anthony," the girl said, point-blank. "He thinks you have a very funny Bronx accent and he was just goading you on to talk so he could stand there and laugh and have all his friends laugh along with him.

"Anthony," the girl said, "the reason I'm telling you is so you won't fall for his . . ."

Tony began to walk back towards the house.

His fists clenched as he walked.

His fists clenched and his eyes focused on The Star standing near the window and his heart hurt so badly and his head burned so much.

"I felt like I could cry"

"Anthony," he heard the girl call out, pleading, from the garden. He walked right up to The Star. "I don't like your attitude," was all Tony could think of saying. "I don't like it a bit."

The Star smiled. "What's the matter?" he asked.

Tony spoke up. "Who do you think you are, anyway?" he asked.

The Star was the center of attraction again, and decided he liked it. He showed it with the smirk he gave Tony now. "I know who *I* am," he said. "Do you know who *you* are, *Bernie?*"

Tony's clenched fist landed square on The Star's jaw.

"When I got back to my apartment that night," he told Janet now, there in their bedroom, "I threw myself on the bed and I felt so bad I felt like I could cry. I couldn't figure out anybody who got his kicks from doing something like that—"

"The way I've felt about him since that night is why I don't want to see him again."

Her first Hollywood cocktail party

Janet didn't say anything for a few minutes. Then she began to stroke Tony's hair and she mentioned a girl's name.

"Did you ever hear of her, Tony?"

"No," Tony said, "I don't think so."

"Well," said Janet, "she's going to be at the party tonight. I know that for a fact."

And then she told him a little story she'd never thought of telling him before. "It happened this way," Janet began—

She'd been in Hollywood only a couple of weeks when she was notified that she'd been given an important role in the movie *Romance Of Rosy Ridge*. That was in the morning. Later, she was invited to a cocktail party being given that evening—Janet's first Hollywood cocktail party, and she couldn't have been more excited.

With thirty dollars she borrowed from her mother, she ran out and bought herself a new dress—green with huge white polka dots, she remembers. Then she spent seven of her last ten dollars for a new hat.

"How are you getting to the party dear?" her mother asked as she was getting dressed in the bedroom of the small apartment into which they'd just moved.

Her eyes glued to the meter

Janet hadn't thought about that. Her hostess had said nothing about anybody dropping by to pick her up. And she never

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ught of phoning her new studio and ing them to send a car. "Gee, Mom, I 't know," she said. She brought her ger up to her chin. She thought for a ment, then said, "I can take a taxi. e got three dollars. That's plenty!"
But isn't Beverly Hills far from here?"
Not very," Janet said, as if she knew way around the movie capital.
She kissed her mother good-by, bounded wn the steps, got into a cab.
Place you wanna go is way up in the ls," the driver said as soon as they'd en off.
Must be pretty," Janet said, smiling, ting back to enjoy the ride. Until she ard the meter give a little click, and np to sixty cents. *'And we've just gone few blocks!'* Janet thought.
From that moment on, it was to heck h the scenery; her eyes were glued to meter.

lease—stop this cab"

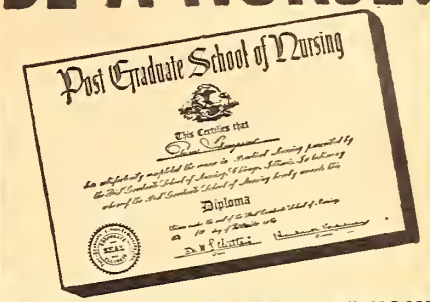
Soon, very soon, there was another click. en another, and another, and another. One dollar and ninety cents.
Janet began to get jittery. She took a ep br-ath and said, "Driver, are we al- st there?"
Click.
Haven't even hit the hills yet, Ma'am," answered.
After three more fast clicks she opened r eyes wide and said, "Driver—please—you don't mind, will you stop this cab the next corner?"
The driver pulled over.
Janet opened her purse and took out r three dollar bills. She checked the eter. Two dollars and thirty cents. "You ep twenty cents," she said to the driver, en asked him if there was a bus or mething she could take to the party with r remaining fifty cents.
The d-iver said there was. Three busses, a matter of fact, he said—and she'd have take them all.
It was nearly an hour and a half later hen Janet arrived at the party. The bus op was about half a mile from the swank use where the affair was being held, and cause Janet wouldn't hitch a ride—she rned down three offers, she remembers she walked. She looked as pooped as she lt by the time she walked up the long iveway to the house.
Her feet hurt.
Her dress was wrinkled.
Her hair had begun to string.
But she'd made it—her first Hollywood rty—and she wasn't going to let any- ing spoil it.
One of the assistant directors on *Rosy idge* spotted her as soon as she walked . He rushed up to congratulate her on etting the part and then he rushed her er to the buffet table. And before long, ord got around the crowded room that he was the girl who'd just been given that mportant role in the new Van Johnson ovie. Most of the people, Janet remem- ers, were extremely nice—full of sincere ishes for the best of luck.
And then, while everybody was standing round her, a girl we'll call The Starlet ame up to say *hello*. The Starlet had sted for the *Rosy Ridge* role, too—need- ss to say had no special love for this retty new thing with the perfect face nd the fabulous figure.
"So you're Janet Leigh," she said. "I eard about your good news this morning. ongratulations."
"Thank you," Janet said. "Thank you so uch."

verybody was staring

"And how adorable of you," The Starlet dded, with a malicious smile, "to wear a stume from *Rosy Ridge*. That *is* a hill- illy costume you're wearing?"



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Janet hadn't been around long enough to slice back. She just stood there, defenseless—and hurt.

The Starlet smiled again. "Janet dear," she said, squinting a little, "haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"I don't think so."

"It's funny, but—" The Starlet snapped her fingers. "Of course. Down the road. On my way here—when I was driving down the road. Same dress, same hat, same color hair. . . ."

"*Walking* to the party?" someone called out.

"Well," Janet flushed.

"You didn't come by *bus?*" The Starlet asked.

Janet felt as if everybody in the room was staring at her, waiting for her to answer. *'I'll say that my car had a flat,* she thought, *and I had to get out and walk the rest of the way.'* But suddenly she noticed that more than a few of the eyes that were gazing at her now were sympathetic eyes, and she realized that those same eyes had probably looked down and seen the dirt of a long road before; and probably looked down into a pocketbook or wallet once and seen not much more than three one-dollar bills; and probably been confronted by a Starlet-type haughty face and biting tongue at one time or another. Those eyes, those kind and sympathetic eyes, were waiting for her to answer now—maybe even waiting for her to answer for all of them, for all those remembered times in their own past, when they hadn't been able to. "I started out in a taxi," she heard herself say, "but I ran out of money, so I took a bus . . . and then I walked the rest of the way."

"And from that moment on," Janet told Tony now, "I had a very good time at the party and everybody was very nice to me and I could have come in a riksha for all it mattered to them or peddling a bike!"

"And this girl," Tony said, "this girl who came up to you. . . ."

"She's had a few bit parts in pictures in the last couple of years," Janet answered. "You might recognize her if you saw her."

"And she's going to be at this party tonight?" Tony asked.

"Yes," Janet said.

"And you don't mind going?"

"No."

Happy tears

They sat there for a while, on the bed, the two of them. Their toy white poodle, Merci, sauntered into the room, looked around, and saw that nothing much was happening and sauntered right back out.

Finally Tony spoke up. "I guess," he said, staring straight ahead, "that if you really think about it, you end up feeling sorry for them more than anything else."

He thought for a little while more. Then he turned and kissed Janet—and smiled. "Honey," he said, "do you still want to go tonight?"

"Well," Janet said, "I didn't exactly get dressed like this to sit home and watch TV."

"Okay," Tony said, jumping up from the bed. "We go!" He rushed over to the dresser for a clean shirt. "We go!"

"Swell," Janet said. She got up, too, and walked back to the dressing table. She picked up a tissue and pretended that she was dabbing at the powder on her cheeks. She didn't want Tony to see that she was wiping a few happy tears from her eyes.

END

Janet can soon be seen in U-I's Badge Of Evil, *RKO's* Jet Pilot *and U.A.'s* The Vikings. *Look for Tony also in* The Vikings. *He's currently in U.A.'s* Sweet Smell Of Success *and U-I's* The Midnight Story.

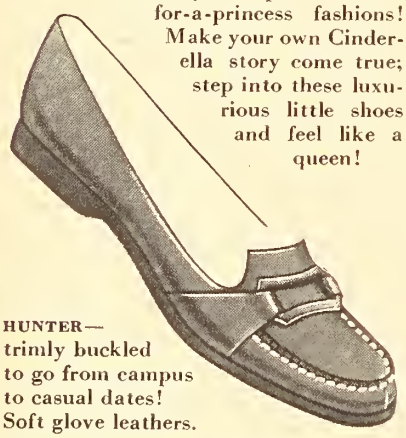
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audrey and mel's garden of love

(*Continued from page 40*) couch, her back very straight and tight, her voice high. "I don't want to wait. I want to go now. Oh, Mel, I lived through it, I know how terrible it is. And I can't do it again. Please—darling—take me to—to New York, or Hollywood—or anywhere out of Europe. I'm so afraid . . ."

"So," Mel said softly. "So that is it." Suddenly he held out his arms, and with a little sigh, Audrey went into them, burrowing her face into his shoulder. Mel folded his arms tenderly about her. "So that is it," he whispered. "My poor baby. My sweet, frightened love."

"You'll take me?" Audrey asked, her words muffled. "We'll go, Mel?"

For a long moment there was silence in the room. Then, gently, Mel disengaged himself from Audrey's clasp. Carefully, as if he were handling a rare and precious bit of glass, he settled her back against the cushions, and stood up.

"Listen to me, my love." His voice was steady and soft. "For a long time, I've known that you were afraid. Even when we lived outside of Rome, in our beautiful villa—loving it, happy there, knowing such peace—still, sometimes—I saw your face when you looked at the mountains in the distance. I saw the shadow of fear, the wonder. I knew it in Switzerland, too, that even when we were far from everyone on a mountain-top—I knew you were frightened. And that time the plane landed in Munich for refueling—when was that?—and you wouldn't get out to talk to the reporters or take a walk—because you said you'd vowed never to set foot on German soil—I knew nothing was over, or dead, or forgotten for you—no matter how bravely you talk."

On the couch, Audrey sat very still, watching him. Her breathing became less frantic. Her hand pulled absently at her collar, straightening it. Her eyes never left his.

"I want so much to pay my debt"

"And in a strange way," Mel said slowly, "in a strange way, I'm glad. Because, Audrey—it gives me a chance—to give you a gift. A real gift. Not—not courage—because God knows you have that already. But a gift of—acceptance. Maybe that's the word. The ability to *accept*, to take what comes—without any old, leftover fears or hates.

"And I've wanted for so long to give you something like that—something deep and true. In so many ways you're perfect, my love. You've given and given to me—and now it's my turn."

Suddenly he was on his knees before her, his eyes pleading. "Audrey—love—I know you're frightened. But I swear to you—I don't think there will be a war. Not now. And if for one moment I change my mind—we'll be on the next plane to America. I promise. But right now—give me this chance. I want so much to pay my debt a little."

Audrey lowered her head. Anxiously, Mel watched her. A second went by, then another. Finally she looked up at him. She moistened her dry lips. She attempted a small smile, and almost made it. "I don't know what it is you think you owe me," she murmured. "But if you want me to stay—a—a little longer—I'll try . . ."

Do you remember?

Mel sighed. Then he smiled. "So you don't know, eh?" he said. He rested his head on Audrey's knees. Then he went on: "I'll try to remind you. Do you remember these words: *'A home, a family?'*

ANNE BAXTER'S eighteen-year worry



■ Anne Baxter is beautiful and talented—and, for eighteen years, she worried about what happened back in 1939. She doesn't have to worry again. Anne, who was then sixteen, heard about it, heard that there was a part for a girl about her age, and she tried out for it. It was *The Philadelphia Story*, with a glorious cast headed by Katharine Hepburn, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Booth and Van Heflin. Anne won the part of the young girl in the play.

She went to the first rehearsal on a cloud. But, on the third day, she noticed some of the cast and the production staff talking in a corner. She could tell, from the way they kept looking at her every few seconds, that they were talking about her.

After the day's work was over, the producer called her. He was very kind, very gentle, very considerate. It seemed they'd decided she was too old for the part, that they felt a much younger girl would fit the story line better. It had nothing to do with her acting ability, he insisted; it was just one of those things. At sixteen, she was too old.

Anne went home in tears. Her family and her friends could not convince or console her. She was fired. No matter what the producer said, she was convinced that he fired her because she was no good.

As the years went by and she blossomed into the beautiful woman she is today, that worry stayed with her. She won an Oscar—but still remembered being fired. She was acclaimed as one of Hollywood's best actresses—but never forgot the time that the producer had told her sorry, he couldn't use her. She could never get over the feeling she had been fired because of lack of talent.

Last fall, at a party, she met the producer of *The Philadelphia Story*.

"Tell me," she asked, "I'm old enough to be told the truth now—why did you fire me? Honestly, please."

"Anne," he said, "I fired you because you were too old for the part. Honestly."

At last, Anne knows the truth. It's a eighteen-year-old load off her mind.

Anne's currently in Paramount's The Ten Commandments.

emember, Audrey? We were sitting in
at restaurant in New York, talking
out getting married. And I said: *'A*
me, a family . . .'"

It was a small restaurant, and very
iet. Mel and Audrey came there often,
relax in the quiet brown darkness—
here the bright glare of publicity could
e forgotten for a while.

They were in love. Already their friends
new it, and the newspapers were begin-
ing to remark about it. Audrey had had
orried letters from her mother, talks
ith a dozen "friends," anxious to tell her
at Mel Ferrer was a spoiled, self-cen-
red, neurotic and much-married man
ho could never make her happy, whose
reer could never equal hers, who was
o old for her anyway. But she had ig-
ored them for a simple reason, she knew
el better than they did, and she knew
ey were wrong. Besides, she loved him.

I can't marry you"

She wanted to marry him. She had told
im so, only the night before. Her eyes
ad danced. "I want to give you every-
ing you haven't really had," she had
ied. "A home and children—I know
ou've had that before, but only in bits
nd snatches. I'll give you them better. I
ant to cook for you and fetch your slip-
ers and let you know every way that I
ve you, every way a woman can."

But instead of rejoicing with her over
eir wonderful future, Mel had held her
ery close for a moment and then said,
We have to talk. Meet me at our booth
morrow night. Six o'clock."

And then he was gone.

She met him at six. He smiled at her
nd reached across the rough wood table
nd took both her hands in his. And he
aid, "A home and a family . . . that's what
ou want, isn't it?"

"That's what every woman wants," she
aid. "A girl spends her whole life killing
me till she has that."

He nodded. And then he said: "I can't
arry you, Audrey."

"What?" she cried. "What?"

Another failure

"Listen," he said desperately, pressing
er hands till they hurt. "I can't give
ou that. Do you understand? That's
hat I can't give you. Oh, I've been up
ll night, thinking about it. And you
now, for the first time I know—*I know*
-where my—my former marriages went
rong. Right on those words: Home and
amily. What I always wanted. What
he—the women who loved me—always
ried to give me. And then when I had
o go to Mexico, when I had to go to
rance, when I went to Hollywood to
ake a movie or got into a show in New
ork and worked all night and slept all
ay—we'd always pretend that as soon
s this particular thing was over, we'd
omehow get back to normal. But we
ouldn't. They did everything for me.
ut what did I really do for them? I'd
ome home finally—but was I a husband?
as I a father? Did I even know what
y kids were doing in school? No, how
ould I? Always we'd say, 'Tomorrow
ill be better.' And then tomorrow I'd
et a call: 'Come to Timbuctoo, we have
part for you.' And I'd go. I had to go.
had to earn money to keep the home and
he family together, didn't I? And always
ursing myself, saying: Why aren't you
ome where you belong, why are you
lone in some crummy hotel? And I'd run
ome—to a woman I no longer knew, a
ouse I didn't know my way around. Until
t was too much and we called it quits and
'd try again with someone else—and
here would be another failure."

"Mel—" Audrey said.

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"No, don't stop me. I'm telling you the truth. And now I want to drag you into it. Oh, I should have my head examined. Where'd I get the nerve to ask you to marry me? I've got nothing to offer you but misery. A home and a family—you've got a right to those, Audrey. Even with your career you could have them. But with *both* our careers—no."

He bowed his head. Across the table from him, Audrey stared at her hands for a long time. Finally, Audrey said, "You've done a lot of talking. Now it's my turn. Mel—I believe you. I think I always knew it. Even last night, when I said what I did—it was more like dreaming than like planning. I knew all along. But you can't get rid of me so easily. Because there's just one thing you left out. You said the—women who loved you did everything—and it didn't work. But they didn't do everything. They didn't give up anything for you . . . they gave *you* up instead when they couldn't have both. But I'm not like them. I want *you*. That's all. I want a home—but I don't want it if you're not in it. I want children—but not if you aren't their father. If I have to make a choice, Mel—I take you." She laughed suddenly. "I've never had a home in my life, you know. I guess I can get by another few years without it. But I've never had a love like this before, either—and without that—I'd die."

The greatest sacrifice

She meant it, every word. And he knew it. With a heart full of love and gratitude he saw her make the greatest sacrifice she could—and show him in the greatest way, how much he was loved.

And in every small way, after their marriage, she proved it again and again. She adored the villa near Rome—but she never suggested buying it. When the time came for them to leave, she packed two trunks in secret—full of ashtrays, pictures, towels, silver candlesticks. And when they moved into a hotel room for two weeks in Paris to make a film, or another hotel for a month here, a month there—before she hung up her clothes or washed her face, she ran about their suite, collecting the hotel-stamped glasses and towels and ashtrays, the postcards and blotters, and shoving them out into the hall. Then she would open those trunks and take out the things that turned the hotel room into their Roman villa—the cherished things that make a home. She would unpack their records and fill the air with their music, their lives.

Wherever they went, she created beauty and love—and a home.

A sudden stab of pain

Sometimes she would speak wistfully, dreamily, of a house on a cliff, perhaps in California, perhaps in Switzerland. And Mel would feel a sudden stab of pain. But then he would be called to the Riviera for a film, and Audrey would cry out joyously—"I have a whole month free. I'll be packed in an hour—we can leave tonight. Oh Mel—I'm so glad we don't have roots yet!" And he knew there were no tears behind her smiles.

And once he heard her say quietly—without dramatics—to someone who asked if she didn't long to settle down, to have ties and roots and a place to belong, "Wherever Mel is, I'm home."

And he knew she had given him a perfect gift.

Now, holding her in his arms in the Paris hotel, it was his turn.

How he did it, how he helped her conquer her fear of war, no one ever really

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knew. Some said it was in the way he looked at Audrey, with a quiet look of love and peace—a look that stayed with her even when Mel was gone and she shut her eyes alone in the dark. For at this time, of all times, he had to leave her—their first real separation, while she stayed in Paris for *Love In The Afternoon,* and he flew to the south of France for *The Vintage.*

The sound of his voice

Some said it was the sound of his voice every morning—for she would wake to the ringing of the telephone and his "Good morning, darling"—a voice from hundreds of miles away, telling her that another night had been passed in safety. And at night before she switched off the lamp above the big double bed, the phone would ring again and she would pick it up to say sleepily, "Mel? I had such a lovely day. . ."

He never let her feel alone. He made their love a bond stronger than a house could ever have been—a secure bond across the continent, for her to hold onto when she felt afraid.

Or maybe it was the way he took her in his arms when, every weekend, they were reunited for Friday-through-Sunday. Not as he used to, with longing and need, but rather almost the way a father opens his arms to a child and offers protection, and security.

Or maybe it was the tangible things he did: leaving instructions at the studio that his wife was to be allowed to rest in the afternoon because she always was fragile; that she was to be fed exactly this and that and nothing else; that if problems came up, he was to be bothered, and not she.

Somehow, out of all this, from Mel's warm protective love, a miracle happened. One of Audrey's close friends put it into words. "You've no idea how Audrey has changed. She used to be so flighty—just a bundle of frayed nerves. Now she's suddenly so calm, so easy.

And late one afternoon, as they walked together in the gardens near their hotel in Paris, she was able to thank him for what he had done.

"I'm no longer afraid," she said. "The past is the past, and now is now. You've taught me that." Then, before he could interrupt her, she continued, skipping around him as she talked, smiling up at him like a child. "Today something wonderful happened, something that made me really *see.* I wandered down a little side street, somewhere I'd never been before. It was dirty and crowded and the people were very poor. For a second I closed my eyes—and when I opened them again the pavements weren't dirty but they were covered with grass, the greenest grass I had ever seen. And the street wasn't filled with sad ragged people. Suddenly all of them were laughing and happy. And there were flowers and trees everywhere, just like in this garden. And then I knew the secret—your secret. When I really accept the world as it is, everything *is* beautiful and nothing can hurt me."

Audrey stopped talking for a second and stood in front of Mel. Then she said quietly, "I know it's crazy, but it happened. Do you understand?" And Mel put his arms around her and smiled, a great big happy grin. "It isn't crazy. And I do understand."

And then he bent down and kissed her.

END

Audrey is currently in Paramount's Funny Face *and Allied Artists'* Love In The Afternoon. *Watch for her in Warner Bros.* The Nun's Story *and 20th Century-Fox's* The Diary Of Anne Frank.



CHARLES BOYER and the SATURDAY MATINEE SERIAL

■ "I don't say I was a boy genius," say Charles Boyer, "but I did have a remarkable memory.

"My proud parents, of course, though I was destined to be a big success in business. My father, who manufactured farm implements, was *positive* of it when I was only five years old: *I had memorized everything in our catalog,* knew exactly what we had in inventory from month to month, and had memorized the name and address of every customer and every employee we had.

"But when I grew up and showed a remarkable memory in my school work the family dreams became grander. I should study law, they decided, and become a famous attorney. And of course I would become a *famous* attorney, they knew. Maybe I would even be a Professor of Law . . .

"Then," continues Charles with a smile, "their ambitions graduated to politics. When I was ten years old, you see, I had memorized the name of every French Primiere for fifty years. That is a feat of memory no one has yet equalled on the *$64,000 Question!*

"Our village priest got into the act, I recall, when I memorized a very long and complicated religious work for Easter Week: obviously, I was priesthood material.

"An uncle of mine who was a surgeon decided I should follow in his medical footsteps: understandable if you've ever looked at an anatomy chart!

"Of course I disappointed them all when I became an actor. But they should have known all along that I would. The subject on which I would have been tops as a quiz kid was not the farm machinery business or law, or politics, or religion, or medicine.

"I was pretty good at those things, but what I *really* knew from A to Z was—everyone who had ever played and everything that had ever happened in America's wonderful adventure serial, *The Perils Of Pauline!*

"The Saturday Matinee serial was as much a part of a little French boy's life as it was of a little American boy," the Monsieur Boyer explained, a nostalgic smile on his face.

hnny, is this story true?

ontinued from page 45) said, "the way
ey cut it up and everything."
"That's nature," Johnny said.
"Yeah, I guess so," the girl said back.
e looked at her girl friends.
They all agreed silently that she wasn't
ting anywhere and that she'd better
ne on. "G'bye," the girl said.
"So long," Johnny said. Then he stared
y down into the paper lunch bag he'd
ought with him to see what his mother
d put in for dessert. He grinned. It
s a *sfogliatella*, a flaky, cream-filled
stry left over from yesterday. His fa-
rite.
He pulled it out and took a big bite.
was really enjoying it and still grin-
g to himself when he looked up and
eyes met hers.
She was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen,
or out of the movies. She was small,
y small, and she had kind of red hair
d her eyes looked as if they might be
en and gray at the same time. She had
t sat down at the table across from his
d she, too, was alone. She looked around
cafeteria for a moment, as though she
n't know the place too well and wanted
get used to it. Then she looked down
o her tray and began to eat.
Johnny chewed much slower on his
gliatella now. Trying not to look as if
were looking, he watched the girl from
corner of his eye. He'd seen a lot of
etty girls before and they'd affected him
all sorts of different ways. But this one
th the gray-green eyes and the red hair,
s one really made the blood rush
rough the inside of him, from the head
the toes and back again.
Johnny decided after a few minutes that
s definitely was her first day at NEW
RECHT. She was wearing a green dress
th white stripes, the kind of pretty dress
u don't just wear to school on any old day.
d he decided, too, that she'd probably
ved into one of the area's better neigh-
rhoods, because plunking down fifty
nts to eat lunch off a tray instead of bring-
g sandwiches in a bag doesn't mean that
u're exactly poor. "Unless her mother's
k or something," he thought to himself
a moment. He sneaked a look at her.
e was cutting one of those paper-thin
ces of roast beef they always serve in
hool cafeterias. She cut it very elegantly,
e she was at a society party for Mrs.
ckefeller and Aly Khan, her right pinky
sed just a little bit. Johnny shook his
ad. "No," he decided to himself, "her
ther isn't sick."

ell her to come over here"

She was sipping her milk from a straw
little while later—still very elegant, still
oking down into her tray—when the
venty-seventh Street Boys sidled over
his table. Johnny, who lived on
eventh Avenue, about six blocks from
is gang, knew them only vaguely. He
ew that they were a very small and
clusive bunch of bums, that they showed
at school only when they felt like it,
at they'd been to the local police station
out as many times as most kids go to the
vies, that the only time they took baths
as when they went down to Coney Island
the summertime, and that their leader
a twenty-year-old tough who was still
his freshman year—was called Scar,
hich was short for Scarface, in honor of
ree proud and tiny stitches he'd had
ken on his forehead one night after a
rticularly rough tussle with the *Seventy-
ird Street Boys*.
They all looked over at Johnny and
dded. Then they stared at the new girl.
"I found out, Scar," one of the boys said,



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talking loudly enough so she could hear, "she lives on Bay Parkway. Pretty ritzy, hah?"

"Yeah," said Scar.

"She used to live in The Bronx," the informer went on, "and her and her family moved down here Saturday."

"Yeah?" said Scar.

"If you want to meet her, Scar, I can go up to her now and tell her who you are," another boy said.

"Yeah," said Scar, smiling, "and tell her to come over here when she's finished eating."

"Meet me at six o'clock"

Johnny watched the volunteer get up and walk over to the girl. He watched as the boy said something to her, as she looked over at his table and caught a glimpse of Scar, his dirty sweat shirt and his dirtier face, as she looked away trying to hide her fear.

The boy was back at the table a few moments later. "She said she doesn't want to come over here, Scar," the boy told his chief.

"No?" said Scar.

"But," the boy said, quietly this time, so she couldn't hear, "she lives near Seventy-eighth Street and if maybe you want to meet her on the way home tonight . . ."

"What time's her last class?" asked Scar.

"I don't know," the boy said, "but all the creeps'll probably go to that special assembly they're having tonight and that's over at six."

Johnny watched Scar now as he got up from the table. "I'm gonna go home now for some sleep," he announced to the others. "But a couple of you meet me after at six o'clock by the back of the HOLLYWOOD. I wanna make some introductions by the back of the HOLLYWOOD."

"Okay, Scar . . . sure," the boys grinned.

The HOLLYWOOD is two blocks away from the school. It was a movie house at one time and now, stripped of its seats, it's used as a weekend dance and meeting hall. The front of the HOLLYWOOD is on New Utrecht Avenue, busy with its stores and people and elevated railway tracks. The back of the Hollywood is on Seventeenth Avenue, much darker and much quieter and with many less people walking around, especially at six o'clock on a black January night.

The back of the HOLLYWOOD is where Scar, as pre-arranged, met two of the other boys that night. It's also where, hidden in the shadow of one of the rusty exit frames, Johnny waited.

Looking for trouble?

The wind was blowing too heavy and high for Johnny to hear what the others were saying. But after about ten minutes of waiting he got the general idea. That special assembly at the school had been out for a while now and quite a few of the kids who lived in the Bay Parkway-Seventy-eighth Street area had begun their walks home, past the HOLLYWOOD, across Seventeenth Avenue and on. The girls walked in twos and threes. Then came a girl, alone, the pretty girl with the red hair. The girl from the cafeteria. She was walking fast, her books under her arm. She looked straight ahead as she walked, passing the HOLLYWOOD by a few yards till she got to the corner and stood waiting for a traffic light to change. Then one of the boys called out "Hey!" and she turned to look.

Johnny's eyes narrowed. He saw one of the bums rush up to the girl and grab her arm and begin to pull her toward the side of the old theater. He saw the girl try

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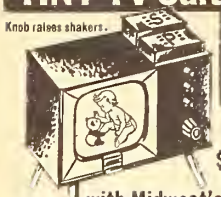


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to break away from his grip. He saw another boy rush up to grab the girl's other arm. Her books fell to the pavement, then her pocketbook. "Aw, c'mon," he heard one of them croak, "Scar just wants to give ya a little kiss." He heard the girl beg, "No . . . please . . . no." And then he saw them shove her, really shove her, back towards the old theater walls, back to where Scar was waiting.

Johnny got to them just as Scar, grinning a wild grin to his success, was putting his arms around the girl, trying to push her face up to his lips.

"Let go of her," Johnny said, clenching his fingers around the collar of Scar's coat.

"Hey," one of Scar's bums said, as he realized what was going on and reached for Johnny's arm.

Johnny's fingers clenched harder. "I said to let go of her," Johnny shouted.

"What're you looking for—some kind of bad trouble?" asked Scar's other buddy, grabbing Johnny's arms.

Johnny still doesn't remember exactly how he did it. He knows that he did some pretty wild kicking and punching for the next few minutes. He knows that he was down on the pavement more than he was up, that the funny thick liquid that he felt seeping through his teeth after one particular blow wasn't any ice cream soda, that the foot that came crashing into his groin at one point wasn't wearing any pink ballet shoes. And he knows and remembers best that after about three minutes of this three-to-one hassle he had forced Scar to let go of the girl, who fled now to the curb to pick up her books and pocketbook and then run across Eleventh Avenue, ignoring the light this time, and to safety . . .

That funny, nervous feeling

It was lunchtime, Tuesday, the next day, and he walked around the cafeteria trying to find her, wondering if she'd recognize him, wanting very much to find her and go up to her and introduce himself and say, "Maybe it was dark by the HOLLYWOOD last night and you don't remember me, but I'm the fellow who . . ." or something like that.

And then suddenly he stopped. He'd seen her. She was sitting at a far end of the cafeteria, at a far end of a long table. Again, she was alone. And there, right across from her, sat an empty chair—"and that place is for me," Johnny thought as he rushed over to grab it before anybody else did.

He was sitting directly across from his girl now. He spent the first couple of minutes clearing his throat as quietly as possible, hoping his swollen eye and bruised nose and chin didn't make him look too ugly, and setting his lunch up in front of him—ham and *Mozzarella* cheese on Italian bread, he remembers. Then, when some of the nervousness in him was finally gone, he looked up at her.

She looked up at the same time.

"Hi," Johnny said.

The girl smiled slightly, then looked down again and continued eating.

She *didn't* remember him from last night. "Well," Johnny told himself, his knees beginning to shake again, his hands finding it harder and harder to hold that big fat sandwich steady, "I guess I'm going to have to be the one to tell her if I'm ever going to get to meet her."

He laid down his sandwich. There was a little perspiration hanging out over his eyebrows. He managed to give the perspiration an unobtrusive wipe. He sat up a little in his chair. He felt himself leaning over a little. He wished more than anything that the girl would look up and back into his eyes so it would be a little easier for him to begin. What was taking



"THEY'LL KILL ME YET!" says Vic Mature

■ Maybe Vic Mature *looks* like a dar devil, but don't let that devil-may-ca manner fool you! "Fact is," says Vic. "th when it comes to wrestling with lions ar pythons, battling with sharks and croc diles, and otherwise risking life and lin for my art. I've had it!

"Sure the scripts always call for me win in these man-versus-beast bouts. B you never can be sure about those thin coming out according to the script!"

For instance, Cecil B. DeMille figured would make a great scene to have Vic k a lion barehanded in *Samson And D lilah*. "It's Jackie, the trained lion." D Mille reassured me. "Harmless as a kitten

Jackie was kittenish all right—all thr hundred pounds of him, which landed Vic's lap. Result: one badly bruised acto

In *The Sharkfighters*, Vic demanded th an underwater steel fence be built betwe him and the sharks. "Sure," Vic was r assured, "we'll even hook the man-eate on lines. And we'll drug them to ma them forget they hate people."

So what happened? There were shar in the ocean that hadn't read the scri but decided they'd like to be in the mov . . . And they were on the *other* side Vic, the side without a fence. One w 150 feet from where the scene was shot.

In the movie *Safari*, shot in East Afric Vic had crocodiles. "Absolutely safe! the crocs are downstream from you." sa the director. So Vic waded into the wat up to his neck. Next thing he knew, he w just fifty yards away from a croc and t distance was narrowing—because it w gliding upstream! A hunter shot him.

Incidentally, this picture was shot Mau Mau country. Before Vic left on t trip, the producer—safely sitting in London office—told him: "Nothing to worried about. All the Mau Maus are b tled up on Mt. Kenya."

"He didn't tell me," Vic explained lat "that location was on Mt. Kenya—whe the Mau Maus were bottled.

"All these adventure pictures have ma my skin tough but all I want is for it to *one* skin! The studio might love me. those wild animals they keep casting with don't know me enough to care!"

Vic Mature's forthcoming pictures Columbia are The Most Wanted Wom Pickup Alley *and* The Long Haul.

m so long, anyway, and why was he
etting that funny, nervous feeling inside
him, when he'd spent half the night
acticing exactly what to say, what *had*
be said. "Lucille," a girl called, rushing
er just as his words were about to
mble out, "I been looking high and low
r you. Come on. There's a very good
iend of my boy friend's who I want you
meet . . ." And they were gone.
"You dope," he said to himself, sore, real
re, as he looked across the table at the
npty chair there. "You dope!"
He sat there, at the table, until the bell
ng and everyone began clearing out of
e big cafeteria. Johnny got up.
"You're gonna get one more chance," he
ld himself as he walked to his next
ass. "Just one more chance . . ."
At five that afternoon, Johnny waited
r her outside the Seventy-ninth Street
it. His plan was to catch her as soon as
e came out and say "Look . . ." and
en tell her how much he'd like to get
know her.
For the first time in a long, long time,
hnny was happy. It felt good standing
ere in the cold, waiting to see somebody
u really wanted to see, waiting to say
mething you really wanted to say.
He heard a rumble down the block, the
est End Express coming from Coney
land on its way to New York and to Times
quare. Johnny pictured himself and
ucille sitting in that train some Saturday
ght soon, all dressed up and holding
nds and on their way to Radio City
aybe and having a Chinese meal before
e movie at that place near Sixth Avenue,
d a nice cup of coffee and some of that
g cheese cake with strawberries at one
those places on Broadway after the
ovie. *It'll cost a lot of money,* he heard
e part of his mind say after he'd mapped
t the evening for himself and his girl.
what? he answered himself.

ar away, very far away

Lucille had barely opened the door and
epped out onto the sidewalk when
hnny began to walk up to her. He saw
er smile and saw her lips say *hello.*
He smiled back. "I . . ." he said.
"Hi," a voice behind him interrupted
im. A fellow, a tall fellow he recognized
s a basketball player on the school team,
ne of those big wheels with some kind of
ffice in the G.O. and with his picture in
ne school paper all the time and with nice
othes and with about a hundred other
ings, was standing there, looking at
ucille.
"Hi," Lucille said. "I hope I'm not late."
"Naw," the tall fellow said.
Lucille shivered. "It's cold," she said.
"You want to go for a hot chocolate?"
ne tall fellow asked. "There's a place up
ne street. They make just about . . ."
Johnny didn't hear any more. Lucille
adn't been smiling at *him,* hadn't said
ello to him, hadn't even looked at him
r recognized him as the guy from last
ight or from lunch that afternoon.
He watched Lucille and the tall fellow
alk slowly down the street, talking and
aughing. He watched them till they got
o the end of the long block, to a dark spot
nder the elevated railway tracks. Then
e looked up. Another West End Express
as rolling by. It seemed to be moving
nore slowly than the other train had
noved. And its lights were dimmer.
nd instead of looking happy, this train
ooked somehow sad—as if Times Square
nd Radio City and a girl holding
our hand and all that fun were far, far
way.
As Johnny turned to walk home, alone,
e wondered if he'd ever meet another
irl as pretty as Lucille . . . **END**

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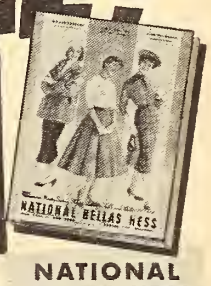
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CLINT WALKER—CLIFF DWELLER

■ The topic of dream houses had just come up, and Clint Walker drawls. "Shore. I got me some jim-dandy plans for a dream house. I guess you could call it sort of early-American."

Remembering the role of the Frontier Marshal which Clint plays in the WARNER BROS. *Cheyenne* series, you conjure up a picture of a long, low, rambling ranch house, rustic in appearance, with maybe a wagon wheel here and there for decorative effect.

That may be early-American architecture, western version, for some. But not for Clint. It's *real* early American he's talking about—America back in the days when the Indians were digging themselves homes into the sandstone cliffs of the southwestern part of the country.

Because Clint's dream house is a cliff house. Not a house built *on* a cliff, mind you, but a house built *into* a cliff.

"I got me a raise not long ago," he explains, in a drawl which is part southern-Illinois, where he was born, and part *Cheyenne*, in which he claims he was re-born. "And now I'm agoin' to look for just the right sort of cliff—a sandstone outcropping which will jut just far enough up out of the desert to give me room for my house at the tip.

"There are loads of old miners all around that country who can do the job for me, dig the rooms right into the cliff, like mine chambers. I guess I want the regular number—living room, dining room, kitchen, and probably three bedrooms. The living room and mebbe a couple of the other rooms will have great big picture windows, the glass set right into the sandstone walls, so that we can have a terrific view across the desert to the mountains beyond—for miles around.

"Then I want to have a sort of spiral staircase, up a vertical tunnel, from the house to the top of the cliff above, so that we can use that for a sun deck.

"Sure, it may sound a little cockeyed. But think of all the practical advantages. With walls feet thick, the place should be easy to heat during cool weather and it should be naturally air-conditioned during the hot spells.

"Furniture? A lot of it could be built in, or dug in, I guess you'd say. While they're digging out a wall, they just leave a sort of ledge the right height for a settee. Then I'll face it with some fancy smooth stone, and put great big cushions on top of it, and I got me a davenport. Everything else I want with rounded corners, and big and solid. Got me no use for those frail, flimsy things they call furniture now-a-days!"

Watching Clint stroll back onto the set as the director calls the actors together, you must admit he's got something there. It would just about take a house chiselled out of a solid stone cliff to be the proper setting for that six-foot-five-inch frame of his.

"I like things that are solid, and substantial, and massive," he says.

It figures!

can terry keep love alive?

(*Continued from page 60*) "Mr. McGrath!" the nurse called, and tall, dark Eugene McGrath walked in. He stopped about halfway to the bed. He was staring at Terry and Terry was staring at him, and the nurse quietly slipped out. Gene stood rigid for a moment. "Terry . . ." He tried to smile. But there was something about this room, something about Terry—always lively, always bubbling over, always laughing—Terry lying there in that bed like that—that stopped the smile short. He took her hand. "Terry, what's the matter?" He watched her as she tried to keep her lips from trembling too much, as she bit them and then finally said, "I want a divorce, Gene." He let go of her hand. "You want . . ." he started to say. But he didn't go on. He just stood there and looked down at his wife and waited for her—to reach for him and tell him that she was sorry, that she didn't mean it, that she wanted to get up and dressed and get out of this place and go home with him. . . .

A tall dark young man

It had been different that night of the party back in December, 1955—very different. There had been music in the background played by a three-piece combo and champagne and Terry in a pink tulle dress and pink shoes standing in a corner, talking and laughing with a couple of people, when she noticed the tall, dark young man looking over at her. She couldn't help looking at him a moment longer than she ordinarily would have. And she couldn't help the little catch of excitement she felt a few minutes later when John Wayne, their host that evening, walked over with the tall dark young man and said something about *I-want-you-to-meet-a-friend-of-mine*, introducing her to Eugene McGrath.

"You know," Gene said point-blank, "I asked Duke for this introduction."

"Really?" Terry said.

"Yes," Gene said, nodding. "And when I did, he said to me, 'She's not the kind of girl you want to know.'"

Terry felt her heart stop beating for a moment. "Really?" she said.

"Well, you get all that dizzy publicity," Gene said, "and I guess he figures you're some kind of wild kid."

"I guess," Terry said, trying to decide whether she was going to be sore as heck at this guy for talking to her like that or whether she was going to stand there and take it—so he wouldn't walk away.

"But," Gene went on, "the better I get to know you the better Duke'll get to know you, and he'll see how wrong he is."

"And we're going to get to know one another?" Terry asked, unable to hide a smile.

"Considering that you're coming out to dinner with me," Gene said, "I guess we're going to get to know each other a little—at least."

The way they'd never kissed before

Neither Terry nor Gene remembers exactly when it was they fell in love. But it happened sometime between that first exchange of words—made at about seven-thirty on that December night—and that moment shortly after midnight when Gene was standing at the door of Terry's house, saying goodnight. They'd arrived at the house about an hour earlier and had had coffee and cake with Terry's folks in the kitchen and now the evening was practically over and Gene, thirty years old and nervous as a kid, took Terry's hand and hemmed and hawed for a little while about look-at-all-those-stars and did-

u-really-enjoy-your-dinner? And then, ddenly, he took her in his arms and he sed her, the way he'd never kissed an- er girl before. And Terry kissed him k, the way she'd never kissed another n. "I'd like to see you again," Gene ispered.

Yes," Terry said.

Soon," Gene said.

Yes," Terry said.

What's tonight?" Gene asked.

Friday," Terry said.

Will you come to dinner at my place on nday?" Gene asked.

Alone?" Terry asked, frowning slightly.

No," Gene said, softly. "I'd like you to ng your mother. I want her to get to ow my folks."

They kissed again. Then, holding him nt, Terry asked. "Where do you live?"

Panama," Gene said.

Terry thought for a moment. She'd been n in southern California and knew it ll. But she'd never heard of a town led Panama. "How do we get there?" whispered.

On my plane," Gene whispered back.

Oh," Terry said, nodding. Then some- ng in her mind went *boing!* and she ked up at Gene. "You mean Panama ere they have the canal?" she asked.

Yes," Gene said.

Terry began to laugh—softly at first, n more, then more, then more than 'd ever laughed before in her life. ene McGrath," she said, when she was e to talk again, "you are a loon."

And I love you," Gene said.

Terry buried her face in his chest, half ghing and half crying—she didn't know ich, she felt so strange, so warm, so ddenly mixed-up and good and con- ed and wonderful inside, all at the ne time. "And I love *you*," she said.

most fantastic week

The next week was downright fantastic. Sunday morning, Terry and her mom y down to Panama and to Gene's tre- ndous home there—somewhere along line he explained that he was in the urance and real estate businesses and ng very well—and that night they had inner prepared by two chefs and served three maids alongside a swimming pool large the native Panamanians referred it as *el segundo canal*—the second ca-

On Monday morning, Gene asked Terry he'd like to see another of his houses. Terry said sure.

And so that night they were having din- in a small mansion in Caracas, Vene- la. And three nights later they were ing in Gene's apartment in New York's ank SHERRY-NETHERLANDS HOTEL. And Friday, exactly a week after they'd t, they were back in California.

Terry's mom was exhausted and headed aight for home. But for Terry and ne this was only the beginning. Terry s busy most days finishing up a picture. t every night at six on the button, ne was at the studio to meet her in his , white convertible. Then they'd drive the ocean for dinner and go for a swim d spend hours on the golden sand and rry would tell Gene how she'd never en so happy before in her life and Gene uld draw wedding bands in the sand d say that he was glad, very glad.

They were married secretly in Las Ve- on New Year's Eve, and the secret nained a secret for the next six weeks. ring that time, Terry and Gene traveled ne 70,000 miles together—Florida twice, racas six times, Panama five times, Las gas once and New York three times. d the couple moved around so fast and iously that most people had no idea at was up or who was where.

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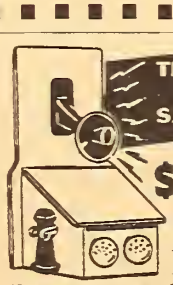
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TONY FRANCIOSA LOSES A BET

■ "Okay, it's a deal," said Tony Franciosa to the Earnest Character who usually got what she came for. "If you guess right, you can have it."

The Earnest Character took a sheet of paper, wrote two letters on it and held it up for Tony to see.

Tony looked as surprised as a man can look, meekly sat down, and said, "You win. Go ahead—"

The scene had started just a couple of minutes before, and the place was Tony's hotel room. The Earnest Character, a movie magazine writer, was the only other member of the cast. The scene's opening line, spoken by a belligerent Tony, was quite a shock to the *I-Always-Get-My-Story* gal.

"Look," said Tony as soon as she walked in the door, "you're wasting your time. So let's just quit now!"

Writer (soothingly) Why am I wasting my time?

Tony Because you're not going to get a story!

Writer (gently) Why won't I get a story?

Tony Because I'm not going to answer your questions!

Writer (soothingly again) Why won't you answer my questions?

Tony Because my private life's my own!

Then it was Tony's turn to become quiet and soothing, as if he were trying to explain something to an idiot child. "You're the second interviewer I've ever spoken to," Tony explained. "I kept telling that first one that I wasn't going to answer his questions on a particular subject and he kept saying 'All right, we'll forget about that,' and he'd ask me what my favorite food was and what I like to do for kicks and then he'd spring another one at me as if he thought in two minutes I'd forget that I had told him I wasn't going to talk about that particular subject. I finally got so sore I told him to get out. Then he starts the whole routine again. So *I* walked out!

"And it was *my* hotel room," Tony added, like he was reliving the injustice of it all over again. "So," finished the hot-blooded Tony with the hot temper, "let's save us both a lot of time and forget it!"

The writer looked at Tony, sized him up for the sportin' blood he was, and answered, "I won't bother trying to convince you that I can find a dozen stories in you, without harping at an angle you want to stay away from. You won't believe me. But how about a little bet, Man?"

Tony looked more interested and less mad.

She had him on the hook, and followed through fast. "If I guess what that 'particular subject' was that you didn't want to talk about—you'll answer a few questions for me. *Not*," the interviewer hurried on, "on the particular subject. On other things. If I don't guess, I'll go quietly, right now. Deal?"

This, Tony figured, was a snap. She'd be out in two seconds flat!

"Okay, it's a deal," said Tony, settling back to gloat over the fast win he was sure was coming. How *could* she guess? "Go ahead," crowed Tony, "guess."

The writer penciled two letters on a sheet of paper—S.W. Shelley Winters. Anybody who knew *anything* about Tony Franciosa knew that was one thing he never talked about—his romance with the lovely actress. Maybe because he didn't want his love for her to look like the brass ring on a merry-go-round that he was cashing in on. Or maybe because he just felt his private life was nobody's business but his own. Whatever the reason, it was no secret to reporters that Shelley was one subject Tony wouldn't discuss.

But *Tony* didn't know that everybody knew, and it was a very surprised Tony indeed who looked at the two letters on the sheet of paper—and realized he had lost his bet. "You win," he said, sittting down meek as a lamb to his second interview with the press . . .

Tony's currently in MGM's This Could Be The Night, *20th's* Hatful Of Rain *and Warners'* A Face In The Crowd. *Watch for him soon in Paramount's* Obsession.

So much in love

Once, a columnist phoned Terry's ho and asked her father where his daugh had disappeared. "I think she's in N York with a girl friend named Peggy," said, and that was all he would say.

Another time, the same colum phoned Nicky Hilton, who'd been dat Terry steadily right up until a cert night in December. "Where is she, Nic the columnist asked. "Who knows?" Ni answered, and that was all he *could* s

Finally, in mid-February the n leaked out and Terry and Gene smilin confirmed it.

Then every paper in the country he lined it—how the young man and beautiful movie-star bride got married Las Vegas, while having dinner v friends Debbie and Eddie Fisher, sneaked out to a justice of the peace tween courses. "They did it secret Terry's mom told reporters, "because son-in-law isn't used to this Hollyw publicity and didn't want any fuss." columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, agree with Terry's mom, noted that "Euc McGrath is distinctly the un-Hol wood type." So un-Hollywood, as a m ter of fact, that one of the first thi Gene did after the first hoopla was c with was to hire a man to keep Ter name *out* of the papers as much as p sible—"my *suppress* agent," Terry c called him.

The next year was, in Terry's wo "simply wonderful." Terry was away f Hollywood most of that time in orde be with Gene. Quietly—*very* quietly the gay Terry Moore of only tw months earlier—she shuttled back forth between Panama, Caracas, N York and California with her husb And the few interviews she gave v usually at airports either before or aft flight, and the few words Terry usu said always boiled down to *I'm-very-h py-and-very-much-in-love.*

Urgent business

On their first anniversary, she ecs ically told columnist Sheilah Graham Gene was the best husband in the wo that he'd showered her with anniver gifts on the first of every month—diam earrings, rings, bracelets, a solid gold ry-all, some real estate in Venezuel mink stole, a race horse. "He even my mother a present," Terry said. houseboy from Panama who can driv car and wears white gloves and is a vine cook."

But only a few days later, Terry's h grew so suddenly heavy you would h thought it had been hit by a Swiss a lanche.

Terry and Gene had been in town a two weeks, visiting Terry's folks and ing their friends. Late one night C received a wire from Panama telling that he was needed back on urgent b ness. When Terry heard the news smiled and started to pack. Gene u her to stay behind. "You're having a good time . . ." he said. Terry said that she went where he went. "But only be gone about five days," Gene firmly, so next morning, she drove hi the airport, kissed him good-by, wave the plane as it zoomed off the runwa felt funny not being *on* the plane Gene—and drove back to town and beauty parlor there.

Terry tried to get away

That's where it all started—the g that in a few short days was to becom intense that it would, just months l shatter everything that had been ha ness to Terry.

"Terry Moore?" she heard the voic

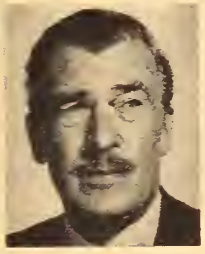
SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in September, you're sharing it with:

September 1—**Yvonne DeCarlo**
Vittorio Gassman
September 3—**Alan Ladd**
September 4—**Mitzi Gaynor**
September 6—**Otto Kruger**
September 7—**Peter Lawford**
September 8—**Denise Darcel**
September 9—**Cliff Robertson**
September 10—**Lloyd Nolan**
Edmond O'Brien
September 13—**Dick Haymes**
Scott Brady
September 16—**Lauren Bacall**
Anne Francis
September 17—**Pat Crowley**
September 18—**Phyllis Kirk**
Rossano Brazzi
September 19—**Ray Danton**
September 20—**Karen Sharpe**
Sophia Loren
September 22—**Marge Champion**
September 23—**Mickey Rooney**
September 25—**John Ericson**
Aldo Ray
September 26—**Barbara Britton**
Edmund Gwenn
September 29—**Anita Ekberg**
Steve Forrest
Lizabeth Scott
September 30—**Deborah Kerr**
Ben Cooper



Claudette Colbert
September 13



Walter Pidgeon
September 23



George Raft
September 24



Greer Garson
September 29

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the next booth say, "yes, I read about her anniversary present. And I just couldn't help wonder what kind of presents he gives those *other* girls he's got all over the place!"

"You really think he has—other girls, I mean?" a second voice asked.

"Everybody knows it," the first woman said, annoyed, "everybody except maybe you—and *her!*"

"Nincompoop," Terry muttered to herself as a startled hairdresser walked up to her chair, "—people with nothing else to do but make up stories about other people all day."

But gossip is contagious—it spreads, whether true or not. That night Terry went to a small party a friend had planned for her and Gene. Terry arrived alone of course, and explained that Gene had been called away on business.

"Do you know?" a very drunk female guest asked a few minutes later, cornering her.

"Do I know what?" Terry asked, confused.

"About this Eugene McGrath of yours," the woman said, "and the way he carries on behind your back."

Terry tried to get away from the woman. "Please . . ." she said, pushing a little.

"Terry, be smart." the woman said, "people are talking. Everybody knows. At least stop walking around with that stardust in your eyes. Be smart." "Please," Terry whispered, the tears starting to fall as she ran to the front door and to her car and away from all this.

Whispers everywhere

The next few days were horrible. The gossip had made the rounds by now—*You should have seen her run crying at the party when his name was mentioned!*—and Terry couldn't go *anywhere* without the eyes shifting to her, and the whisper beginning.

It's hard to say exactly what Terry heard during these days. But she heard plenty and, true or not, what she heard hurt her plenty.

And things were different between her and Gene when he came back to California.

Terry began to lose weight. People who saw them out together remembered that the normally-gay couple had become very quiet—and they always looked as though they had just had, or were just about to have, some kind of tiff.

People noticed, too, how Terry began remaining in Hollywood more and more as Gene went off on his far-flung business trips; how Terry was becoming more interested in picture making—and signed up for two films. She began giving a rash of interviews to the press once again, and ended up saying some of the strangest things—strange for the 1957 Terry Moore, when compared with the '56 model.

What was really going on

Once, in 1956, someone had asked Terry if she didn't get tired traveling as much as she did, having lunch in this country, dinner in that, wondering just which of her swimming pools she was swimming in—at the moment. "I *love* it," Terry had said, "because I love my husband and want to be with him all the time." Now, in 1957, an interviewer asked Terry how come she wasn't traveling so much with her husband, how come she wasn't with him as much as she used to be. "Because he's so busy," said Terry, and that ended that interview.

Once, in 1956, someone had asked Terry if her interest in making movies was on the wane. "No," said Terry, "it's just that it's difficult being in two places at one time—and I know where I want to be." . . . Now, in 1957, after having signed for

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the two pictures, an interviewer asked how-come? "Because," said Terry, "I want to prove to people that I'm still as good an actress as I was when I was nominated for the Oscar in *Come Back, Little Sheba.*" She said nothing about being separated from her husband.

It was all pretty confusing, and only the people who really knew both Terry and Gene knew what was going on—and what was to come. And even the close friends didn't agree with each other.

An All-American kind of girl

"Gene McGrath is a self-made man," said one friend to a MODERN SCREEN editor. "He's not the son of some rich old codger who heaped a couple of million bucks on Gene. He worked hard for his money, and he's got to work hard to keep on making it. He's got to keep on the go, travel around a lot, go to parties, meet people, talk to attractive women as well as to influential men. Terry should realize this and not get all upset when somebody starts trying to make something out of nothing. And I say *out of nothing*—because Gene is real squaresville as far as Terry's concerned, completely faithful. The guy loves her!"

But another of the friends said once, "I think he could have tried to consolidate his businesses a little more, given up some of that running around for a home—and found *one* home. He went to Hollywood once and fell in love with a beautiful movie star and married her—the dream of lots of American boys. Well, there's nothing wrong with that, but why not live in a way that would let the movie star *remain* a star. There's nothing wrong with Terry's wanting to do something *she* likes, either!"

"Terry just got completely exhausted with all that traveling and the gossip just hit her when her defenses were down—and knocked her out," says a friend of hers in her defense. "She's an All-American kind of girl and the United States of America is basically where she likes—and wants—to live. She's not an Ava, who takes off for Spain on her own and *after* she leaves her husband. And she's not a Liz, who's as happy on the French Riviera as she is anywhere else in the world . . . And Terry is an actress, a good one, and she's never going to be happy until she proves that she's even better than good. For this, a girl needs encouragement from her husband—and lots of it."

"I want to be with you"

"There's no reason why she couldn't have given up her career for love," says a critic of Terry, taking another point of view. "Certainly she's had her share of the Hollywood limelight. I think a wife should go with her husband. He travels around a lot? Well, it isn't so bad living in those posh places all over the world. And what if she'd fallen in love with some young army lieutenant who was sent to some hell-spot in some desert for a couple of years?

"I like Terry, like her a lot. But I think she made a real boo-boo when she decided that she was going to combine making movies with happy endings with a life with the same kind of ending."

Anyway, in June, Terry filed for divorce. Completely fatigued, she took refuge in a rest home. Gene, who'd been away for a few days, rushed to see her when he heard the news. They were alone for half an hour. When Gene left the hospital, he looked drawn. He told reporters about Terry's request for the divorce. "But I'm sure," he said hopefully, "that when Terry's given a chance to think it out, she'll recognize she's doing a great injustice to me and to others. She's been misinformed. I love her, love her very much.



LONELIEST NIGHT IN THE WEEK

■ One Saturday night we were sitting around watching television. Ray, my twelve-year-old son and my eighty-two-year-old father who makes his home with us, are terrific TV fans. Me, *I* can take TV or leave it—but I love movies. I also love working in a movie studio and I think you'll understand why. I'm a private secretary. I work for—Robert Wagner!

It was somewhere around eight when the phone rang.

"What are you all doing?" asked my boss, when I picked up the phone. Before I finished telling him, he quickly cut in.

"Do you mind if I come over and watch TV too? It's kind of lonely here in my apartment, so I'll just grab a fast bite and then drop by if you don't mind."

There was nothing to eat in the ice box—nothing to eat except eggs. When I offered to fix them for Bob, he couldn't have been more pleased. So over he came, ate his eggs—and promptly fell asleep on the living room couch!

For the past few months Bob had been getting up at dawn and working fiendishly long hours on *The True Story Of Jesse James.* He was really exhausted and at midnight when he was still dead to the world, we just didn't have the heart to awaken him. Instead, we covered him with a blanket and tip-toed off to bed. Along about three in the morning Bob quietly closed the front door behind him and headed for home.

As Robert Wagner's secretary, my duties include opening his fan mail and assorting it for him to answer. Invariably there are letters that tell Bob how much fans envy him for the gay and glamorous life he leads in Hollywood. And when my friends ask me about Bob Wagner, they sigh and say something like this, "Of course, life for him must be one continual whirl of parties and social life." I often wonder if anyone would believe that Saturday night can be the loneliest night in the week. Yes, even for someone as popular and famous as—you know *who!*

Nena Wills

Bob will soon be seen in 20th-Fox's Stopover Tokyo.

ELVIS gets his hair set



■ Dolores Hart whispered in Elvis' ear, asking his permission. He looked startled but said *yes*. She ran to get tissue paper, handed it to El, and started twisting his hair—back and forth . . .



■ Elvis was a big help: he twisted the tissue, handed it to Dolores, even made jokes up so she wouldn't be so tense—even though *he* was going the get the brunt of it! Dolores worked away . . .



■ The first curl was set: then the rest. But the photographer shooting stills on *Loving You* was ready, so out came the pins—and the curls. El still wonders how he'd have looked with curly hair!

I hope she realizes that. I hope so with all my heart . . ."

The end of the story? It's a very nice one! After a few more days in the rest home, after lots of thinking things over, after phoning Gene at home a few times to find out if he was all right, and then phoning him to come to the home for a while and talk—after seeing Gene in the little white room that second time and reaching for his hand and realizing that this was the hand she always wanted to be able to reach for, always—Terry whispered, "I've changed my mind. I don't want the divorce. I want to be with you, Gene. With you!"

A nurse—the chubby one with the big brown eyes—who happened to walk into the room a little while later, reports that Terry and Gene were both having a good long cry. "And I have a hunch," the nurse said, winking her favorite wink, "that those tears wiped away a lot of unnecessary heartbreak." **END**

Terry is currently in 20th Century-Fox's Bernardine *and will soon be seen in* Peyton Place.

kim's broken engagement

(*Continued from page 39*) covered the ground. The moonlight illuminated the trees as in a fairyland.

"I want you to kiss me," Kim whispered softly as they were halfway through the park.

He tried to take her into his arms.

"No, not like this." She pointed at a hedge a hundred feet away. "You go over there and I'll stay here. And when you turn we both run toward one another and I fly into your arms and *then* you kiss me. . . ."

Slightly amused, he did as she told him. But before Kim started to run, an inexplicable impulse made her slip off her shoes and run barefooted. As a result she cut her toe.

"That was a silly stunt," her new fiance commented when he noticed her limp. He didn't like to see her hurt.

Kim was hurt a lot more than he thought. At least that's what she told herself: that he wasn't as romantic as she was. That he considered her childish and silly. And the more she thought about his attitude, and of hers, the more sure she became convinced that they weren't right for one another, and broke the engagement.

Actually she was only kidding herself.

Kim liked him as much after they split up as she did before. She simply didn't want to get married to him, to anyone.

But why?

Kim knows, in her secret heart

Well, for one thing, Kim knew even then, back in Chicago, that the ordinary domestic life wouldn't satisfy her completely—at least not until she first tried the exciting glamorous route. Only Kim, herself, in her secret heart, knows why she decided on a life of excitement and heartbreak and work, rather than security and love and children. But having decided, she couldn't let love or marriage stand in her way. From the beginning, Kim's devotion to her work was probably unequalled by any star's in Hollywood.

Certainly every actress has ambitions. They wouldn't get where they are without it. But offhand, with the exception of Judy Garland, we don't recall one girl her age who had to go to the hospital to recuperate from exhaustion, as Kim did between the time she finished *Jeanne Eagels* and



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started *Pal Joey*. For almost three weeks she was confined to the CEDARS OF LEBANON, with no scripts to read, no business to talk about, no visitors, nothing to do but rest and eat.

For Kim is involved with more than the long working hours which often require her to get up at three-thirty in the morning and not get home before eight at night. It's the tenseness with which she throws herself into a part that wears her out, and thus leads to a state of weariness, physical and mental, which is hardly conducive to a happily settled married life. And she knows it.

The Patience of Job

With it goes a change of moods which might drive any husband batty in no time. If the script calls for Kim to be happy, she is happy from the time she gets up in the morning till she goes back to bed at night. But if the script calls for her to be depressed, she will be depressed from morn to night.

And she knows it would take a man with the patience of Job to get adjusted to these constant changes of moods.

For instance, one Sunday night a friend ran into Kim and Mac Krim just as they were leaving a restaurant in West Los Angeles. Much to her surprise Kim was carrying the script of her picture under her arm. "Don't tell me you study your script on a date," she cried out.

Kim nodded her head. "Sure, while Mac is driving I can go through my lines. . ."

The death-bed promise

Another concern is her strongly religious attitude.

It hasn't always been that way, as she is the first to admit.

When she was little her outlook was very much influenced by the example of her parents, and particularly her grandmother on her mother's side, who lived with the Novaks. "Grandma" never went to bed without saying the rosary, attended church not just on Sundays, but every day of the week as well. Kim did her best to follow her footsteps.

Her grandmother's death brought about another complete change of attitude. Kim hadn't even realized that she had never been confirmed. With her last breath the old woman extracted a promise from her granddaughter to make up for it as quickly as possible.

A few weeks later the teenaged Kim marched down the aisle in the company of a dozen girls to be confirmed.

From then on her participation in church activities became progressively stronger till religion became as much a part of her life as eating and sleeping.

Quite obviously, a girl like that wants a husband who would qualify under the rules of her church. That excludes quite a number of prospects!

Her fear about men

Lastly there's Kim's fear that men like her for her position as a star and not just as a person.

Nine out of ten movie stars are gripped by the very same fear. But with Kim this fear is even stronger than usual—maybe because Kim has become such a big star in such a short time.

It is difficult to predict Kim's future. Chances are she will get married some day. But when it happens, it is almost certain to be through an elopement. If Kim ever had the chance to sit down and reason out the pros and cons, she would talk herself right out of it—no matter who he is! **END**

Kim's in Columbia's Jeanne Eagels *and* Pal Joey. *Watch for her soon in Alfred Hitchcock's Paramount release* From Amongst The Dead.



"HEADS NEW YORK, TAILS HOLLYWOOD"

■ Jeanette MacDonald tossed a coin one day—and it could have been her biggest mistake!

The coin got tossed when Jeanette was getting her first taste of success. The Shuberts had signed her to star in a stage musical at $1,000 a week—a staggering sum for a twenty-two-year-old! Particularly for one who had struggled so hard to get someplace. And—they promised her another show for the following season.

At last Jeanette and her mother could say *good-by* to the cheap hotel rooms they had lived in for years. For at least this season and the next, there was security—real security. But they'd hardly been installed in a new apartment when Jeanette received a telegram from the late, great Ernest Lubitsch. He wanted her to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in *The Love Parade*: $2500 for ten weeks, and an option for a second picture.

Now back in 1929, talkies were still in the experimental stage, and nobody knew if they were here to stay. If Jeanette took the movie offer—and the movie turned out to be a flop—she might never get another chance at Broadway. But . . . a screen star . . . *that* was tempting too!

Jeanette begged her mother for advice.

"You're old enough now to make your own decisions," her mother answered. "You must learn to plan your own future."

Jeanette decided about it. "I'll toss a coin! Heads, it's New York, and tails it's Hollywood!" Taking a quarter from her purse, she flipped it into the air.

As Jeanette reached for it, her mother stopped her. "I'm ashamed of you, Jeanette! God gave you a mind to think with and a heart to feel with. And here you want to leave it to chance."

So Jeanette was up all night wrestling with her choice. At five in the morning she woke her mother.

"We're going to Hollywood!"

Then, out of curiosity, she picked up the quarter. It had come up heads! And heads had meant stay in New York.

"The foolishness of depending on a toss of a coin in life's crises," she said years later, "is a lesson I'll never forget. My Hollywood career was a success and it was in *Hollywood* that I met and married Gene Raymond twenty years ago. Our marriage has brought me the most complete happiness a woman can ever know.

"I'd never have had that happiness and success if I had left my future up to the toss of a coin!"

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ow to get your man

(Continued from page 47) lower lip for while, and have him look at your lower p. It's much better than looking at the ose, or at nothing at all.

If you have full lips, it helps. If you on't—learn to use a lipstick brush and ake them full! A lower lip, in par-cular, is a wonderful thing. It's very exy, your looking at his lip all the time nd his looking at yours. Without know-ng why, he's enjoying it. Another thing to o is inflate the nostrils slightly, and art the lips a little. I love parted lips. Also a very exciting thing to do is to hale. Naturally, you can't spend all our time looking at a man's lower lip, o it's a good idea to look into his eyes ery often. But be sure to lower your yelids once in a while and close your yes a few times. Because otherwise you're aring at him, and you should only utstare a man to get rid of him. Because wolf is only a wolf when you're running way from him. You stare at him and e backs away. So make sure you lower our eyelids once in a while!

The next thing I always keep in mind that a guy likes to feel useful—like you ouldn't even lift a fork. So I never do *nything* that my guy can do for me. nd I don't just mean things like lighting y own cigarette or opening a door, or icking up anything I happen to drop.

I make him *know* I couldn't do a thing ithout him, couldn't manage to *live* ithout his being around.

Like with my doorbell. I happened to omment to Mickey one day—that's Mickey Hargitay, my boy friend—that o one could fix it but me. It went *innnnn* instead of *dum-dummmm*, and I ad to lift the thingamijig with a knife to ake it work. I didn't realize that I had urt Mickey's feelings. Not till the next ay when I came home and found that Mickey had arranged to have a new door-bell put on outside. He showed me! I was *not* the only one who could fix it. I learned my lesson—not only play dumb . . . be helpless!

But of course I always try to be considerate, you know what I mean—baby a man. Like if he comes over, maybe for dinner, and he looks tired—light him a cigarette, stretch him out on the sofa with a pillow under his head and maybe get a cold cloth and bathe his forehead.

"But don't think that makes it all a man's world. Because you'd be surprised what a little thoughtfulness before dinner will get you . . . after dinner.

"Like when a wife says, 'I'm not going to do the dishes tonight!' Then the husband says, 'Well, I'm not going to do them either!' And that's that . . . she ends up doing the dishes. If the wife would just say—like I say to my boy friend Mickey when he comes over to my place for dinner—'You sit right down and make yourself comfortable, dear. I'll get your pipe and your slippers, and then I'll go in the kitchen and wash the dishes while you watch television.' Of course Mickey always answers, 'Don't be silly, darling. I won't hear of it. I insist on helping you.' Of course, I spar a little and say, 'You certainly will not, dear. I want you to sit down and relax.' By this time he's so touched that in the end he's doing the dishes all by himself!

It's true the guy is kind of being conned into it, but it's better than *demanding* that he do something! But you should start training them *before* you say *I do*, while they're still in the boy-friend stage!

See what I mean? Baby them!

That's how to get your man—and keep him!

Jayne is currently in 20th Century-Fox's The Wayward Bus *and will soon be seen in* Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? *and* Kiss Them For Me. **END**



how JACK LEMMON satisfied his great frustration

Dig into Jack Lemmon's pockets and you're very likely to come up with a handful f scribbled tunes on paper ranging from the back of the plumber's bill to an old nvelope. But he never sold a tune. Until he was down Trinidad way, making *Fire Down Below* with Rita Hayworth and Bob Mitchum.

The way Jack Lemmon finally satisfied his greatest ambition happened this way. The boy in the picture," he says, speaking of himself, "plays a harmonica. I had lways worked on a piano, but there I was, in front of the camera, diddling on a lain old, ordinary ten cent harmonica. I was just improvising a tune as I went long, figuring it would be dubbed later by someone else."

But director Bob Parrish pricked up his ears and asked, "What's that tune?"

"That?" echoed Lemmon. "Why, I don't know. Just something."

"Play it again," said Parrish.

Jack played it again. The crew liked it; it soon became the company's theme song. It also became the theme song for *Fire Down Below*, running through the film. COLUMBIA STUDIO bought it, which surprised Jack more than anybody.

That's how Jack finally sold a song—*and* realized his most unsatisfied ambition. Now Jack, who's a chronic worrier, is saying, "I only hope I like it when I hear it n the picture."

Jack's in Columbia's Fire Down Below, Operation Mad Ball *and* Cowboy.



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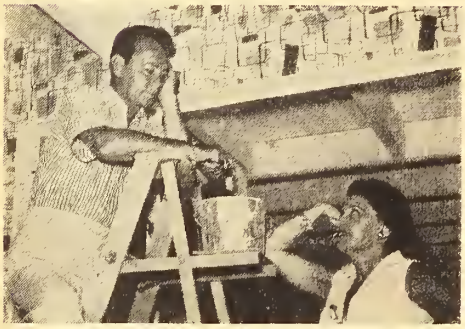
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accident prone GREGORY PECK



Seems like Gregory Peck always has some sort of accident when making a film. It can either be a cut, a black eye or the sprained wrist he got in Moby Dick.



On the other hand, Alan Ladd who gives and receives plenty of punches on film, and is often in stampede scenes, comes out fine only to go home and have an accident there!

and ALAN LADD

■ "My history in handling the rough action shots in my films would make the BLUE CROSS people turn white with alarm over all those claims!" says Gregory Peck.

"It started with *The Keys Of The Kingdom* where the script called for Chinese bandits to throw me down a cliff. Elvis Presley should have been there to sing me 'All Shook Up.' It would have been real mood music for that episode—and the six days I spent in bed recovering from it!

"Then there was the time Forrest Tucker failed to pull his punch on a haymaker to my jaw. He says I snapped my head forward instead of rolling away from the punch, as an experienced stuntman would do. Suggested theme song for that episode: 'You're Breaking My Heart'—with just one word change in the title: Tucker broke my jaw!

"A horse fell on me in *Yellow Sky* and broke my leg. Years later, rescuing Ava Gardner in *The Snows Of Kilimanjaro* ruined the same leg—tore a lot of cartilage and put me in a plaster cast for six weeks. That time, though, at least I had some fun out of it. Instead of a horse carrying me, I was carrying lovely Ava.

"But once a horse *saved* me from injury or injury-plus. For *Duel In The Sun* I had to ride a stallion into a herd of stampeding steers. I was smack in the middle of those milling cows before I realized they meant business—they wanted to give *me* the business! It was one occasion when good old horse sense saved me—and I mean the horse's, not mine! He got us out.

"Remember me in *Captain Horatio Hornblower?* One of the sword-slinging scenes put a sixteen-stitch cut in my right hand during that picture. Diving into the Tiber River at two in the morning for *Roman Holiday* ruined my holiday in Rome with a near attack of pneumonia. And I know *Moby Dick* was just a mechanical monster, but I had a whale of a time hanging on its sloping sides—and the sprained wrist I got out of it still bothers me. If that wasn't bad enough, I sprained the other wrist during the gangster fight in my latest picture, *Designing Woman*. I hardly noticed the injured wrist at the time, though—the pain from my very genuine black eye was so much worse.

"Won't somebody please find me a script writer without a big streak of action in him?"

Then there's Alan Ladd, who feels lucky on the set . . .

"Many of the directors I've worked for," says Alan, "have urged me to use a double in the kingsize commotion scenes at least, but I've stuck to the belief that I'm lucky.

"I guess a logical question now is whether I've ever been seriously hurt. Yes, I have. I've been in the hospital twice for major injuries—once for a broken leg, the other time for emergency treatment of a badly infected hand that had the doctors walking around with that *shall we amputate?* look in their eye!

"What pictures was I hurt in? Oh, I didn't get those injuries on the job. The broken leg happened when I hit the high board teaching my kids how to dive—and the infected hand started with a fingernail that ripped when I was showing my boy David how to catch a forward pass!

"No wonder I feel 'lucky' in a slugfest on the set!"

Gregory Peck is currently in MGM's Designing Woman. *Alan, in 20th Century-Fox's* Boy On A Dolphin. *Gregory will soon be in 20th's* The Sound And The Fury *and U.A.'s* Thieves' Market. *Watch for Alan in Warners'* The Deep Six.

jane wyman—gail smith

(*Continued from page 51*) What happened in April, 1956, when Janie tried to "blue-pencil" love out of her life?

A close friend of hers—who happens, incidentally, to be a publicity man—says "Jane was *afraid* to fall in love. That's why she broke with Gail in 1956."

Sounds crazy, huh?

Why was she afraid?

The clue is an old newspaper clipping in Louella Parsons' column. It was in 1949 just after Jane split with Ronald Reagan that Louella wrote:

"TO JANE, RONNIE STOOD FOR EVERYTHING THAT WAS PERFECTION. SHE WAS VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH RONALD REAGAN, AND THE THING SHE WANTED MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD WAS TO MARRY HIM."

"Ronnie," says a Wyman intimate, "was *the* man in Janie's life right up till Gail came along. Their divorce was an absolute shock to Jane—a blow from which I don't think Jane recovered—till now. Till she met Gail."

Reagan, Irish-tempered and a devout believer in the rights of a husband, insisted that the marriage run his way, the story goes. Jane, at this point—according to insiders—unfortunately acted on the poor advice of industry friends and told Ronny their marriage would have to give a little to her career. Ronald fought this as long as he could. Then he gave up.

So in 1948 they were divorced.

Four years after her divorce from Reagan, Jane at last seemed to have succeeded in driving away the memory of her lost happiness with Reagan.

"I only pray . . ."

She became gay, regained the vivacious sparkle so long gone from those saucer-shaped eyes under the page-boy bangs. She toured the night spots with this one and that one. She even got engaged—to Travis Kleefeld, heir to a construction fortune. But the wedding was called off.

Then, Jane was soon seen everywhere with Fred Karger, a supervisor of music at COLUMBIA STUDIOS. She did marry, but fourteen months later they knew their marriage was a mistake. All Jane would say is, "I don't know myself yet. Of course I'm restless. Like everyone else I'm searching for happiness, but I must do it my own way. I only pray that I will know it when I see it."

So Jane eliminated everything from her life but her children and her work. She kept busy with her television series.

Television series. . . .

And that's how she met Gail. He happened to be her sponsor's representative and he happened to be her kind of guy—a man who was finally to make Jane forget the unhappiness of so many long years.

Perhaps they met at the beginning of what was to be a nerve-wracking conference on the show, and in the quick *hello's* Jane may have noticed that his eyes held hers for more than a moment.

Or they met after a tough rehearsal with Jane exhausted and Gail offering to drive her home.

How they met really makes no difference.

What's important is they *did* meet!

Too happy to take the risk

What's he like, this man who captured Jane's heart—the heart that remained so cold to romance for such a long time? What's he like? Well, for one thing, Gail Smith is a happy man. Happy because he's going to marry Jane, because she's made life exciting to him just being with her. And he's a man who can make Jane happy because he knows the life an actress lives—and Jane knows that their marriage

can't flounder on the rock of ambition. Their careers are too different: neither of them will be trying to outdo the other in any department.

"He's so understanding," Jane said recently, "and so unbelievably kind. He certainly didn't impress me when I first met him. He was much too short. But then we had dinner one evening, and I sort of took a liking to the guy—and I knew he liked me," she laughs. "And after all he *was* the sponsor—so I said *yes* to his next invitation, and the next. . . That's all there is to it. Except . . . I haven't been happy the last few years, and being with him makes me feel wonderful!"

So far that's the most Jane has ever said about her love for Gail. Maybe she's just a little superstitious about it, afraid that talking of her happiness might make it fly away. And Janie Wyman is too happy a girl these days to risk it.

Oh, yes. There was one other thing she said about Gail Smith—"I don't see why we couldn't be very happy as man and wife!" She once prayed that when happiness came her way she'd recognize it.

It's here now; she's recognized it, and she's doing something about it. She's marrying it—in Gail Smith. **END**

what's wrong with this picture?

(*Continued from page 35*) band-aids if I have to hide it in a movie!" she said. And at eighteen? A divorcee who told the judge her husband had sworn at her in front of guests, and left her alone too much.

And the missing third part of the triangle—Russ Tamblyn, the boy to whom Venetia spoke her marriage vows? Rusty—so in love at twenty-one that sometimes "I just have to go outside and look at the stars, or I'd explode—" At twenty-two—the wreckage of a marriage behind him. He looks back grimly and says, "The past year has been hell for me. I haven't even worked—"

For Tony, Venetia, Russ—what kind of tomorrow will it be?

There are hints that Tony's smitten with the lady. "She's wonderful," he says. But Tony's been smitten before. A complicated boy, his dark and brooding looks tell no lies—he *is* dark and brooding. He's also ambitious. Tony's rise has been fast and furious, but no accident. He wasn't discovered on a street corner toying with an ice cream cone. To put it bluntly, he pushed.

When William Wyler was looking for the boy to play Gary Cooper's son in *Friendly Persuasion,* a lot of actors saw themselves in the role. Perkins went further. He saw himself into Wyler's hotel room. He tracked the director down, insisted on being heard by him. Tony knew Wyler was deaf in one ear, but not knowing which ear was bad, he leaped around the room throughout his audition to make sure that *some* of the time he'd be heard.

He got the part.

"So head over heels"

He's shy and blushes easily. But Tony hasn't let his shyness stand in the way of his career. He'll tell you he can't bear to be disliked. "I'd go around the world to catch up with someone who doesn't like me to find out why, and what I could do about it!" Strangely, this concern with what other people think of him doesn't jibe at all with his behavior. Tony walks around Hollywood in his bare feet; he instructs photographers in the art of shooting him; he tears up messages out of his mailbox without bothering to read them; he tells interviewers anything that comes into his head—once he invented a story about living on celery, peanuts and steak.

Ask him about his childhood, and you get outrageous answers all delivered with a straight face and a sad manner. "Once I hit my grandmother in the eye with a bow and arrow," Tony will say. "I'm sorry I did that because I really liked my grandmother."

He's fought with producers who've vowed never again to hire him—*and* he's charmed them into changing their minds. Girls are dazzled whenever he feels inclined to bend his efforts in their direction. The minute he *un*bends, those efforts, the girl is left standing and wondering what hit her. "I come away from Tony," a girl said recently, "so head over heels I don't know if I'm in this world or the next."

Change his way of life?

When Tony puts an end to a romance, another girl said, "there are never any scenes or tears. It's more like a door closing. Suddenly you're on one side of it, and he's on the other tacking up a sign which reads *Positively No Re-Admittance.*"

When Tony was making *Fear Strikes Out,* he dated his leading lady, Norma Moore. It was a whirlwind courtship. Then suddenly he was dating Elaine Aiken, his leading lady in *The Lonely Man.* Tony simply faded from that picture, too. In Italy to make *The Sea Wall,* Tony met Natacio Mangano, Silvana's sister, a red-headed eighteen-year-old fresh out of a convent.

Tony didn't much enjoy his trip abroad. From Thailand he wrote, "You can't eat vegetables or fresh fruit without risking a serious ailment; American cigarettes are seven-fifty a carton, and we're up to our hips in the mud of rice fields ten hours a day."

But he *did* enjoy the companionship of Natacio. He even traveled to Florence to meet her mother and father, a step so serious it may have terrified him back to reality, and thoughts of escape. He made a fast switch from Natacio to Maria Cooper, Gary's daughter, and suddenly all the

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ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID—NOW TO BE A BRIDE

■ All of Lori Nelson's friends, including Debbie Reynolds Fisher, Ann Blyth, Pier Angeli, Julie Adams and many high school friends, are settling back and relaxing these days. It seems that Lori, who's often been a bridesmaid, will now wind up a bride.



The reason they feel this way is because they've been noticing that Lori's hazel eyes shoot off stars whenever she's on the arm of husky Bob Peterson, who is a publishing dynamo at the age of thirty. She's been dating him steadily for seven months, somewhat of a record for Lori and she admits she's "his girl." She's helping him decorate his modern hilltop home which has three bedrooms, a house obviously not intended for a bachelor.

"Everyone I know worried about my bachelor girl status except me," laughs Lori. "Now that I'm going steady all my married friends are trying to rush me to the altar. I guess I really got everyone dizzy including myself during the past few years attending so many weddings and showers. Every time I'd show up at a wedding, the bride would do her best to toss the bouquet into my arms. But the next wedding was always some other girl's, not mine. My friends began teasing me."

Why should this be, you wonder, for a girl who has dated Hollywood's most eligible young men? Lori knew the answer; she wasn't in love. Because Dick Clayton, a constant escort, talked business, not romance, on their dates. Ben Cooper spent many evenings going over scripts with her. Dick Egan, George Nader and Tab Hunter used to whisper their career problems to her.

Her sympathetic and gentle nature got them all confiding in her and Lori found she couldn't fall in love with a man who she regarded as a *brother*.

Then, last summer along came six-footer Bob Peterson.

Soon Lori found herself leaning on Pete, a new experience for her. Instead of having a boy lean on her shoulder, she cried on his. Mostly, however, she laughed with him instead. Even sooner they were seeing each other constantly. Lori loves all sports, which is not only Pete's living but his passion. And Pete has no complexes about Lori's career. Besides the many things they have in common, what really convinced Lori that Pete must be the man she was waiting for was this: she never once thought of him as a brother!

Lori can soon be seen in U.A.'s Outlaw's Son.

---

columns were full of the new couple. Tony and Maria were acting serious, and Maria had given Tony a present—four trout, gift-wrapped—and there were references to the fact that Tony, who'd once played Gary's son, might soon be Gary's son-in-law. It was a spring-time idyll with Maria, but now spring appears to be sprung.

Tony values his independence the way he values the breath he draws. *Twice* he's been engaged; *twice* he's stopped short of marriage. During those engagement periods, he'd wake up cold with sweat, talking to himself. "My God, I'm going to have to change my whole way of life—" He hasn't *yet* met the girl who seems worth it, as far as anybody knows.

What hope for Tony and Venetia?

Now Tony's phoning Venetia Stevenson and taking her with him when he shops for an automobile, and crooning his songs into her shell-pink ear. Can Venetia hope to tame Tony, or is she in for a brand-new heartbreak?

Tony and Russ are alike in more ways than one. Both are supremely unconventional. Tony fancies tuna and cheese for breakfast, and Russ is known for putting ketchup on ice cream. Tony's apt to show up almost anyplace in yellow slacks and sweater—"I'm carried away by yellow"—or a peculiar green corduroy outfit. Rusty's equally heedless of the latest fashions. At a première a while ago he asked his friends how they liked his new suit. He was tieless, and had on a rumpled jacket and pants and an old sports shirt he hadn't worn in years.

Dancing makes Tony stutter, while Russ *is* a dancer—but both are fascinated by music. Tony longs to make a hit record—insists on singing to anyone who'll listen; Rusty fancies himself a demon pianist. There were nights during his marriage when he'd get caught up at a friend's house, playing piano, and forget to come home, forget to phone, forget everything except the kicks he was having. Tony wants to be able to flop into the swimming pool at four o'clock in the morning, if he's so inclined; Russ wants to be able to drum all night—and why can't the neighbors live the same way so there wouldn't be all this trouble?

The liking Tony and Russ have for going their own separate ways makes them intriguing to know, but it does *not* make them ideal prospects for marriage. There is, of course, one major difference: Tony's been eager to flee from marriage; Russ was eager to have it.

If, with all the love and high intentions in the world, Russ couldn't make marriage work, what hope is there for Tony and Venetia?

The biggest fight of all

There are so many pictures of Russ and Venetia still floating around. Those pictures look like they're right out of a fairy tale, and maybe that was the trouble. The world Russ and Venetia believed in was a story book world; it never really existed.

The Tamblyns had a vague budget, and neither approved of the other's way with money. Russ, a child of a happy marriage, wanted his wife to stay home and have children. Venetia wanted a career and he pretended to be glad.

"I was too possessive," he said at the time. "I thought because she loved me she would give up everything and just be a housewife. I realized that was asking too much." Even so, Russ never figured on Venetia's becoming an actress. Modeling was as much as he expected her to toy with. When the acting chance came along, he again gave in—but he never could really make himself share Venetia.

The Tamblyns filled a lovely house with lovely furniture, yet they were seldom home in it at the same time. Venetia would have dinner ready, and Russ would call and say they had to go out with a studio publicist, and Venetia wouldn't want to go, and there'd be a fight. In the beginning, these fights were easily settled.

After a while, there were fights about *everything*. He'd push her in the pool without her bathing cap, and she didn't think it was cute any more. He'd eat roquefort cheese till the smell of it made her sick. She'd have a pink carpet in the bedroom, and little white cupids he felt silly living with.

Then came the straw that broke the back of this already-shaky marriage: Venetia posed for some cheesecake pictures—pictures that were none too modest. The fight was big and there was *no* making up.

Will Venetia go with him?

They didn't even make it to their first wedding anniversary. They'd been married on Valentine's Day, 1956—they were separated before Valentine's Day, 1957.

The first fine excitement was over—and the marriage was over too. Storybook love is made of moonlight, and flowers on the table. It was never meant to stand up to dirty dishes, and the tensions of two tired people after a long day.

Even work didn't go well for Russ during the year of his marriage. He who'd played in two pictures a year since he'd been ten years old, wasn't in demand at his studio. When television tried to borrow him for a version of *Jack And The Beanstalk*, the studio refused to lend him. Later his father became critically ill with a brain tumor. Older, wiser people—people who had none of Russ and Venetia's problems—would have had trouble. Russ had dreamed of a wife at home, not an actress. Venetia had hoped for a husband who would protect and cherish her, and never be bad-tempered or late for dinner. Humans aren't angels. Something had to give. It was their marriage.

Today, Russ' career is again in high gear. He's got a good part in *Peyton Place*. He's going out with girls—Anne Francis, Gia Scala—but he's still got Venetia on his mind. They've been seeing each other again, though they vow they'll never be reconciled.

And, of course, Venetia is seeing Tony Perkins. What will come of that romance? Well—in November, Tony's off to New York to star in a Broadway play. Will Venetia go with him? It isn't likely. Tony's known for traveling light...

Take one more close look at the picture. It's a picture of a triangle—with one of the people missing. What about the other two? When Tony gets that new car, where is he heading? And with whom? **END**

Tony is currently in Paramount's The Lonely Man *and will soon be seen in* The Tin Star. *He will also be in Columbia's* This Bitter Earth. *Watch for Venetia in RKO's* Girl Most Likely *and Warner Bros.'* Darby's Rangers. *See Russ in MGM's* Don't Go Near The Water *and 20th's* Peyton Place.



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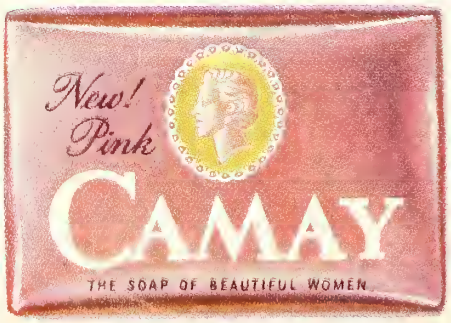
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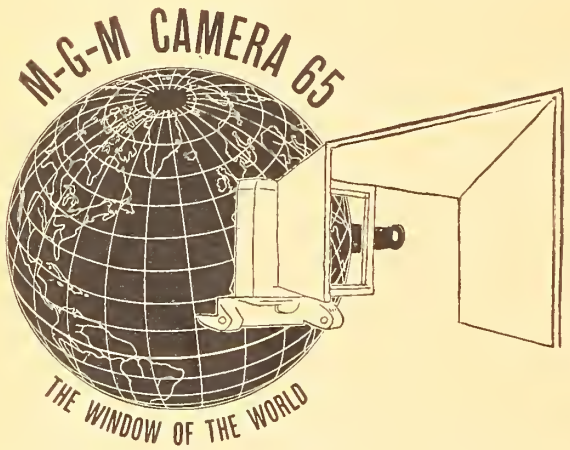


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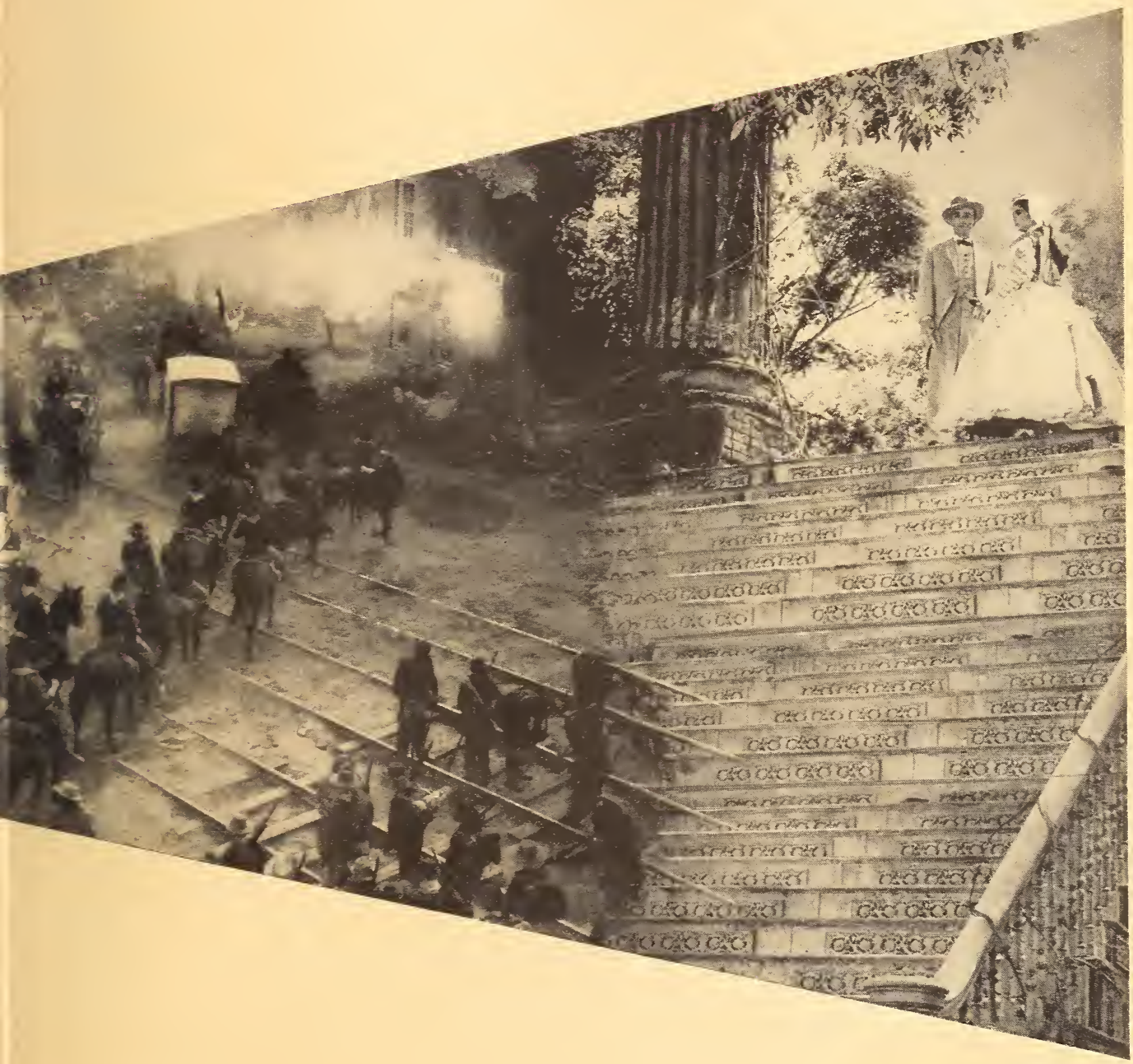
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Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds on the cover by Jack Albin. Debbie can now be seen in U-I's **Tammy And The Bachelor.** *Other photographers' credits on page 82.*

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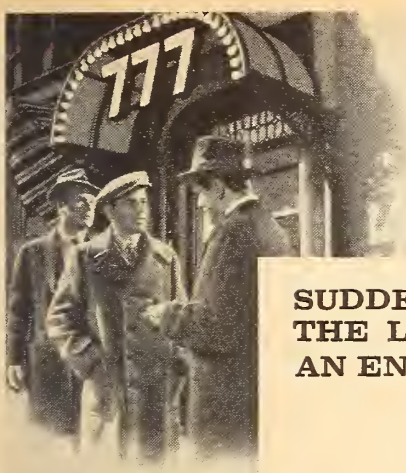
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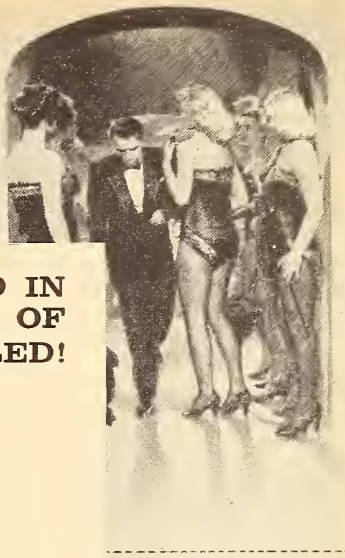
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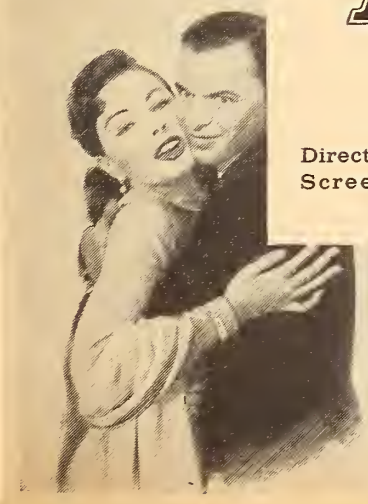
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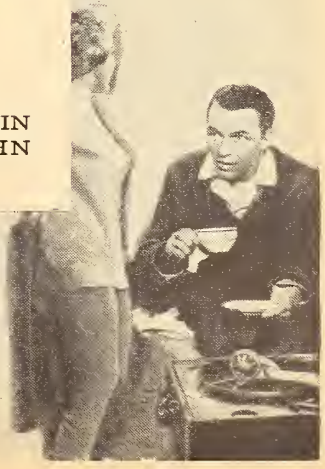
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She was pert, happy, vivacious. She chatted about her plans, about Elvis, about the future. She was full of life, full of hope...



The film was finished, and Judy Tyler heard Elvis Presley's words of good-bye —and neither of them knew the meaning the words would have, so soon . . .

Judy Tyler's LAST INTERVIEW

by Marcia Borie

■ It was the Fourth of July and hot and I had to work. The night before, I'd gotten a phone call from MODERN SCREEN asking me if I couldn't please have my Elvis Presley story in as soon as possible. I began to work. *"I feel a lonely feeling finishing the picture"*—I typed the words—El's words. I stopped. Somehow something was wrong—I couldn't get past those few words. I had talked with Elvis only a few days earlier and I had a lot of good stuff. But, still, I had a funny feeling. As if the typewriter keys were fighting my fingers. As if someone was telling me I shouldn't be writing that story now, not right now. I looked up and noticed the newspaper lying, folded, on the couch. It was a Los Angeles afternoon paper and it had been delivered a little while earlier. I saw the word *Presley* splashed across one of the headlines.

"I wonder what he's done," I thought to myself as I picked up the paper.

PRESLEY'S LEADING LADY DIES IN CRASH

A chill—a very cold chill—raced up my neck. *It couldn't be her,* I said to myself. I saw a dark-haired girl in a straw bonnet, very young, very pretty, very bright. She was laughing and as she laughed her eyes twinkled so merrily you would have thought she was the happiest girl in the world—which she had every right to be.

It couldn't be Judy, I thought, but it was. . . . It happened in a little town named Billy the Kid, Wyoming, on July 4th.

ACTRESS JUDY TYLER, 24, LEADING LADY IN ELVIS PRESLEY'S LATEST PICTURE WAS KILLED HERE YESTERDAY ALONG WITH HER ACTOR HUSBAND AND ANOTHER MOTORIST . . .

Two weeks earlier, to the day, I'd had lunch with Judy in the MGM commissary. It was part of my research on the Elvis story—I'd wanted to talk to someone who'd worked with him recently and Judy had been suggested as the perfect person to do the talking.

"She's wonderful," a publicity man at the studio had told me, "we're all crazy about her, she's so cooperative. Just crazy about her."

And now she was dead.

I sat down in front of my typewriter a few minutes later. I looked over at my (*Cont'd on page 8*)

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Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



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Judy Tyler's last interview

(*Continued from page 7*) notes, piled high to one side. For a while, I didn't touch them—didn't want to touch them. Then, slowly, I picked them up and went through them till I came to a batch headed: *J. Tyler, June 19.*

I began to read them.

They read exactly like this—

Wearing black pedal pushers, pastel blouse and floppy straw hat with yellow ribbons. Mighty cute. "Don't tell anybody," Judy grinned, "but I swiped the hat from wardrobe. I can see it all now . . . the studio cop at the gate will probably stop me when I drive off the lot today and accuse me of trying to make off with stolen goods! But I won't give it back," she continued, laughing. "I've fallen in love with it."

Then she looked at the studio publicist, Johnny Rothwell, who joined us for lunch, and said sort of seriously, "Say, you don't *really* think they'll care if I keep it, do you?" She was assured that Metro could afford to part with one straw hat.

"You know I feel kind of funny, this being my last official working day on the lot for a while. But I've got a big summer ahead of me. I'm going to do summer stock. *Pajama Game, Desire Under the Elms* at Provincetown, then *Sabrina.* But first I'm going on a personal appearance tour for *Bop Girl* and in between I'm doing *Pantomime Quiz* on TV. *Bop Girl Goes Calypso* was my first picture . . . we made the whole picture in six days! But it was fun. However, I must admit that at MGM I've had some time to turn around. You know, here I've been treated like I was the greatest star that ever walked. It's a wonderful studio. I adore it.

Elvis—the living end

"As for Elvis—well, he's a doll. The living end! Everybody who meets him falls madly in love with him."

"Did you, Judy?"

"I said *everybody* falls in love with him," Judy smiled. "He's fantastic, just a fabulous boy. You know I think the most astounding thing was the reaction of the crew to both Elvis and me. They're the people that count, you know. If the technicians don't like you, you know it! They're the people who've watched stars come and go. To me they're more important here than anyone else. To get a reaction from those guys, to look high up at the men on the lights above the set and see tears coming down their cheeks—it's the greatest reward I know. It's fine for the big wheels to be nice to you and pay you compliments; that's part of their job. But these technicians, they're well paid to do a specialized job and that's all. And when they started doing extra things for Elvis and me, I knew we'd made the grade.

"But, let me tell you more about Elvis. His dramatic potentials are fabulous. This is only his third picture and you can tell he has a brilliant future ahead of him . . . as an actor. It's honestly something he wants very much. We had a ball on set. He bought this little foreign car, a Messerschmidt—the kind that you have to lift the top off to get out. Well, it was so tiny we'd climb into it and drive right on the set, right up to the camera, then jump out and say, 'Well, we're ready.'

"He's a born kibitzer, you know. And his singing in this picture is great. There's one number he sings called *Young and Beautiful.* Every time he sang it I bawled like a baby. I'd completely break up. And then he'd rock with *Treat Me Nice*—here she did a few Presley-type movements—well, I used to move around, too, and tell him that 'I do Elvis better than he does!'

"When we were shooting or when we were between takes or at lunch we had a chance to talk. Usually it was a pretty serious discussion. Sometimes we'd sing, play records and dance. A lot of times we'd have a constant jam session. We really made a lot of noise . . . I don't think MGM has ever been so alive!

"Actually, though, there was a lot of business to be attended to and we didn't get a chance to do too much relaxing. But El and I did get in our share of serious talks. We'd start in, get all wound up. They'd call us for a scene—then we'd come back and pick up with our conversation right where we left off.

"You know, Elvis is crazy about people in show business. Me, I've been in it for eleven years. Elvis used to sort of look at me in awe and say, 'Gee, I've only been in this business two years and you . . . well . . . I've got a lot of things to learn.' Or whenever he'd see anybody well known, he'd go up to them and smile sort of shy-like and say, 'I used to see you in the movies all the time when I was a kid!' One thing's for sure—Elvis isn't wrapped up in himself. He's interested in everything and everybody.

"Another thing that's amazing about a personality like Elvis, a guy the girls go wild over, is that men like him too. One day I heard it was really something. I wasn't working that day . . . they were shooting a fight scene and only the men were working. It was a real rough scene and all the biggest, huskiest stunt men in the business were on the set. When the scene was over there was Elvis in the middle of this group of husky guys and they were all crowding around him asking for his autograph. That's unusual in this business.

"I had to see you"

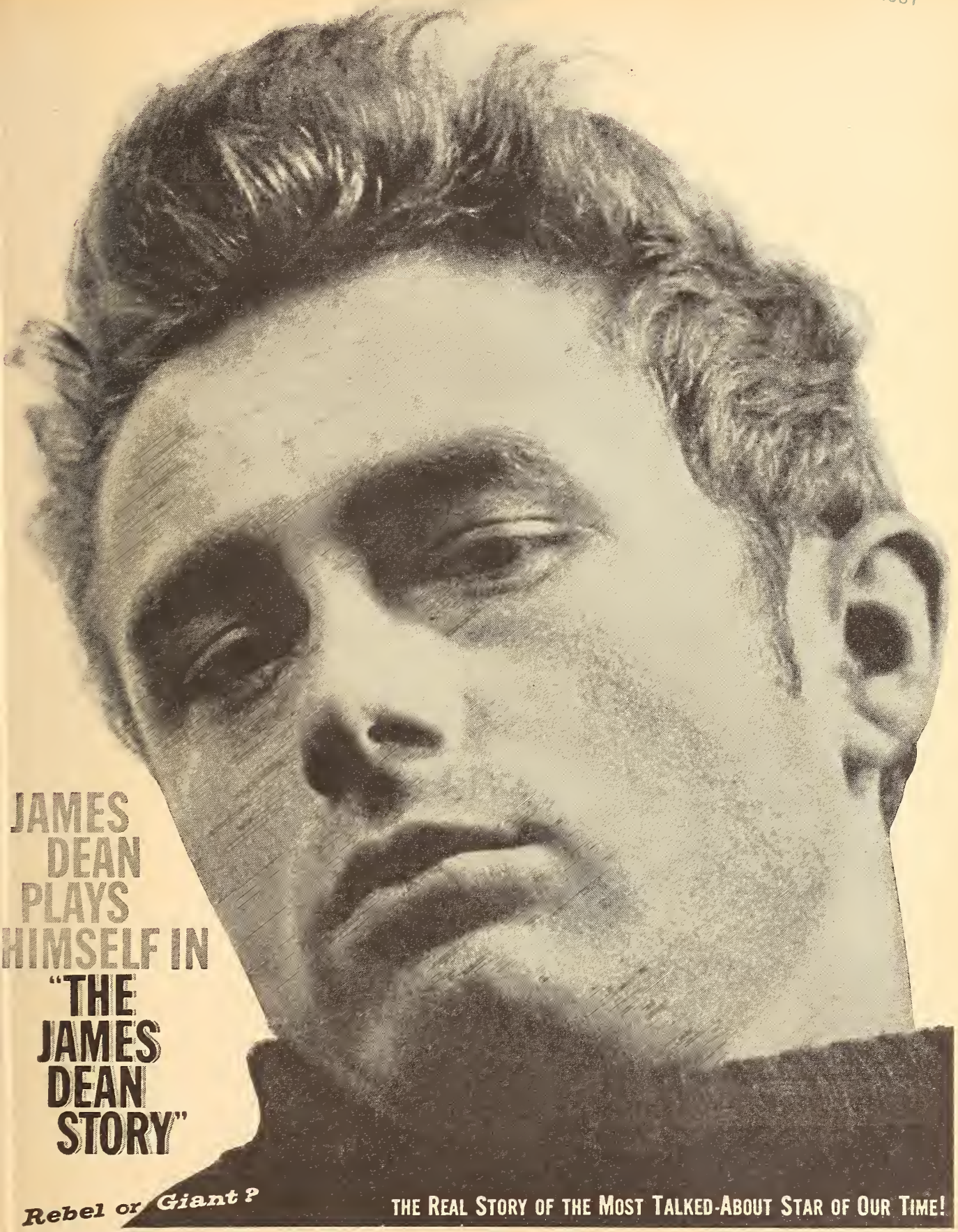
"That's an example of someone else's reaction to him. Now I'll tell you *mine.* He was very gracious to me and gave me a lot of leeway when we were making the picture. He didn't pull any of this star routine or try to act big-time. Why, last week I really caused a lot of commotion on the set. I was supposed to leave the room and he was to follow me out. I went out the wrong way and walked right through a plate glass (*Continued on page 10*)

AUDIE MURPHY

Audie Murphy, on the whole, is a pretty tolerant guy . . . as long as you remember to keep your cotton pickin' hands offa his life!

I LOVE	I HATE
Strauss waltzes	Cutting flowers
Strong tea	TV commercials
Texas	Orange marmalade
Candlelight	Picking cotton
Boats	Breakfast
Charles Russell's paintings	Hate
Skin diving	Being quizzed about unimportant, incidental things
Ireland (even though I've never been there)	Writing letters
Electric trains	Blabbermouth Texans
Ocean breezes	Girls in blue jeans (even the cute ones)
Thunderstorms	Prejudice
California	Belligerent inebriates
The smell of freshly plowed soil	KP
Hikes in the woods	Practical jokers

SEP 24 1957



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Produced and Directed by
GEORGE W GEORGE and ROBERT ALTMAN

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October 4—**Felicia Farr**
Charlton Heston
October 5—**Skip Homeier**
October 7—**June Allyson**
Glynis Johns
October 10—**Richard Jaeckel**
October 13—**Laraine Day**
October 15—**Jean Peters**
October 16—**William Elliott**
Angela Lansbury
October 17—**Montgomery Clift**
Spring Byington
Julie Adams
October 19—**George Nader**
October 23—**Coleen Gray**
October 27—**Leif Erickson**
Teresa Wright
October 30—**William Campbell**
October 31—**Dale Evans**



Diana Lynn
October 7



Cornel Wilde
October 13



Linda Darnell
October 16



Rita Hayworth
October 17



Joan Fontaine
October 22



Jack Carson
October 27

Your birthstone is an opal.

Your flower is a calendula.

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

(*Continued from page 8*) door. Elvis grabbed me immediately. I wasn't hurt very much, luckily. I was more embarrassed than anything else. But I knew it would hold up production and I kept saying 'I'm sorry.' Elvis kept holding me and trying to soothe me. The director, Mr. Thorpe, insisted they take me to the studio infirmary. So off I went. I hadn't been in bed a minute when there was a knock on the door. Elvis came in. He was all out of breath. The infirmary is clear on the other side of the lot. But Elvis had dashed up to his dressing room, changed his clothes and had run all the way over. He was the first person from the set to come in. He stood at the door and I could tell he felt worse than I did. He had his hands in his pockets, and he looked up at me and said, simply, 'I just had to come over and see if you were okay. Is there anything I can do?'

"You see, there is a bond between us. This was El's first picture at METRO and mine, too. We were both sort of nervous at first. There was a lot of tension and strain. So we got into the habit of talking to each other about a lot of things aside from work. It made us both relax a little and broke down our fears. It was the beginning of a very real friendship and a real relationship. Elvis has a very serious side that a lot of people, who don't know him, never get to see. He has a very soft and gracious heart. And he's *very* religious.

Toward one goal, together

"There's one memorable incident in *Jailhouse* that does stand out in my mind. We had one particularly emotional scene to do. We did it toward the end of the production schedule. We started the scene at ten in the morning. It's not easy to be emotional at that hour! Anyway, in this scene Elvis has been hurt and is in the hospital. Mickey Shaughnessy and I go to the hospital to see him. It was a real rough scene. Elvis had been operated on and the operation had been a success. But there was a possibility that he would never be able to sing again. Elvis plays the part of a kid who becomes a singing sensation. Mickey is the cause of the injury. He and Elvis had been fighting. The fight was over me. I play a record distributor who has sort of been responsible for Elvis' career up to the point where he becomes a really big star and then my only job is to see that he cuts his records. Anyway, Mickey talks to Elvis, who is lying in this hospital bed. He pleads for forgiveness. He apologizes. It gets very emotional. I'm supposed to feel funny, too. I don't know exactly what to say. So I make small talk for a moment and then I look at El and ask simply, 'How are you? How do you feel?' Then I break down and tell him I love him. It's the only time in the picture that I tell him that. I say, 'Don't be afraid of love . . . because I love you.' When we got through with the scene the set was quiet. Everywhere we looked people were crying. I felt so blue that I had a crying jag the whole day. And when we went to see the daily rushes—wow! Usually Elvis and I and some of the rest of the people would go in to see the rushes and we would stomp and cheer and cut up and act silly. But the day we saw the rushes on that scene everyone walked out silently, all choked up. I'll never forget it. As an actress it taught me a good lesson. I've studied acting with a lot of people, including Lee Strasberg at the ACTORS' STUDIO. I've always been told that there's something special about playing an emotional scene. Don't push or force it. If the tears don't come naturally, then don't try. If you force an emotion the audience can spot it just like that (she snapped her fingers). So you see our experience in making this picture shows how close we must have all been. Elvis and the rest of the cast and crew . . . we had su a terrific sense of being a team . . . working for one goal, together. Our clos ness caused that mass bawling sessio

Her last scene

"Actually, having crying jags isn't usual thing with me. An actress has learn to control her emotions. The only e perience I can think of that was anythi like the one with El happened when I w doing *Pipe Dream* on Broadway. Closi night it was awful. There's a song I sa called *Everybody's Got a Home But M* On closing night when I sang that numb I sort of broke up. When I finished t song there was total silence from the aud ence. I was stunned for a moment . . . a then I heard a thunderous burst of a plause. I had my reward—they liked n

"You know, I'll never close another sh again on Broadway. It's just too ner wracking, too much of a strain. I'll just my understudy play closing night. Whi reminds me, I played in *Pipe Dream* seven months, eight times a week pl eight weeks on the road before we Broadway and I never missed a perfor ance, except for once. I've never told an body the story but I guess it's all ov now so it doesn't make much differen Well, toward the end of the engagemen got to feeling sorry for my understu She hadn't gotten a chance to go on. She look at me and know that even if I w dying I would never miss a performan She never said anything, though, and wanted her to have the thrill of doi the show for a Broadway audience. O day I picked up the phone and called h 'You'd better get over to the theatre in hurry . . . you're going on tonight.' She w shocked and kept asking me if I was su And I kept telling her I felt terri and knew I couldn't make it. After that phoned a few critics and some produce and told them it was important for th to catch the show that night. Then I call the stage manager and told him my und study was going on, that I was sick a just couldn't make it. I don't think he b lieved me. But I just had to give this g a chance.

"Anyway, to get back to the picture w Elvis . . . I made a little curtain speech b fore my last scene in the film. I think sums up how I feel. Before the shot w ready to be taken I said to the direct 'Mr. Thorpe, can I say something? I wa to thank all of you for giving me one the greatest experiences of my career. I giving me your patience, your toleran your kindness . . . I love you all.'

"I feel a lonely feeling"

I put down my notes. I closed my ey I tried to erase the memory of that pret smiling face from my mind. It didn't much good. When I opened my eye found them riveted on the piece of pa still in my typewriter.

The talk I'd had with Elvis a few d after my interview with Judy, the day picture was being completed . . . I'd ask Elvis what his thoughts were on this, last day of the picture. Now I looked my notes and re-read what he'd said. feel a lonely feeling about finishing picture," he'd said, "sort of sad leav everybody. You know, when you mak picture you get to know the people r well. But on the last day like this . . . w I feel sort of funny, like maybe I won't some of these people anymore."

Elvis didn't know it at the time, but f was going to deal a terrible blow to one those people.

No, El didn't know how right he was.

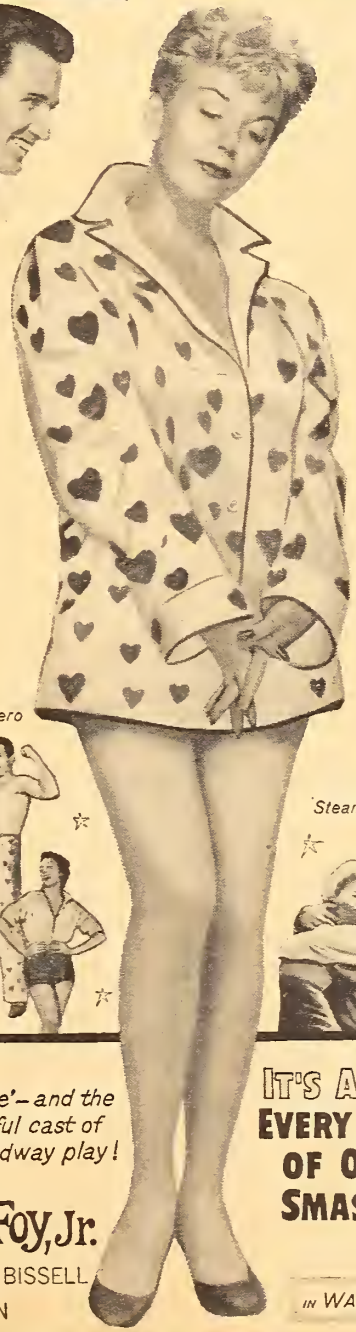
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Q How old is **Rex Harrison?**
—E.R., NYC

A *Forty-nine.*

Q Why is **Jerry Lewis** leaving Hollywood for Connecticut?
—E.H., DALLAS, TEX.

A *He claims he doesn't like the petty gossip.*

Q Does **Elvis Presley** flirt with all of his leading ladies in the movies? I mean off-stage?
—T.R., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A *Elvis is a regular Don Juan, in there pitching all the time.*

Q Can you tell me how come **Mitzi Gaynor** got the lead in *South Pacific*? Also how much she is getting for it?
—S.T., DETROIT, MICH.

A *Mitzi tested for the role, and was liked by Rodgers and Hammerstein; is getting $100,000.*

Q Why does **Yul Brynner** make up all those stories about his background?
—O.T., MIAMI, FLA.

A *He is not particularly proud of his true one.*

Q Now that **Jackie Gleason** is finished with TV, what will he do?
—H.R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A *Gleason plans to star in several movies.*

Q Does Hollywood think the **Liz Taylor-Mike Todd** marriage will last?
—F.T., DENVER, COL.

A *Five years, they say in Hollywood, will be a long time.*

Q Didn't **Frank Sinatra** give his daughter Nancy a pink Thunderbird for her 17th birthday? Won't that spoil her?
—V.T., SANTA FE, N.M.

A *Despite the Thunderbird, Nancy's schoolmates say she is "not too spoiled."*

Q Who has less hair, **Marlon Brando** or **Frank Sinatra?**
—E.L., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A *Both are rapidly growing bald.*

Q I thought the **Terry Moore-Gene McGrath** marriage was so happy. How come she filed for divorce?
—K.T., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

A *Terry confessed she'd been unhappy for months; is still trying to save the marriage.*

Q Will you identify for me the movie stars whose real names are Emanuel Goldenberg, Eugene McNulty, Alfred Cocozza, Betty Weinstein, Donna Jaden?
—N.T., BANGOR, ME.

A *Goldenberg is* **Edward G. Robinson;** *McNulty is* **Dennis Day;** *Cocozza is* **Mario Lanza;** *Weinstein is* **Lauren Bacall;** *Jaden is* **Janis Paige.**

Q Can **Audrey Hepburn** really play the cello as she did in the motion picture *Love In The Afternoon*?
—H.R., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A *She is more pianist than cellist.*

Q Who are the shortest top-flight actors in movies today?
—H.R., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A **Mickey Rooney, Edward G. Robinson, Alan Ladd.**

Q Wasn't **Patricia Neal,** who stars in *A Face in the Crowd,* the girl who was once so terribly in love with **Gary Cooper?** How come Cooper never marries any of the girls he goes with?
—F.L., RALEIGH, N.C.

A *Patricia Neal was once a close friend of Cooper's. Cooper is a married man.*

Q **Joan Crawford** recently said that she didn't believe teenagers made up most of today's movie audience. Was she right or wrong?
—C.O., DALLAS, TEX.

A *To date surveys show she is wrong.*

Q Is it true that **Dean Martin** had **Tony Randall** removed from *The Young Lions* because he wanted the part?
—S.R., ELY, NEV.

A *Martin got the part through his agents, MCA.*

Q Whatever happened to **Piper Laurie?**
—H.O., HOUSTON, TEX.

A *Piper will be seen shortly in* UNTIL THEY SAIL.

Q Does **Anita Ekberg** support her husband, Anthony Steele?
—K.Y., LONDON, ENG.

A *No, but Steele has had bad employment luck since leaving the* RANK ORGANIZATION.

Q Did **Maurice Chevalier** turn down a big role in *Around the World in 80 Days*?
—M.T., BIG SPRINGS, TEX.

A *He turned down a small role.*

Q *Doesn't* **Gene Kelly** *wear a hair-piece?*
—G.D., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A *Only in movies.*

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IN THIS SECTION

★ Four Marvelous Parties
★ Tailspin Over Tommy Sands
★ "I'm On My Soap Box"
★ Ingrid's Reunion With Pia



Doris and Marty Came to My Party

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

Parties caught Hollywood's limelight this month—but life in our town was not all laughs for all our friends . . .



Partying was in the air, and I found just the perfect excuse for having one—the birthday of my good friend, Jimmy McHugh—and three other good friends, too!

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN PARTIES, and I do mean such *wonderful* parties!—informal, formal, indoors, outdoors. It's made this Hollywood's gayest summer social season.

With all the party excitement in the air, I got in the mood myself and decided it was high time that I gave a soirée. I chose the day of composer Jimmy McHugh's birthday as the occasion—and as four others of my friends were born the same date, it really turned out to be a *birthdays* party for Jimmy, columnist Mike Connolly, hotel man Hernando Courtright and real estate man John Haskell.

My garden obliged by looking its very prettiest with the roses, sweet peas and the bougainvillaea vines at their bloomingest! Although it was a cocktail party between the hours of five and eight, music and singing was filling the air far into the late hours of the evening, and many of the two hundred guests stayed on and on.

Young **Tommy Sands** and his favorite date **Molly Bee** were among the guests, and what a thrill it was to hear them sing some of the loveliest of the McHugh tunes both solo and dueting.

Tommy told me, "I don't usually sing at parties—but I'm just in the mood"—which certainly delighted my hostess' heart.

After that, it was a veritable *show* with such wonderful singers as Joan Weldon; the adorable recording stars, The Paris Sisters, and Elaine Christie—who has a fantastic range of four octaves—thrilling us all as they sang number after number.

Doris Day, who laughingly told me she's beginning to like parties so much she and Marty Melcher are usually the first to arrive and the last to leave, came early. She looked so pretty in a blue sheath and matching blue sweater.

I've seldom seen **Judy Garland** look so chic. She wore a straight black linen dress topped by a large brimmed white hat—so becoming.

The place really started jumping when **Rosalind Russell,** just back from her sensational success on Broadway in **Auntie Mame,** burst upon the scene with her handsome husband Freddie Brisson. Roz never just *arrives* at a party. She's so vivacious and electric it's like a curtain going up everywhere she appears.

I couldn't believe it when she told me, "I'm *bone* tired. I'm taking a good rest before starting *Auntie Mame* on the screen." I wonder what her secret is that she never looks or acts tired?

Jayne Mansfield, in a dress that outlined her figure but which was not at all low cut—for Jayne—gave me a private chuckle I have remonstrated with her in print abou her too-revealing gowns. So I guess when sh accepted my invitation she decided to dres conservatively. I like this girl. She is ver regular and likable. Of course Mickey Ha gitay came with Jayne, and also her mothe —a most delightful woman.

Although it was a very warm afternoon **Dana Wynter** was way ahead of the sea son in a black dress, black Caracul jacke and black hat. She and Greg Bautzer ar sooooo in love, and starting their second yea of marriage.

Ann Blyth looked like an angel in white dress, and you'd never have guesse from her slender outline that she and D McNulty are expecting their third child i a few months.

Two of my dearest and closest friends cam early, **Irene Dunne** and **Maureen O'Sul livan.** Maureen was with her director hus band, John Farrow, and they brought Admiro and Mrs. Moss. Irene's guest was a delightfu visiting priest. Her husband, Dr. Frank Gri fin, was recuperating from an illness.

Pat Boone's Shirley came to my part with her nineteen-year-old sister, Mrs. Henr Hurt, who is also expecting a baby.

"Just three weeks before I knew I wa



That pretty girl under that pretty hat is the talented Erin O'Brien. Mervyn LeRoy stopped to chat with her at my party.



Judy Garland and Roz Russell share a hearty chuckle, perhaps over one of the trials that Judy encountered hostessing her own party!



And here's Jimmy McHugh, the birthday lad himself, thanking Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. James McNulty, for their good wishes.





You wouldn't think that Pat Boone's missus, Shirley, would be, but she is! An autograph collector, that is. Tommy Sands signs, while Molly watches.

My two good friends, looking like they haven't had any birthdays themselves for years, came to celebrate with me—Clifton Webb and Irene Dunne.



Don Loper played host too, and here he is with his lovely guest of honor, TV's Betty Furness—who's visiting us from New York—and the beautiful Rhonda Fleming.

going to have another baby, I gave Julie all my maternity clothes," laughed lovely Shirley.

Pat was in Kentucky on location for *April Love* and Shirley told me she missed him dreadfully. "We've been together just one weekend in the past month. I joined him in Denver for the première of *Bernardine* for three days. But his schedule is so packed and he's moving around so fast it would tire me to try and keep up," Shirley explained to me.

Later on, I got such a kick out of watching her going around getting autographs from all the stars present. She's really movie crazy and such a fan.

When I saw her asking Tommy Sands—supposed to be a rival of Pat's with the teenagers—for his autograph, I laughed, "Wait till I tell Pat about this!"

Shirley herself jumps into the recording business just as soon as she has her baby. Being Red Foley's daughter, it isn't at all surprising that she has a sweet singing voice—and Pat is all for her having a career if she wants it.

Among others who came and helped make my party a success were producers Jack Warner, Buddy Adler, Charles Brackett, Mervyn Le Roy and many others I love and admire.

THE FIRST PERSON I RAN INTO when I entered designer Don Loper's beautiful new home filled with priceless antiques—there's not a thing in the place newer than 1840, including ash trays—was **June Allyson.** She was just coming out of the powder room.

"You just won't believe it, but Don's even got an antique crystal chandelier in the powder room," June whispered to me with awe in her voice. "If *that* isn't the height of luxury, what is?"

Don's cocktail party was really to welcome



Dick Powell, looking just as happy as he's feeling, chats with Monica Lewis—while Jennings Lang listens too.



Ann Rutherford was just leaving as Claudette Colbert walked in. And it's obvious the girls were mighty glad they hadn't missed each other. That's Bill Dozier looking on.



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WHAT JIMMY DEAN BELIEVED



■ Several years ago, the press agent for the Broadway play, *See The Jaguar*, suggested I interview one of the show's young stars on a Sunday evening program I was handling for a New York radio station. "His name's Jimmy Dean," the p.a. told me.

Dean was ten minutes early for our interview. We talked about his boyhood in Indiana; how he starred in high school track, baseball, and basketball; his interest in college dramatics; and why he suddenly decided to quit UCLA and get a career going the hard way—by way of a coach ticket to New York with only a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket.

But long after the program was over. I kept remembering the serious minded, friendly, handsome young kid—and the one thing that had made a very deep impression on me: he had brought a book along with him—about the Aztec Indians!

Now, theatrical crackpots might carry a book on anything from *Mah Jong* to *Life on Jupiter*, just to attract attention. But Dean impressed me as a level-headed youngster and I told him frankly that I was curious about his choice in literature.

"Well," he somewhat reluctantly explained, "I've always been fascinated by the Aztec Indians. They were a very fatalistic people, and I sometimes share that feeling. They had such a weird sense of doom that when the war-like Spaniards arrived in Mexico a lot of the Aztecs just gave up, fatalistically, to an event they believed couldn't be avoided."

"Like the Arab philosophy of Kismet?" I asked. "*what is written, is written?*"

"And for them, the arrival of the Spaniards *was* written!" Dean went on, his enthusiasm bubbling to the surface. "They had a legend that their god Quetzalcoatl had predicted they would be conquered by strange visitors from another land!"

"Well, no wonder they were fatalistic about it then," I said. "But what's this about *your* being fatalistic, too?"

"In a certain sense I am." Dean admitted. "I don't exactly know how to explain it, but I have a hunch there are some things in life we just can't avoid. They'll happen to us, probably because we're built that way—we simply attract our own fate . . . make our own destiny."

"Doesn't that sort of thinking bother you? Don't you find it depressing?"

"Not a bit!" Dean insisted. "I think I'm like the Aztecs in that respect, too. With their sense of doom, they tried to get the most out of life while life was good; and I go along with them on that philosophy. I don't mean the *eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die* idea, but something a lot deeper and more valuable. I want to live as intensely as I can. Be as useful and helpful to others as possible, for one thing. But live for myself as well. I want to feel things and experiences right down to their roots . . . enjoy the good in life while it is good.

"That's how those Aztecs felt.

"They were a happy people," he went on. "Very hospitable, generous to one another, and extremely fond of beauty and music. They simply tried to enjoy every minute of life while it was good—feeling that it would change soon enough."

When Jimmy Dean died, in the same California hills where archaeologists tell us the Aztecs originated, I got to thinking of the day we talked about the love of beauty and the sense of fatalism that he shared with his beloved Aztecs.

Jack Shafer

Jimmy can now be seen in Warner Bros. THE JAMES DEAN STORY.

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■ There's many a tale going the rounds about the cigar-chewing producer who whispered to the little lady. "Baby. I'll put your name up in lights—" You know how *that* story ends! But there's one producer who said that—maybe without chewing a cigar and certainly without the '*Baby*'—and did it too!

His name is Kirk Douglas. and the lady he said it to—well this is how the story started . . . so many years ago.

It started the first time Kirk's mother went to see her son in a play. but it was a dream she had shared with him for many years.

After the performance. when she sat in his dressing room and watched him grease off the make-up. she whispered. "To see my son's name spelled out in lights . . ." Lights as bright as the ones she had watched for. standing at a ship's railing. so many years before when she had left Russia to look for a better life in a new country. Lights so much brighter than the dim bulb that used to wake her son. a few years later. for his dawn paper delivering: lights so much stronger than the shaded lamp they had sat under that first time Kirk—a young man. already!—had said. "I got a full-time job. Mama. but I don't want to take it. I want to be an actor."

His mother had answered. "Then you will study to be an actor; you will not take the job." That was what she had said. while she thought *where will the money come from to buy even food?* And then she thought. *We will manage! It will come!*

And now. "To see my son's name spelled out in lights." she whispered again in the dressing room of the theatre.

"It should be your name. Mama." Kirk answered. Then he turned around slowly. "Some day . . . *I'll* put *your* name in lights."

Years later. after Kirk went on to success after success as an actor. his mother got a letter from him—and a photograph. The picture was of a Hollywood theatre marquee. with lights that blazed out

Bryna Productions Presents

Bryna Productions was Kirk's new independent producing unit. And *Bryna*—that's Kirk's mother's name. spelled out in lights—just like the producer promised.

Kirk's in MGM's Lust For Life. *Paramount's* Gunfight At The OK Corral. *UA's* The Vikings *and* Paths Of Glory.



■ One morning a few weeks ago, I got a phone call from a well-known agent, who also happens to be a personal friend of mine. "Dave," he said, "I am holding in my hand right now a story about Jimmy Dean that's gonna . . ."

"Forget it, Phil," I said quickly. "There aren't going to be any more Dean stories in MODERN SCREEN."

"But this story, Dave, it . . ."

"Look, Phil," I said, "come September 30th Jimmy will have been dead two years. Why don't we all just let him rest in peace? Furthermore, all of his close friends have already said everything important there is to be said about Jimmy. They loved him. They'll never forget him. That's it."

"This isn't written by any close friend of Jimmy's. It's by his mechanic, Rolf Wütherich. He is the only person in the whole world who was actually with Jimmy when it happened. Rolf was right there on the seat beside him. Well, he's out of the hospital at last, and . . ."

"You mean this guy Rolf was in the actual crash?"

"That's what I mean, Dave."

"Well how did it really happen? I mean, what's he say? I'd like to know that and so would our readers."

"Meet me for lunch," Phil said, "and I'll let you read the story. Then you'll know what really happened on Jimmy's last ride."

So Phil and I met for lunch. I didn't say much to him—I was too busy reading the story. I left my sandwich untouched on the plate and my coffee got cold. When I was finished, Phil said, "What do you think?"

For a moment I had trouble focusing on his face. I was still inside the world of the story, still with Jimmy on that last tragic day. Then I said, "I'll buy it, of course. And Phil, I've never thanked you for bringing me a story before. But . . . thank you."

That's how I came to buy another story about Jimmy Dean. It is probably the last big story that we will ever print on Jimmy. It begins on the next page . . .

David Myers

EDITOR

the last story about Jimmy



the only Eye-witness account



James Dean's Last Passenger Recovers— Tells Complete Story of Fateful...

DEATH DRIVE





by Rolf Wütherich

*In memorium—this second year since Jimmy Dean's death—*MODERN SCREEN *prints this story by the man who was with him at the end . . .*

When Dean, on September 30, 1955, raced to his death in his Porsche car, he was not alone. His mechanic, Rolf Wütherich, was in the seat beside him. Miraculously, Wütherich survived. He had to spend many months in the hospital. Here, for the first time, he tells the story of what really happened on that fateful day when his friend Jimmy Dean was killed . . .

■ I don't think I shall ever forget that day in September, two years ago. That was the day I rode with Jimmy Dean to his death.

I was a service mechanic for Porsche cars, and I was a very busy man indeed—film stars like fast cars, and I was experienced as a racing car mechanic in major European motor races.

That's how it happened that I was James Dean's last passenger, on that awful day when he rode to his death.

When I first met Jimmy Dean, he owned a Porsche *Speedster*, a somewhat smaller sportscar than the Porsche *Spyder* he crashed in. The *Speedster* had carried him to victory at Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and other races. It was at one of these races that I first met Jimmy. I was looking over the Porsche cars—that was my big job as a mechanic—and Jimmy and I got to talking.

I had seen him driving in another race—he hadn't been racing long, but he was a good driver: he had that essential feel for fast cars and dangerous roads. He had that sixth sense a racing driver can't do without. We talked about his car for a couple of minutes, and then he took off—for a win.

Two weeks later, I was walking along Hollywood Boulevard when I saw Jimmy Dean coming toward me. (*Continued on page* 76)



how PAT keeps his MARRIAGE VOWS



Pat's thoughtful and tender—that's how he says "I Love You."

by Vi Swisher

■ All of a sudden there was an awful, endless second of silence in the broadcasting studio. Then the disk jockey's voice broke through again, a little nervously this time. "Well, Pat, are you? Are you married?"

Pat Boone sat and stared at the microphone—and had to make a decision . . .

His DOT records—then—were just beginning to sell. His name was just beginning to be known. Success, real solid success, could be just an inch away—and it all depended on the kids . . .

The kids would hand him success—or send him back to COLUMBIA U. without a nickel in his jeans. They could make him great if they loved him enough—if enough teenage girls would go on from liking his voice, to loving the dream of him, making him part of their hopes and loves, dreaming him into their lives intimately, personally.

But would they dream about a *married* man?

Pat Boone stared at the microphone and knew how much depended on his answer.

He didn't care about being famous. Before God, he didn't. But he *did* want security, and a decent apartment—and the rent every month.

And he wanted those things because he *did* have a wife, and she was going to have a baby.

In that second of silence before he spoke, Pat Boone asked himself what his Shirley really needed. Should he admit he had a wife, and doom (*Continued on page* 69)


"Mommy, who

Ann Blyth answers her son's questions:

s GOD?"

"Mommy, who is GOD?"

When my three-year-old Timmy asked that for the first time—I answered, as simply as I could, "God is love. God is everywhere." And I knew the time had come to begin my son's religious training. We do not take Timmy to church with us on Sunday mornings. There are times when you just can't ask a three-year-old to sit still. And I know if you try to force them to do something during that impressionable age, it will become something that's rebelled against in later years.

Instead, we take the children to church on afternoons, when there are no services and we can explain to them about God and His wonderful ways. We tell them the stories of Jesus and His Blessed Mother, of Joseph and the Saints. Timmy talks *(next page)*



"Mommy, do you love Maureen more than me?"

Ann can soon be seen in Warner Bros. The Helen Morgan Story.

continued→

Ann Blyth answers her son's questions: continued



"Mommy, must you work? When will you come home?"

"Mommy, can I make pictures like in the pretty book?"



to the different statues. They are his friends now. He thanks God for his meals and before bedtime we join in the Prayers—Our Father, Hail Mary and Gentle Jesus. A new prayer is read to him every week. So much is learned from what children see or hear at an early age—both Jim and I feel that a large part of teaching our children to have faith must come from us, from our children's following in our footsteps.

"Mommy, do you love Maureen more than me?"

Only once has Timmy asked that. He wanted a toy that belonged to his sister, and was upset when we wouldn't give it to him. We explained we wouldn't take anything from him *when Maureen wanted it. But I must admit, we found that the* best *way of solving the problem was to give each child the same thing! Timmy is now at the age where he can accept the fact that one thing is his and another is his sister's, without feeling the baby is being given more love or attention than he.*

"Mommy, must you work? When will you come home?"

Timmy knows I work—but not what my work is. I've never taken him to a movie, and we strictly limit the time spent watching TV. *And should one of my oldies be scheduled, Jim and I make sure the dial is turned to another channel. He is still too young to associate his mommy with the shadows on the screen—as he does his daddy with the bright colored bandages he gets after a 'shot' or a cut on his finger.*

On days when I have a late call, I breakfast and play with the children before leaving for the studio. When Timmy asks, "Mommy, must you work? Please don't go today," I assure him I'll be gone for just a little while. "I understand," he says. *(Continued on page 82)*



"Mommy, how does daddy make the light go boom?"



"Mommy, who made the ducks, squirrels and birds?"

memories of a Great Lover

by Jack Wade

■ Ask Clark Gable's friends—his close friends—and they'll agree that it happened the morning he walked into the boudoir of his fourth wife, Lady Sylvia Ashley Gable. Clark, miserable and fed-up, said, "I don't want to be married to you any longer—or to anyone else!" Packed in that one short sentence was all the disillusion of a marriage that was a mistake, and a life that wasn't living—not for Clark Gable.

That was four years ago. Clark was fifty-two then—and feeling it. In those four years, something happened.

Something *must* have happened—because one day, only a couple of months back, the big moose stepped into his marks on the set, grabbed the half-naked little strip teaser, wrapped her in his arms and kissed her for keeps.

"Print it!" the director barked. "Attaboy, King," he added.

Clark Gable slapped his hair up out of his eyes and grinned up at Mamie Van Doren like he knew a secret . . . This was a different Gable. But to pretty, curvy Mamie he smiled, "Thank you, Honey."

As for Mamie, when she got back her breath she gasped one eloquent word—"Oh!" This was something she had suffered the hots and colds anticipating for days—as a hundred Hollywood girls had before her in their time. Now it was over. Gable had kissed her. And kissing a legend is something you don't forget fast . . .

But—what about Clark? How did *he* feel?—this fabulously attractive and virile man, this great lover who's been crushing girls to his chest for the cameras for a long, long time.

In 1958—on February 1—Clark will be fifty-seven years old. He's still one of the biggest at the box-office—and as lusty a he-man to the ladies in the audience as he ever was.

But Clark is slowing (Continued on page 87)





ROMANCE OF TAB & VENETIA THE MONTH

■ In April, 1957, after one year of marriage, Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson were divorced. And for a while afterwards they took it pretty hard. Russ, for instance, holed up in a cabin by the sea out in Malibu, troubled and lonely. After a few weeks, when he started to pine for some feminine company, as any healthy American boy would, he found he was too embarrassed to call up any of the girls he knew and ask them for a date. What would they think of him—a guy who couldn't stay married for more than a year? Venetia, too, was embarrassed about her divorce—she wasn't old enough to vote and she was already a divorcee. But luckily she soon got over her troubled feelings—and one of the people who helped her most was Tony Perkins. You remember the picture of them together in last month's MODERN SCREEN?—and the story MODERN SCREEN told about their being just *good friends?* Tony wanted to help Venetia get over her sadness about the divorce—and Venetia was glad to have his helping hand. One night Tony took her to a premiere and a party, and Venetia happened to glance across the room to discover that—*Tab Hunter was looking at her.* Through the cigarette smoke of the crowded room their eyes met. Tab came over to her table, chatted for a while—and made a date with Venetia for the next day . . . (*Turn Page*)

first she was Rusty's wife, then she was Tony's date, then...

her eyes



net TAB'S and...





ROMANCE OF TAB & VENETIA THE MONTH

continued

Venetia may be looking like she doesn't know a chap (like on riding pants) from a chap—like in love . . . but she does. And Tab's the chap!

When Tab Hunter invited Venetia Stevenson out to Clyde Kennedy's ranch to see his mare Swizzlestick, little did either of them realize that a romance would blossom. It did—Venetia flipped completely over horses and horseback riding and jumping—and Tab and Venetia have been constant companions ever since.

Since then Tab has bought another horse named Battlin' Bim and now Tab and Venetia spend long hours riding together. Every time Tab has a moment off from the studio he calls Venetia and if she isn't working on TV or a movie, or posing for a magazine cover, they head for the ranch in the Northridge section of the San Fernando Valley where Tab's friend Clyde Kennedy operates a training and boarding stable.

Both of Tab's horses are jumpers and it wasn't long before Venetia was riding well enough to start jumping. Her courage and determination won Tab's respect as well as his admiration. Tab says, "You ought to see Venetia jump those horses. I'm real proud of her."

Last spring Tab and Venetia started taking his horses around to the little shows which serve (*Continued on page 62*)

. . . their next day began



'together"



Just about all his life, Tab's been looking for a gal to dine with, dance with—and start his day with, just hors'n around. The kind of girl he could talk to—and know she was listening. And ride with, and know she enjoyed it—the thrill, the excitement, the speed. And love. . . .



Last night, they had dined and danced. But not with each other. Not yet. Last night, their eyes found each other—and this morning—at last—they met. Early. And suddenly he knew what fun really was . . . and felt pride in her . . . and a togetherness.



Then Swizzlestick—Tab's horse, of course—sailed high over the hurdle . . . like he knew how a fellow in love feels, wanting to show off for his girl. And that's how it's been for Tab and Venetia ever since—flying high, high above the clouds, together . . .



The angel who first answered her prayers when she was nine still watches over her today...

Natalie Wood's very own

Guardian Angel

by
Bill Tusher

■ As Natalie Wood opened the door and stepped into her house, she was carefree and gay as only an eighteen-year-old can be—a song bubbling out of her, not a trouble in the world. But she walked inside and felt a catch in her throat. There were three strangers standing there, and a crisp-uniformed nurse.

And two others—

Her kid sister, Lana, weeping as if her heart would break . . .

Her mother, daubing at her tear-reddened eyes . . .

"Where's Daddy?" Natalie cried, knowing it *must* be her father. Everyone else—everyone else who was *family* and *home*—was there.

"Father had a heart attack." Her mother choked out the words between sobs.

"But there's no real danger?" Natalie asked, turning to the men she knew must be the doctors, asking the question more because—well, almost because that was the question to ask—not at all because she expected to hear anything except *Of course there's no danger!*

Then Natalie knew. Because the doctors didn't answer; just looked at young Lana—and instead of words there was just the look of such great pity. "Daddy *will* get better!" Natalie whispered, crying softly, looking into her mother's face. "I know God (*Continued on page* 83)



The months of sickness and separation are over now.

Rock has made... **The Long**



by Peer J. Oppenheimer

Journey Home

From the date on the calendar it should have been spring, but the temperature still hovered below the freezing point and snow was several feet deep in the little Italian town of Misurina where Rock Hudson was on location for *A Farewell To Arms*.

He had just returned to his small *Albergo*—a small inn—from a difficult and hazardous day of shooting when the manager handed him a letter. Rock's face lit up as he recognized Phyllis' handwriting. Only a few weeks had gone by since he had left Los Angeles, but already the separation was having its effect. Even breathtaking Misurina could be a lonely spot for a man without his wife. . . .

As usual he couldn't wait to get upstairs to tear open the letter—but when he read it on his way up the narrow, winding staircase to the floor above where he had his room, his forehead wrinkled up in worry.

There was an almost casual paragraph in the letter saying she had gone to ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL in Santa Monica "for a checkup." *Why would she go to a hospital for that?* he asked himself over and over again. If only he could have talked about it with someone else. But there was no one close enough to him—no one he could really tell his troubles to. Oh, he got along well enough with Mr. Selznick, the producer, and with director Charles Vidor and his co-stars and the crew—but they hadn't become close friends. And so Rock tried to reason it out himself, and the more he reasoned the more worried he became. . . .

That night he tossed and turned. It was a sleepless night. The next day he tried to put in a call to Los Angeles. It was impossible. The one phone line between Misurina and the outside had been cut due to the heavy snow-fall.

Rock hoped that the next letter would tell him nothing was wrong, or at least would tell him something and not leave him in the dark. Another message arrived a week later. This time as he read, all the color drained from his face. "I'm still in the hospital . . ."

Long before he moved from his isolated location in Misurina, he was convinced that Phyllis was seriously ill, and that the only reason she didn't go into details was that she wanted to keep him from worrying.

Finally Rock could no longer stand the suspense. He got into the car the studio had provided for him and with an Italian actor who knew the roads, headed for Cortina d'Ampezzo—and a phone.

After about half an hour of driving it started to snow so heavily that the windshield wiper no longer worked. Rock had to lean out of the car on his side to see the road. Fifteen minutes later the car got stuck in the snow. He raced the engine and the wheels spun like crazy—but the car didn't move one inch.

"Let's put on the chains," his friend suggested.

"We should have done it before we left," Rock agreed, realizing he had been too preoccupied to think of it.

He climbed out and trudged through the snow to the trunk. When he opened it, his face fell in disappointment. Except for a jack and some miscellaneous tools, it was empty.

They tried to push the car out of its rut. No luck. They got back in the car to wait for help. When help finally came it was almost too late. . . .

To keep warm, Rock had started the engine and turned on the heater. They were fairly comfortable till they ran out of gas. Once the motor stopped, off went the heat.

They were getting colder—and began to realize they might not make it at all. "Let's sing," Rock suggested.

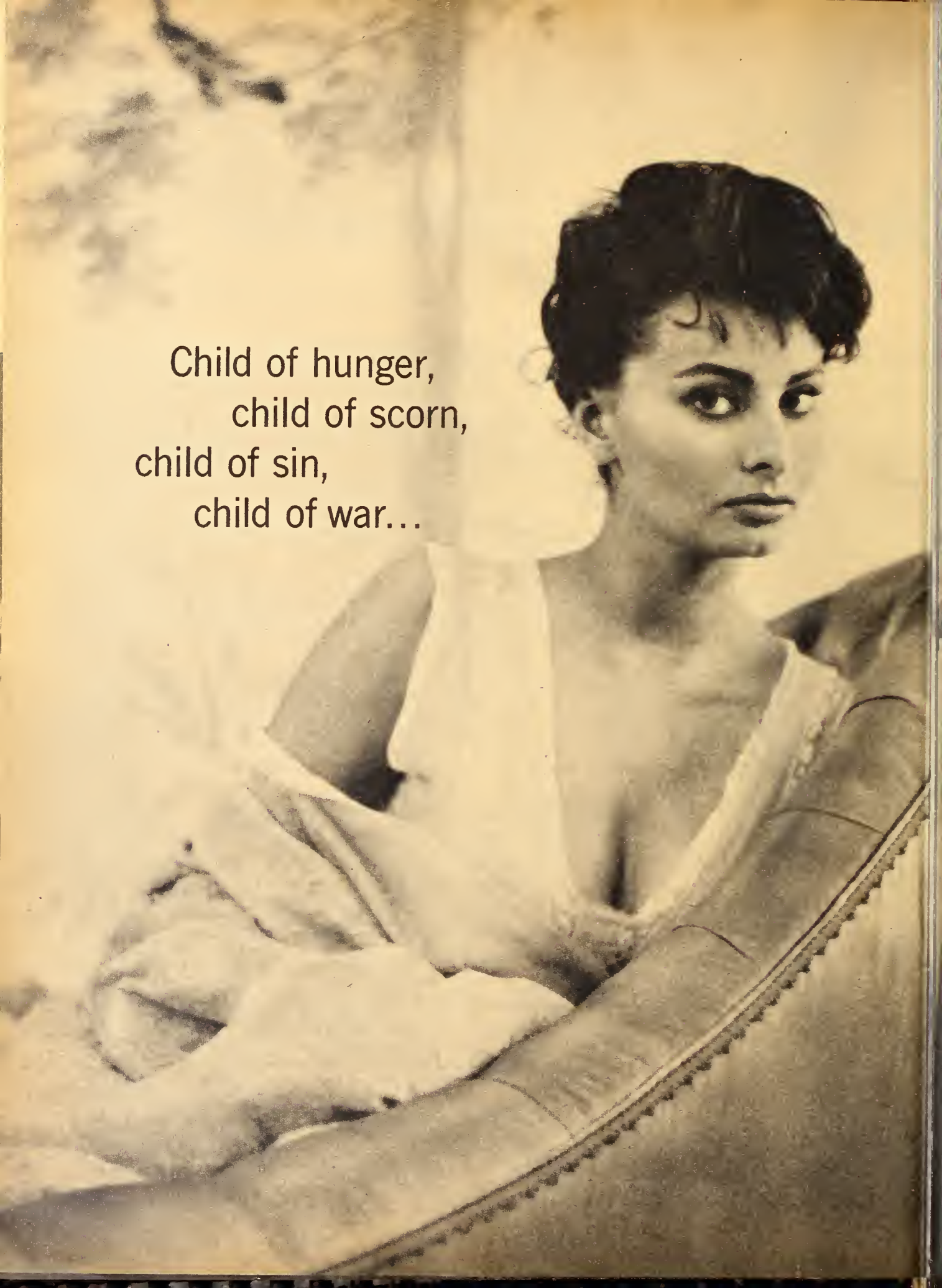
His companion looked up in surprise. "Why?"

"It's supposed to keep you warm . . ."

Rock's voice is strictly of the shower variety. But they sang loud, and constantly—mostly Christmas carols. *Silent Night* rang out over the cold snowy mountainside more than a dozen times.

Their voices were growing tired and weak—when at last they heard a faint putt-putt.

They both jumped out and strained their ears for the sound. It came closer and closer down the steep, winding pass. After a few minutes they recognized a jeep and about five minutes later flagged down the old Italian farmer who drove it. Thanks to a four-wheel drive and chains he could manage to get through, he told them. But he couldn't take them along because his jeep was fully loaded. However, he promised to send help. Encouraged by the thought of getting help and putting all their troubles (*Continued on page 88*)


Child of hunger,
child of scorn,
child of sin,
child of war...



SOPHIA LOREN:

"I don't want pity."

by Beverly Ott

■ An official studio biography begins: *Sophia Loren was born in Rome on September 20, 1934.* Actually, the truth can't be printed, for she came from Hell. A part of it is still locked deep inside Sophia Scicolone—that's Sophia Loren's real name—and it will stay locked there. But there is no bitterness in the large almond-shaped eyes. Sometimes there is sadness; sometimes, the flicker of fear. At other times a childlike wonder. Always, there is the strength and determination. "I have had a very hard life," she says today. "Beginning when I was born, while I was growing up and after. But I don't like to talk about it. I don't want to have pity on myself. I'm always aware of pity and I want to avoid that.

"You see, it was important for me to have this hard life . . . basically it was important to have it for my work. It gave me a strength to do things . . . to reach a goal that some people never reach." The words come from the lips of Sophia Loren. They come from the heart of Sophia Scicolone.

Paramount has provided Sophia Loren with luxurious diggings to come home to when she leaves the DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS *set,* reports one columnist. *But Sophia's used to luxury. She left a lavish ten-room apartment in Rome.* To have almost anything to come home to was a luxury for Sophia Scicolone. She can remember the railway tunnel in which she and (*Continued on page 71*)

This story is about a little girl who was very sick ...and about two people whose love brought her hope...



how Debbie and Eddie helped save Cindy's life

by Helen Gould

■ Over a little six-year-old girl's bed hangs an autographed picture of Eddie Fisher. On it is written, *To Cindy—you are my real one.* The little girl can't get out of that bed; in the next few years she faces a long series of plastic surgery operations.

For a breath-holding week or so it was touch-and-go whether she would hold on to life or not.

During those first dangerous days, it was Eddie Fisher's recording of *Cindy* that helped the real-life Cindy Acker in her desperate fight for life. Cindy had received third degree burns over more than half of her body when she fell against a pot of fat in which her mother was making doughnuts.

And that first day, after she was rushed to the hospital, Cindy had whispered a request to hear her favorite song; it was played continuously—on doctor's orders. Eddie and Debbie heard about it, and that's when Eddie sent off the autographed picture that hangs over the little girl's bed.

Eddie and Debbie realized that their schedule simply wouldn't permit a visit to Cindy. But they did more than send the picture. Eddie phoned Cindy for a long chat. Then he sent her a personal recording of her namesake song, (*Continued on page 81*)



This is Cindy. These are the bunnies she received from Debbie and Eddie on her sixth birthday.



Dear Eddie and Debbie
I'm home
Thank you for my
big bunny its so nice
and soft. I hope I
can see you some
I play my
The Tinker Bell
you forever
Love you
Cindy

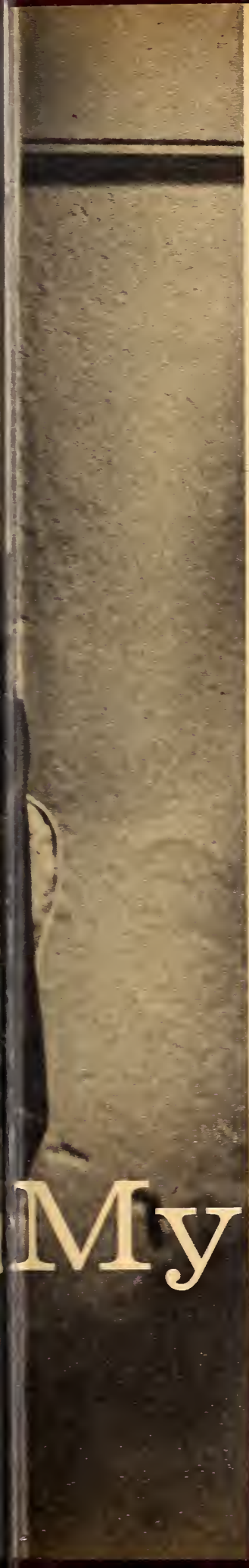
This is the letter that Cindy sent to Debbie & Eddie, thanking them for the gift.

At sixteen, she was mad about shy, sweet Johnny. Then one day he went away...



Carroll Baker tells—

How I Got Over



My "Summer Romance"

■ Carroll Baker made up her mind. She was going to the senior prom with Johnny—tall, dark, handsome, basketball-playing Johnny. Of course, there was a slight hitch. Carroll had never met Johnny, never talked to him. But that little fact wasn't going to stand in her way. She hoped.

"Bunny," she said to her best friend that afternoon exactly two weeks before graduation and the prom, "Bunny, we've got to think of something—and fast!"

Carroll and Bunny were sitting in the small auditorium of their Greensburg, Pa., high school, waiting for the rehearsal to begin. The graduating class was putting on an operetta and both girls were in it. Carroll was in it, naturally, because she was the best dancer Greensburg had ever seen. Bunny was in it because Carroll was in it and they were best friends.

"We used to trade clothes all the time," Carroll recalls today, "and I lived on a farm quite a ways from town and Bunny lived *in* town and I used to spend a lot of nights there as a guest of the family, if guest is the right word. And, most important to two sixteen-year-olds at the time, we used to maneuver dates for each other like crazy. Our date routine went like this: if there was a boy Bunny liked *I'd* go up to him and say, 'Why don't you take Bunny out?' If there was a boy I liked, Bunny would vice-versa the routine for me. It was very simple. And it usually worked."

"Well," Bunny said, "I'll ask him if . . ."

And as she said that, two things happened. Johnny walked into the auditorium, and the teacher who was directing the operetta decided to get things moving and called for all her dancers to come up on stage.

"Oh, my gosh," Carroll said, spotting Johnny. She nudged Bunny. "He's . . . *he's here!*"

Bunny looked over at the man of the hour. He'd obviously stopped by on his way from the gym to wherever else he was heading. He was wearing his basketball outfit, which meant that all his muscles were showing full bloom; and his black hair was uncombed and curly and toppling all over the place. Bunny sighed, "He sure is."

They both watched, practically open-mouthed, as he stood there looking around the auditorium. And Carroll nearly died when his eyes met hers.

A voice from the stage boomed across the auditorium now. "Miss Baker! Miss *Ginger Rogers* Baker! We are ready to *rehearse!*" It was the teacher. All the other kids who were dancing in the operetta had answerd her first call and she obviously didn't like to have to call twice.

"Do you think, Bunny," Carroll asked, as she began to head for the stage, "do you think maybe he came to see me dance?"

"I don't know," Bunny said, "but I'll sure find out."

Carroll nodded gratefully. She'd taken just a few (*Continued on page 84*)



will Jerry

the strange story of one man's pregnancy—

by Ed De Blasio

■ Patti Lewis was already in bed when Jerry came bounding into their New York hotel apartment that Saturday night last winter. "Honey," Jerry said, "I was great tonight, great." He gave a couple of loud, happy yawns—one for the matinée he'd done that afternoon, one for the night show. Then, never one to waste time wasting time, he began ripping off his clothes. "I was on stage for seventy-seven minutes!" he said, telling about his show at THE PALACE, "and the people—a $6.60 crowd!—got up on their feet and they yelled themselves hoarse just to let me know how much they liked me."

Patti smiled, "That's wonderful, Jer."

"Seventy-seven minutes," Jerry repeated as he raced into the bathroom to brush his teeth and throw some water on his face.

He was in bed a few minutes later. He was still talking about his show that night and Patti took his hand and rolled over a little so she could watch him. She purposely left on the light for a little while because she liked to watch Jerry when he was feeling so happy about something. Besides, she was going to do some talking of her own in a little while and she wanted to make sure she saw the full reaction when she did.

"It was probably one of the greatest shows of my life," Jerry was saying as he lay there, his hand in Patti's, staring up at the ceiling, grinning proudly. "Some of the critics belted me a little on opening night, but I was nervous. Sure I was nervous, opening at THE PALACE. But the next night it started going better and we've been sold out for every performance and tonight, tonight . . . Patti, I honestly think I'm going to die I'm so happy."

Patti squeezed his hand. "Jerry," she said.

"Yeah?" Jerry answered, a little vaguely, as if he were far away, in the wings of a theater waiting to go on, maybe, or on a tremendous stage facing a couple of thousand applauding, cheering people. "Yeah?"

"Jerry," Patti said, "I wish you wouldn't die just yet. Because you have me to consider . . ."

"Yeah?"

"And there's Scotty and Gary and Ronnie . . ." Patti went on.

"Sure," Jerry said.

"And, after all," Patti said, "a new baby, a brand new baby, needs a daddy, doesn't he?"

Jerry nodded. "Yeah," he said, "sure a brand new baby needs . . ." He let go of Patti's hand. "Needs a what?" he said, softly. Then he screamed it. *"Needs a what?"* Jerry turned his head for a look at Patti. After that scream, he figured she'd probably be looking at him like he was (*Continued on page 62*)



Lewis be a GOOD MOTHER?

The wonderful story of an unconventional mother and her daughter...

BIG Jayne and LITTLE Jayne!



by Irene Reich

■ "It's funny," Jayne Mansfield may tell you, if she knows you enough to let you in —a little bit—to the heart of her, "a few days ago I took Jayne Marie to school. That morning I packed her lunch pail while she was getting dressed. It was the first day of the new term. When we got to school the bells were chiming and some children were helping to raise the flag. I went into her classroom and met her teacher. I saw the little desk she'll be using. She was so excited and I was so happy to be there at school and see everything. I kissed her goodbye and when I walked out of the schoolyard I was crying.

"Maybe Jayne Marie *is* the only child that came to school in a pink jaguar, but I'm a mother and like every other mother I felt a sense of sadness in this day. Not like I was losing her. More like going to school meant my little (*Continued on page 78*)



In 1952, Jayne's family was Little Jayne and Paul . . .



Now it's Mickey, escorting Jayne and her parents . . .





What's a Little Jayne for?

For hugging, and dancing with...

And having sixth-birthday parties for,

and playing with...and loving...







Tony Perkins:

I HATE HOLLYWOOD PARTIES



as told to Helen Gould

■ "I'll tell you what I mean," Tony Perkins said. And he started talking about a day, not too long ago, that was a beginning . . . and an end . . . A beginning to having the kind of fun Tony *likes,* and an end to living through the kind of parties Hollywood loves—and Tony hates.

Tony Perkins was pooped that day. He'd been at the studio from seven o'clock in the morning and it was nearly six before the director finally called *"Cut!"* for the last time and Tony and the others could go home.

Tony headed for his dressing room. "No interviews tonight?" he called out to a studio publicity gal who'd been working overtime too, and was leaving the lot—he'd given three interviews the day before.

"Not tonight, honey," the girl answered.

"Aw, gee," said Tony—like he was real sad about the whole thing.

"Yeah . . . *gee,*" laughed the publicity gal. "I'll see what I can line up for tomorrow, though. You've got (*Continued on page* 89)



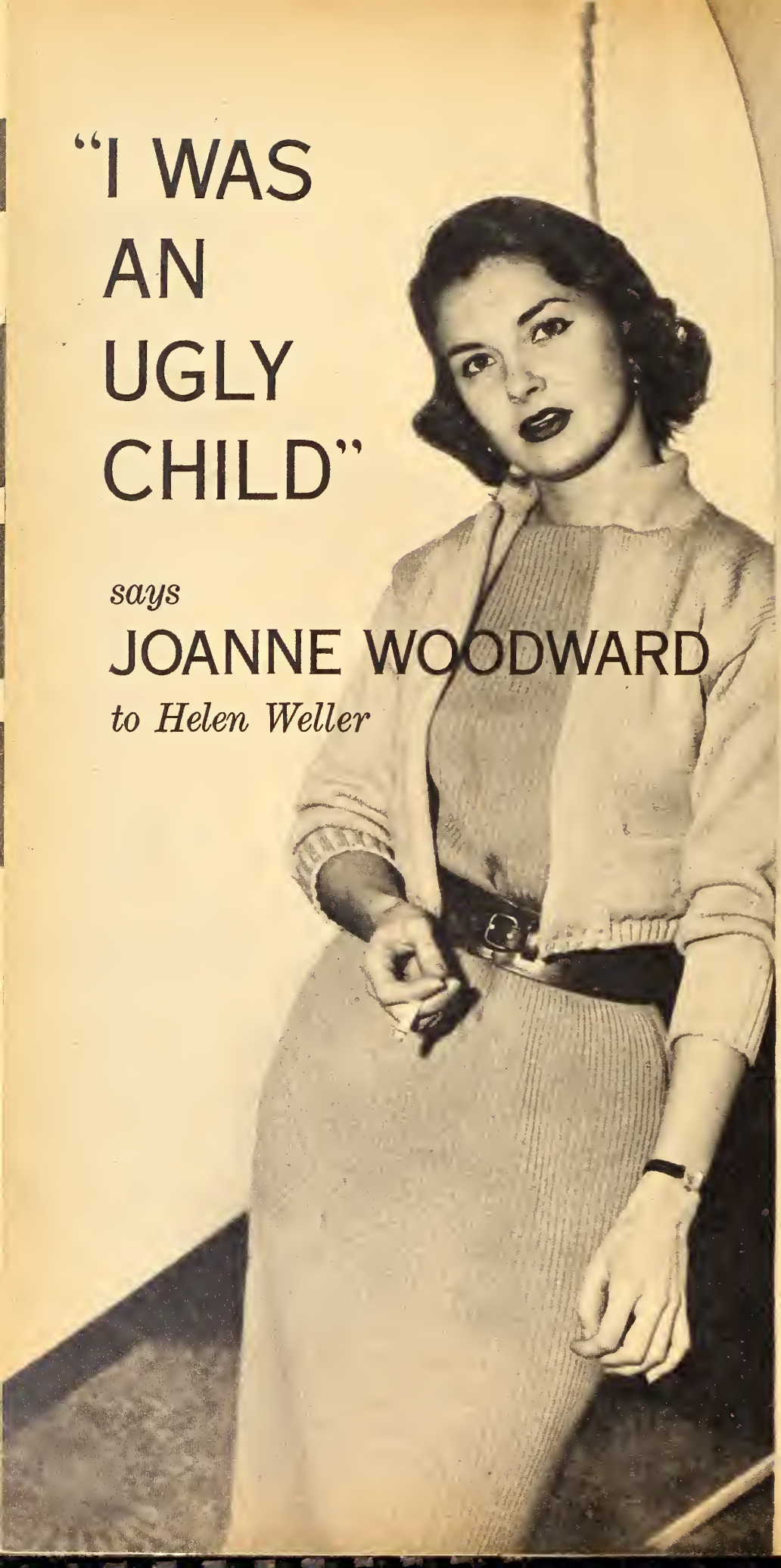
e that time that Tony went out with Maria Cooper—Gary's daughter. Sure, they had onderful time. But, well—Tony would have liked to really get to know her. And how ld he do that when he couldn't even hear himself TALK above the noise of the mob!

"I WAS AN UGLY CHILD"

says

JOANNE WOODWARD

to Helen Weller



■ The plump, fifteen-year-old girl stare at herself in the mirror above her bed room dresser, and cried out, "I hate you I hate you. You're fat and ugly and dreadful. No wonder no one likes you You're horrible." And then Joanne Woodward began to sob as though her heart would break.

For Joanne Woodward, the beautiful young actress who set the screen on fire in 20TH CENTURY-FOX's *Three Faces of Eve,* being a teenager was the most agonizing experience of her life.

"I was a mixed-up kid," she told me, her intense green eyes narrowing as she recalled her teenage unhappiness. "I hated myself. I thought I was ugly. I thought everyone hated me as much as I hated myself.

"Because I hated myself, I was never sure of myself when I was with others. Every word anyone spoke to me was magnified in my mind. When people passed me on the street, talking quietly to each other or laughing about someone's shortcomings, I was sure they were talking about me, making fun of me.

"I continued this way—mixed up, loathing myself, fighting with people—until something happened. Until finally I learned how to be happy.

"Perhaps," Joan Woodward says today, "perhaps other teenagers who are as confused as I was might find it easier knowing what I went through."

Here is the intimate, personal story of the torturous years she knew.

Her story begins in Thomasville, Georgia—a sleepy, warm town where she was born (*Continued on page 74*)

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ere is full Hi-Fi beauty for you! Hi-Fi Fluid Make-up is fferent from any make-up you've ever used. It trans-rms your complexion to its loveliest in a matter of conds! And when you try it—you'll receive a generous e Hi-Fi Lipstick *absolutely free!*

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$2.50 value, only $1.75 PLUS TAX

tab's new crush

(*Continued from page 42*) as warm-ups for the big fair and the horse-show circuit in the summer. Tab and Venetia make the cutest couple at the horse shows. Walking side by side, they make a striking twosome—pretty Venetia in her slim-legged jeans with a scarf covering her silver-blonde hair—and tall, tan, and handsome Tab. Tab is very popular with all the girls but he only has eyes for Venetia.

At horse shows Tab is not treated or looked upon as a movie star by the other horse-show people. He has earned their friendship by his ability as a rider and he is among the best. There is a young set at the horse shows that Tab and Venetia are very much a part of: Tony Perkins, John Derek, Dale Robertson, Gene Nelson, Judy Spreckels. Tommy Sands and John Ericson are part of the group and ride a lot in their spare time, and Pat Wayne recently started jumping lessons. Venetia has earned the respect of a lot of people who expected her to be another 'movie star' type, and found her to be a good sport—always ready to help saddle or brush a horse. She was so thrilled when she got to show for the first time at Santa Barbara this summer. She spent hours picking out and buying the right outfit, and admitting to everyone how excited she was. When she got a ribbon in her first try in the show ring, she ran to Tab first thing and told him how proud she was of him—because he was her teacher. Tab gave her a mighty hug and everyone around shared their infectious laughter and excitement.

In the early morning at horse shows, between 6:00 and 9:00 a.m., Tab and Venetia would exercise their horses to get them ready for the afternoon and night performances of the show. Then, in their jeans and cotton shirts and Levi jackets, they would hold hands and sip hot coffee—and watch the other riders exercising their horses.

"I've never had so much fun"

When Tab is not going to ride during one session of the horse show, he and Venetia—complete with programs, popcorn, hot dogs and soda pop—climb into the stands and sit among the spectators. They have lots of fun watching their friends while Tab explains the rules to Venetia. Venetia says, "There is so much to learn so fast, I'm lucky to have such good teachers as Tab and Clyde." Venetia likes the way Tab looks in the riding outfit he wears in the show ring—he's so handsome. "And what I 'specially like," says Venetia, "is that Confederate cap of his." She confesses it's fun to pull it down over his nose. "He's cute when he's mad," she says. Only he can't stay mad for two seconds put together before he's laughing and giving her that big bear-hug of his.

Tab and Venetia have more fun than a barrel of monkeys—even when the going gets rough. Like earlier this year, when a rainstorm flooded the show grounds where they were riding and the show had to be postponed. In a matter of minutes the place was a sea of mud. Gallant Tab, up to his knees in mud, carried Venetia almost a city block to keep her from ruining her clothes. She was saying *"No, put me down, Tab!"*—and kicking and laughing. But Tab just picked her up and carried her anyway. All that laughing and kicking said louder than words that Venetia enjoyed being carried by Tab. And what girl wouldn't?

The crowds at the fair get a kick out of Tab and Venetia, and follow at a short distance as the young couple pitch baseballs to win stuffed animals and go on all the rides.

Ever since that first night when their eyes had met through the cigarette smoke in that crowded room, they've been thinking, *I've never had so much fun with anyone else in my whole life.*

And that dreamy look in Venetia's eyes says she's looking forward to the day when she will hear the horse-show announcer say to the crowd, *First prize goes to Battlin' Bim owned by Tab Hunter and ridden by Venetia Stevenson*—or is she thinking, *ridden by Mrs. Tab Hunter?* **END**

Tab can soon be seen in Warner Bros. LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE. *Watch for Venetia in Warner Bros.* DARBY'S RANGERS.

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will jerry lewis be a good mother?

(*Continued from page 54*) crazy—or like a wife looks at her husband when she's telling him about something beautiful.

And then he hugged her and kissed her, and hugged and kissed her again. And, as he tells it, "I didn't know what else to do, so I began to cry. Then Patti began to cry. And the two of us lay there for a couple of minutes bawling like a couple of kids. And then I jumped out of bed and I said to Patti, 'Stay there, don't go away!'—like she was planning to take a quick walk over to Central Park or someplace—and I ran into the kitchen and filled a water glass with Scotch. I took a sip. I remember it was only a sip because the next morning a maid from the hotel shook her head and said, 'Somebody's sure been wasting a lot of good liquor in this place, pouring it into glasses like that and leaving it.' Then I rushed back and I kissed Patti again, over and over, and then for an hour, or two hours, the two of us were talking, just talking . . .

That certain feeling

"When will it be, Patti?" Jerry asked.

"I guess around October," Patti said.

"And it's going to be a girl?"

"I don't know," Patti said.

"I think it's going to be a girl," Jerry said, with much certainty in his voice.

"We'll see," Patti said.

"You know what we're going to call her?"

"What?" asked Patti.

"Maria," Jerry said.

Patti smiled. Maria was her mother's name. Her mother had passed away three years earlier. "That's nice, Jerry," Patti said. "Mama would have liked that a lot."

"Maria Lewis," Jerry whispered, trying out the name. He nodded. It sounded good.

"And if it's a boy?" Patti asked.

"Maybe," Jerry said, laughing, "maybe this one we can call Cary—with a C."

Patti laughed, too. He was talking about the trouble they had naming their first son. "He's eleven-and-a-half years old now," Patti told us recently, "and when we got him we decided—or I guess I decided—to call him Cary after my favorite movie actor, Cary Grant. Well, Jerry wasn't too happy about the name and, really, it didn't seem to fit the baby too well and one night Jerry said to me, 'You know, when he gets big they're gonna think he's a girl with a name like that.' So I said, 'All right, we'll make it a G instead of a C.' And so he became Gary."

"Ronnie's a nice name, but we've used that one up," Jerry said now, referring to the name they'd given their second son, now seven years old.

"And we've got a Scotty," Patti said, referring to their fourteen-month-old Scott Anthony, named after Patti's Patron Saint, St. Anthony.

They both thought out loud for a while, running through the alphabet of names from Archibald to Zeke. And then Jerry shrugged.

When Orson Welles was brought on late in the Steve Allen TV show, and suspected the program would end before he could finish his act, he wanted to ad lib: "I feel just like a Presidential candidate."

Leonard Lyons in the N. Y. Post

"Aw, Patti," he said, "what are we wasting time for? It'll be a girl, anyway."

"That's what you said last time," Patti reminded him, "—going out like that months before time and buying all those pink clothes and blankets and stuff."

"That was last time," Jerry said. "But this time, no kidding, I have the feeling." He patted his stomach. "Right here."

Patti began to laugh again. "Oh, no!"

"No what?" Jerry asked.

"You're not." Patti started to say. but she couldn't go on, she was laughing so hard now.

"The—what did that doctor call it—the high-premium pregnancy?" Jerry asked, trying to hide his smile and act very serious about the whole thing. "Well . . ." he said, thinking it over.

"A high-premium pregnancy," according to Patti, "is when the father-to-be reacts almost exactly the way the mother-to-be does. He gains weight—Jerry put on twenty-one pounds while I was carrying Scotty. He gets cravings—I don't know which of the two of us had more of them or ate the stranger foods. He gets very sensitive if he's ignored the least little bit—*I* used to have to call *Jerry* at the studio during the day to find out how *he* was feeling. And, in Jerry's case, it got so extreme that he even insisted on being present in the delivery room the night I had the baby. 'I've been carrying it around for nine months, too!' he told the doctor."

"Well," Jerry said now, "I tell you, Patti. I don't think I'm gonna have to go through any bit like that this time. Because the high-premium jobs usually happen when there's a lot of tension about whether or not you're ever going to have a baby; when you're working very hard and you've got all kinds of stresses on you."

"And," Patti asked, "you're not working hard now? No stresses you've got? . . . THE PALACE? The pictures you're going to make? The TV shows?"

"Well," Jerry said, "it's all *less* now."

"Uh-huh," Patti said.

"Yeah," Jerry said, "it's a lot less now." He sounded a little groggy, as if he were falling asleep. "And I don't think," he said, "it'll be like it was with Scotty. . . ."

Patti looked over at him. His eyes were closed. She reached to turn off the light. Then she lay back and put her arm on Jerry's and smiled. She was thinking about her last pregnancy, not too long ago. About those months of carrying her little baby inside of her. About those months of taking care of her big baby, Jerry.

"Please take care of my wife"

She remembered lots of little things.

"Like," in Patti's words, "how he always used to kiss me when he'd come home from someplace and say, 'How's the maker of my little pup?' And like he'd suddenly treat me as if I were made of glass and be afraid when I wore high-heeled shoes

and tell me, 'I don't ever want you opening any doors and straining yourself' and get all upset when I would tell him, 'But Jerry, how am I going to get around the house if I don't open any doors?' And how lonely he'd get when he had to be on tour or do a show out of town and would buy a puppy dog to keep him company and then bring it home with him until one day I took an inventory and counted seven dogs around the house and made him promise that the next time he was away and lonely he'd *send* for one of the dogs—which, believe me, he did. And like when he was away on these trips, some of them lasting for only a few days, he'd call up long distance a couple of times a day and ask about me and how I was feeling and all about the boys and I'd have to tell him exactly what Gary—who's the other comedian in our family—did that day that was funny, usually a very good imitation of his daddy or Elvis Presley, and if Ronnie was still sitting in the back yard with his pencil and paper inventing rockets and all the other things he's always inventing. And like how when Jerry was tired at night we'd go to bed early and he'd lie there for a while eating his jelly beans and chocolates—I've always got to keep jelly beans and chocolates around the house for him—and sometimes I'd get a slight pain and Jerry would get all upset and even though he's Jewish he'd put his hands together and pray to my Catholic Saint and say 'Tony'—that's what he always calls St. Anthony when he prays to him—'Tony, please take care of my little wife down here next to me and make her have a healthy baby, please, and we'll appreciate it very much, the both of us.'"

"I've got a craving"

Patti turned now for a last look at Jerry before closing her eyes too, and going to sleep. She moved her head and kissed his arm. "Good night," she whispered.

"Honey?" Jerry whispered back.

Patti's eyes popped open. "You're still awake, Jer?" she asked.

"I can't seem to fall asleep," Jerry said. "I feel kind of funny, matter of fact."

"You have a headache?" Patti asked.

"No," Jerry said.

"Your stomach bothering you?"

"No," Jerry said. Suddenly, he sat up.

"What's the matter, Jer?" Patti asked.

"It just came over me," Jerry said, his face lighting up. "I've . . . I've got a *craving!*"

"Jer-ry," Patti called out.

"Honest," Jerry said. "I think I'm going through that high-premium bit again."

"Jerry," Patti said, "not *this* soon."

Jerry jumped out of bed and began putting his clothes back on. "I think there's a delicatessen over on Lexington Avenue that stays open all night," he said. "I'm gonna go get you-know-what for me . . . and, Patti, you want the same thing you used to have with Scotty?"

Patti gave up, then and there. "All right," she said, smiling. "I'll have the same."

The delicatessen man who waited on Jerry that a.m. greeted him with a big smile, but his face turned near-green when he heard the order. "You are sure, Mr. Lewis, that this is not a joke like in the movies you are in?" he asked.

"No," Jerry assured him, "it's no joke. *My* wife is going to have a *baby!*"

"Oh," the delicatessen man said, nodding but not quite understanding.

Jerry was back at the hotel a little while later, a small grocery bag in his hand. "Now I want you to stay in bed till I get everything set in the kitchen," he told Patti. "I don't want you getting up and straining yourself till it's time to eat."

It took Jerry about five minutes to prepare the feast. Then, rushing back into the bedroom, he helped Patti out of bed and took her arm and led her into the kitchen.

"I'm not disabled yet," Patti smiled, as Jerry leaned forward to open the door.

Jerry turned to see Patti's expression as she looked over at the table. He was as happy as a Yankee batboy when he saw her smile.

"Oh, Jerry," Patti said, suddenly feeling close to tears again, despite her smile. She pointed to her place at the table. "You remembered everything. The sauerkraut juice and the two Baby Ruths for me. . . ."

". . . And the baked beans and sour cream for me," Jerry said, pointing to his place.

They sat down. Just before they began to eat, Jerry looked up towards Heaven, winked and said, "Tony, I guess you knew all this before we did. But Patti's going to have another baby, just in case you don't know, and we'd appreciate it if you'd take good care of her, like last time."

Then he picked up his spoon and Patti picked up her glass.

"Here we go again," said Jerry, happily.

"Here we go again," said Patti, staring at her husband and smiling and forgetting about her sauerkraut juice for just a little while. **END**

Watch for Jerry in Paramount's THE SAD SACK.



Gown and peignoir by Vanity Fair

Lovely Jane Powell (Mrs. Patrick Nerney) and her daughter, Lindsey Averill Jane Powell is now appearing in . . . "The Girl Most Likely."



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do you know your FIGURE TYPE and BRA SIZE?



1.



2.

Photos by Roger Prigent

3.



Correct bra size and fit is judged by each individual figure proportion. Famous experts tell you how to fit your particular figure properly.

■ No two girls have the same figure proportions even though their figure measurements are identical. The many, many variations of the figure and size of the bosom make it necessary for each individual to learn how to determine what bra size will give the ultimate in comfort and health as well as added figure glamour. The rules for checking your individual figure proportions and measurements for correct bra selections are not difficult. There are two measurements you must take—both should be taken over your clothes. For your bra size (32, 34, etc.) place the tape measure firmly around the body directly under the bosom. Make sure the tape is exactly in the middle of the back. For your cup size (A, B, etc.) place the tape (*Continued on next page*)

4.



(*Continued from page 65*) around the fullest part of the bosom. One inch larger than the rib cage measurement means an A cup; two inches larger a B cup; three inches a C cup and four inches a D cup. As you see, age plays no part in the bra size. For too many years girls thought that a D size meant an elder age. This is a thought that you must dispel. You must realize that only a comfortable fitting bra can be a becoming bra. If there are bulges and over-hangs of flesh you will neither be comfortable or glamorous.

Quoting from Mrs. Ida Rosenthal of Maidenform, "The most important thing for a girl to remember is that each bra style is designed to accomplish a specific figure purpose. One girl may wish the achievement of accented uplift, another may wish an exceptional separation. Other girls with more average figures may wish only to achieve certain effects for different styles —each one designed to achieve a different contour line."

Playtex feels that the reasons for wearing a bra are four-fold—fashion, beauty, health and comfort. Correctly fitted, a bra refines natural curves; makes outer garments fit more smoothly; gives healthful support which improves posture and firms the bustline. When you are buying a bra be sure and choose a garment that appeals to you; one that is the right size and comfortably fitted; be sure that the bra is correct for your figure type and for the clothes that you will wear with it.

Paula Parnes, stylist and educational director for Lovable, tells us that despite all the large bosoms that we hear about today there are many, many girls that need a real underlined, padded bra (one with foam pads that are removable). These are the girls that are a size 32 or 34 A—or under. Miss Parnes makes a point that the style bra a girl should wear is determined by her cup size and not her rib cage measurement alone.

Miss Marian Lukas, designer of the famous Perma lift bra, has given most of her career to trying to make girls understand how important it is that the bra cup size is of upmost importance. She feels strongly that a girl makes one of fashion's greatest mistakes when she ignores her true cup size and believes that she is going to look more glamorous in an ill-fitted bra—one that the girl feels is her true size when that is not the case. Miss Lukas feels that every girl should go to the corset department and have all of her bras fitted on her. There is a difference in fit in every bra style.

The photos on pages 64 and 65 show you the various cup sizes perfectly fitted:

1. Lovable—padded bra with removable foam pads. A cup, 32 bra.

2. Maidenform—new lace Chansonette fitted to a B cup, 34 bra.

3. Playtex—the Living waist-length bra. C cup, 34 bra.

4. Perma·lift—D-cup in a 32 bra. This waist-length bra has a new adjustable waistband.

A special note—the C and D cup sizes would fit such figures just as beautifully in a regular bra style—we have shown the newest waist-length styles.

You can see from this article that many important designers are of the opinion that correct cup and bra size are a must if you want to have comfort and a glamorous figure, and a fitting is a must!

Know and understand your own particular figure type and choose the correct bra size and cup size. Have a fitting for every bra you buy. Have the upmost in comfort as well as the ultimate in glamour.

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKED JAMES DEAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ didn't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE PAT BOONE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE ANN BLYTH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE SOPHIA LOREN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE CARROLL BAKER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JERRY LEWIS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE JOANNE WOODWARD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE CLARK GABLE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ
☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywood ☐ part ☐ none

16. WHAT TYPE OF PHONOGRAPH(S) do you use? ☐ portable ☐ non-portable ☐ none
WHAT TYPE(S) OF RECORDS DO YOU BUY? ☐ single popular ☐ album ☐ none

HOW MANY RECORD(S) AND/OR ALBUM(S) DID YOU BUY within the last 10 days?

.....(give titles and artists)

.....

.....

.....

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE
(2)_____ MALE
(3)_____ MALE

(1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

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Here's how to make up your lips the glamorous way of today— lush and full and lovely just like those of MGM'S beautiful LIZ TAYLOR... Beware the severity of the narrow lipline and cupid's bow— popular fad of the early twenties as shown by GLORIA SWANSON



tips on lips

■ Have your lips been called provocative, alluring, kissable? Have you neglected your lip make-up? The study and perfection of your lip styling? MGM's make-up director, William Tuttle, feels that the definition of the eyes and the mouth are of equal and outstanding (*Continued on page* 70)

how pat keeps his vows

(*Continued from page 33*) her to more years of poverty—or should he deny her, and give her everything that success and money could buy?

And in that same second, the answer was given to him. A few simple words, words he had spoken nearly two years ago. "*. . . . forsaking all others, cleave only unto her.*"

Seven short words. Yet they told Pat Boone how he would live for the rest of his life—and they gave him the answer he needed now.

He gave the disc jockey a sudden, joyful grin. "Yes," said Pat Boone loud and clear for everyone to hear. "I've been married for a year and a half—to a wonderful girl named Shirley."

It was as easy as that.

For he knew suddenly that the one thing he always, eternally, *obviously* owed his wife was to keep the promise he had made her—a promise fifty-one words long and hallowed by the centuries.

"*I, Pat, take thee, Shirley, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health—to love, honor and obey—and forsaking all others, cleave only unto thee until death do us part . . .*"

Fifty-one words. They are no longer dimly remembered. To Pat they are now a creed, the words by which he lives and builds his marriage.

"For better or for worse," he repeats softly now. "That also meant acknowledging my marriage—even if it cost me some fans, cost us some luxuries or even necessities. For a year and a half my marriage had been this great, wonderful adventure—the best thing that ever happened to me. Then all of a sudden I found out it might have its bad side, too. But does that mean I should admit it existed only when it happened to be convenient and hide it when it might get in my way? Listen," Pat says earnestly, "a vow is a vow. You never get anything good out of breaking a promise."

For richer, for poorer

He pauses, thinking back. "For richer, for poorer. Those are the next words. Man, there was a time when that 'poorer' part meant pretty poor. I was making $44.50 a week on a TV station in Texas when I was going to school down there. We kept everything down to a minimum—including eating. Shirley must have invented eighteen different ways to fix hamburger—and a few more for the times we didn't even have that.

"Not that you should get the idea we sat around weeping into our empty dinner plates. We got our kicks. I remember one time, one evening when we'd been invited to a party and Shirley got into her one good dress.

"She waltzed out of the bedroom, twirling around for me to see. 'Very pretty,' I told her. 'Your slip is pretty, too.'

"'Where do you see my slip?'

"Right there,' I said, pointing. Shirley looked down and turned purple. There was a beautiful hole in the middle of the skirt.

"She disappeared back into the bedroom and when she came out ten minutes later, the dress had a tuck where no other dress I ever saw had one—but at least you couldn't see the slip. And besides, I walked in front of her all night.

"Personally, even when things were at their worst, clothes were never a problem for me. I had a good wardrobe when we got married and I didn't change size, so I just kept on wearing what I had.



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



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4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

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You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

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2. **Arrid protects you** against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. **Arrid stops perspiration stains.** Used daily, it keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never a hint the situation's getting warm. Saves clothes from ugly stains even on hot, sticky days.

4. **Arrid's rubbed-in protection** starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ *plus tax.*

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

"Shirley started out okay too. but she *did* change size. We stuck to the budget, though, and she went through her first pregnancy with just two maternity dresses and the biggest grin you ever saw.

A man's job

"Now, thank God, we're in the 'for richer' part." He sighs happily. "So far, that hasn't thrown us, either."

Nor is it likely to. You *know* that, knowing about that time Pat won't tell about. That time you hear of only from one or two of his closer friends.

It happened when the Boones hit Hollywood—Pat, Shirley and the three kids. The studio had found them a couple of hotel rooms and moved them in. Pat looked around. It was all very luxurious and room-service-y. But where was the back yard full of dandelions for Cheryl Lynn to run through and plop on her tummy in the middle of? Where were the private, personal doors for Linda Lee to slam and the back yard full of California sunshine for Deborah Ann to coo in? Pat paced the two-inch-thick carpets for two days and then made up his mind.

Usually the most cooperative of people, he begged off all extra-curricular activities at the studio for three days. He turned down luncheon interviews and turned a deaf ear to people who begged him to meet important contacts. Then in a burst of know-how he informed the studio that he had "important business conferences" and disappeared entirely.

And for three days, he house-hunted. On the third day, he found the perfect back yard, inspected the house attached and approved it, and moved his family in. Then, exhausted but happy, he phoned the studio he would report bright and early for portrait sittings, costume fittings or anything they might have in mind.

It had never occurred to him that with what he was making now he could have hired a nurse for the kids and turned the house hunting over to Shirley and an agent. He hadn't thought of it because it's a man's job to find what's right for his family—his wife, his children.

Love, honor and obey

No, money isn't going to get in Pat Boone's way. For richer or for poorer, his marriage is his business, and he handles it himself.

"In sickness and in health!" Pat says soberly. "Until death do us part! The most solemn words of all. It's funny how little meaning those words had for us when we said them. Death seemed such a long way off, sickness something we knew so little about." He shook his head slowly. "It's different now. You can't go through four years of a marriage that brings three little girls into the world without developing a new awareness of life—at both ends, birth and death." And you can see the memory in his eyes of the times he feared that he might know of death through his loved ones.

His eyes were soft and thoughtful. There was no hesitation in his voice. Success will never be Pat Boone's excuse for avoiding trouble. Crisis will find him where he belongs—at home, with his family. Then the shadow passes and Pat was grinning again, his eyes sparkling. "And then comes 'love, honor and obey.' Now, there's a question for you! Loving and honoring—that's no trick. But—who, may I ask, is supposed to obey whom? After all, we *both* promised!"

He put his hands behind his head. "I remember one beauty of a fight Shirl and I had. We were still in Texas then. Cherry wasn't even crawling yet and Shirl was pregnant with Linda. And all of a sudden my bulging wife comes up with the idea that the one thing she's got to do is see her father in Springfield, Missouri.

"'Sorry, sweetie,' I said. 'I'd take you if I could, but I can't get away from school right now.'

"'So who asked you?' says she. 'I'll go myself.'

"'Go yourself?' I yipped. 'Are you nuts? If Cherry isn't falling out of the car window, that baby—even though it *isn't* born yet—will be kicking the steering wheel!'

"'It'll be a nice, relaxing trip,' she said. 'I'm perfectly capable of handling one child . . . and a half,' Shirl answered me. 'And I'm a grown-up woman, and I've got a right to take a little trip to see my own . . .'

"'You're a pregnant woman,' I shouted, 'and you've got no right to do anything that could be dangerous to your health! And besides the car isn't in such good shape! And what if you blew a tire and what if—'

"And so on till we wore ourselves out and I went for a long walk around the block to cool off.

"I did a lot of thinking on that walk. I wanted to be fair. I didn't just want to boss my wife around. I wanted to do what was right. So I thought about it some more. And," Pat grins, "I came to the conclusion that the one who was right *was me*. And she didn't go.

"Instead, her father came to see us!

Robert Coote, featured in *My Fair Lady*, leaves soon for Hollywood to portray more character roles. An actor asked Coote why, during his scenes with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews, he has his back to the audience so much. "My dear fellow," Coote replied, "if you'd been playing character roles in Hollywood as long as I have, you'd turn your back automatically, too."

Leonard Lyons in the N. Y. Post

"That's about the status quo. I'm the boss—as long as I'm right," he laughs good humoredly.

Then the smile fades and a serious look comes over his face. "But if I'm going to make the decisions, it's up to me to make sure I have the right facts. So I've learned to look at Shirley's problems through her eyes and take in their meanings and understand her moods when a baby is on the way or she's had a rough day with the ones who've already come.

"But is it worth it? We eloped, you know, and our parents disapproved of our getting married so young. We'd have to work twice as hard to prove to them we were right, never give them a chance to say 'I told you so.'

"But that's not all of it any more. I think the more you do and the harder you work for anyone and anything, the more love you build up for them.

"All you have to do is keep your promises. Cherish her and love her no matter what happens, in sickness and in health, for richer or poorer, for better, for worse . . ."

"And then it just has to be for better—all the time . . ."

And Pat wasn't even thinking about the time a disc-jockey asked him a question he was afraid to answer. Afraid, until he remembered a promise—and found—in the love of millions of kids—that it was the right answer. . . . **END**

Pat can now be seen in 20th Century-Fox's BERNARDINE *and will soon be seen in 20th's* APRIL LOVE.

tips on lips

(*Continued from page 68*) *importance.*

MODERN SCREEN chose the glamorous lips of Elizabeth Taylor, who is now in MGM's *Raintree County,* to typify the perfect mouth of today. Full upper and lower lips are not only the fad today but the most flattering lipline you can have, according to Mr. Tuttle.

A full lipline gives a girl a soft, desirable mouth that expresses a feminine personality that is not hard, sophisticated, demanding, cunning or dictatorial. It rounds out the other lovely features of her face.

For some reason the age of the Twenties stressed a lipline that was narrow with the upper lip pursed into a tight cupid's bow. This lipline was, however—and thank goodness—short-lived. Men did not like it. It typified a careless, selfish attitude—reckless and greedy. Why girls adopted it at all is still a mystery to make-up artists and men alike. According to the history of fashion the clothes that were worn in that period were just as extreme and ridiculous—equally lacking in femininity and glamour. The so-called "jazz age" contributed nothing of lasting beauty in fashion or make-up so we can be glad we live when all of fashion and make-up is bent on making a girl even more attractive than she is.

In designing today's lush mouth all you need is a good mirror and any one of the wonderful lipsticks that are made to beautify your lips and keep them that way 'round the clock.

A lipstick brush will help do the trick but you can become a professional without even that.

Number one—the first tip is to study your mouth. If your lips are not full enough, outline them to the desired fullness (this outline must be firm and neat—if you are a large girl you can make your lips fuller than if you are petite). Fill outlines with lipstick. There are some lipsticks that lend themselves to blotting with a piece of tissue—and those that suggest no blotting.

The second and equally important tip is to choose your lipstick colors carefully to harmonize with your other make-up coloring as well as with your clothes. You should have a lipstick wardrobe of at least four basic colors and even a couple of extra shades that are the fancy of fashion each new season.

The basic colors—a true red, an orange red, a pink red and a blue red. For fashion's fancy this new season choose one of the lush royal reds with depth and glow. A word of caution—do match your fingertips to your lips!

Below are illustrations of full and narrow liplines. The dotted lines indicate the outline you should follow in adapting or correcting the upper or lower lipline—or both—as you may feel is necessary to achieve the new lush look of today.

Dotted outline shows how to decrease liplines that are too full



Dotted outline shows how to increase liplines that are too narrow



"I don't want pity"

(*Continued from page 49*) her family and the rest of the Italian town of Pozzouli slept for protection from the air raids when the war came. And if it is not a bitter memory, she reasons, why should it be? The crowded tunnel kept her and her family safe from the bombs, didn't it? And when, along with the other townspeople, they emerged at four a.m. to let the first train pass, she could look up and find that the sky hadn't fallen after all . . . find it still there, sprinkled with the diamond-like magic of the dimming stars. From near-suffocation, she could walk into the freshness of the dawn. For Sophia Scicolone there was a special joy in coming home . . . the joy of discovering that somehow her home had escaped destruction.

Sophia Loren has one of the most expensive and exciting wardrobes in Hollywood. And the shoes in her closet number over sixty pair. Sophia Scicolone rarely wore shoes. Too often, she had none. Even in the winter. She thinks back to the little blue dress that carried her through the war, and of her mother's anxious eyes as the dress was worn into little more than a rag. "We must find you another," said her mother. And then she sighed, "But where?"

Where was Mama Romilda's own near-bare closet. She took her prize possession, an old camel's hair coat, and from it cut the dress which Sophia was to wear for the next two years . . . letting down the hem time after time, as she grew.

No money for bread

It has been estimated that Sophia Loren will have earned over two million dollars by the time she is twenty-five. Sophia Scicolone can remember her mother's pitiful wages as a piano teacher, and the long stretches when the whole family was out of work. She can remember when there was no money to buy bread . . . and times when there was no bread to be bought for all the money in the world. "We were so hungry," Sophia says "that we were hardly human. We were all like animals."

Sophia Loren was seen dining at Romanoff's the other night. And how this girl can stow away the food! For Sophia Scicolone, soup flavored with pumpkin pulp and boiled dried chestnuts were treats. Her usual diet was *farinella,*

Met Yul Brynner, who just started work in *The Brothers Karamazov.* During the conversation, I mentioned I had heard that the scene in which he fights a bear is out, and I asked why. Brynner quickly replied, "Couldn't find a bear to face me."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

a sort of ground corn like that given to chickens. Mostly there was the rationed black bread, with its center of soft black paste. At first she and her sister Maria would eat only the crust . . . trying to ignore the rest. "Look! See what I can make!" came the cries as the little girls shaped dolls and animals from the black stuff and put them in the sun to dry. But then their hunger would become so great that they would finally, sadly, eat the little statues they had made.

Sophia Loren receives thousands of letters each week from would-be suitors. From the boys of Pozzouli, Sophia Scicolone drew only jeers and taunts. And the dreaded name of *Stecchetta,* or *Little Stick.* What was worse, the name was deserved. Her body had become incredibly thin from lack of proper food.

No choice

So the *Little Stick* resigned herself to her fate. She would have a career. She had no choice. She was too ugly for marriage . . . no man in his right mind would propose to skinny Sophia Scicolone.

Stanley Kramer predicts that Sophia Loren will "explode within the next two or three years as the world's greatest actress." Sophia Scicolone learned how to act from life . . . and the results are reflected in her performances.

While life prepared her for her future roles, it also gave her the courage to overcome career difficulties. When Stanley Kramer contacted her about the part in *The Pride and the Passion,* Sophia was just beginning to learn English. Could the girl handle the assignment? "When you are ready to shoot the picture, I shall be ready to speak the lines in English," she assured him. And she was.

When she was cast in *Legend of the Lost* with John Wayne, the company locationed in the Sahara Desert. "The Sahara Desert is not the romantic place you read about," says Duke. "It's merciless country—and there can be a change of temperature of a hundred degrees between early morning and noon. We were quartered in a place that had a hotel with nine rooms. We had a company of a hundred and fifty people. We had to build a tent city. Sophia took it like a trouper. Matter of fact, she got a big kick out of it. That's only one reason we like her.

"Furthermore," says Duke, "we have every reason to be pleased with her work, and the *way* she worked. The place was dirty and miserable, but she allowed her-



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self to be pushed around. She let us shoot her the way she would naturally be under such circumstances. There was no carefully combed hair. She was hurt three times. Once she sprained her ankle. Another time she slipped on a rock and took the skin off her leg. We didn't know about it until later. She didn't tell us until we'd finished shooting for the day and someone noticed her limping."

But she didn't whimper; she didn't complain. Tears aren't for trifles; tears are for real pain. . . .

Sophia's pain began a few days after her birth in Rome's POLIOCLINICO HOSPITAL. Just as she was beginning to live, she nearly died. She developed acute enterocolitis and when treatments seemed of no help, the doctors advised a change of climate. It was then that Mama Romilda took her daughter back to her own home in Pozzouli.

The Villani home was crowded, and there was no spare space for a nursery. For that matter, there was no crib. Sophia slept with her grandparents, in the warmth of their great bed. And as the months passed, she grew stronger in the sun of southern Italy.

Ricardo Scicolone, her father—who hadn't bothered to marry her mother—was with them fairly often. "His presence," says Sophia, "encouraged my mother to hope for the future, to hope they'd be man and wife." But when Sophia was three, around the time of Maria's birth, Ricardo returned to Rome. To marry another woman. He never came back.

"I am going to beg"

Sophia started elementary school at the age of five. She was a daydreamer. "I was also undisciplined," she smiles, referring to her favorite occupation—hiding schoolmates' notebooks. "If there was an uproar in the classroom, it was logical for the nuns to assume that I had started it."

She was in the second grade when the war came. She screamed with delight when she first saw tracer bullets. "Mama, look at the little balloons!" But mama grabbed her daughter's hand and hurried her along to the nearest shelter.

There were two or three air raids each night. And each night when the warnings came, the family would jump up, scramble to dress and rush to the shelter of the tunnel . . . carrying whatever they could, in case they might return to find their home gone. Eventually, Romilda announced that they would spend entire nights in the tunnel. People began to stand in line at three in the afternoon to be assured of having a place to sleep.

In the summer of 1943, the civilians of Pozzouli were warned to evacuate their town and the whole family went to Naples to stay with relatives. In Naples, there was no water. Civilians would wait for hours beside the few public fountains that did work, grateful to get just a few drops to drink. It was a day for celebration when a cousin came home with his glass nearly full. The entire Villani family shared it . . . each person taking only a few sips.

In Naples the supply of bread became exhausted. One morning, when Romilda could no longer bear her children's cries for food, she told them, "I am going out."

"Where, Mama . . . where . . .?"

She stopped in the doorway and turned back to face them. "I am going to beg."

"She went out," Sophia remembers, "and she returned later with a little piece of bread and a small piece of cheese. A passerby had taken pity on her."

Eventually, when the Allied troops arrived to occupy Naples and the surrounding countryside, Romilda and her family returned to Pozzouli. Their apartment windows were broken and their furniture had been smashed into little pieces. But the four walls were standing, and they seemed the most beautiful walls in the world.

When the GI's came to Pozzouli, Sophia and Maria were among the many children they adopted as pets. The soldiers gave them candy bars and chewing gum, taught them American slang and songs. It was from the GI's that Sophia first learned of Frank Sinatra. She never dreamed that one day she would be his co-star. Neither did the soldiers. Back in the States, they simply wondered what would become of the skinny eleven-year-old . . . the child the other kids called *Stecchetta.*

The *Little Stick* was ashamed to go out, even to school. Especially to school, where her classmates waited to tease her. It seemed forever before her body began to take some sort of shape—but when it happened, the shape was quite breathtaking.

Five days before Sophia was fifteen, Romilda read of a beauty contest to be sponsored by the press club of Naples. The winner of the contest would be called *Queen of the Sea.* The title itself was unimportant. It was when Romilda scanned the list of prizes that she made up her mind and broke the news to the family.

"My granddaughter will enter no beauty contests," stormed grandmother.

But Romilda won them over. In view of the possible rewards, how could Sophia afford *not* to enter? So grandmother searched through her belongings and found a piece of pink faille. She had little know-how when it came to sewing . . . "but a great deal of love went into the dress she made for me," says Sophia.

At the first fitting, Sophia looked down at her feet and moaned. She did not have the proper shoes, and there was no money for a new pair. "I'll make the dress longer so the shoes don't show," said grandmother. And when she had finished, the hemline trailed the floor.

The next problem was in leaving town without the neighbors knowing. Sophia tucked up her skirt so that it wouldn't show beneath her overcoat. The entire family, trying to be inconspicuous, slipped down to the station, where Sophia and her mother caught the local train for Naples.

Sophia was not elected Queen, but she *was* selected as one of the twelve *Princesses of the Sea* . . . and she came home with an armful of prizes: a picture, four books, a tablecloth and a roll of wallpaper . . . and 20,000 lire. Approximately $32.00. The new wallpaper did wonders for the living room and the money saw the Villanis comfortably through the next winter.

Yet Sophia was unhappier than ever. Word of the contest results had reached Pozzouli. When she returned to school, the children laughed at her, calling her *Princess,* and kneeling to kiss her hand. Each morning her mother had to take her to school and leave her at the classroom door. Otherwise, Sophia wouldn't go anywhere except for occasional trips to Naples for drama lessons.

Her unhappiness increased . . . her mood was almost always one of depression. In May of 1950, her mother announced that she would take her away from Pozzouli. With what was left of the contest money, about $3.00, they bought two third-class one-way tickets to Rome. "We had a very tough time at the beginning," Sophia remembers. "We had no money, no friends. We found an inexpensive little room, then went to look for work. We had to find it. We didn't have the fare back to Pozzouli."

Once settled, they climbed aboard the blue tram which went to Cinecitta, the film studio where *Quo Vadis* was being shot. At the gate it was obvious that at least half of Rome was looking for work as extras. They joined the crowd. "We were looking for bread, not glory. We felt lost, hopelessly confused. We didn't think we had a chance of getting in."

Hoping to find work

A few hours later, they found themselves in the crowd standing before director Mervyn LeRoy. He beckoned to Sophia and she went over to him. He spoke to her in Italian. "Can you speak English?"

She knew little about the film industry, but she realized that a line of dialogue would mean more money. "Yes," she said. "Yes, yes!" It was the only English word she knew, except for some GI slang phrases, which didn't seem appropriate.

LeRoy pointed to a line in the script and asked her to read it. There was no slipping into the crowd to find a quick translation. She looked at the print, her face turning pink with embarrassment. She began to stammer. LeRoy smiled a sympathetic smile, and sent her back into the mob.

It was then that Sophia vowed she would learn to speak English right away. The next time she was asked if she knew the language, she would be ready.

Sophia and Romilda were selected as extras for night scenes. Both were pleased when Sophia was given a place near the camera. They had no way of knowing then that none of the other extras wanted to be so close, that by avoiding closeups, they stood a far better chance of being in other scenes.

Mother and daughter spent two nights before the cameras. Between them they earned 21,000 lire. "We must stay here, Sophia," her mother said firmly. "We mustn't leave Rome."

It was Sophia who stayed.Word came that Sophia's little sister Maria was ill with typhoid and Romilda rushed back to Pozzouli to take care of her. Their money went for doctors and medicine . . . and it went quickly. And each day, Sophia—not yet sixteen—

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made the trek to Cinecitta to spend hours in front of the gate, hoping to find more work as an extra. Sometimes succeeding.

More elegant than she had known

When her mother returned from Pozzouli, bringing Maria with her, they set out to look for beauty contests. And when a *Miss Italy* competition was announced, Sophia was one of the first to enter.

The officials didn't care for her name and suggested that she change it to Sophia Villani. They did like her type . . . an "unusual, interesting type." Another girl became *Miss Italy*. The jury made up a brand new title for Sophia . . . *Miss Elegance*.

Again, the contest prizes helped. Sophia went back to extra work and decided to have a go at modeling. Her goal was romance magazines . . . books that ran picture stories, with the dialogue written above the actors' heads. The stories took days to photograph and meant steady employment. For a while, at least.

At first, the editors were less than enthusiastic about Sophia. "You don't know how to pose," they told her. "You cannot make the faces." She learned. And then the editors, unhappy with her name, persuaded her to change it to Sophia Lassaro, hired her, paid her 30,000 lire, $44.00, for ten days of shooting.

She posed for a number of the stories before the executives regretfully told her that they needed new faces and she found herself out of work again. Sophia, Maria and Romilda moved from their cheap room to even cheaper quarters. And Sophia prayed that someday she would be able to give her family a better kind of life.

Her first important movie role was in a film called *White Slave Traffic*, and the studio paid her 250,000 lire. The sum staggered her.

Next she was interviewed for the leading feminine role in a documentary film, *Africa Under the Sea*. "Can you swim?" the studio executives inquired.

Sophia remembered the *Quo Vadis* incident. But in this case, happily, there was no water in sight . . . no test to be passed before she would have a chance to learn to swim. Sophia couldn't so much as float . . . but she could learn. And quickly. "Yes . . . oh, yes, I can swim."

Africa Under the Sea was followed by *Aida*. The director of Aida liked Sophia's work and spoke of her to producer Carlo Pointi. Pointi came to the set to talk with her and when their conversation ended, he offered her a contract. With a regular income assured, she made a down payment on a four room apartment, and moved in with Romilda and Maria.

. . . At a recent première, which was telecast, the announcer said, "Jayne Mansfield is here in full evening dress. In fact, I've never seen a fuller evening dress."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

In an incredibly short period she made almost thirty pictures.

When Stanley Kramer arrived in Europe to search for a leading lady for *The Pride and the Passion*, someone took him to see *Woman of the River*. He saw only Sophia. "That's the girl," he said.

Today, when she says, "I have had a hard life . . ." there is no self-pity in her eyes, but there is pain.

She longs for the day

Several weeks after the party Sophia left for Hollywood. Her friends noted her nervousness at the thought of the new venture. One friend explains, "She's still shy. Every moment. And a little afraid. It's not exactly a fear that she won't be able to do a thing. She knows, somehow, she'll manage. It's a fear of something new, the unknown."

Sophia will manage in Hollywood the way she managed when she made her first American picture. "I remember her first scene," says her friend. "They were shooting her dancing a Flamenco. It really scared her. It was the first time she had worked with an American crew and American people. And there were Spanish people, Flamenco experts, all around. She was as frightened as a little child in the dark. Yet when the music started, and she began to dance, she was absolutely fantastic."

The past . . . and the future

Some say that in time Sophia Loren will forget the existence of Sophia Scicolone. But when she remembers the past, and considers the future, Sophia smiles at the thought. She thinks of the little girl who was heartbroken because she was too ugly for marriage. She thinks of the child who won an acting career . . . and of the rewards. And she thanks God for His goodness.

Forget Sophia Scicolone? She smiles as she longs for the day when she will become a wife and mother . . . and give her children the things she never had. Sophia smiles, for she knows that when *that* day comes, it may be easier for Sophia Scicolone to forget Sophia Loren. **END**

Watch for Sophia in Paramount's DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS, *UA's* A LEGEND OF THE LOST, *Columbia's* WOMAN OF THE RIVER *and* STELLA.

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Wishing won't help your skin—Cuticura will!

"I was an ugly child"

(*Continued from page 60*) to Wade Woodward, a school principal and Elinor Trimmier, a pretty, tiny woman who had been a Southern belle.

But, Joanne was to discover in her teens, she was the opposite of her mother. Her mother was small and smart-looking; Joanne was tall and heavy. Her mother had beautiful skin; Joanne—like most teenagers—was in that period when her complexion was blotchy. Joanne had curly hair and didn't know how to control it. She'd put it up in curlers at night, hoping to train it into smooth, soft waves like her mother's. Instead, her hair became wilder than ever.

Her mother's skill with a needle only added to Joanne's misery. The other girls in school went in groups to the shops to buy their dresses. But all of Joanne's clothes were made for her by her mother—and when her mother sewed for Joanne, she made clothes that she would have worn herself—dainty, frilly clothes with ribbons.

"The minister who married us chipped in some swell advice right after the ceremony. 'Betty,' he recommended to my bride, 'you let Larry make the big decisions in life.'

"'And Larry,' he added to me, 'leave the little decisions to the little woman.'

"That's the way it's always been with us. I make the big decisions, like what they should do about the big national debt, or about the Suez situation, or controlling the H Bomb; and Betty decides the little things—like, *where we'll live, how much we'll spend, where we'll go on our vacation, and trivial things like that!*"

Larry Parks

"I looked like a sausage in those dresses," Joanne smiles today. "What Mother would have looked beautiful in—were *horrible* for me. The ruffles only brought out my dumpiness."

A world of dreams

All during her early teens she lived in a world half real, half imaginary. Reality was too agonizing to face.

"I looked at myself in the mirror and felt uglier and uglier. My mother was working in the office of a war plant at the time, so there was no one at home to confide in. I cried bitterly, and later, after my blues had subsided, I sat down and started dreaming. In this dream world I was tiny and pretty."

She disliked even her blonde hair. Once, hoping to make it black, she poured a bottle of ink on her hair. When her horrified mother saw what had happened, she did her best to shampoo the black ink out of Joanne's hair.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked. "What are you trying to do, ruin your looks?"

"How can I ruin them," said Joanne bitterly, "when they're already a mess?"

"A mess?" said her mother, startled. "And what's wrong with your looks?"

She sobbed out her misery

"I'm fat, horribly fat," sobbed Joanne.

"It's just baby fat," said her mother, soothingly. "It will go away."

But Joanne didn't believe her.

At twelve, Joanne weighed 130 pounds and was five foot five—the height she is today. Her unhappiness about the baby fat was a vicious circle. She was so miserable that she ate whole boxes of fudge to comfort herself. Because she ate so many sweets, her skin was oily, broken out. She picked on the pimples, then covered her face with powder, and that made it worse. Then she would sit in the hot sun for hours, hoping it would tan her skin and clear up the blotches. But she would get too much sun and her sensitive, fair skin would blister and grow worse. Her misery would begin all over again and she would be eating boxes of fudge—fudge and pop—one bottle of pop after another.

Couldn't take it

Then one day, in the middle of her life of day-dream beaux and fun, she was forced to face reality.

She had spent the night with girl friends at a slumber party. They decided to play a game called *Truth*—in which each girl tells the bitter truth about the other. "A frightening invention," laughs Joanne today.

When Joanne's turn came, the girls said, "Let's face it, you're too fat."

She couldn't take it in stride, as the other girls had apparently taken each other's criticisms. That night she couldn't sleep. She couldn't even retire to a world of dreams in which she could be tiny. She had to do something about it.

Instead of going on a sensible diet, she stopped eating for a week. Her mother was at the defense plant and didn't know how Joanne was starving herself. Joanne's face grew gaunt and pale. By the end of the week, she was ill.

Instead of taking this as a warning, she tried to stretch her fantastic, health-wrecking diet for a few more weeks. Only the fact that she had a sturdy constitution saved her from serious illness. On a rampage to change herself, she went to extremes, and for a long time afterwards couldn't eat normally.

The baby fat vanished—but not the girl who was still so unsure of herself.

She had grown svelte and beautiful—but she still saw herself as she had been—dumpy, pimply, ugly. She didn't realize the boys were beginning to look at her with admiration. Often a boy would want to go steady with her, but sooner or later, her own insecurity would shake his affection. She was still young—how could she know that many of the things she feared would happen *did* happen because her own fears *made* them happen?

An unreasonable jealousy

There was Don. A tall, handsome boy who adored her. He went with her for two years and did his best to put up with her moods. But her jealousy was too unreasonable for any boy to be able to put up with. If Don even looked at another girl, Joanne was convinced that the other girl would take him away from her. She went into tantrums and accused him of things he had never done. And finally, one night after she'd flown into a rage because she thought he looked admiringly at another girl, he told her quietly, "I used to be crazy about you, Joanne, but that's all over now. I can't take it any more. We're through. I'm sorry."

And he really was, but that night Joanne sobbed herself to sleep. For many succeeding nights, she couldn't sleep. She could hear Don's words ringing in her ears: *"I can't take your moods any more. We're through."*

"I don't blame him," she said, accusing herself in the mirror. "You hurt everyone you know—and then they hurt you."

"The only time I was happy," Joanne told me, "was when I was acting. I felt so inferior to everybody else about everything that I *had* to lose myself in the make-believe world of acting. It was the only way I could escape from being myself. To be someone else—even for a little while."

And she had grown to be a beautiful, beautiful girl!

More a failure than ever

When she went to college, LOUISIANA STATE, she felt all the other girls were more talented than she. Her urge for acting made her try to get into the important class plays. She wanted to play the title role in *Salome* when it was being cast, although it was a role completely unsuited to her personality.

"Salome was everything I wanted to be—sexy, voluptuous. I didn't get the part, of course."

She felt herself more a failure than ever.

She had always felt alone in the world—but when her parents got a divorce, she felt more alone than ever.

After two years at LOUISIANA STATE, Joanne went to New York to try to get on the stage. She lived with her father and her new stepmother, and between acting tries, worked as a photographer's model.

If she had been less confused, she might have accepted her modeling jobs as a tribute to her beauty. But she didn't. When the photographers would tell her how to pose, she withdrew into her shell, furious at them for picking on her. She thought their directions were just a way of saying to her—*You're not really pretty, but we'll try to make the best of what you haven't got.*

"And the shell got so comfortable, I couldn't make friends," she explains.

Getting corny at the wrong time costs money, as Walt Disney discovered while filming *Old Yeller*, starring Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker and Jeff York.

Scenes in the frontier drama called for a corn patch—acres and acres of corn patch. But corn was out of season at the time the picture was under way. So a hot house was paid to grow 5,000 corn stalks in flower pots, and then transplant the corn on location. Disney's bill for the off-season corn: $5,000!

With fear in her heart, she tried for an acting job at the NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE in New York, an excellent training ground for aspiring actors.

Joanne was amazed when she was accepted by the PLAYHOUSE. But almost immediately, her joy turned to fear. When the director began to tell her how she should play her scenes, she felt he was trying to humiliate her in front of everyone, and so she argued with him violently.

When the scene was over, a teacher at the PLAYHOUSE—a small, gray-haired woman with wise, humorous eyes—walked up to her and said, "You seem upset, Joanne."

"I am," said Joanne. "I'm churning inside. Did you see the way the director picked on me? Just because I'm new here, does he have the right to walk all over me?"

"Do you honestly think he picked on you?" asked the woman gently. "You're new here. True. But isn't it possible that *because* you're new he felt you needed a little more help than the others—and went

ut of his way to give you extra help?"

"That's nonsense," said Joanne bitterly. "He humiliated me. He hates me."

"Why should he hate you?"

"Because I'm dreadful. Almost everybody hates me when they get to know me. I can't blame them. I wake up each morning hating myself."

"Do you mean to say that you, one of God's children, created in His image, hate His work?"

"How can you talk of God and me in the same breath?"

"The first thing God expects of us is to love Him, and then to love our neighbors. Don't you remember that the Bible says, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' It means that we *do* love ourselves, and that God *expects* us to love ourselves. If we don't love ourselves, with all our faults and imperfections, how can we possibly love others?

"Look out at the tree in the back yard, Joanne. It's an elm tree, isn't it? Can you imagine that elm tree rebelling against God, and wishing it were an oak instead?

"The price we pay for having a human brain is divine discontent, Joanne. And that discontent can be wonderful if it teaches us to improve ourselves. But if it makes us so dissatisfied with ourselves that we go around saying, 'People are horrible, and I'm horrible, too'—then we are like a tree rebelling against its Maker for having made it an elm instead of an oak.

"If you're an elm tree, Joanne, and not an oak tree, why not try to be the best elm tree you can? There's glory in being an elm, too."

A stab of despair

Joanne didn't learn to change through one talk. It took much time and many talks with her teacher. Whenever Joanne would express dissatisfaction with something she had done or resentment against someone else, her teacher would say, "Do you expect to be perfect, Joanne? Don't you realize that no human being is ever *really* perfect—that at best we can only *try* for perfection, knowing we'll never hit the mark."

Joanne gradually began to overcome her fears and her feeling that others hated her. Of course, she didn't overcome them all in a single season!

Terrified

A year ago, Joanne came to Hollywood on vacation and did several TV shows. She was doing much better now, not only because she was a more accomplished actress with a great deal of individuality—but because she was much more sure of herself as a person.

Maurice Chevalier (in *Love In The Afternoon*): "In France the only difference between a man of 40 and one of 70 is 30 years of experience."

Earl Wilson in the N.Y. Post

She was signed by 20TH CENTURY-FOX, and she played two leading roles; then for a year—nothing. She went back to New York, discouraged—thinking her Hollywood career was over. Then, she received an urgent call—*Return to Hollywood immediately for the starring role in* THE THREE FACES OF EVE.

It was on the train to Hollywood that she had her first chance to read the script. She was terrified—it was a very demanding role.

"In the past," Joanne remembers, "I would have trembled with fright. I would have told myself I couldn't do it. I might even have gotten off the train.

"This time, I decided that I would face it. When I got to Hollywood, I worked on the script night and day, trying to understand this confused girl with three personalities.

"And I just kept trying to remember what my teacher—that wonderful woman—always said to me, 'Don't be a carbon copy. Be yourself. If you're an elm, be the best elm you can be.'

"In the years since I first met her, I have learned to accept myself, to have faith in my own judgment.

"Before I often did things I didn't want to do when someone would ask me, because I didn't have the courage of my own convictions. Now I think of myself as a person, with the right and the ability to think for myself. I can make decisions with ease, because I am no longer caught in a swirl of feeling hateful—and inferior.

"In the past, if I had been asked to pose for a layout in which I didn't believe, I would have rebelled against it inside, but agreed to do it and then hate everyone connected with it.

"Now when I'm asked to do something I don't believe in, I say, 'No, I don't believe in it'—and I'm not tormented. I simply forget it.

"When a director says, 'Joanne, you're not playing that scene right,' I don't hate him or think he's picking on me. He's simply doing his job.

"For instance, one afternoon we were shooting a scene from *Three Faces* and all of a sudden Nunnally yelled, 'Cut!'

"I stopped, wondering what could be the matter. Nunnally—that's Nunnally Johnson who wrote and directed the play—Nunnally shook his head at me and said,

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The Make-Up of Young Moderns

'Joanne. This is the scene where you change from one person to another. The change has to be complete.'

"I looked at him a little puzzled and asked what he meant. What wasn't I doing?

" 'The minute you become Eva Black,' he said, 'you have to show in every movement what you are. You're very brazen and very gay. You like to have fun and you like to flirt. Just the way you sit in that chair or walk across the room has to show that you're brazen and that you want to attract Lee Cobb.'

"So I tried it again. And when I changed personalities, I was freer in my actions. I flirted a little, and when I walked across the room, I had a real swing in my hips.

"We worked over that scene all afternoon and after the final shooting, Nunnally walked up to me. He congratulated me and said I had done a great job. He told me that scene ought to be one of the best in the movie.

"Then he told me how much he enjoyed working with me, how very co-operative I was. Coming from him, that was quite a compliment. And I know it was something I never would have heard a few years ago.

A strong resolve

"I'm much happier today. I've accepted myself. At least, I don't want to be someone else. I found that when I faced things calmly and constructively, I could improve myself without going into an emotional tailspin. Last year, I went to a dermatologist who gave me a prescription to clear up my skin. I believe that it is just as important to keep your mind and emotions clear as it is to keep your skin clear.

"I still worry, but now I worry about something that exists—not about things that don't. If something can be done about them, I try to do it quickly. If nothing can be done, I accept the situation as bravely as possible.

"When I finally saw myself in *Three Faces* I saw a lot of things I wished I could do over again. But I guess the studio doesn't agree with me. Nunnally thinks we have a great picture. I hope he's right. I realize that I'm a new-comer in pictures and that I can't possibly judge. So I have accepted myself both as a woman and as an actress, with a resolve to try to improve, but never again to be guilty of hating myself.

"I still have a lot to work toward that end—but I believe I'm on the way. I am content now," said Joanne Woodward, her green eyes growing soft and thoughtful.

"At last I know that I shall—and can—do my best . . . and I leave the rest in God's hands."

Joanne is currently in 20th Century-Fox's THE THREE FACES OF EVE *and* NO DOWN PAYMENT. *She will soon be in* THE YOUNG LIONS, *also for 20th.*

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death ride

(*Continued from page 31*) This particular sunny afternoon opened the last chapter in the life of this boy whom millions loved—and still love. . . .

He was walking with that slow gait of his, a toy monkey on a rubber band hanging from his wrist, hopping up and down with each movement of Jimmy's arm. Jimmy was in a completely carefree, happy mood. We shook hands, and we talked about—sports cars, what else? Jimmy wanted to enter the big-car class in his next race—the class for cars with the large, powerful engines. That was Jimmy's big dream. And he told me about the big Bristol car he had ordered.

That was when I remembered about the Porsche *Spyder* we had on sale. I told Jimmy about this car—told him how powerful it was and that it might be just what he wanted to make his dream come true. Next day Jimmy was at the shop to look it over. It was September 19, 1955. He drove it once around the block. And really liked it. He made one condition before buying the car—he made me promise that I would personally check it before each and every race he took part in, and that I was to ride with him to all the races. Naturally, I said *yes* because I couldn't think of anything I'd like better.

The last ride . . .

The filming of *Giant* was scheduled to end that same week. Jimmy's contract didn't allow him to enter car races during the shooting of a picture, so Jimmy wasn't free to drive in a race till the following weekend—the fateful weekend of October 1, 1955. He was going to take part in an airstrip race, about three hundred miles from Los Angeles. But time was running short, and before entering such a race a driver should really get acquainted with his car. The *Spyder* should have been driven by Jimmy for at least five hundred miles. That's why Jimmy told me, "We won't take the car by trailer to Salinas. We'll drive there. You come along, and on the way you can check things." We met that Friday morning of October 1st, in my workshop at COMPETITION MOTORS. It was only eight in the morning when I went to work checking Dean's *Spyder*—the motor, oil pressure, ignition, spark plugs, tires—and all the rest of it. Jimmy paced the floor. Once he thought I was taking too long and he came over and tried to help me. I said "No thanks. You'll only complicate things!" He walked away, with that grin of his, and thumbed through a newspaper. But several times he came back and asked a thousand questions which I had to answer very exactly and in great detail. When the *Spyder* was all ready I fixed a safety belt for Jimmy on the driver's seat. I didn't fix one for the passenger's seat: Jimmy would be alone in the car during the race. He sat in the car and tried the safety belt.

It was just before ten a.m. when Jimmy's friends, film extra Bill Hickman and photographer Sandy Roth, showed up. They were to go with us to Salinas in Jimmy's station wagon, a 1955 Ford. Jimmy's father and his uncle Charles Nolan walked in and Jimmy drove his uncle around the block a couple of times. Charles put his arm around Jimmy's shoulder and said jokingly, "Be careful, Jim. You're sitting on a bomb!"

Around noon we were ready. Jimmy wearing light blue trousers and a white T shirt, threw his red jacket behind the seat in the car and fixed sun lenses to his glasses. At one-thirty we said goodbye to his friends, his father and his uncle, and I sat down beside Jimmy in the *Spyder* as Jimmy took the wheel. Someone took a last snap of us. Jimmy gripped my hand and pulled it up in some kind of salute. This was the very last picture that was ever taken of James Dean. The last picture of him . . . alive.

Traffic was very heavy at this time of day. We went out to Ventura Boulevard, filled up the gas tank and reached Highway 99, which cuts through the mountains between Los Angeles and Bakersfield. Sometimes we were leading, sometimes the station car with Bill Hickman and Sandy Roth took the lead. The sun was high in the sky. I listened to the sound of the Porsche's motor—and it was purring. Jimmy kept nudging me again and again. "What's the rev number?" "How's the oil temp?" "You sure this is the right road?"

A warning to Jimmy

Jimmy Dean was very happy. We whistled and sang, cracked jokes, and Jimmy laughed loudest at his own jokes—in that way of his. We smoked one cigarette after the other, and I lit them for Jimmy, hunching low under the windscreen as the wind tore along—almost taking the glowing tip of the cigarette away with it. Jimmy was in high spirits, and we felt like we had been very close friends for a long time. The setting was ideal—a very fast car on a sunny day with a long stretch of road ahead of us.

A few minutes before three we stopped at a roadside snack-bar. Jimmy ordered a glass of milk for himself and would not rest until I had an ice cream soda. I began to feel uneasy about the race—felt as though maybe I'd better warn Jimmy—"Don't go too fast!" I said, my face dead serious. "Don't try to win! The *Spyder* is something quite different from the *Speedster. Don't* drive to win; drive to get experience!" "Okay, Rolf," he said with a smile, a sort of smile that laughed at me and my fears for him.

A gift of friendship from Jimmy

"Give me the signs when I'm going over the rounds!" he said. Then he hesitated for a moment. He pulled a ring from his finger. It wasn't an expensive ring—just some little souvenir he had picked up, but I knew he had a sentimental attachment to the ring. He handed it to me.

"Why?" I asked.

"I want to give you something," he said. "To show we're friends, Rolf." I was touched. The ring just fitted on my small finger. My hand was much bigger than Jimmy's.

After a while Jimmy's two friends arrived in the station wagon. "Don't let him drive too fast," they said half jokingly, half serious, as Jimmy climbed behind the steering wheel again.

A few minutes later, there was a police car chasing us. They stopped us and handed Jimmy a summons—he was over the speed limit of fifty miles per hour. The police handed another summons to the driver of the station wagon. The funny thing was that Officer O. V. Hunter seemed to be much more interested in the gray Porsche than in his summons, and Jimmy answered all his questions as if they were two drivers gabbing over a cup of coffee. Before we took off again, Jimmy told his friends, "We'll wait for you at Paso Robles. We'll have dinner there." Paso Robles was about a hundred and fifty miles along the road.

"Non stop to Paso Robles"

It was late afternoon. The road was one gray line cutting through a monotonous landscape—here and there a very slight bend, otherwise straight ahead. It felt like driving on an endless ruler. The only break in the monotony was at Blackwells Corners—a service station with a small store attached to it, in the middle of nowhere. When we reached Blackwells Corners a sleek, grey Mercedes was parked in front of the store, another of the racing cars on the road to Salinas. Jimmy stepped on the brake and we got out of the car. He took a close look at the Mercedes and chatted with the owner, Lance Reventlow, the twenty-one-year-old son of Barbara Hutton, until the station wagon caught up with us again. "How do you like the *Spyder* now?" Jimmy's friends asked him.

Grand!" Jimmy replied. "I'm going to eat it well. I'm going to keep this baby r a *long* time." Jimmy bought a bag full apples, and hopped back into the car. e was raring to go. "Non-stop to Paso obles!" he shouted and jammed down e accelerator without fastening his safety elt. Blackwells Corners was our last stop. We had been on Highway 466 ever since e went through Bakersfield and now it as deserted. No car except our Spyder d the station wagon as far as we could e. Jimmy went faster now—a very natul thing to do when you are all alone a good road in a racing car. It was st past five in the afternoon. The sun, ball of fire, shone directly in our eyes. was still very hot and the heat flickered d danced on the sandy brown road. To e right and left of us was desert; in front us, an endless ribbon of a road.

mes Dean—beyond help

"Everything okay?" Jimmy asked.

"Everything okay," I answered, half zing. The monotonous hum of the ene was like a soft cradle song.

We were not talking now—not of Pier ngeli or of Dean's mother or of anything. he only thought on Jimmy's mind was inning that race. There was no doubt of at: that's all he talked about. I felt a tle uneasy again. I glanced at Jimmy t could see no shadow of fear across s face. He had no premonitions of his ath.

A few minutes before six o'clock it hapned.

We were near Cholane.

A 1950-model Ford was coming at us. Suddenly the car swung out toward the nter of the highway to turn onto Highay 41, its left wheels over the center ne.

Then we hit. My head slammed against e dashboard, and my body was thrown t of the car, yards down the highway. I ssed out instantly.

Dimly I remember being lifted by amlance workers. I came to when the nbulance—racing along at top speed th sirens screaming—lurched to miss a ssenger car and I was almost flung from y upper-berth stretcher. Then I thought, *mmy! Where was Jimmy? What had ppened to him?* I saw him as though I ere looking through a leaden haze. There was—my friend Jimmy—lying limp, vered with blood, bones fractured, his ck broken. He was beyond help—anye's help.

James Dean was dead. . . .

Again and again, during the months that lay in the hospital in plaster casts with y face lost in weird wire structures, I rmented my memory to recall those few conds before Jimmy's death . . .

Was there an instant before he died, hen he knew that he was dying . . .

Did he know pain . . .

I do not know. The only thing I can member is the soft cry that escaped om Jimmy . . . the little whimpering cry a boy wanting his mother—or of a man cing his God. . . .

The driver of the other car was a young student named Donald Turnupseed. When Donald found out that he was responsible for the crash, he broke down in tears. "I didn't see him; my God, I didn't see him," he wept. Donald himself suffered almost no injuries.

Rolf Wütherich left the hospital on crutches. Three months later, he underwent a bone grafting operation, connecting his hip bones with an eight-inch silver nail and screws.

The ring Jimmy gave Rolf at Ridge Route was torn from Rolf's finger when he was thrown out of the car. He still has a scar where the ring was. This ring—Jimmy's gift of friendship to him—lies buried somewhere in the desert where Jimmy died . . .

END



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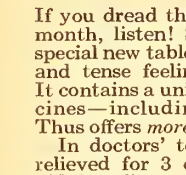


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big jayne and little jayne

(*Continued from page 56*) girl was really starting to grow up. "That morning, after I left her, I drove over to the studio. After all my years of praying and dreaming, I was driving into a studio—I was coming through the front gate as a star. But when I passed the gate and parked on the lot I couldn't help thinking to myself that it all seemed so sort of anti-climax—after just taking my baby to her first day of school. . . .

"That is my real world," Jayne Mansfield will tell you . . . maybe just before she steps into the brilliant glow of searchlights turned on for an important premiere.

The crowds shout, and push each other, fight for front-row standing room. Her big, fire-engine-red LINCOLN convertible, top down, signals to the crowd that Jayne Mansfield is making her entrance.

"We want Jayne," they scream. The police soon lose control of the crowd rushing forward toward the beautiful blonde in the low-cut white sheath dress.

"Hey, Jayne, how about an autograph?" a young girl yells out, and poised in the air like an acrobat, Jayne Mansfield calmly reaches over into the sea of faces, plucks the autograph book up into mid-air, signs her name and hands it back to her fan. Ten . . . twenty . . . fifty . . . a hundred times she reaches over and signs the books and pieces of paper . . . and smiles. She chats with them and answers their questions and signs their books.

Finally, home. Carefully taking off her white dress and the huge earrings that look like electric light bulbs, Jayne walks into the kitchen for a glass of water—and on the sink is a *Debbie Reynold's Coloring Book* her daughter has been working on. It is still open to Jayne Marie's favorite page—Debbie dressed as a ballerina. And Jayne Mansfield smiles, remembering Jayne Marie's passion at the moment. She wants to be a ballerina when she grows up. True, she's been wavering a little bit—Jayne Marie can't decide whether to be just a dancer or to be a movie star too, like her Mommy.

Jayne is tired. It has been a long day. Before going to bed she gently opens the door to her daughter's room. Only the soft glow of the night light, a clown's nose that lights up, fills the room. The pink organdy spread is carefully folded at the foot of the bed and the pink curtains—with the chocolate dogs, cats and bunnies running wild, look almost real in the soft light.

And Jayne Mansfield's *real* world, six-and-a-half-year-old Jayne Marie Mansfield, is fast asleep.

Jayne drops an extra-light kiss on the tip of a tiny nose, and then goes to her own bedroom, with the pale glow of the clown's light to lead her way down the hall.

Not the glaring searchlights which earlier that evening had been a part of her life as a star.

And she's still in her real world when she hears a tiny whisper the next morning. "Move over, Mommy, I'm coming into bed."

Every morning it's the same. Mother and daughter together; always the hug, and always the warm feeling as Jayne clings to her baby. No flashbulbs. No cameras. Only mother, daughter, two chihuahuas, a French poodle and a scottie dog in this scene—from life.

Then—and it seems only a minute has passed—it's time for Jayne to get out of bed, dress, kiss her daughter good-bye and start for the studio. Hours later, after shooting scenes, posing for several photographers, getting her hair set and answering some fan mail, Jayne gets back into her pink jaguar and heads for home. And at home, just about the first thing she hears are the little voices of Jayne Marie and her friends. They're having and afternoon 'tea' party—lemonade 'tea.'

The lemonade pitcher is almost empty. The tiny sandwiches nearly all eaten. But the guests at Jayne Marie's daily tea party are busily occupied discussing a pressing problem.

"I haven't made up my mind yet, but I know I'll be a Bluebird. That's what Mommy was," says Jayne Marie.

Jayne Mansfield smiles and throws her daughter a kiss as she circles behind the porch where the little girls sit. And treating her daughter with the courtesy she would show a grown-up, Jayne just tip-toes to the patio and settles herself there.

Glamour girl and mother

"We have the closest mother-daughter relationship ever," Jayne will tell you given half a chance. Her daughter is *on* subject she adores talking about. "Especially since the divorce," she adds. "Before she goes to sleep, we have a regular ritual. She puts her head on my lap and says her prayers. Until lately she prayed most to be allowed to sleep with all the dogs on her bed. But I've discouraged that, so she's given up. Then after prayers, she climbs into bed and I sing to her. She has three special lullabies, always the same ones, always sung in the same order. *Bye, Lo My Baby,* and *Rockabye, Baby* and *Lullaby and Goodnight.* It's a very sweet moment. I always hold her hand and at the last chorus she joins in and then we kiss goodnight.

"Jayne Marie is conscious of the fact that I'm a star but she never says anything to me about it. Directly, that is. Jayne laughs. "Like the other day when I walked her down to the bus stop to wait for the school bus to pick her up. One of her little friends was there. The child's shoes were untied, so I bent over to lace them for her. As I bent down I heard Jayne Marie whisper to her friend 'You have a movie star tying your shoes. You're lucky!'

"A lot of times I go over and pick Jayne Marie up after school. When I do a lot of the children come over and talk to me and tell me they saw me on TV or in the movies. I like to go to school and have my daughter and the other children see me as a mother. Actually I'm playing a dual role: glamor girl and mother. Maybe that's why I feel it's doubly important to balance things by being just as close a mother as I can.

"Every Sunday we go to All Saints Episcopal Church together. Then after Jayne Marie is through in Sunday School I like to take her to an amusement park or to a show. Sunday is our day. I try to

---

Nine-year-old Tina Sinatra is a character, an individualist, as everyone knows who has met her. She had a birthday a few days ago and her father, Frank Sinatra, telephoned to ask her what she wanted for a birthday gift.

"Air conditioning for all four of us," was the reply.

So Frank sent four units—one for the bedroom of Miss Tina, one for Nancy Jr., one for Frankie Jr., and one for the mother of the children, Nancy Sinatra Sr.

Louella Parsons

see to it that Jayne Marie gets to do just what she wants to. Sometimes, especially since I've been back in Hollywood, it's very hard to go out any place in public with her, like to a park. Because people ask for my autograph and I don't think it's wise for her to see that all the time. Jayne Marie is very proud of me. She likes the idea of other children talking about me and the fact that she has a famous mother. I'd rather she was not aware of the fact that I may be different from other parents, but I know that can't be. It would be impossible. But despite all of this Jayne Marie is a very normal little girl. I hate to use the word 'normal,' I think it's a poor choice of words for what I'm trying to say . . . but everybody uses it. Anyway, my daughter is happy and healthy and to me that's what is important. "We do a lot of things together. Take dancing lessons, swim, cook. In fact, at the moment, Jayne Marie is sort of a junior Betty Furness. She loves to cook and has a little stove in her bedroom aside from using the regular one in the kitchen. Her specialty is making frozen food. She does that best. She opens the package, boils the water, drops the food in and then when it's done she butters it. It gives her a big feeling of accomplishment.

"Lots of times she has little friends in for dinner. I try to see to it that she has lots of company since she's an only child. . . .

An only child. . . .

Had to tell them

Jayne was sixteen and in love with Paul Mansfield. They wanted to elope, and so they did. They were married in a little chapel in Fort Worth, Texas. They had decided not to tell anybody about the elopement, so that same night Jayne had gone back to her home in Dallas and Paul had gone to his. It was January of 1950 and Jayne still had one more term of high school to finish before she graduated. After graduation, she figured, would be time enough to tell everyone.

"But then I got pregnant. I knew I was pregnant because I started being sick in the morning and everything smelled like flowers. I'd sit in class and feel awful but no one at school knew I was even married, so I couldn't complain. Also, I was a little scared. There was some sort of rule that a pregnant girl couldn't graduate on the platform with the rest of the class and I wanted to get my diploma like everyone else. So I'd sit through chemistry and algebra and cooking and I'd feel miserable but I just couldn't let anyone know. But when I found out I was going to have a baby I knew I'd better tell my folks I was married! When I told them about the elopement—well, I guess it was because Mother wanted to see me as a bride and it was something she'd always looked forward to—she seemed too quiet. Until Daddy said, "So we'll have *another* wedding ceremony!" Then Mother's face lit up.

Please don't let me cry

"After graduation—yes, I got my diploma on the platform. Jayne Marie-to-come was still so small nobody could tell yet she was on the way! Anyway, after graduation we had a reception and publicly announced the marriage. That summer Paul went away to an R.O.T.C. summer camp in Augusta, Georgia. Because of the baby, I stayed at home. But I made the days go by fast because I got into a routine. Every morning I'd get up at seven, get dressed and count the minutes until I could take the eight-ten bus for downtown Dallas. I'd go to the A. Harris Department Store and sit in the knitting department from nine-thirty until five-

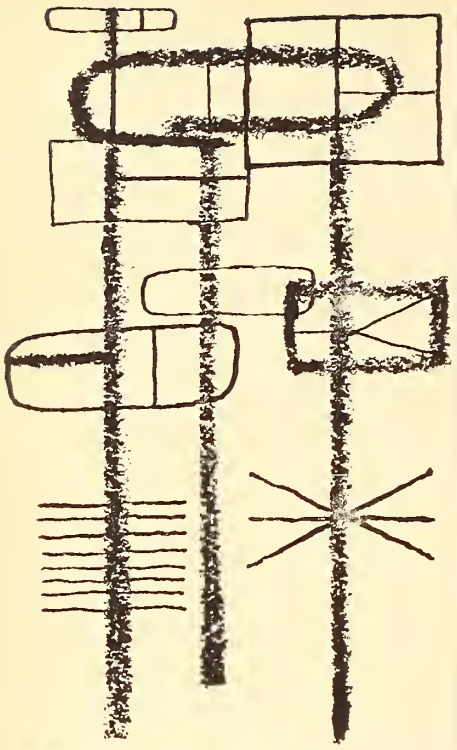




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thirty when the store closed. I wouldn't even take off time for lunch. I'd just sit there all day and knit. I had a passion to make things for my baby. I knitted a blue blanket cover and a yellow nightie, booties and mittens. I wanted to play it safe with the colors," Jayne laughs. "Then when the store closed I'd go home, have dinner and then sit down and write Paul about what I'd done during the day. This went on for over three months.

"Then came that day in November of 1950. We were having lunch and I was just finishing a piece of watermelon. I said to Paul, 'This is it. Let's go.' I remember thinking, as I went in to get dressed, that it was lucky Paul was home. Actually he had come back from summer camp and then gone away to college. I hadn't wanted to be separated but my mother wouldn't let me go with him since I was expecting the baby. She was afraid. I guess I was pretty dominated at the time, which is unusual for me. Anyway I went in to get dressed. So many times I'd rehearsed in my mind what I would do when the baby was coming. And now I did just like I planned. I stayed calm. I wanted to look nice. I put on my best black maternity skirt with a black and green checked top. Then I very carefully put on my make-up, like I was going to a tea or something! When we got to the hospital I was in pain, but still I acted calm. I walked up to the nurse at the desk and said, 'My name is Jayne Mansfield. I'm going to have a baby. Could you give me a room?'

"They told me afterwards that I acted like a fashion model putting on a show!

"It was a Catholic hospital, ST. PAUL'S. I remember there was a crucifix above my bed. I kept looking up at it, trying not to make any noise as the pain got worse. I heard a lot of women moaning and I kept thinking to myself, *God, please don't let me cry.* But I did.

"I remember waking up the next day. Paul was there and I asked him, 'Did I have it?'

"'Yes.'

"'Is it all right?'

"'Perfect!'

"'What is it?'

"'A girl.'

Very busy days

"Then they brought her to me. She was crying, but she was very beautiful. She wasn't red. She had black hair. It's the most wonderful feeling I've ever experienced. She was so beautiful. Like an angel. . . .

"When she was six weeks old, the three of us set out for the University of Texas, in Austin. Even before the new term started I went to work to make some money to buy my books and pay the tuition. Since it's a state university the tuition isn't too high, but the books added up. My grandparents had saved some money for me to be used for a college education. But they wanted me to go to either a girls' school or a Methodist college, but since Texas U. was neither one, they didn't give me the money—so I earned it.

"Luckily we found a wonderful woman named Mrs. Crenshaw who helped us take care of the baby. Most of the time we took the baby to class, but when we couldn't I'd take her in a little basket, complete with diapers and formula and Mrs. Crenshaw would take care of her. When I took Jayne Marie to class with me my standard equipment was text books and a blue and yellow formula kit. And if necessary I'd even change the baby's diapers right in class. The professors were wonderful about letting me do it.

"I had another set routine at Austin. Up at six, make the formula, fold diapers, then rush to make my first class at seven. I modelled from eight to eleven, for an art class sponsored by the TEXAS FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS. It was a twenty-block walk from campus to the club house and I'd run most of the way pushing the baby carriage. Then from eleven to five I'd have classes again. Sometimes Paul would meet me and take the baby and buggy and go study while I went back to the library. Then at five I'd rush home, make dinner and some more formula, wash bottles and diapers and be off again because from six to eleven I worked as a receptionist at a dance studio. I'd get home around eleven-fifteen and start studying. Usually about an hour per course. I'd get to bed around four and then be up at six again to start the whole thing all over.

Hollywood and Hell

"Then in June, when the semester was over, the doctor told me if I kept on going at the pace I'd set for myself I would have a nervous breakdown. He told me I had to have a complete change. Just get away. So I went to California and enrolled at UCLA for a summer session. I moved into the women's dorm on campus. It was the loneliest three months of my life—away from my family, my husband, my baby.

"So while I was going to summer school I enrolled in the *Miss Southern California* contest. I was selected as one of the ten finalists. I was excited and wrote to Paul and asked him to send me my favorite bathing suit, which really looked good on me. He refused to send it.

"'You're not eligible for *Miss* anything —you're a MRS!' he wrote.

Arthur Franz was talking about "the good old days" with TV director James Sheldon, while shooting a Schlitz Playhouse script: "Remember when we worked together as page boys, at NBC?" Sheldon recalled some of their old girl friends, adding, "And I wonder whatever happened to Adele Longmire?" Franz answered, "I married her."

Paul Denis

"But since I was one of the ten finalists they offered me a screen test anyway. It had to be taken immediately. I didn't take it. I wanted to get home. Maybe I knew in my heart I could always come back and take a screen test later on.

"Paul and I rented an apartment for forty dollars a month. It was falling apart —but we lived in it!

"I was so happy to be with my baby and my husband, but right then and there I told Paul that I hadn't changed my mind about wanting to be a star. He knew all about my dreams. We'd talked about this before we married, and now I had to tell him that I still felt the same way. That I hadn't taken the screen test *this* time, but that someday I would. I wanted to be a star.

"He said *no*. I was a married woman, he said, with a child. He kept talking and telling me that Hollywood was an evil place. My husband Paul sincerely felt that Hollywood and Hell were one and the same.

"Like one night when we were sitting on the front porch with a neighbor, a Mrs Crabbe. We'd been discussing a movie that was playing at the local theater. All of a sudden I heard myself saying, 'Someday my name will be up on that marquee.' And I remember Paul said, 'Not if you're married to me!' And Mrs. Crabbe said kindly, 'Now children, don't worry. It will all work out.'

"And you know something? It did—

y name *has* been on that movie marquee.

"Soon after that last conversation they ad about Hollywood, Paul found out e had to go into the service. So e made a bargain. Paul and I. If I ollowed him to camp and was nothing ut a housewife for the two years he had o be in the service, then when he got ut he would take me to Hollywood. I ould have six months to try and see if could get a break in pictures.

"I stuck to my part of the bargain. I as nineteen then and I figured in two ears I'd only be twenty-one, and that as still pretty young. I would have lenty of time to be discovered!

rowing apart

"And down we went to the army post o live.

"I wanted so to fit in, to be like the other ives. Yet from the first I guess the rest f the wives thought I was pretty odd. Maybe because I didn't think of hiding hings so I'd seem like every one else. e'd start talking and before you know it d be telling them about how when Paul ot out of the Army I was going to Holly- ood to be a movie star. I talked about it o much even the baby kept saying, 'We're oing to Taliforna!' I guess to themselves ey said *who does she think she is!*

"While I was in Augusta I entered an- ther beauty contest and became *Miss hoto Flash of 1952*. Paul didn't like it, ut since it hadn't interfered with my part f the bargain, he let me do it. I won!

"Then Paul was shipped overseas. I ent back to Texas and enrolled at MU. This time, since I was going to a ethodist college, my grandparents gave e some money for fees and things. What lse I needed I earned by selling photo lbums from door to door. At SMU I sed to take Jayne Marie to class with me fter she finished nursery school each ay. I'd sit in class and take notes with ne hand and hold my daughter's hand nder the desk with the other.

"Then, early in 1954, Paul got out of he service and we went to Hollywood. I ot a $5,000 inheritance from my grand- ather and we used $4,000 of it as a own payment on a home, the same ome Jayne Marie and I live in now. The est of the money went to pay up some ills. It was wonderful for a while. Jayne arie had her own little room. I was appy because we were finally *settled*, and in a neighborhood where she had a lot of little friends to play with. Our life seemed more normal than ever before and I started making the rounds of the studios.

"But Paul and I were growing apart . . ." Finally they separated.

"Then I went on that press junket to Florida. The publicity started and I wound up by January of 1955 with a contract at WARNER BROTHERS two months to the day after we'd first come to Hollywood!

"At first Jayne Marie used to ask where her daddy was and I would tell her that he had a job in another town.

"I had to do things this way. Paul wanted me to forget my dreams and I couldn't. I believe a child, a grown-up, an old person—everyone should be working toward something he wants, some goal. every minute. Every *second* of life is so precious, it should be used!

"Then the opportunity to do *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* came and I grabbed it. Starring in a Broadway play! My dream was really coming true!

"In New York, life was pretty much the same for my baby and me. I was with Jayne Marie during the day, before and after school. Even on matinee days I didn't have to be at the theatre until two, so we had some of the morning together. But Sunday was special—our day. We used to practically live in Central Park, the baby loved it so. Every Sunday we'd put all the animals on their leashes, even the rabbit, and we'd all go to the park.

What more could I ask for?

"But there were some evenings when I had to go to the theatre early, and then I wouldn't get a chance to tuck Jayne Marie in bed. So just before the curtain went up, I'd call home and talk to Jayne Marie and sing her our special lullabies over the phone.

"What more can I say except that the public sees one side of me, my daughter another?

"I've wanted to be a star for eighteen years. I work hard to be one. I'm twenty-four. I've been married, divorced. I have a child. I'm in love with Mickey Hargitay—a wonderful person who truly and genuinely loves me. I've got my work and Jayne Marie. What more could I possibly ask for?" **END**

Watch for Jayne soon in 20th Century-Fox's KISS THEM FOR ME.

ow debbie and eddie helped cindy

(*Continued from page 50*) a big doll and television set—so she could watch the how on which Eddie dedicated *Cindy* to er.

And they didn't let it go at that. On Cindy's sixth birthday, in the hospital, ame surprises. First there was a tele- ram HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND A BIG HUG— ROM DEBBIE AND EDDIE. Then arrived the uge yellow Mama bunny, with four little unnies—which Debbie had made herself.

Doctors have marveled at the fighting pirit that helped Cindy hold on to life. he burns were so painful that whenever er dressings were changed she had to be naesthetized. She has already had six kin grafts to her face, arms, head and eck—plus fifteen pints of blood and plas- na. Her lung collapsed and an emergency peration was performed. She was fed ntravenously, and she breathed through n opening doctors made in her throat. hat's only part of what happened to indy Acker—and what lies ahead.

But Cindy will never forget her sixth irthday—a joyous one because of Eddie isher and his Mrs. And it's very possible that it was a song that helped her keep on living. Because when she listens to *Cindy, Oh Cindy*, the real-life Cindy knows that Eddie is singing just to her.

That's when she summons a grin under the bandages and whispers, "He's my boy friend." She has the delightful memory of the long telephone chat with Eddie and the wire from Eddie and Debbie that lies by her bedside; and around her are the doll, the bunny, the picture that says, *To Cindy—you are my real one* and the cream colored portable television set.

As for Eddie, he managed what many celebrities have found it hard to do. This is one event in his life that didn't make the gossip columns. It was kept so quiet, in fact, that the columnists didn't even latch on to the story.

And, incidentally, anyone who wants to join Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds and encourage a brave little girl can do so just by sending a message to "Cindy" at Oak Knoll Hospital, Oakland, California. **END**

Debbie's currently in U-I's TAMMY AND THE BACHELOR.

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Modern Screen
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Is it for relative.....friend.....
(state relationship)

Age of person for whom gift is intended.....
Date of wedding.....Number of bridesmaids planned for wedding.....
Will wedding be formal.....informal.....daytime.....evening.....
Please state where wedding reception will be held (home, hotel, etc.).....
.....for how many people.....
Will bride have her own home immediately.....
Will it be one-family house.....two-family house.....apartment.....other.....
If not, with whom will bride and groom live.....
Number of showers you have attended in past year (either for you or any of your friends or relatives).....
Person to whom gift should be sent.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

mommy, Who is God?

(Continued from page 37) *"Hurry back." I always make sure to get home before Timmy and Maureen's bedtime. When I come through the door, their first words are, "Hello, Mommy!" Then they run up to me and give big hugs. And I must admit, no matter how tired I am, just one look and one hug from the little ones and I'm not tired any more!*

"Mommy, can I make pictures like in the pretty book?"

I am convinced we have a young Van Gogh in the family! Last week, armed with a new crayon set, our son tried to copy everything in his picture book. Unfortunately, he used the walls to draw on, even though we told him to use only the drawing pad. Jim and I believe in discipline by correction. Timmy is able to understand that if he does something wrong, he will be corrected. We 'punish' him by taking away one of his favorite toys for a while or sending him to his room. We took the crayons from him. Later I went to him and asked if he'd be a good boy and obey me. "Yes," he promised—and the incident was forgotten. A few days later so were the crayons. He's now going through his sculpturing stage. Yesterday he proudly showed me a rose he made from his clay—a new kind of clay which leaves no marks, not even on walls!

"Mommy, how does daddy make the light go boom?"

Everything is a new discovery for Timmy. He delights in getting into Daddy's photographic equipment—taking a tripod apart, or unscrewing the flash-bulbs. The bulbs particularly confuse and fascinate him—because try as he may, he can't get them to light up. "They look so pretty when they go boom for daddy. Can I make them go boom, too?"

"Mommy, who made the ducks, squirrels and birds?"

The most important thing Timmy has discovered is the world of animals. He has always loved the wooden ducks we have hanging from the ceiling of his room—and when we take him down to Toluca Lake to see the real thing, he goes out of his mind with joy. Timmy and the ducks have become real pals. They can be down at the other end of the lake, but when Timmy calls "quack quack," they'll swim as fast as they can to him! At home, he'll be content to sit in the yard watching the birds fly about or feeding the stray squirrel who has become a most frequent visitor. Recently he asked, "Mommy, who made the ducks and the squirrels and the birds?" "God made them," I answered. Then he lifted his little head and solemnly said, "God IS everywhere . . ."

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natalie wood's guardian angel

(Continued from page 44) won't let daddy die. . ." And then Natalie drew upon the strength of her greatest faith—a faith that began when she was only nine. . .

She remembered her mother had given her a picture of two little children crossing a broken bridge, and in the background of the picture a guardian angel was watching over them. Her Mother had smiled and said that someone was watching over her just the way the children in the picture were being watched. Natalie had loved looking at that picture, knowing that the guardian angel would get those children safely across the bridge. And through the years that picture never lost its meaning. It still has a treasured place on Natalie's bedroom wall.

Now, as she prayed for her Father, she recalled how her guardian angel had been by her side, watching over her, just two years ago when she was sixteen. Natalie was driving her own car—the first she'd ever owned—and loving every minute of the feeling of freedom the car gave her, the feeling of freedom she felt knowing she could just get into it and take off whenever she felt like it.

But this time she was hurrying home from visiting a friend she hadn't seen for years, a friend who was treated like a child.

"Now you may go into the next room," her friend's mother would say. "Now you may chat. Now you may listen to records."

Shockers for teenagers: It's a throwback to silent picture-making. For their love scenes in *Jailhouse Rock*, Elvis Presley and Judy Tyler listen to "mood music" played on the accordion. And it's not rock 'n' roll. The tune I heard was "Love in Bloom."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

You may do this. You may not do that. Natalie had to suppress an impulse to scream at the girl's mother, *Why don't you leave her alone? She's no prisoner! She's a human being.*

In desperation, Natalie suggested to the girl that they go to a movie.

"I'm sorry," her mother vetoed the idea tartly. "Jane may not go to a movie." No reason. Just—no movie.

"I love you both so much"

Natalie kept thinking of the senseless discipline her friend had to live through—and she realized as she never had realized before how lucky she was by contrast. Like most high school girls, Natalie had been going through the usual teenage stage of self-pity and delusions of restriction. She was so sure her parents didn't understand her . . . and how often she'd say to them, "Oh, you're so old-fashioned!"

This was the thought uppermost in her mind as she gunned her car across the twisting uphill turns.

Sometimes, she thought to herself, as her car raced through the tunnel at the crest of the pass, *you go along loving your parents and appreciating them, and you never let them know it. It's very important to let them know it.*

So important at that moment that she couldn't wait. She pressed her foot harder and harder on the gas.

A narrow escape from death

Suddenly, about a half mile before Sepulveda intersected with Ventura Boulevard, a sharp curve loomed up at Natalie and she realized too late that she had been driving too fast. She jammed on her brakes. Too hard, too fast—and they locked. Her car was out of control! It spun round and round and round like a crazy top.

I'm going to die, she told herself, *and I won't have a chance to tell them how much I love them!*

The steering wheel kept spinning around as the car lurched ahead. Natalie was thrown from side to side. Then, suddenly, for no reason that she knew, Natalie threw herself on the floorboard.

There was a terrific jolt as the car bounced off a guard fence along the side of the road, and then crashed against a giant tree.

Natalie sat up slowly, amazed she was conscious, with no bones broken, with not even a scratch.

As she staggered to the shoulder of the road, she found herself, through her numbness, thinking of the picture of the guardian angel watching over the two children crossing the bridge. A faint, dazed smile found its way to her trembling lips.

Not only was her survival a miracle, she thought—it was a jackpot of miracles.

To begin with, a two-by-four plank from the fence had shot through the door, cutting clear across the seat. If she had not thrown herself to the floorboard it most certainly would have killed her!

When she clambered out of the car, and looked over the side of the road, her face turned ashen. She saw a sheer drop of two hundred feet down which her car would have plunged—again bringing certain death—if it had not crashed into the tree!

If there had been so much as one car on the normally heavily trafficked Sepulveda Boulevard, a head-on crash and almost certain death would have been unavoidable!

If there had been a car directly behind her when she slammed on the brakes, a fatal crash would have been inevitable!

Tears streaming down her face

Natalie looked at the 1949 Olds. It was pleated like an accordion! Not even one wheel was still on!

Again, she had the strange sensation that she was being watched over. How else would she have come out of *that?*

She walked over to the nearest telephone booth, and called her mother.

"Mom," she said, "now don't get excited. I just had a little accident on Sepulveda a few blocks above Ventura. Could you come and get me?"

"Are you all right?"

"Of course, Mother," Natalie answered, not even realizing that the tears were streaming uncontrollably down her face.

"Thank You dear God"

That evening, Natalie told her folks the full story—about how her visit to her friend had made her realize how wonderful her own parents were, about how she couldn't wait to get home to tell them how much she loved them.

Finally her father said with an affectionate smile, "Well, Natalie, do you think you've learned your lesson about driving too fast?"

Natalie nodded vigorously.

"Oh yes, Daddy. You don't have to worry about *that.* I'll never drive like that again! I just feel terrible that the car has been completely wrecked."

Natalie was sure it would be years, if ever, before she would be permitted to have another car.

"All right," her father said, "we'll go out and buy you another car tomorrow."

"You'd—let me have another car?" she asked him, not believing it was possible.

"Why not? I'd say you'd be an even



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better driver now than you were with the other car," he smiled.

At night, as she lay in bed, the accident unfolded again in Natalie's mind. As she thought of what could have happened, as she thought of the impulse to throw herself on the floorboard, as she remembered how easily she could have been killed or crippled, she whispered, "Thank You, dear God, for letting me learn my lesson without being hurt.

"And thank You for giving me the chance to know how wonderful Mother and Dad are."

Then, as she lay there, suddenly she wondered if God had saved her because, in the greatness of His mercy, He had known that she faced death and that the only thought in her heart was that now Mother and Dad would never know how very much she loved them, how grateful she was for *their* love—and He had taken pity on her.

Celeste Holm, who dated an Italian consul, now has another foreign diplomat in tow. She says, "It's a great way to learn a language."

Earl Wilson in the N.Y. Post

"Please don't let my daddy die"

Now—as Natalie's Dad, who had been so understanding and had put such faith in her when she had smashed the car—lay at the point of death from a heart attack, she walked slowly up the stairs to her room. She knelt beside her bed to pray. She looked up and saw the picture of the two children crossing the bridge and then she lowered her eyes and prayed. "Please, God, let me have my Daddy. Don't let him die, dear God. Don't let him die." And then she paused. The prayer was all wrong—somehow it was all wrong. She was asking God for something. Always, it seemed to her, she was asking God for something. When she was a little girl, it had been, *Please God, let me have a new bike.* Or—*I want new skates, God. Please give me skates.* And now she was asking God to spare her Dad—asking Him who had already given her so much—to give her something more. God had been merciful to her—but now she was presuming on that mercy. She buried her head in her hands. "Forgive me, God," she murmured. "I want my Dad," she whispered, "but only if it's *Your* will. Only if *You* want to save him."

Her father's life hung in the balance for a number of days. And then came the day when the doctor smiled and said to Natalie and her Mother, "He's going to get well. The crisis has passed."

Natalie hugged her Mother tightly. "Oh Mom," she said. "Oh, Mom." And that was all that she could say, because then both of them were crying—crying and laughing at the same time.

Natalie was too happy. If she couldn't share her happiness with someone she knew she would burst.

The strength of His protection

That night, she called her friend—her very best friend, Nick Adams—and they went for a drive in her Thunderbird. She told him all about her Dad, told him that she could breathe again because now she knew that he was going to live.

"You know, Nicky, I never realized just how lucky I really am," she said. "Look at this car I'm driving. Look at all the places we can go—all the finest places. And we meet such talented, interesting people. Look at the home I live in."

Natalie breathed deeply. She pulled up to the curb and stopped the car.

"Let's shut our eyes for a few seconds and keep them closed," she suggested. They did—and felt a great peace.

Natalie opened her eyes and looked around her. "Just suppose, Nicky," she said, "just suppose we could never see any of this again—never see these trees, or these canyons, or the snow on the mountains. "Suppose"—Natalie's voice was no more than a whisper, "suppose we would never again see someone we loved—someone like our own—Fathers."

And here Natalie lowered her head. She had not forgotten that other Father, the one up above Who had given her what she most wanted in all the world—her Dad's life. She murmured a silent prayer of thanksgiving to Him. She felt again the strength of His protection and knew how *well* she was guarded and watched over. *And thank You, God,* she said silently, *thank You for my guardian angel.* EN

Natalie can soon be seen in Warner Bros. NO SLEEP TILL DAWN *and* MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR.

how I got over my summer romance

(*Continued from page 53*) steps when she stopped suddenly, turned and ran back to where Bunny was sitting. "If you talk to him," she said, "don't make it too obvious!"

Bunny gave Carroll a *what's-come-over-*YOU? look and a few minutes later she was in the back of the auditorium, introducing herself to Johnny.

"I'm Carroll's best friend," she said, pointing to the pretty young girl on stage.

"Oh?" Johnny said. His face reddened a little, and Bunny could see immediately that he wasn't the sophisticated type—not at all.

"She's a wonderful dancer, isn't she?" Bunny said.

"She's very good," said Johnny.

Abruptly, Bunny changed the subject. "Are you going to the prom?"

Johnny's face got even redder now. He nodded.

"Who are you taking?" Bunny asked, very direct.

"I don't . . . I don't know yet," Johnny said.

Bunny smiled, "Why don't you take Carroll?"

"I . . . I thought she'd probably have a . . . I mean, I . . ."

"Take my word for it," Bunny said, helping him out, "she doesn't have a date."

"And then what did *he* say?" Carroll asked excitedly over a root beer later as Bunny told her what had happened in back of the auditorium.

"He didn't know what to say," Bunny said, giggling, "so I told him to relax, that somehow the two of you would get together tomorrow sometime and figure it all out."

Tomorrow never seemed to come for Carroll. She spent the night at Bunny's just so she could be in town and that much closer to the school—and Johnny, and she tossed and turned all night and slept a grand total of three hours, tops.

Frozen to the spot

"It was terrible," Carroll recalls, "but somehow Johnny and I couldn't seem to get together that morning. I'd had a crush on him for quite a while by this time and I knew all the places he'd be at certain times of the day—walking down this hall

ay at ten o'clock, going up this stair-se at eleven. But for some reason he asn't at any of the usual places that day nd I thought to myself, *He's changed his ind and doesn't want to see me* and I new my heart was going to break.

"And then, it was just a few minutes efore noon and lunch hour, and all of a udden, there we were, standing facing ach other, both sort of frozen in the same pot. 'Do you want to go to the senior prom ith me?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'Swell,' ohnny said. Then he said, 'See you later.' nd we both ran off in different directions."

That afternoon, Carroll ran home and egan to work on her gown. She went up o the attic, rummaged through a trunkful f clothing her mom had left behind—her nother lived in Florida—picked out a long ress she decided she could fix up and got o work.

"It was no trouble at all for me to make party dress out of a hand-me-down," arroll says, thinking back. "I'd had plenty f practice. We were pretty poor."

She'd been working on the dress for a ouple of hours when her father came in rom the fields. She kissed him, told him bout her invitation to the prom—leaving ut a few of the details, and then made is supper.

The least I can do"

"And aren't you going to eat anything?"

Screen star Richard Conte once asked a producer the meaning of a *lebedige tug*, whose literal translation is "a lively day." The producer said the phrase was idiomatic and offered an illustration: "Suppose you're sitting beside your swimming pool and the head of the biggest studio visited you to offer the best roles of the year. And suppose your butler tells the studio head that the White House is phoning him and he replies, 'Tell the President I'm sorry I can't talk to him now; I'm busy with Richard Conte.'

"In such a case," the producer told the star, "you would be fully justified in saying 'It's a *lebedige tug*'—a lively day."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Ir. Baker asked his daughter when they ere seated at the table. He looked over at arroll's place and at the tiny hamburger nd half glass of milk there.

"I'm reducing," Carroll said.

"You're fat, I suppose?" asked her dad.

"I weigh 125 pounds, Poppa," Carroll aid, as if she suddenly couldn't stand the hought of it, "and if Johnny was nice nough to ask me to the prom, the least can do is lose ten pounds for him."

Carroll took another small bite of ham-urger. She was surprised to see that it as practically all gone already. "Just for wo weeks," she said. She washed down er words with a sip of milk.

"Carroll," her dad said, changing the ubject. "I was thinking today while I as out there working . . . I was thinking f you and of what you're going to do ow that you're finishing high school."

Carroll was still smiling and her mind as still on the prom. "I'm going to be a ancer," she said, vaguely.

"Carroll," her father said. He was a good, ery patient man and he was rarely stern. ut there was a touch of sternness in his oice now. "Carroll, a lot of money has een spent on your dancing lessons. You ere my little girl, and you wanted to take ancing lessons and I let you take them. ut you're growing up now, Carroll, and you should understand that Greensburg is a small town and girls from small towns don't become dancers. They become . . . well, they get a job in a store or they become secretaries. A secretary. Now there's a nice profession for you."

Carroll nodded. Her mind was still far away. "We'll see, Poppa," she said.

She almost cried

Her dress turned out to be very beautiful. And so did the night of the prom.

Johnny—who, as it turned out, was quite shy and hadn't spoken to Carroll once since asking her for the date back at school that afternoon—showed up at the Baker house promptly at seven o'clock. He shook hands with Mr. Baker and then both men sat in the living room to wait for Carroll.

Carroll, of course, had been ready at six o'clock. But she and Bunny had talked it over that day and they'd decided that it was always a good idea when you were going out formal and important to let your date wait for five minutes so the suspense of your entrance and what you were going to look like would really get him.

At the last minute, Carroll decided to make it a ten-minute wait. The suspense nearly killed Johnny. As a matter of fact, he was on his third coke. Mr. Baker, sympathetically aware of what the perspiring boy was going through, had started feeding him cokes as soon as he realized what was going on. Then Carroll walked into the room.

"Hi," she called out, looking first at her dad and then at Johnny.

Her entrance was everything she could have wished for.

Johnny gulped. "You've lost weight."

"Ten pounds," Carroll said, smiling, so happy that he'd noticed.

"You look . . . beautiful," Johnny said, handing her a corsage box.

"Thank you," Carroll said as she ripped the ribbon off the box and opened it. "An orchid! My *first* orchid!" She rushed over to where Johnny was standing and grabbed and hugged him and, if it wasn't that she and Bunny had decided that afternoon to live dangerously and wear a little mascara that night, she would have broken down and cried. . . .

The crushing news

That summer, the summer of 1949, was the most wonderful Carroll had ever spent. At one point during the prom, "After our sixth straight dance," Carroll thinks it was—she and Johnny decided to go steady. And they were together practically every day for the next two months—swimming, picnicking, going to the movies, lingering over sundaes and sodas at the local ice cream parlor. They took long drives in Johnny's dad's new convertible, and generally got used to the idea of liking somebody particular a lot, a real lot.

It's so terrific, Carroll wrote to her mother in Florida one day, *to know a boy like Johnny and have so much fun with him. There was a time a couple of years back, Mom, when I didn't want to grow any older. But now I'm sixteen and I know what they mean when they say sweet sixteen. Because it* IS *sweet, sweeter than I ever dreamed it would be.*

Carroll wasn't at all prepared for the crushing news when it came that night, early in September.

They were sitting in the ice cream parlor. They'd just come from a movie, a funny one, and Carroll was still laughing over one of the scenes when she noticed that Johnny was looking so glum.

Johnny finally turned his head. "I've been accepted," he said, "in college. It's far away," he added simply. "In Ohio."

The smile on Carroll's face faded. "And you've got to go away?" she asked, slowly.

"Next week."

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by *Mary Ann Blum, R.N.*

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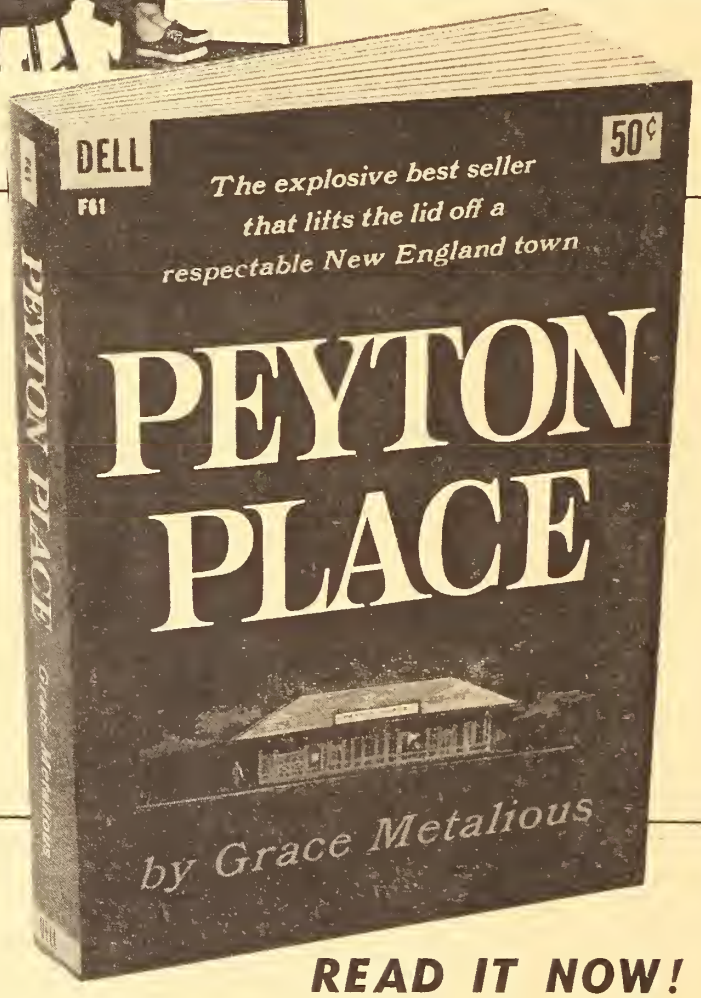
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"Well," Carroll said, gulping, and tryi to smile again, "even though we didn get the composition prizes at graduatio we still know how to write and we ca . . ." But it was no use trying to mak a joke of it. It didn't make the hurt in h heart or the heavy feeling in her thro go away.

The only thing that saved her

Johnny left for college about ten da later. And the only thing that kept Ca roll from feeling completely lost and mi erable was being so busy rehearsing f the big dance recital that was coming u

"Then the dancers from Pittsburg came," Carroll remembers. "My teach had arranged for the recital and for the professional dancers from Pittsburgh come and perform, too.

"I was good, I thought. But when I sa the troupe from Pittsburgh rehearse th first day, I knew how far behind I reall was. I thought I'd made so much progre till I watched them. They were so fan tastic and they did huge turns and jum and I knew that my little dance was go ing to look pretty silly next to theirs.

"Those next few days before the recita I did nothing but practice. The nigh of the recital I went and did the best could. As soon as I finished, I got out my costume and went into the auditorium

" 'Poppa,' I asked, sitting down next t him. 'Poppa, was I good?'

"He turned to me, 'Carroll,' he sai 'you were terrible. Now, once and for al I want you to give up this nonsense an start thinking about becoming a secretary

"I cried all that night. I guess my fathe hadn't meant to hurt me; he was onl saying what had been on his mind for long time. When you're a kid from small town, he meant, you can't expe somebody to come and see you dance an say, 'We want *you!*'

Saying goodbye

"But it hurt and I cried and cried. An then I got that letter from my mothe asking me to come to Florida. I wrot back and said that I would. I'd have don anything to get away from Greensbur and that summer and everything about i First Johnny. Then the recital . . ."

Carroll's dad understood when she tol him she was leaving, that she *had* to leav And that afternoon a few days later at th railroad station, he surprised her with big bunch of store-bought flowers and long talk on how happy he always wante her to be "no matter what you decide the career for you."

She got on the train. And finally, slowl the train began to pull away.

"G'bye," Bunny called out.

"G'bye," Carroll answered.

Mr. Baker smiled and waved.

Carroll smiled and waved back.

Then Carroll made believe for a momen that a boy, a tall curly-haired boy name Johnny, was standing there on the plat form. And she waved at him, too.

It was sad that through her tears Carro couldn't see the future—the meeting sh would have with Johnny in a year and half when they would both realize tha while they still liked one another ver much there was really nothing betwee them anymore . . . the meeting she woul have a few years after that with a fello named Jack, a fellow she would fa desperately in love with, a fellow wh would marry her and be the father of th little daughter she would one day have.

But this was 1949—and, for now, as tha train pulled out of the Greensburg statio it was sad to say goodbye to sweet, bitte sweet, sixteen. . . . EN

Carroll will soon be seen in UA's The Big Country.

nories of a great lover

tinued from page 38) down cooling

still stands as straight as an Indian can make a muscle on any part of his e. He tips 200 on the scale—only ty-five more than twenty years ago—his middle doesn't bulge.

t Clark has mellowed. "He's seen it done it and had it in spades," one friend it, "and he likes the let-up." Clark elf says, "I've reached the age of when I figure a man should relax and y himself." And that's the clue.

w Gable used to enjoy himself—and so long ago either—could hardly be d relaxing. He was tuned up for ac—all the time—like the engines of sport cars, which he used to buy, hop nd then turn in for a faster one before could get his license plates. That's n he wasn't plowing his ranch and g the tractor himself, or stalking tain lions, or churning Mexican waters black marlin. In the old days, he'd dle a motorcycle and roar off on s-country races at 100 miles per hour, p a horse over the hills, or zoom off plane. Most nights the pace continued ollywood night spots or society spots and abroad. That was Clark's style—strenuous, full life.

t today, the car he drives is a conative black limousine, not a hot-rod

"I call my wife Schultz," says Ernie Kovacs, "and she calls me Schultz, and we both call our dog Schultz.

"We got into the jargon of cutting all names and words short. We say 'swee' for 'sweet,' for example.

"So, when Edith was in Houston, Texas, appearing in a show, and we were about to marry, she went to a local jeweler and had him inscribe in a ring the words, 'Swee forever.' The jeweler insisted she was misspelling the word . . . and I'm sure, to this day, he just thinks she's nutty."

Paul Denis

ll. He doesn't own a motorcycle anye, or for that matter a horse since old ny died. The only stock on his Encino e are two burros—Baba, which Grace y gave him after *Mogambo*, and one ought for his stepchildren.

s for adventure—well, the last deer ad in his gunsights got away when he ened up and refused to shoot. The marlin he hooked, he let go.

ight life the King dismisses these days a bore," and "out with the boys" means n rummy or poker session.

lt for Clark

ow, none of this means that Clark is old gaffer set for a rest home, a el chair and a pipe-and-slipper rou-. Clark is simply trading one kind life for another, a life that's richer more satisfying. And like we said, tarted one morning when Clark said his fourth wife, Sylvia Ashley, that r marriage was a mistake. A year and alf after their marriage, their divorce granted.

nyone could argue that Clark's brief on with Sylvia Ashley should never e happened. Yet, maybe the jolt was essary to prove to Clark Gable that t he thought he wanted, he'd outn. He didn't like living with the rnational Set, with Cafe Society, and been living that life for eight years. eight years following the tragic plane-crash death on a snowy Nevada mountainside in 1942 of Carole Lombard, the wife he had loved so very much, the woman who was as much a part of him as any woman had ever been. But for eight years he mourned, and then he didn't want to be alone any more. So Clark and Sylvia eloped right before Christmas, 1949.

Their Hawaiian honeymoon with all the lush trimmings was right up Sylvia's alley. It was when this orchid was transplanted to Clark's San Fernando Valley hilltop that the petals began to curl.

There was nothing elegant about Clark Gable's twenty-acre Encino spread. The only feminine touches were left over from Carole Lombard's years there—some deep chairs, a few antiques. Staffordshire china, pewter and copper knick-knacks that he hadn't moved an inch.

A wife geared to his speed

Sylvia started changing all that. In a way you couldn't blame her. Like every one else, she knew the story of that near-perfect love. And reminders were all around her. White pigeons fluttered around the roof, descendants of the two doves of peace Carole had sent Clark after their first fight. In the garage the station wagon that had carried them on gay expeditions still sat, polished and neat. Red roses, planted by Carole, rambled along the white fence in front. A huge table in the living room still bore the deliberate 'antiquing' scars of Clark and Carole's cigarettes.

"Her ghost was everywhere," Sylvia said to friends later.

So Sylvia installed her English maid and tried to replace Clark's loyal handy man—Clark's friend—with a British butler, and ordered a guest house built—though Clark doesn't like house guests.

Then Mrs. Gable looked over Clark's poker-playing friends and decided they were just too crude, and Hollywood life was dull, and the ranch a bore. The lone fishing expedition Clark got her to go on ended with Sylvia sitting on the bank stream with her lap dog and making cute—but let's face it—cutting remarks as he cast for trout. The upshot of it all was that Clark Gable learned the hard way that he didn't want a doll to pamper. He wanted a wife geared to his speed.

Kay's stormy marriages

He finally found her—he found her in Kay. Clark didn't marry Kay Williams Spreckles impulsively. His was the proposal of a man who had had his last fling and wanted the woman he loved to be—not a fluttering butterfly, but a homemaker, and a companion. That's what Kay Gable is for the King.

Clark met Kay around twelve years ago. He was just back from the war then, and picking up the pieces of his life. So was Kay. She had already been married twice, but neither spelled happiness for her. In less than a year—both times—the marriage was over. Kay had been a New York model and was then in Hollywood trying to be an actress. Clark liked her warm friendliness and good looks. He took her out a few times. But he also took out a lot of other girls—he simply didn't want marriage then. Kay, only too plainly, did. Clark cooled off. Not long after, Kay—who never made the grade as an actress—married the playboy sugar heir, Adolph Spreckles. They had two children during a stormy union. Kay divorced him in 1953.

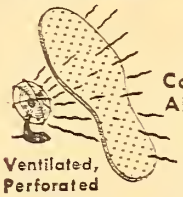
Halfway through Kay's unhappy marriage, Clark married Sylvia. And then his marriage was over too. Clark and Kay started seeing each other again. Again, Clark saw other gals, too. But somehow he always came back to *Old Kathleen*—as he still sometimes calls her.

One July afternoon two years ago, in the rose garden of the ranch, Clark asked

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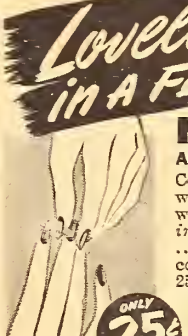
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Kay to marry him. At Minden, Nevada, where Clark and Kay had just been joined together as man and wife, Clark looked at his bride—and tried to think of something to please her.

No ghost for Kay

He took her in his arms, kissed the top of her head and whispered, "Where shall we go now? Europe? South America? Africa? Where would you like to go for your honeymoon?"

"I want to go home to the ranch," said Kay, and that's where they went. A quiet kind of peace, of happiness settled in Clark's heart. He had come home—and brought the right woman with him.

As mistress of Clark Gable's ranch at Encino, Kay Gable has suffered no unhappiness about any ghost. Carole Lombard's pigeons, her antiques, china, horse prints, copper and pewter are things she likes to show off and talk about. Carole's roses deck the cigarette-scarred table. "Aren't they lovely?" Kay will say to visitors. "They're from rose bushes that Carole planted herself!"

No ghost haunts Kay because she realizes that a man who has had four wives before her has had four lives—before his life with Kay. She is no rival of the golden girl who once brought happiness to the man Kay loves now—because he was a different man altogether then. The gags and escapades of Clark and Carole are only amusing to hear, not to envy. Kay wisely knows she hold's Clark's love in another way, because he is in another stage of life. And Kay knows too that she has brought him something he has never known before—a full family life.

Both of Kay's kids call him "Pa." He's teaching Bunker, his eight-year-old stepson how to handle a rod and gun and helping him train Rip, the hunting dog he bought for him. He taught Bunker and six-year-old Joan to swim.

Just the two of them

Then for a little while, life was holding more happiness for the King than he'd ever known before. Kay was pregnant. He whooped like a wild man the day she told him and swung her around the room till she begged *"Uncle."* Next day, Kay was asking, "Clark, have you seen the doctor's report? I can't seem to find it."

"Seen it?" grinned the expectant pop, "I put it in the bank vault!"

They agreed to keep the news a family secret, but a few nights later at Mervyn LeRoy's party, Clark was spilling the beans—he was that happy—hamming it up with a big cigar.

But only two months later, Clark's little 'halfback' was a dream that was not to come true. Kay lost the baby.

More things happened to add to Clark's sorrow A year ago in May, just as s was preparing to go with Clark on loc tion to St. George, Utah, for *The Ki And Four Queens,* Kay felt pains grip h chest.

Angina pectoris, said the doctor—a seve heart condition. Since then, Kay has be forced into the role of a semi-invalid.

Clark doesn't miss the social life. "Nig clubs," he still grunts, "are for people w are unhappy." And Kay is well enou for occasional dinner parties. A few clo friends, but the evenings aren't late. L New Year's Eve—well, Kay and Cla stayed at the ranch and toasted each oth with champagne, just the two of them.

Just call him 'Joe Lucky'

Today Gable even enjoys being call *King,* a tag wished on him as a razz Spencer Tracy years ago. Back then, couldn't hear it without its drawing frown from him. Now he sits in the mi dle of the set with the nickname letter on his chair—and presides over the s like a father at a dinner table. Now knows—no one's laughing at him—you gi nicknames to people you love. . . .

But even in this kick he isn't letti anything strain an artery. After *Teache Pet* Clark won't make another picture u til 1958. Like all star-producers he h to read scripts more often now than t sports magazines he used to fancy. "B if I don't find a good one," he states wi that lop-sided grin, "then I go fishing."

That's what he did this summer, in Canada, after a rest in Carmel wi Kay. When she gets stronger they ho to hop off for a tour of the Orient. Aft that—well, what looks good? He's in hurry. Maybe, you think, Clark Gab *should* be in a hurry. After all, in thr years he'll be sixty. But if you ask h when he expects to retire, he answers fast—"Not while they still want me han ing around!"

And, if the past is any indication, th will be for quite a spell yet! One thing certain: Clark won't slip into dodderi character jobs! What he really means "as long as they want me hanging arou as the *King.*"

And if time finally knocks the crow from his head, he won't be shedding tea for himself. Because he can look forwa to work and play, with his final love a final mate—and his young family growi up around him to keep him warm.

Clark always called himself Joe Luck In a new—and rather wonderful way—l luck still holds. . . . E

Clark is now in Warner Bros. BAND O ANGELS. *Watch for him soon in Par mount's* TEACHER'S PET *and UA's* R SILENT, RUN DEEP

the long journey home

(*Continued from page 47*) behind them. Rock and his friend started singing again and kept it up—singing over and over the one song they both knew, *Silent Night*—till an Italian mechanic arrived with chains and gasoline, and pulled them free.

To get a call through even from a resort town like Cortina proved harder than Rock had expected. Several hours went by before he was connected. "Hello, Phil honey?" Rock said.

The moment Phyllis heard his voice, she broke into tears. "I'm so happy to hear from you, Rock," she said through her tears. But talking to him upset her. "It reminds me that you're far away."

So Rock called their doctor directly to get news. The doctor told Rock over the phone—Phyllis had hepatitis, he sa "What's that?" Rock asked.

"It's a disease of the liver. She h become depressed and is indifferent everything. She seems to have lost her w to live. Two of her close friends visited h and she simply stared at the ceiling a didn't seem to hear anything they sai

When Rock put down the phone, he f fear gripping him. And what made it ev worse was that there was nothing he cou do to help her.

From an Italian doctor he learned t patients with hepatitis sometimes try take their own lives. The weeks that fo lowed became more and more difficult Rock. He felt the panic rising slowly himself and tried to beat it down. wanted to fly home but he was in ea and every scene of the film. It was i possible for him to leave.

venings and Sundays—when he had hing to do—crawled by miserably. ek-days were better. He was kept busy ing one scene after another and had e time to think.

forgetting fear

ocation for shooting changed to Rome. en Rock first arrived in Rome, the dio gave him a suite at the fashionable nd Hotel. But the noise and commo- n of tourists coming and going all day g upset Rock. His jangled nerves ldn't take it and he located a quiet ce on Via San Teodore. He took meals at a small restaurant nearby. He n got used to having cats stray past n while he ate—sometimes they looked dejected as he felt.

he worry about Phyllis had made him e ten pounds. Friends who visited him Rome found him pale and tired and n looking. He insisted he felt better n ever—he didn't want to complain. He n't tell them that the food just wouldn't down, that it seemed to stick in his oat. Even the things he liked most—ghetti, ravioli, chicken cacciatore—even se things no longer had any taste. He ed almost completely on fresh fruit—and ot on losing weight.

t might have been easier for Rock had been more sociable. At least he could e forgotten for a little while, his fears Phil, in the company of other people. could have even shared his fears.

But Rock was a loner. Before he had ten married he had seldom gone out had only a few close friends. Later, h Phyllis, it was she who made their ial engagements. With Phil at his side, enjoyed it more than he had ever own he could, and they went out fairly en. Seldom did they go to nightclubs. stly they visited friends or his mother. But in Italy, it was different. There was Phyllis to ask him—would he like to to a dinner party? His fellow actors re almost all Italians; they spoke little no English. Rock knew only a few rds of Italian. It was so difficult to un- stand them or to get them to understand n that soon he gave up the effort alto- her.

The Selznicks lived pretty far from him and Mercedes McCambridge, another friend of Rock's, stayed in Italy only a short time. So Rock was left by himself most of the time.

For a while he tried to keep busy sightseeing. It didn't work. Phyllis' absence made even Rome, Italy, seem flat and dull. If he could have shared with her what he saw, it would have been wonderful fun. Alone it was a drag. He did the things he normally would have enjoyed doing alone—he read books and listened to records. But he couldn't keep his mind on the records or the books. His fears about Phil would start to close in on him, to gnaw away at him. He wrote long letters to Phil and anxiously waited for calls from her doctor.

To hold him tight

Then one night it happened. The call he had prayed for came. It was the doctor. Through the static Rock heard him say, "Phil's better, Rock."

Rock didn't say anything for a minute. He was too relieved and too weak to talk.

"Rock, you hear me?" the doctor asked.

"Yes—yes," Rock managed to say. Then a big smile, the first in many long weeks, spread slowly over his face.

"Of course, she's not all better," the doctor went on, "but she's improving very fast. She was allowed out of bed a few hours a day for a while, and today we let her go home. She still has to have two nurses and she's on a very strict diet—but she's much, much better. You know"—and here the doctor gave a long pause—"I think the fact that you're coming home soon has something to do with Phil's quick recovery." His voice took on a softness. "I think she wanted to get better for *you*."

Rock was unable to speak for a moment. Then he murmured his thanks to the doctor and put down the receiver slowly.

The long weeks of gnawing fear and loneliness were over. He would not lose his Phyllis. She would be there, standing in the doorway of their home with her arms stretched out to hold him tight, when he had made *the long journey home.* END

Rock is now in MGM's SOMETHING OF VALUE. *He will soon be in 20th Century-Fox's* A FAREWELL TO ARMS, *and U-I's* PYLON.

hate hollywood parties

ontinued from page 58) lots of time on ur hands!"

Tony smiled as he continued walking. *ts of time,* he thought to himself as he ought his hand up to cover a big yawn. A hand slapped his back in the middle the yawn. "Hey, Tony," a voice bel- wed, "*here* you are. I've been looking over for you!"

Tall Tony looked down at the back-slap- r, a male secretary for one of the studio g-shots.

"Tony," the male sec said, "you're going the party!" Everybody in town was lking about the party being given at MANOFF's that night. Everybody in town no was anybody was either going or anted to go.

"I hate Hollywood parties," Tony said.

"Yeah . . ., yeah," the male sec said. ut *this* . . ."

ou won't be sorry"

"This is going to be like all the rest of em," Tony said. "Look," he went on, a tle more gently. He realized he'd hurt e male sec's feelings after the little guy d obviously gone through so much ouble getting him the invite in the first ace. "Look," Tony said. "I haven't been Hollywood too long now. But all the me I've been here I've been working hard, real hard—and I haven't had time to go to many of these parties. But the ones I've been to . . . well, one of them was one of these beach-parties—one of these by-moonlight things. I guess it was fun. Everybody else seemed to be having a ball. But it just turned out that everybody else was about sixteen years old and their kind of fun wasn't exactly my kind of fun . . . Or that other one I went to. Sure, I was flattered to be invited—he's one of the biggest stars in the business. And I was glad when I found out there weren't going to be more than twelve people there. But when I got there, what happened? The other eleven people were about twenty years older than I am and they sat around talking about a lot of producers in the business I've never even heard of and about box-office grosses and stuff like that. . . . And the couple of other parties I went to were the mob-scene kind, like tonight's. You've been to those, haven't you? About three or four hundred people herded together like sheep in a blizzard, back to back—like mummies with radar, all talking about themselves and then lining up at the food table as if there were a depression coming tomorrow. The last one I went to was so bad I followed a waiter carrying an empty *canape* tray into the kitchen and escaped." He looked up, amused at the recollection of that scene. "Right through the kitchen door—and out!"

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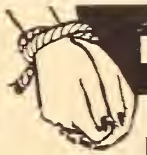
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Then he looked down at the male sec again. It hadn't worked. The poor little guy was nearly in tears.

"I just thought this being an important party . . ." the male sec started to say.

Tony had learned a long time ago not to hurt people's feelings when you could possibly help it—especially after they'd gone out of their way for you. He reached back into the man's hand. "But," he said, "if you say that this is going to be such a swell shindig . . ." He took the invitation.

And the little man beamed.

The big flop

Tony was sorry five minutes after he arrived at ROMANOFF'S. As he recalls that particular night: "The second I got in there—somehow smack in the middle of the mob—all of them talking, talking. You know, I was beginning to think all that talk is what makes the smog out here. Anyway, the second I got there some man, and I still don't know who he was because I never saw him again, tapped my shoulder and said, 'Don't go away, Perkins. I want to talk to you about a script in a couple of minutes.' Then I happened to spot a girl I'd met casually once and I started talking to her. But I hadn't said more than two sentences when another guy came rushing over to me and yelled, 'You've got to see *him* for a minute. *He* wants to see you!' I found out that *he* was a columnist who wanted to ask me a couple of silly questions and the man who'd pushed me over to him—and who'd succeeded in pushing the girl I'd been talking to into oblivion—was one of his flunkies. When the columnist was finished with me, I was alone again—among all those people, but alone . . . I knew I had to get out of the place by using my party walk. A description of my party walk? Well, you start going gingerly backward, to get out of the crowd and you keep smiling so that if a host sees you he notices that you're smiling and *not* that you're walking backward and if you keep this up long enough you finally get away. As I was lucky enough to do that night."

A man to man talk

Halfway home, he stopped at a tiny counter-restaurant for a 'snack'—soup, scallops and french fries with plenty of catsup, a grilled cheese and chicken sandwich, blueberry pie and a thick strawberry malt. Then he started on his way home again. He was practically there when, from out of nowhere it seemed, he felt a hand slap his back.

Tony squinted for a moment at the smiling face looking into his. Then he burst into a wide grin. "Jay," he cried out.

Jay was Jay Sayer, a fellow Tony had roomed with at ROLLINS COLLEGE in Florida a few years earlier.

"Jay, you old character," Tony said, shaking hands now. Then they stood talking for a few minutes. And then, Tony—forgetting all about the fact that he was tired and had to be up very early the next morning—invited Jay up to his place for a while "so we can talk, man—so we can sit and talk about some of those old times."

The last thing he wanted to do

"Tony," said Jay, point-blank, "you sound kind of lonely."

Tony shrugged. "There's not much doing and I've been working all the time . . ."

"So what's to be lonely?" Jay cut in. "Listen, I'm your friend, right? Well, anytime you feel like having dinner with anybody, just give me a ring and I'll get some of the kids over—I know one gal who makes the burndest steak you've ever seen—and we'll all get heartburn together."

Tony smiled his sheepish smile. "You mean that?" he asked.

"Sure I mean that," Jay said. Then, suddenly, he had an inspiration. "As a matter of fact," he said, "why don't we do it real soon and make it a party?"

"A party?" Tony said, his heart sinking.

"Yeah," Jay said, "We'll make it Thursday at my place. Okay?"

Tony found himself nodding. A party was the last thing he wanted to go to. But Jay was his pal and he'd already said *yes, he'd be happy to come over for dinner* and it would look foolish if he turned down the invitation to the party and he was too tired to sit and explain why he'd never yet enjoyed a party—*any* party—he'd been to since coming to Hollywood. And so he said, "Okay, Thursday night."

Something awful to happen?

Thursday night couldn't come fast enough for Tony—so he could get it all over with.

"When Tony finally got to Jay's," a very pretty young girl who was there remembers, "he walked in as though he was expecting something awful to happen to him. As we all shook hands with him he had the look of a person who was anything but glad to be where he was at that moment.

"I've got to admit it, the party did start out a little stiff. At one point, nobody would have anything to say; and at another, everybody would decide to say something at once. Tony—sitting over in a corner—seemed to be making everybody as nervous as we were making him.

"Then Jay came out into the living room. He managed to hit us at one of our quieter moments. 'Hey, what is this—a wake?' he asked. Then he looked over at Tony and smiled. 'I've got something for *you*,' he said, pointing to Tony. He dashed out of the room, and a moment later he came back in—carrying a guitar. 'You still play?' he asked Tony. Tony started to say something. But Jay turned to all of us and said, 'Tony here was the best guitar player we ever had down at college. And they had some pretty mean guitar players down there.' Then he handed the instrument to Tony. And Tony was smiling, for the first time.

"Tony fooled around with a few chords at first. Then somebody called out and asked him if he knew a certain song. Tony nodded and began to play it. He played beautifully. And then he began to sing it. I guess I've heard better voices, but there was something about the way he sang it that slowly made everybody in the room quiet. And, before we knew it, we all found ourselves moving closer to where Tony was sitting.

"Tony was very intense as he played and sang. When his eyes were open, he seemed to look down at his fingers all the time. Most of the time, though, his eyes were closed. It was hard to tell for a while whether he even remembered where he was, or if there were any other people around—or if he cared.

"Then he began to play a song I've always loved, *Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair*. He played and sang it so beautifully, I couldn't resist. I beg to sing, too, right along with him. never forget the way he looked at me that moment. He just looked at first, a then he began to smile and then he s naled me over with a little move of head and first thing I knew I was sitti alongside him, singing away as I've ne sung before.

"When that song was over, Tony look around the room and said, 'Why don't all do a little singing?' He began to p *When You Were A Tulip*. 'Everybody,' called out, laughing, starting to enjoy hi self, 'come on—everybody sing!'

The lie

"And that was the beginning of one of nicest parties I've ever been to. We around and ate chili con carne and sa and hot buns and we asked Tony lots questions about himself and his work, a he asked us questions—things like what were doing to get ahead, and how we w doing it, and making suggestions if thought we weren't doing quite the ri thing. And then, after dinner, we star singing again—Tony seems to know j about every song ever written!—and a said, I don't think I've ever had a bet time in my whole life!"

And did Tony have a good time at friend's party that Thursday night!

The next morning Tony was ba working at the studio when one of front-office executives showed up on set. The exec waited for Tony to finish scene and then walked up to him.

"Saw you at ROMANOFF'S the other nig Tony," the exec said.

"You did, sir?" Tony asked.

"Nice party, wasn't it?"

"Er . . . yes, sir," Tony said, feeling little too old to cross his fingers for telli a lie—but crossing them just the same

"If you enjoy these things, Tony," exec went on, "there's going to be anot one next Wednesday. It's strictly for top people in town. I'll have my secreta include your name on the list."

Tony gulped. "Well, sir . . ." he start to say, his face getting red.

"Is something the matter?"

"No, sir . . ." Tony said. He was stu But, fortunately, not for long. ". . . exc that's the night I was planning to have little party at my place. For some frien of mine . . . Oh, it's not going to be an thing like the one you're talking abo It's going to be small and we'll probal just sit around and have hot dogs and st and I'll play the guitar a little . . ."

The exec shrugged. "Well, too bad," said. And, walking away, he added, "I maybe next time."

Tony gulped again. "Maybe," he sa

Having a ball

Then he reached into his pocket fo dime and rushed over to a pay phc against one of the sound-stage walls. dialed a number. *Not a bad idea*, thought to himself as he waited for son one to pick up the phone on the other e "That wasn't a bad idea at all."

He heard a click. "Hello, Jay?" he sa "Listen, Jay—I was wondering what were doing next Wednesday night? W I was thinking of maybe having a lit party over at my place. And I was thin ing that maybe we could get last nigh crowd together and have some more fu

According to Tony himself, his pa that following Wednesday night came just fine. And he's been having a bet time—in fact, having a ball—in Hollywc ever since!

Look for Tony soon in Paramount's T TIN STAR, DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS, T MATCHMAKER, and COLUMBIA'S THIS BIT EARTH.

The discovery of a new movie star is the dream of all producers and authors. Irwin Shaw, who wrote the screenplay for *The Sea Wall*, once was taunted by another playwright for knowing little about casting. "Irwin," said the man, "aren't you the one who turned down Marlon Brando for a bit role in your *Sons And Soldiers*?" Shaw conceded this was true: "Yes, I turned down Brando. But I gave the role to another unknown—Gregory Peck!"

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
The James Dean Story
No Down Payment
Man Of A Thousand Faces
The Golden Virgin
No Sleep Till Dawn

FOR SPECTACLE
The Pride And The Passion
Band Of Angels

FOR LOVE
An Affair To Remember
The Careless Years

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



hia Loren and Cary Grant, from one of the most dramatic scenes in *The Pride And The Passion.*

E PRIDE AND THE PASSION

Cary Grant
Frank Sinatra
Sophia Loren
Theodore Bikel
John Wengraf

a of a big gun

The year's 1810. Napoleon's troops are aging the Spanish army to heel and, in er to run faster, the Spaniards get rid of orty-foot-long cannon by tossing it over a . Now to Frank Sinatra, that cannon is symbol of Spanish resistance: he wants haul it up and push it halfway across Spain the captive town of Avila. Sinatra is a passionate son of the people. On the er hand there is Cary Grant, an elegant ish naval officer who arrives with orders commandeer the cannon. No go. Sinatra let him have it only if he helps storm la first. So the long, rugged, impossible rch begins. Just looking at that magnifi- cannon fills the Spanish guerrillas with ngth and new passion for freedom. Talk- of passion, there is Sophia Loren, who is shortly torn between Spain's destiny and Cary Grant's cleft chin. This is a spectacular film; the cannon steals the show, but the show is fun.—CinemaScope. UNITED ARTISTS.

THE JAMES DEAN STORY

tribute to a lost idol

■ Here is a portrait of James Dean, the boy who lived "with a great hunger." As everyone knows, he died in a head-on auto crash in 1955; but his fans wouldn't let him go. This movie explores his fascination and is very moving and tasteful. His childhood in Indiana is retold, relatives are interviewed, friends in New York and Hollywood relate what they experienced of Jimmy. Still photographs are brought to life; there is a test scene with dialogue from *East Of Eden,* and a tape-recorded conversation between Jimmy and his family. All this is an attempt to explain what drove him to become a rebel and an actor.

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new movies

And, poetically, it explains why he was a symhol . . . because he could reach out into the darkness and make everyone there feel less alone; because he could express the indescribable tendernss which is part of every human heing.—WARNERS.

NO DOWN PAYMENT

Pat Hingle
Joanne Woodward
Cameron Mitchell
Tony Randall
Jeff Hunter

the young American way

▪ Anyhody who's ever hought anything on time will feel at home in *No Down Payment.* It's the story of four couples, neighhors in a ranch-style housing development in California. If it weren't for the good old installment plan, not a one of those houses would he inhahited. Keeping up with each other are 1) Used car salesman Tony Randall—*I know I've got it in me to go places,* he keeps saying after soaking himself in Martinis—and his distraught missus, Sheree North, who finally tells him where to go. 2) Refined, college grad Patricia Owens—*I know you've got it in you to go places,* she keeps telling her scientist hushand—and her scientist hushand, Jeff Hunter, who finally goes to Chicago when he should've stayed home. 3) Well-halanced appliance store manager Pat Hingle and his well-halanced wife Barbara Rush and their well-halanced children. 4) Gas-station manager Cameron Mitchell, a southern hoy with an inferiority complex despite his dazzling war record, and his wife, Joanne Woodward —who is a veteran of other wars. All these people have to learn how to live with each other and with themselves. It isn't easy. For instance, when poor old Cameron Mitchell is refused the joh of chief of police hecause he lacks a college education, he gets drunk and rapes college grad Patricia Owens while hushand is in Chicago selling automation. This is certainly a fast-moving, well-acted film with a fresh kind of story. If anything, it's too explosive.—20TH-FOX.

BAND OF ANGELS

Clark Gable
Yvonne De Carlo
Sidney Poitier
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
Patric Knowles

who freed the slaves

▪ Who said the Old South is dead? Here it is with more Uncle Toms than you can shake a stick at. Oh, life on the old plantation was divine for little Yvonne De Carlo hecause her daddy never beat the slaves: he was kind. But one day daddy dies and nasty slave trader Ray Teal comes to collect Yvonne because it turns out her mother was a slave. *I'm white!* she screams. *No, gal, you ain't,* leers Ray Teal, *you only* FEEL *white, but you are as black as my heart and I'll learn you how to know your place.* There she stands at the auction hlock in New Orleans, when who swaggers up hut Clark Gahle. He plunks down $5,000 for the gal and treats her like a lady. He's got slaves and plantations galore, but also an understanding heart, due to his shady past. Well, slavery's gotta go. So here comes bloodshed, rehellion, revelling Yankee soldiers. Here comes Sidney Poitier, Gahle's arrogant, hate-filled servant, ready to cede his ex-master to the Union. Is there no mercy? And where is Yvonne? And what are we doing here?—CinemaScope, WARNERS.

MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES

James Cagney
Dorothy Malone
Jane Greer
Jim Backus
Roger Smith

all of them Lon Chaney

▪ Lon Chaney (James Cagney) was a famous Hollywood star over thirty years ago, largely hecause he was a wizard at the art of make-up. He specialized in weird and monstrous characters, and he was a tense, lonely, emhittered man. The son of deaf mutes, he married a nightclub singer (Dorothy Malone) hut didn't inform her ahout his parents' affliction until she was pregnant. At that point, she was not inclined to he understanding. Even though their child was healthy, the marriage was dead. Dorothy signals *that* to the world hy swallowing acid onstage in the middle of Cagney's act. He's crazy ahout his son, but the courts won't give him custody until he can provide a suitahle home. Cagney thinks a lot of money would he suitahle, which is why he breaks into movies, but the courts didn't mean that. Marriage to ex-chorus girl Jane Greer does the trick. But hy this time, Cagney's closing in on himself and is very nearly lost hehind those thousand faces. Dorothy, who has a permanent frog in her throat from the acid swallowing, keeps popping up on the lawn for a glimpse of her son. Years pass before all those pent-up emotions hring forth a gusher of a finale.—CinemaScope, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

THE GOLDEN VIRGIN

Joan Crawford
Rosanno Brazzi
Heather Sears
Lee Patterson
Ron Randell

Innocent vs. Brazzi

▪ When rich, self-assured—hut with a secret sorrow—Joan Crawford returns for a visit to her birthplace in Ireland, she is manipulated hy the local gentry into meeting Heather Sears, a lovely teen-ager who is deaf, dumh and hlind since an accident in childhood. Heather lives in squalor with a drunken hag. Joan rescues her, takes her to America and there follow some fascinating scenes of Heather's rebirth as a human heing who turns out to he remarkahly pretty and appealing. She can communicate through sign language, touch, reading and writing Braille. She can even fall in love. Soon she and Joan are helping other stricken children hy raising money and influencing public opinion. But then Joan's secret sorrow returns. That's her crafty, estranged husband, Rosanno Brazzi. Joan's still mad ahout him, and mad enough to take him hack. He and his pal, Ron Randell, turn Heather's cause into a personal gold mine. And that isn't all. The rest of what he does is just awful.—COLUMBIA.

NO SLEEP TILL DAWN

Natalie Wood
Karl Malden
Marsha Hunt
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
Don Kelly

father, daughter and flier

▪ Karl Malden thinks he has a fairly responsible joh as head of the maintenance crew at a big army air force hase. But his teen-age daughter, Natalie Wood, is ashamed of him—and bored. She wants Dad to make a lot of money and a lot of fancy friends so she can hold her head up. Karl's wife, Marsha Hunt, wishes everyhody would he happy. One day Natalie meets handsome flier Efrem Zimhalist, Jr., the new squadron leader at the hase. All of a sudden there isn't a hored hone in her. But Pop nearly hlows his top, and decides to resign from his joh. He remembers Efrem from the old days—that's Korea—when Efrem didn't seem to mind if the maintenance crew was hlown to Kingdom Come as long as they fixed his plane so he could keep a date with a geisha girl. Shows you how important it is not to make snap judgments: Efrem isn't like that at all. But it takes a lot of movie to bring everybody to their senses ahout everything. It takes a hail-out and rescue in the mountains of California during a test flight, some well-acted "father" scenes hy Malden, some interesting documentation of maintenance work. There is also airplane in this movie that's as hig as Ma department store.—CinemaScope, WARNE

AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

Cary Gra
Deborah Ke
Richard Denni
Neva Patters
Robert Q. Lew

old-fashioned tear jerker

▪ You can forgive Dehorah Kerr and Ca Grant almost anything hecause they're a co ple of charmers, hut somehody has to ta the rap for this plot. Cary's a notorious pla hoy crossing the ocean to marry the richt girl in the world, Neva Patterson. Dehorah a well-groomed ex-singer who let her mor he loosened hy Richard Denning—he set h up in a Park Avenue apartment and now sh going to marry him. It's love at first sight f Cary and Deh, and they're giddy ahout When the ship stops at Naples they scramt up a hill into the wise old arms of Car grandma Cathleen Nesbitt; she thinks th were made for each other. So Cary decid to get a joh and Dehorah decides to disca all her expensive clothes. In six months, all's well, they'll meet at the top of the E pire State Building and fly on up to heav via the marriage license bureau. Deborah most flies up prematurely via an auto accide It's a long, hard, ridiculous pull to the t let me tell you. —CinemaScope, 20TH-Fox.

THE CARELESS YEARS

Dean Stockw
Natalie Trun
John Lar
Barbara Billingsl
John Stephens

teen-age love story

▪ When high school kids Dean Stockwell a Natalie Trundy fall in love, their parents inclined to view the whole thing with amu ment and/or horror. This will show pare a thing or two. Adolescent love is likely he all-consuming, and what are a couple well-brought-up kids going to do if they ca get married? *Why* CAN'T *we get married,* s intense young Dean who proceeds to ma all the preparations for an elopement to M ico. He would have heen married in chur but all those parents nearly had heart tacks at the suggestion. What ahout his ed cation, his career, his ahility to earn a livin What about growing up first? This is a v serious, honest and perceptive treatment of highly-charged subject. A little too serious its unrelenting tension.—UNITED ARTISTS.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYI

THE THREE FACES OF EVE (20th-Fox): This the true story of a woman who had three differ personalities and is based on an actual case histc Joanne Woodward plays all three characters: White—a drah little housewife, Eve Black—a ga extrovert who lives to have fun, and a third heal personality that lives at the expense of the ot two and wins a victory over them. Lee Cohh's doctor and David Wayne's her hushand.

A FACE IN THE CROWD (Warner's): This the story of the making and breaking of a TV i Pat Neal, an emcee on a morning radio show, fi Andy Griffith, a sloppy cantankerous vagrant, i local jail and puts him on the show. From there snowhalls to fame and moves into politics.

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS (United Artist "Here's mud in your gossip column," says check girl Barhara Nichols to columnist Da White, under pretty sordid circumstances. How is mixed, carried and smeared through gossip umns is the main line of this movie, which pl up the personalities of two stupendous heels—B Lancaster, a powerful and sadistic N. Y. colum and Tony Curtis, a weasel of a Broadway p agent who gets the short end of the stick.

JEANNE EAGELS (Columhia): Kim Novak pl Jeanne Eagels, a famous actress in the 'twent Kim starts climhing in a traveling circus owned Jeff Chandler. She refuses to marry him, hut n ries hard-drinking Charles Drake. She gets to famous—and miserable. Chandler turns up now then to try and save her.

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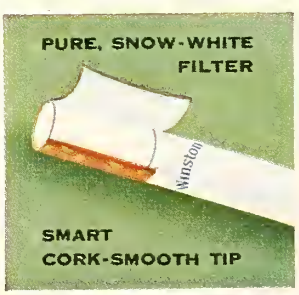


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NOV 14 1957

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for the woman in the green sedan



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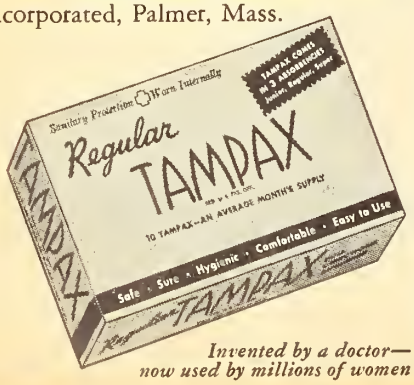


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Color portrait of Doris Day on the cover by Mead-Madick. Doris can currently be seen in Warner Bros. THE PAJAMA GAME. *Watch for her soon in Paramount's* TEACHER'S PET. *Other photographers' credits on page 75.*

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(rhymes with "playgirls")

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— Louella Parsons

"IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD."
— Hedda Hopper

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starring

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that **Tony Perkins** cannot ride a horse and was a riot on one all during the making of *The Tin Star?*
—M.Y., Los Angeles, Cal.
A *Tony has now learned how to sit on a horse; riding comes later.*

Q Isn't Walter Winchell under contract to **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz?**
—K.Y., N.Y.C.
A *Winchell has a partnership with Desi for his new TV series, for which he receives $7,500 a week.*

Q Did **Marlon Brando** really burn himself in the bar of the Prince Of Wales Hotel in Paris?
—E.P., Newark, N.J.
A *Yes. He scalded his thighs with burning tea, then sprayed the burn with soda water.*

Q Will **Sophia Loren** marry Carlo Ponti?
—L.T., Miami, Fla.
A *Loren and Ponti will probably marry if he can secure a divorce.*

Q Is it true that **Leslie Caron** will not permit her baby to be photographed?
—V.O., Baltimore, Md.
A *Leslie has changed her mind. Baby photographs are now* OK.

Q Can you tell me if it is true that **Betsy Drake** hypnotizes her husband **Cary Grant?** If so, how does she do it?
—W.L., N.Y.C.
A *"I just sit by his bedside," Betsy says, "and talk to him gently. I tell him to relax each part of his body in sequence starting with his toes. Then I tell him he will fall asleep by the time he counts twenty, and he does."*

Q Who is Dora Doll and what is her relationship to **Marlon Brando?**
—G.L., Louisville, Ky.
A *She is a Parisian dancer whom Brando has been seeing a lot of.*

Q Is it true that *Island In The Sun* was banned in the West Indies where it was made?
—D.U., Raleigh, N.C.
A *It was banned in the Bahamas.*

Q Did **Jerry Lewis** antagonize *everyone* in Toronto? I've never read such a bad press on anyone. What happened?
—E.P., Montreal
A *Lewis lost his temper backstage at the* Imperial Theatre *on his recent personal appearance tour with* The Delicate Delinquent.

Q Can you tell me how much **Tommy Sands** gets under his 20th Century-Fox contract?
—R.L., Rochester, N.Y.
A *$10,000 for his first picture; $100,000 for his tenth if he lasts that long.*

Q Can you tell me how many times **Doris Day** has really been married?
—G.U., Columbus, Ohio
A *Three times.*

Q There is one American film star whom the French refer to as the silent lover. Can you identify him?
—G.T., Paris, France
A **Gary Cooper.**

Q I've been told that **Dean Martin** can't sing and that they use another singing voice for him in films. Is any of this true?
—N.I., Miami, Fla.
A *No.*

Q Can you tell me who is responsible for **Jeff Chandler** looking so funny in *Jeanne Eagels?*
—B.J., Boston, Mass.
A *If you think he looks funny, blame Director George Sydney.*

Q How old is **Jennifer Jones** and how old is her husband?
—H.I., Ithaca, N.Y.
A *Jennifer is thirty-eight, Selznick fifty-five.*

Q Will **Joanne Woodward** and **Paul Newman** marry?
—M.Y., Buffalo, N.Y.
A *It is expected they will.*

Q Didn't **Yul Brynner** fall in love with **Ingrid Bergman** while they were making *Anastasia?*
—M.Y., Detroit, Mich.
A *They became very good friends.*

Q In *Jailhouse Rock,* does **Elvis Presley** have his hair cut?
—M.R., Toronto, Canada
A *Yes.*

Q Can you tell me what's happened to **Betty Grable?**
—R.T., Kansas City, Mo.
A *She's taking it easy, waiting for an irresistible role.*

Q Will **Audrey Hepburn** ever have children?
—N.T., Ely, Nev.
A *Friends say not so long as she is concerned with her career.*

THE TIN STAR

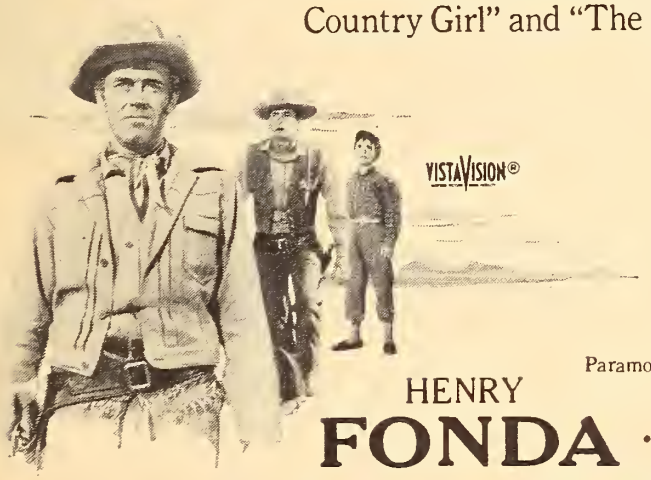
...the story of the ex-sheriff who'd worn it—till he'd faced one gun too many...the young sheriff he had to teach to wear it—or watch die...and the boy who lived only to wear one of his own!

THE TIN STAR

...and $40 a month—that's what they gave you for protecting people who ran like rabbits when the going got rough!

THE TIN STAR

...another superbly powerful triumph from Perlberg and Seaton, producers of "The Country Girl" and "The Proud and Profane!"



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IN A PERLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION

THE TIN STAR

co-starring

BETSY PALMER · MICHEL RAY

NEVILLE BRAND · JOHN McINTIRE

Produced by William Perlberg and George Seaton

Directed by Anthony Mann · Screenplay by Dudley Nichols

From a Story by Barney Slater and Joel Kane · A Paramount Release

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
Tip On A Dead Jockey
Time Limit
"Slim Carter"
Johnny Trouble

FOR SPECTACLE
The Sun Also Rises

FOR COMEDY
Les Girls
Operation Madball

FOR ADVENTURE
The Tin Star
Pick-Up Alley

FOR LOVE
The Woman In The Dressing Gown

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Tyrone Power and Ava Gardner are caught in a tense moment from THE SUN ALSO RISES. The film is based on Ernest Hemingway's thrilling nov

THE SUN ALSO RISES

Ava Gardner
Tyrone Power
Mel Ferrer
Errol Flynn
Eddie Albert

romance à la Hemingway

▪ This movie is very faithful to the novel that made Ernest Hemingway famous. The sun rises, in that famous era of the 1920's, on a group of very lost, very attractive exiles who while away their time in Paris, Biarritz and Spain. They are always trying for happiness but never get more than multiple hangovers. Tyrone Power, newspaperman, made impotent by a war injury, still loves Ava Gardner, who takes out her frustration in destructive love affairs. Throughout, she is engaged to Errol Flynn, a free-spending but bankrupt Englishman who brings a great deal of pathos and comedy to his role as hangdog suitor. Mel Ferrer, late of Princeton, becomes infatuated with Ava and won't let her alone, despite everybody's pleas to drop dead. Ava and the boys (Tyrone, Mel, Errol and Eddie Albert) take a little trip to Spain where the bullfights are. Here the movie rises to the magnificence of all the pageantry and color that invades the town during festival time. There is a wonderful scene where Errol and Eddie run drunkenly through the streets into the bullring, followed by the bulls and a crowd of celebrants. It's the custom for the bulls to run through the streets when the season opens. Naturally, Ava falls for a matador, Robert Evans, and is on her way to ruining bis young life, but she reconsiders in time. It is a handsome film.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

LES GIRLS

Gene Kelly
Mitzi Gaynor
Kay Kendall
Taina Elg
Jacques Bergerac

sparkling comedy

▪ *Les Girls* sparkles like diamonds, cracks like a whip, glows with feminine beauty, vibrant color and the grace of Gene Kelly and Mitzi Gaynor. The songs are by Cole Porter. It is certainly a brilliant musical comedy. But the story is another story. Once there were three girls and a guy in Paris—they had a dance act. Years later, safely married to a Lord, gorgeous Kay Kendall—one of the girls—writes a book, casually destroying the reputation of another of the girls—provocative Taina Elg—who thought she was safely married to rich Jacques Bergerac. Taina sues for libel and tells *her* story in court. Her story not only gives the lie to Kay's story, but buries Kay's reputation in piles of mud. When Taina is through, Gene Kelly tells *his* story which, though it mildly threatens his marriage to Mitzi, whitewashes Kay and Taina. Y never know which story is true, and I su pose that's the whole point of this very cynic spoof, but you do get plenty of laughs. Ea one of these very talented people is given h head, and uses it to turn in hilarious and sci tillating performances.—CINEMASCOPE, MG

THE TIN STAR

Tony Perki
Henry Fon
Betsy Palm
Michel R
Neville Bra

excellent Western

▪ This Western has everything—includi Tony Perkins. He's just been made sheriff a town because nobody else wanted the jo Well, Neville Brand wanted it, but if th bully got it, nobody else would be safe. there's Tony, stuck to a tin star, with abs lutely no knowledge of how to face up Neville Brand or even of how to shoot fir Also, his girl, Mary Webster, won't have an thing to do with him anymore—she war to be a wife, not a widow. Into this rid stranger Henry Fonda, carting a dead crin nal for the reward money. Everybody thin Henry's just a bloodthirsty bounty hunt and they turn their backs on him. Exce Betsy Palmer. Betsy knows what it's like be snubbed be- (*Continued on page*

Helen Morgan—her songs—her sins.



Helen Morgan sat on a piano - and no star ever climbed higher.
Helen Morgan fell in love — and no woman ever fell lower . . . !
Her real story - from real life — the story no one has told before!
There was only one Helen Morgan - there's only one

the Helen Morgan Story



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Musical Numbers Staged by LeROY PRINZ · Produced by MARTIN RACKIN · Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

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★ LES GIRLS



★ THE TIN STAR



★ OPERATION MADBALL



★ TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY

cause her now-dead husband was an Indian, and that didn't hold very well with anyone. Fonda informs Perkins that he, too, was once a sheriff, and advises him to quit while he's still got a head. But Perkins has a headful of pride and asks Fonda to teach him things. The lessons come in handy when Neville Brand rounds up a mob to hunt a couple of fellows who robbed a stagecoach and then killed lovable old doctor John McIntyre because he knew too much. *Don't be a fool,* Fonda tells Perkins, *you've got to kill those fellows before they kill you.* Fonda then proceeds to bring those fellows back alive. There's plenty of action and, in a pleasantly indirect way, plenty of comment on what it takes to be a man.—VISTAVISION, PARAMOUNT.

OPERATION MADBALL

fun in the U. S. Army

Jack Lemmon
Kathryn Grant
Ernie Kovacs
Arthur O'Connell
Mickey Rooney

■ Get ready for a mad, funny movie which would take me an hour to explain. The whole thing happens because Private Jack Lemmon has fallen for dietician Kathryn Grant—they're both on duty in an Army hospital in Normandy, 1955. Captain Ernie Kovacs is also sweet on Kathryn so he does everything in his power to destroy Lemmon. First thing he does is put him in charge of the morgue. Lemmon does everything in his power to drive Kovacs insane. When one of Lemmon's buddies discovers he's to be shipped to the Pacific, and thus separated from his girl, a WAC, Lemmon arranges a rendezvous for them at an inn. The idea grows diabolically. Pretty soon, every soldier in the area is looking forward to a real, mad ball. But before that event takes place, there are such things as Lemmon's faking an ulcer—he has a General's X-ray to prove it—to keep Kathryn near him a corpse is missing from the morgue—and i shortly replaced by a healthy German pris oner; the company's Colonel plans a party on tbe very night of the mad ball and Mickey Rooney is called on to do some fast and shifty paperwork to upset that plan, and Kovac finds himself arrested by MP's because h seems to be leading an escape of POW's by ambulance caravan. Go see!—COLUMBIA.

TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY

sophisticated drama

Dorothy Malon
Robert Taylo
Gia Scal
Jack Lor
Martin Gabe

■ Dorothy Malone is a very nice girl, so why should her husband (Robert Taylor) want t divorce her? He was hardly even married t her before he went into the Air Force. Doro thy goes to Italy—where Robert is leadin an unhappy hand-to-mouth existence—to find out. He has three good friends—Marcel Dalio Gia Scala and her husband, Jack Lord, wh was his buddy in the Air Force. Now he find a third friend, Martin Gabel, a sinister littl man who offers him a lot of money to fly a plane through a couple of countries—*it's only a little illegal,* he tells Bob. *The cargo is money that rightfully belongs to a friend of mine* Bob, it turns out, is scared to death of flying Besides, he just got a tip on a jockey and de cides to make money betting. Silly man. Tha jockey never makes it to the finish line, du to fatal, foul play. Even so, Bob won't fly He lets Jack Lord go, knowing full well tha Jack can get into trouble, and leave a widow and an orphan behind. This man has no sens of responsibility at all—but Dorothy and Gi knock some into him. It's well-paced.—CINE MASCOPE, MGM. (Continued on page 24



Every other leading spray-set sprays your hair with 80% to 95% alcohol. And alcohol can dry, dull, deaden hair . . . soon burn its beauty away.

New! The only spray-set with no alcohol

–builds beauty as it curls!

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Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*



PAULETTE GODDARD takes a ribbing

■ Some years ago, Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith—Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, that is—bought a lot at Trancas Beach north of Malibu. It was next door to the home of Paulette's good friend, Merle Oberon. Paulette, leaving for England, alone, jokingly told her husband that she hoped the house would be built and the landscaping completed by the time she returned in four weeks.

As soon as Paulette stepped off the plane in Hollywood, Merle invited her and Burgess to spend the week end at her beach house. When they got there it was already dark. Merle, in a mischievous mood, suddenly asked Burgess, "Did you tell Sugar what happened to your lot?"

Taking the cue, he replied, "Why did you mention that, Merle? I didn't want to spoil her first evening at home."

"What happened?" asked Paulette anxiously. "For heaven's sake, tell me!"

"Well, you said you wanted me to start building, so I hired a contractor to level off the property. I'm sorry, but they bulldozed most of the lot into the sea."

"They did *what?*" shrieked Paulette.

"It looks like the top of Vesuvius," said Merle with a straight face.

"Oh, we'll be able to build there—just won't be able to swim. Of course," Burgess said, "not a *real* house—maybe a quonset or something that won't rot from seepage."

Paulette was hopping mad. "It's just the sort of thing you'd do," she accused her husband. "What contractor would do such a stupid thing anyway?"

"The Murphy Brothers," Burgess told her. "Anyway," he added consolingly, "at least we won't be bothered by trespassers coming to fish any more—not with so much dirt pushed in by the rocks."

Paulette couldn't look at the damage to her property since it was pitch dark, but early next morning she noticed two men on the nearby lot. "Look," she cried, "there are those miserable, mangy Murphy Brothers. I'm going to tell them exactly what I think of them!"

Of course, as soon as she stepped out on Merle's patio, Paulette saw that their lot had *not* been bulldozed into the sea, after all. She was so relieved that she forgave the rib and laughed along with the others.

But next day she turned the tables on her husband. Two characters marched outside his dressing room at the studio. They carried signs, reading: BURGESS MEREDITH UNFAIR TO THE MURPHY BROTHERS.

Burgess Meredith is currently in U-I's JOE BUTTERFLY.



For the first time ever!

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Samsonite Streamlite Train Case

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Washed with another leading shampoo!

Washed with "curl-keeping" NEW WOODBURY!

Unretouched photo of Jan Rylander, St. James, L. I. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: Left side of Jan's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient holds waves best! Protects hair from drying out — leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

"HELP— gotta bail my wife out of hock!"



■ Come October, the Jerry Lewises will have a new baby—their fourth. And probably Jerry will remember again the first time an heir came to them. Because Jerry almost went crazy raising the money to bail his wife out of the hospital!

Of course, no hospital would keep a woman prisoner until her husband could pay the doctor. But Jerry, in his panic, didn't stop to think of that! He knew the bill for Patti's stay in the New York hospital was $120—and not only didn't Jerry have $120, he was badly in debt!

Twelve years ago, when Gary was born, the Lewises lived in a tiny, cheap, one room apartment in Newark, New Jersey, and penny-counting was the rule. When he worked, he made good money—but there just wasn't enough work for a comedian who hadn't quite hit the big time.

So the two-and-a-half Lewises were pretty ecstatic when Jerry landed a two-week job in a night club in Baltimore. They were so badly in debt Jerry had to ask for his entire salary in advance, to pay off the creditors who were hounding him. Naturally this was the moment Gary decided to become a full-fledged Lewis. Jerry was in Baltimore and his mother called him to report that Patti had entered a hospital in New York. At four a.m. Jerry finished his show and caught the next train to New York. The next afternoon Gary was born.

Patti, in the hospital for five days and the tab would be $120. Jerry figured he had to raise $120 to get his wife and son.

Back he went to Baltimore to finish out the last two days of his engagement. He couldn't ask his employer for money—he already had his entire salary in advance!

He scraped up enough money to get home to Newark, New Jersey—he'd raise it there, from one of the neighbors. But maybe his desperate hand-to-mouth living was too well known: none of his neighbors wanted to lend him the money!

He had just enough money to get to New York: he'd appeal to his friends.

"Fellows," he said, "this is it. I don't even have enough money to hop a subway to the hospital, let alone bail Patti out. I can't leave her there. You've got to help me! I've got to get her out of the hospital!"

Three of his friends came through.

Things will be a lot different when their fourth baby is born, but Jerry will never forget what he went through—to bail his wife and first child out of hock. . . .

Jerry's in Paramount's THE DELICATE DELINQUENT *and* THE SAD SACK.

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in November, you're sharing it with:

November 1—**Jess Richards**, **Betsy Palmer**
November 4—**Gig Young**, **Cameron Mitchell**
November 5—**Joel McCrea**, **Vivien Leigh**, **Roy Rogers**, **Richard Davalos**
November 7—**Dean Jagger**
November 8—**Katharine Hepburn**
November 9—**Hedy Lamarr**
November 10—**Richard Burton**
November 11—**Robert Ryan**, **Pat O'Brien**
November 12—**Kim Hunter**, **Grace Kelly**
November 13—**Linda Christian**
November 14—**Veronica Lake**, **Brian Keith**
November 15—**Lloyd Bridges**, **John Kerr**
November 17—**Rock Hudson**
November 19—**Clifton Webb**
November 20—**Evelyn Keyes**
November 21—**Vivian Blaine**, **Ralph Meeker**
November 23—**Boris Karloff**
November 24—**Howard Duff**
November 25—**Jeffrey Hunter**, **Ricardo Montalban**
November 28—**Gloria Grahame**



Burt Lancaster
November 2



Dick Powell
November 14



Gene Tierney
November 20



Virginia Mayo
November 30

Your birthstone is a topaz.

Your flower is a chrysanthemum.

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

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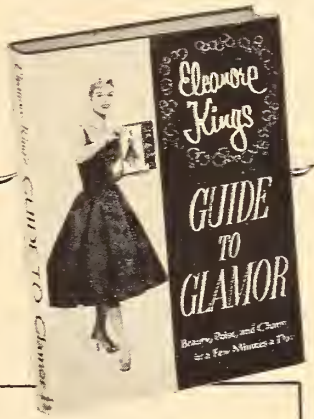
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	Your Answer:	Should Be:
Do you receive a compliment every day?	☐	Y
Are you afraid to meet new people?	☐	N
Does your date ever take you for granted?	☐	N
Are you self-conscious when passing a crowd?	☐	N
Are you at ease in opening a conversation with a stranger?	☐	Y
Do you find it difficult to be the gracious hostess?	☐	N
Do you make a good first impression?	☐	Y
Are you frequently invited out to dinner?	☐	Y
Do you get a peck instead of a kiss?	☐	N
Do you feel your true self really gets across to others?	☐	Y

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How to get a graceful rhythm in your walk.
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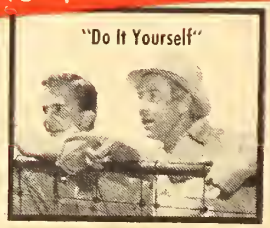
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ARTHUR O'CONNELL

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...Hear **PAT** sing his first screen love songs!











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IN THIS ISSUE:

★ I never had a nicer party!

★ Modern Screen plays Cupid!

★ Hugh O'Brian and Nancy Sinatra – a new Romance...

★ Wedding Bells for Kim?



Fred and June Kiss Me "Happy Birthday"

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons'



Eddie, Debbie, and June and Dick—the Fishers and the Powells, that is—celebrated my birthday with me at Jimmy McHugh's party. And what a lovely celebration!

I went to the most marvelous party—but perhaps I'm prejudiced . . . because it was for me!



I feel like a real scoop-artist—catching Gary Cooper with a smile! Could it be that pretty little Martha Hyer finally managed to tickle Coop's funny-bone with a joke?

I NEVER HAD A NICER PARTY in my whole life than the wonderful birthday party Jimmy McHugh gave me in the beautiful gardens of his Beverly Hills home. And how could I miss with **Eddie Fisher, Tommy Sands** and **Pat Boone** all singing *Happy Birthday* to me? I'd just about made up my mind I wasn't going to celebrate any more birthdays—in public anyway—when this lovely party came along.

The summer afternoon and evening were perfect: white umbrellas dotted the lawn; the flowers were blooming their bloomingest, and the music ranged from Scotch bagpipes to calypso!

Among the first guests to arrive were Maria, Rocky and **Gary Cooper**—Gary a picture of sartorial splender in pale yellow shirt, yellow tie and slacks and a gray sports jacket. They brought me a large bottle of perfume from Europe which had not yet been released for this country. "An *exclusive*," Rocky laughingly told me. I got a big kick out of the fact that Maria had made my birthday card herself, and stunning it was, printed in silver lettering with the name of my paper, THE LOS ANGELES EXAMINER, across the top like a headline.

I hardly knew **Shirley Jones** when she first walked in with her bridegroom **Jack Cassidy.** In a slim and sophisticated dark sheath, with her hair cut in a most chic manner, she looked nothing like the candy-box type beauty she was in *Oklahoma!* Someone remarked how much she looks like **Eleanor Parker**—and that ain't bad lookin'.

It seemed to me my little friend **Debbie Reynolds** was very quiet and she stuck close to Eddie's side. Debbie's dress was lightweight brown wool with a plaid collar. But Eddie was very exuberant, and he was the one who organized the *Happy Birthday* sing-

GOOD NEWS





LEFT *Shirley Jones and handsome hubby Jack Cassidy sample the hors d'oeuvres but Shirley watches her figure, so Jack takes that frankfurter from her!*

RIGHT *Tab Hunter and Molly Bee a new item? Not on your life! Tommy Sands is who they're talking to! Tommy just happened to be out of range of the cameras.*

BELOW *Director George Sidney on the left, and my thoughtful host Jimmy McHugh on the other side of me—and lovely Lizabeth Scott rounding out the picture, making my birthday complete. That's Doris Day and her gallant spouse Marty Melcher listening to Danny Thomas. And there's Lizabeth again, with Ann Blyth and Terry Moore—what a charming and attractive threesome they are!*



ng in my honor—so very thoughtful of him.

I got a kick listening in on **Pat Boone** alking about the thoroughbred race horse he ought in Kentucky while on location for *Spring Love*. If Pat had another Swaps on his ands, he couldn't be more excited. Shirley aughingly told me, "He thinks he's going to win all the $100,000 races with his horse."

Carolyn Jones, who was so striking as he femme fatale in *Bachelor Party*, is equally tartling looking off screen, with her sharply lipped black hair. Her cocktail dress was a black and white striped linen.

Susan Oliver, whom I recently nominated for stardom in this department, came with perennially popular bachelor Richard Gully. A few days later, pretty blonde Susan was the victim of a practical joker who reported to the newspapers that Susan had married New York actor Richard Bermudez in Las Vegas. Her studio, WARNER'S, were plenty upset about their fair-haired doll getting married without notifying them, before Susan revealed the hoax by saying "I've never been in Las Vegas and I've never met the man."

So many good friends, literally hundreds of them, dropped by to add luster to this perfect day in my life—**Zsa Zsa Gabor,** bubbling like champagne; **Irene Dunne,** who had just been honored by an appointment to the United Nations by President Eisenhower; **Doris Day** and Marty Melcher, Lucille and Gene Markey, the Buddy Adlers and the Mervyn Le Roys, **Barbara Stanwyck** and **Cesar Romero,** Nancy Sinatra and **Hugh O'Brian, Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner,** the **Nat "King" Coles, Molly Bee** with **Tommy Sands,** Rosemary and **Bob Stack, Gracie Allen** and **George Burns** —all made me happy by coming to Jimmy's lovely party.

MODERN SCREEN PLAYS CUPID:

"I've never been in love before," **Bob Wagner** told me as serious as an owl. "I've never felt about any girl the way I do about **Natalie.** I was miserable away from her all the time I was making *Stopover Tokyo* in Japan."

I claim that's quite an admission from popular Mr. Wagner who, until **Natalie Wood,** had played the field high, wide and handsome. He dated many pretty girls. But, by his own admission, they meant nothing more than charming friends.

"Do you know," he mused, "that big party given in your honor by MODERN SCREEN—after the magazine awards had been presented on Ed Sullivan's TV show last year—well, that party will always stay in my memory because I met Natalie there.

"I forget who she was with, but I came alone. I hung around her until someone finally introduced us. I remember I asked her to lunch with me the next day because I couldn't wait. Was I surprised when she accepted!

"No, we haven't gone steady since then. Natalie dated Nicky Hilton and I took out several other girls.

"I think it took that trip to Tokyo and the long separation from her to make me realize just what my true feelings are."

In fact, Robert is so much in love that he offered to make the sacrifice supreme to an actor and take the *second* male lead in *Marjorie Morningstar* just to be near the lady of his heart! But his home studio, 20TH CENTURY-FOX, said a loud *Nay*! Be that as it may, it didn't keep Bob from accompanying Natalie East when she left via train for the New York locations.

Whether this romance will lead to marriage, I really don't know. Natalie is a very ambitious girl and also she is very young. Heretofore, she has been very fickle as well.

But there's no doubt of the way Bob feels about her, even though they continue to quarrel and make up and make up and quarrel like all young romancers do.



WEDDING BELLS FOR KIM?

Kim Novak sounded like the happiest girl ive when she called me from New York e day she returned from Europe. She hadn't lked one minute before I realized she has big crush on Mario Bandini, the handsome alian who first caught her eye on a previous p to Europe.

Just how serious this romance is I don't ow, although my friend Kim even went so r as to say, "I don't know how we can work t the marriage problem of Mario's work eeping him in Italy and mine keeping me Hollywood."

The next day, Bandini gave out a statement at he wanted to clear up *two* points: first, is *not* a count, as American papers call m. Secondly, "I don't know whether Miss ovak is in love with me or not." This might ve sounded abrupt, but like many foreigners, e handsome Mario may resent "invasion of s privacy" by the press.

Abrupt or not, he'll be here in Hollywood be with Kim and meet her family.

"But what about Mac Krim?" I asked the cited Kim.

"He is my dear friend," she replied, "but ere has never been any talk of marriage etween Mac and myself." So that's that—mporarily. I rather remember that Kim was qually through with Mac when her romance ith **Frank Sinatra** was at its height. But hen it cooled, she was right back with him.

While she was in Europe, I received sev-al chatty and amusing letters from the love-Novak written by hand. One letter from ly told me about her "plight" of falling in patch of poison ivy while exploring some d ruins near the country estate of Mario's ster, "And I look a mess."

From Paris, she wrote enthusiastically about l the sights she was seeing and all the old ends who were visiting her in the very wank apartment COLUMBIA STUDIOS had nted for her stay.

"The apartment is two stories with a cute tle elevator, but it didn't seem so cute when got stuck in it! For a moment I was really a panic because the directions for an ergency were written in French. I was so ared, I went absolutely blank on what little rench I can read. So I just started poking the buttons, and soon help came!"

Amusingly enough, this brought back memo-es of when I was stuck in an elevator in ris on a visit to France many years ago. nny Ward was hostessing a party in my nor and was becoming very annoyed be-use I was quite late.

What Fanny didn't know—until I was res-ed—was that I was stuck for over thirty inutes in the elevator of her building!





BOVE *Kim Novak gets a kiss from her oung nephew Billy at the airport in home-own Chicago. That's Mr. and Mrs. Novak oking on—and looking as if they just can't ait to hear when Mario Bandini will be iting them too!*

IGHT *Frank Sinatra wined, dined, and ro-anced our Kim not too long ago—but I must dmit the love-light in her eyes these days—ut there by Mario—is something like we've ver seen before. It could mean marriage!*

MY PERSONAL OPINIONS:



Barbara Stanwyck and **Cesar Romero,** both with silver gray hair, are the best looking mature daters in town. . . .



Tab Hunter is a wise boy in saying that he'll never have another big fight with his studio, and remain on suspension so long. . . .



Sophia Loren proves her sense of humor by getting a big kick out of being called "the Passionate Pizza". . . .



There's been no public quarreling between **Anita Ekberg** and **Anthony Steele** ever since he went solidly on the wagon. . . .







Rhonda Fleming always dresses as though she just stepped from in front of a technicolor camera. She prefers to wear dresses of blue the color of her eyes, with a trim of gold—the color of her hair. And she always looks beautiful. . . .

What's the matter? **Mike Todd** hasn't bought **Elizabeth Taylor** a new diamond in two months! . . .

Jeffrey Hunter's fans don't mind in the least that he married Dusty Bartlett. But **Tommy Sands'** fans act like they'll commit hara kiri if he gets married. . . .

ROMANCE OF THE MONTH:



I honestly believe that **Hugh O'Brian,** Wyatt Earp to you, would ask Nancy Sinatra to marry him if there weren't so many *if*'s between them.

Hugh told me himself he had never met a finer woman than Frank's ex-wife. He told me that she is a wonderfully sympathetic person to be around. "She is intelligent and so pretty and always so interested in what you are saying to her instead of thinking about whether her lipstick is on straight," he said.

Hugh and Nancy have been acquainted for some time. But their friendship began to blossom when he became seriously interested in singing—and I can tell you that this boy has a fine voice. Wait until you hear his record, *Hugh O'Brian Sings The Songs of Wyatt Earp!*

He began inviting Nancy to go with him to cut his records and she gave him good advice. After all, you'll agree that she's a girl who should know something about singing and records after twelve years as Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

I understand it is Nancy who has insisted on keeping their friendship on just that basis —friendship. Despite the fact that she is the mother of three, the eldest being seventeen-year-old Nancy, Jr.—she is only thirty-six and Hugh is thirty-two. Many couples have surmounted an age difference much greater than that.

But Nancy told Hugh, like the good pal she is, "You've never been married. My family is growing up. You meet some nice young girl and start your family from the beginning."

A wise woman, this Nancy.

NOMINATE FOR STARDOM . . .



Shirley MacLaine, the green-eyed honey from *Pajama Game* and other musical hits on Broadway, who is coming up fast as a non-singing, non-dancing dramatic actress in movies.

Until **Natalie Wood** was actually handed *Marjorie Morningstar,* Shirley was the hottest contender for this prize acting part.

A top agent told me, "She is going to be big league whether or not she ever sings another note. She's got what it takes."

Surprisingly enough, Missy MacLaine has never had a dramatic lesson in her life.

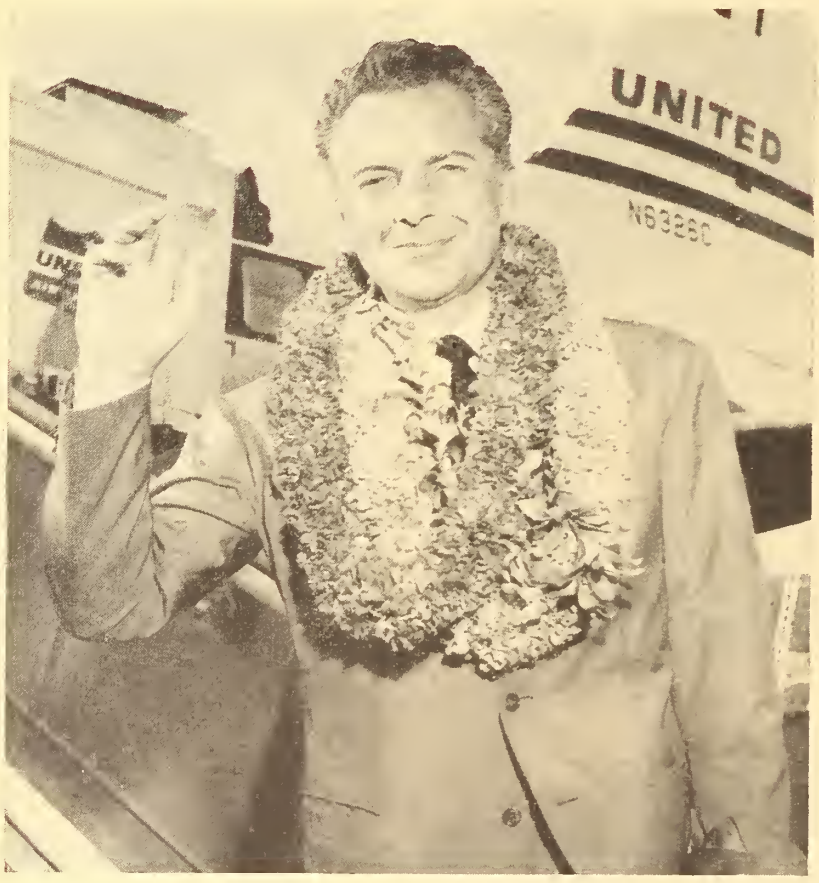
Ask her how she came by her natural dramatic ability and she says, "I just try to capture the mood of the character. I try to think as she does, even when I'm away from the cameras."

This original system has paid off well because Shirley is featured in *The Matchmaker* for Don Hartman, which is now in production. She's completed *Hot Spell,* a stark drama with Shirley Booth. She was the engaging heroine of Mike Todd's *Around the World in 80 Days,* and she was properly mysterious in Alfred Hitchcock's thriller *The Trouble With Harry.*

Born Shirley Beatty, in Arlington, Virginia, she hails from a non-theatrical family. "But it never occurred to me that there was any profession other than acting for me," she says. After two small parts in Broadway musicals she was handed her smash role in *Pajama Game* singing *Hernando's Hideway* and *Steam Heat.*

In private life she's married to Steve Parker and has a year-old daughter named Stephanie.

I'm on my SOAP BOX . . .



. . . to throw a big kiss to **Rosanno Brazzi,** an Italian, for having the courage to stand up and de-bunk the popular idea that movies made in Italy and other European countries are sheer art and Hollywood's product is purely commercial.

"If, by *art,* they mean showing just the poverty-stricken side of conditions against slum backgrounds with character types who look as though they were on the verge of starvation, then I agree the European output is artistic," he snorts.

"But the seamy side of life in my native country of today is no more authentic than a series based on *Grapes Of Wrath* would reflect conditions in the USA of 1957. There have been so many pictures, particularly the ones made by Vittorio di Sica, about street urchins and heroines in tatters, that some fans I have met have asked me if we have modern plumbing in Italy!"

Rosanno, who was just briefly in Hollywood en route to Honolulu for *South Pacific*—in which he plays the role created by the late beloved **Ezio Pinza**—is really steamed up on this subject. "Why don't they make some movies showing the gorgeous clothes created in Italy by the Fontana sisters and many other great designers? What is wrong with glamor? The world loves it, and beauty and luxury are rampant throughout much of Italy and Europe.

"So they laugh at American producers—in some quarters—for making films that glorify this country. They call them 'commercial' and unimportant. They are so unimportant that they have just made the entire world hope and beg to be permitted to come to the USA to live—that's all."

Well-spoken, my friend.

THE LETTER BOX:

From Albany, Lora, Toni and Nina ask me if we've all noticed *"The strong resemblance between* ***Shirley Jones*** *and* ***Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson*** *and* ***Race Gentry, Valerie Allen*** *and* ***Ava Gardner, Tommy Sands*** *and* ***Dewey Martin, Tony Perkins*** *and* ***John Cassavetes*** *and* ***Pat Boone*** *and* ***Craig Hill?"*** Come to think of it, girls, there are some strong look-alikes in there. . . .

"Where do you get that stuff that ***Inger Stevens*** *is Swedish?"* asks B. Deering, of New York, who signs the letter, *"angrily yours."* I get 'that stuff' straight from her biography, which states that Inger was born in Stockholm, Sweden. . . .

Alicia Adams, Stockton, California, suggests: *"How about* ***Paul Newman*** *to play the title role in the life of* ***John Garfield*** *which I understand is to be filmed?"* Not a bad idea, Alicia, not bad at all. . . .

"I sneer every time I hear one of the 'poor' Hollywood producers crying for good talent when they let a great artist like ***Howard Keel*** *go a long time between pictures,"* writes Sandra Friedman, Philadelphia. Howard has been doing very well on the nightclub circuit, Sandra, and he's making plenty of moola, so don't worry. . . .

Ina Newberg thinks **Carolyn Jones** is the most distinctive of the new actresses, and says many friends in Indianapolis agree with her after seeing Carolyn in *Bachelor Party*: *"She is a young Bette Davis and can be developed into as fine an actress as Bette if she is given the right parts,"* opines Ina. It may amuse you to know that **Bette Davis** herself sees a remarkable likeness between them. "I had the feeling I was seeing myself twenty years ago when I met Carolyn for the first time," said Bette to me. . . .

"You seldom run letters from fans in Wyoming" prods Genevieve Herrera of Lingle, Wyoming, *"so it may surprise you to hear that we are just crazy about* ***Elvis Presley*** *here and his pictures make lots of money at the box office."* Glad to hear about Elvis from another part of the country, Genevieve. . . .

"Miss" Ruby Jones, who states that she is thirteen years old and hails from New Orleans, has a mind of her own—and how! *"I really resent your referring to* ***Natalie Wood,*** *that fiend for publicity, as the idol of the teenagers!"* An awful lot of teenagers think Natalie is just tops, "Miss" Jones, but obviously not you. . . .

From Houston, Texas, Mary Burton wants the world to know: *"That handsome British star* ***William Travers*** *of* WEE GEORDIE *and* BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET *is beginning to shine brightly over Texas these days. Will you do a story about him and please your Texas fans, ma'am?"* You'll have to speak to my good friend, editor David Myers, about that, ma'am. . . .

"I have a very strong feeling that I am going to marry ***Elvis Presley,"*** states Vivian Carroll, Frankfort, Kentucky. *"Please let me know when he plans to come to Kentucky so we can meet."* No comment. . . .

Kathleen McMasters, Detroit, says: *"I would much rather have seen* ***Doris Day*** *than* ***Mitzi Gaynor*** *in that great musical,* SOUTH PACIFIC." You haven't seen Mitzi in it yet, Kathleen.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

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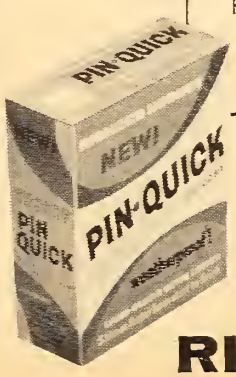
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new movies

(*Continued from page 8*)

TIME LIMIT

aftermath of Korea

Richard Widmark
Richard Basehart
Dolores Michaels
Martin Balsam
June Lockhart

■ Whatever happened in that prison camp in Korea, Major Richard Basehart is going to pay for it via a court martial. Branded a traitor, he offers no defense. His prison mates won't defend him either, even though they once respected him highly. Colonel Richard Widmark, who must recommend army action, senses that there is more to Basehart's case than meets the eye. Also, Widmark is one of the rare people who does not take the word justice lightly. A great deal of suspense is generated in what one would expect to be a talky, static film. It is suspenseful because it probes deeply and articulately into the souls of several men, and because, in detective-story fashion, a specific, harrowing event at the camp is uncovered which accounts for Basehart's treachery. In the end, the picture asks a question that possibly no one can answer. If you want food for thought, go see this absorbing, excellent film.—U.A.

PICK-UP ALLEY

where dope comes from

Victor Mature
Trevor Howard
Anita Ekberg
Bonar Colleano
Alec Mango

■ There have been a rash of movies about what happens to drug addicts. Here's an international suspense thriller about how the drugs are smuggled into the country. Seems that Trevor Howard is behind it all. He is a devilishly clever, cruel and highly successful operator. The minute the movie opens he strangles a government agent, female, who's about to identify him to the authorities. This agent is the sister of Victor Mature and Mature, also a government man, sees his duty and goes at it with a vengeance. A stand-out in the long list of scurvy characters who are dodging the international police while passing heroin from hand to scurvy hand is Anita Ekberg. Trevor's power over her lies in the fact that she thinks she killed his partner—she only nicked him in the chest in self-defense. Mature follows a violence-strewn trail from Lisbon to Rome to Athens to New York. The characters are not very appetizing, but they get what they deserve.—COLUMBIA.

JOHNNY TROUBLE

soap opera in a boys' dorm

Ethel Barrymore
Cecil Kellaway
Carolyn Jones
Jessie White
Stuart Whitman

■ Bring your handkerchiefs along to *Johnny Trouble*. Miss Ethel Barrymore knows how to make you cry. She's a widow who's been living in a hotel near a university. Long ago, her son attended the university, but was expelled. She hasn't seen him in twenty-seven years; neither has she lost faith. Well, the university buys the hotel, evicts the tenants and turns it into a boys' dorm. Boys! One of them—Stuart Whitman—is a wild, embittered ex-Marine who is not exactly wet behind the ears. Miss Barrymore refuses to move out. Since she is confined to a wheelchair, has the charm and authority of a *grande dame* and legally owns the apartment, she has a good case. She also has a good friend and chauffeur (Cecil Kellaway) who looks after her. That is, before all the college boys adopt her. The thing is, she's convinced that Stuart Whitman is her grandson. Due to her wise and loving ways he not only reforms, but gets married—to Carolyn Jones, who, until this point, had been a wild one herself.—WARNERS.

SLIM CARTER

an orphan finds a home

Jock Mahoney
Julie Adams
Tim Hovey
William Hopper
Joanna Moore

■ If a child shall lead us, let it be Tim Hovey who is one of the cutest kids in Hollywood. He plays an orphan who has won a contest—first prize. It's a month's vacation at the luxurious ranch of his movie idol, singing cowboy Jock Mahoney. Jock sings all right, but he's also woman crazy and hardly the paternal type. Publicist Julie Adams discovered him, created his public personality and now is stuck with it. She sweeps the ranch clean of blondes, bullies Jock into acting like a hero for Tim and stays around to protect that little boy's interests. It turns out that Tim doesn't need much protection. His obvious worship of Jock works close to a miracle.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

THE WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN

middle-class love story

Yvonne Mitchell
Anthony Quayle
Andrew Ray
Sylvia Syms

■ Here is a delightful, beautifully-acted British film. It's about a completely scatter-brained housewife (Yvonne Mitchell) whose flat always looks like a hurricane struck it. She doesn't look much better in her perennial dressing gown. But she's very much in love with her bookkeeper husband (Anthony Quayle) and devoted to their teen-age son (Andrew Ray). They all seem happy, although it's touch and go whether they'll get a breakfast egg on a plate or in the eye. This pleasant squalor has secretly proven too much for Quayle though, and he finds himself in love with a young, efficient, *tidy* secretary (Sylvia Syms). Trouble is, he can't bring himself to tell his wife he wants a divorce. When he finally does bring himself, with the help of Sylvia, there is much revealed about the scope of a man's dreams, the nature of love and the claim that twenty years of living with someone puts on it.—WARNERS.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION (CinemaScope, U.A.): The year's 1840. Napoleon's troops are bringing the Spanish army to heel and, in order to run faster, the Spaniards get rid of a forty-foot-long cannon by tossing it over a cliff. Frank Sinatra can't agree with Cary Grant on that. Then there's Sophia Loren; she's torn too—between Spain's destiny and Cary Grant.

THE JAMES DEAN STORY (Warners): Here is a portrait of James Dean, the boy who lived "with a great hunger." After his death his fans wouldn't let him go. His childhood is retold, relatives and friends are interviewed, and still photographs are brought to life. All this is an attempt to explain what drove him to become a rebel and an actor.

NO DOWN PAYMENT (20th-Fox): This is the story of four couples, neighbors in a ranch-style housing development in California. If it weren't for the good old installment plan, not one of those houses would be inhabited. These people not only have to meet their payments, but they also have to learn how to live with themselves and each other. It's fast-moving, well acted, and explosive.

BAND OF ANGELS (CinemaScope, Warners): Life on the old plantation was fine for Yvonne De Carlo until daddy dies and slave trader Ray Teal comes to collect Yvonne and put her up for auction. Gable plunks down $5,000 for her and treats her like a lady. Then comes bloodshed, rebellion, and plenty of excitement.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents



RITA HAYWORTH



FRANK SINATRA



KIM NOVAK

Pal Joey

TECHNICOLOR®

Screen Play by
An ESSEX-GEORGE SIDNEY Production · DOROTHY KINGSLEY · Based on the play · PAL JOEY · Book by JOHN O'HARA · Music by RICHARD RODGERS · Lyrics by LORENZ HART

Produced on the stage by GEORGE ABBOTT · Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY



A beautiful woman not only looks beautiful, she feels beautiful. That's why her bra is a Wonder-Bra . . . for true comfort, definite separation, complete support. The wonder-action of the patented* diagonal-slash opens as you lift—makes a natural adjustment to your body action, keeps your bosom within the cup at all times. Lift as high as you like—it's as simple as adjusting a slip-strap. Unlike ordinary bras, the higher you lift, the firmer the separation—with individual cup control. The fit? Day-long perfection, whether you're full, medium, small, or that *in-between-cup* size. Wearing a bra can be a thrilling experience when it's a Wonder-Bra, the bra that makes you look —and feel—beautiful!

*the lift action of Wonder-Bra has earned a construction patent from the U.S. Government



Embroidered cotton in A, B, C and D cup, white, black. Also in plain cotton, lace, nylon, marquisette and satin, in white, pink, black.

Wonder-Bras are priced from $1.75 to $10. You'll find them at fine stores everywhere, or write Wonder-Bra, Dept. MO, 135 Madison Avenue, New York 16, for name of store nearest you in the United States or Canada.





JAMES MAC ARTHUR GETS THE GOOD NEWS

■ You'd think his own Mother would know James MacArthur pretty well. inside an out. But there was one time when he set her back on her heels! And it was all over a couple of reviews. . . .

Now actress Helen Hayes—Jimmy's Mother—is an old trouper, both on stage an in front of the cameras, and waiting up for the papers to see what the reviewers ha to say is nothing new to her. But this time she was more nervous than she'd ever bee before in her whole life, and the notices wouldn't even be about her!

But it's understandable. Because she was waiting for the notices on her son. *Th Young Stranger* had just been premièred that evening, and Jimmy had been the star of i

"Of course the reviews will be good." she kept muttering to herself. "He was al solutely superb." But there was a little part of her brain that nagged away with th thought, "*You'd* think he was absolutely superb if he'd played one of the mummies i a horror film . . . *you're* his mother!"

Then the other part of her brain said right back, "He *was* superb!" She was ju reaching for the empty cup again, the cup she kept forgetting didn't have any mor coffee in it, when the papers arrived. And the reviews *were* good!

She couldn't wait till morning to telephone Jimmy. and as early as she dared. Hele Hayes put through a call to HARVARD where Jimmy was working towards his degree.

"Mother?" a sleepy James MacArthur asked into the telephone.

"Darling. did you see them? The reports?" Helen asked her son. "They're marvelous!

"Zoweeeeeee!" his yell almost burst her ear-drum. and there wasn't a sleepy no left. Then there was a moment of silence. And then a puzzled Jimmy asked. "But . . how do *you* know? *I* don't even know yet!"

"The papers, Jimmy," his proud mother answered. "it's in the papers! The reviews are in today's newspapers!"

"The reviews? Oh," said a quiet. disappointed, very *un*excited Jimmy with not eve a little *zowee* in him. "I thought you were talking about my class marks here at school.

And as Helen Hayes, on one end of the phone, glowed while she re-read the flatterin words written about her son's screen debut—on the other end. a worried James Mac Arthur bit off another bit of nail and asked in a worried voice that sounded very muc like a little boy very much in need of comforting words. "Mom . . . do you think passed?"

He did pass. With spades.

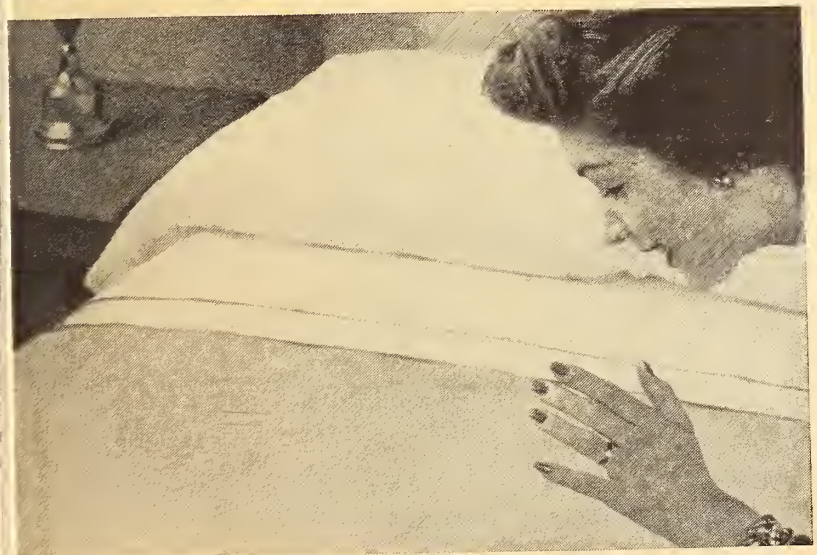
"*Then*," laughs this still-slightly-surprised Mother, "*after* he got his grades. Jimm got all excited about the reviews!"

James MacArthur's currently in RKO's THE YOUNG STRANGER *released by U-I, an will soon be in Disney's* THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST.

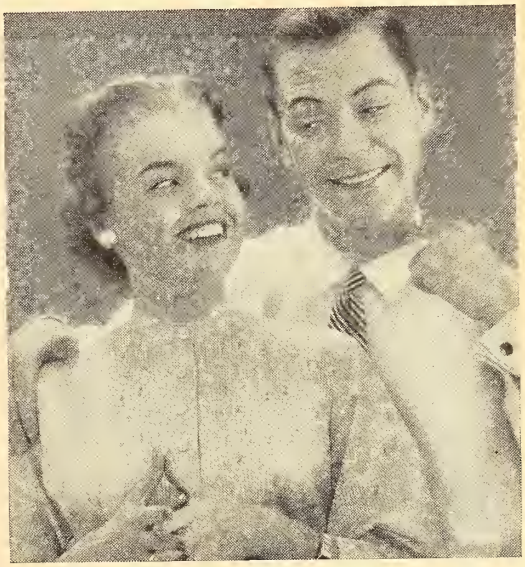
"Like-New" Softness, Fluffiness for All Wash-Hardened Clothes, Towels, Linens



The new 1958 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer with Wash-to-Order Fabric Keys has a rinse dispenser that can add Sta-Puf to the final rinse automatically. Now, proper fabric care is easier than ever . . . just press one key to select the right combination of wash and spin speeds, wash and rinse water temperatures—there's no guessing. Then, set the desired wash time and add Sta-Puf to the dispenser. From there on it's all automatic, with every operation performed at the right time to give you clean, bright, soft, and fluffy clothes.



Makes even inexpensive muslins feel like percales! You'll be astonished at the rich, soft feel that bed linens get from their first STA-PUF rinse. And ironing, too, becomes a breeze. (You'll find that much of your flatwork needs no ironing at all!) And wait till you see your blankets—so smooth, so fluffy, so soft!



Wonderful for shirts and dresses. Does away with "sandpaper" collars and cuffs—yet keeps the crisp, starched look you want. Another extra . . . Sta-Puf fluffs up matted down woolens . . . ordinary sweaters feel like cashmere! You'll be delighted with the downy richness and fleecy texture your favorite woolens regain.



Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee! Get STA-PUF at your grocer's today. See how unbelievably soft and fluffy it makes *all* washables, even when dried indoors. STA-PUF is extra-economical . . . costs only pennies a wash. *Double your money back* if not delighted. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Ill.



Doctors' Scientific Formula

'STARVES' PIMPLES

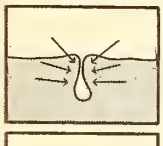
SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type medication *especially* for pimples. Clinical tests prove it *really works*. And now you can get CLEARASIL as a smooth, soothing lotion in handy squeeze-bottle! In Tube or Lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the medications prescribed by leading skin specialists . . . works in a way no so-called "medicated" cosmetic or skin-cream can!

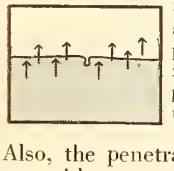
How Clearasil Works Fast:



1. *Penetrates pimples* . . . 'keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate . . . encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. *Stops bacteria* . . . antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



3. *'Starves' pimples* . . . oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up and helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear up pimples!

Also, the penetrating medical action you get with CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they 'float' out with normal washing. And CLEARASIL works at the source of the blackhead problem by drying up excess skin oil which may clog pores. Skin-colored CLEARASIL blends with any complexion, hides pimples and blackheads amazingly while it works! It's greaseless and stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists . . . Guaranteed! In clinical tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases of pimples were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube). It's *guaranteed* to work for you or money back! Economical, long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Get CLEARASIL at all drug counters.



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication In America (Including Canada)



VAN SEES RED! RED SOCKS, THAT IS . .

■ First thing Van Johnson used to after the day's shooting was over on latest film *Action Of The Tiger* was to to his dressing room and change from t grey socks he wore in front of the camer to his red ones, the celebrated red ones wears off the set.

"Just why do you wear them?" asked curious technician.

"When I was an unknown actor," V explained, "no one talked to me at tho formal dinner parties. I sat alone and f miserable.

"One night I wore a pair of red soc because I had nothing else without hol Everyone asked me about them. Tho socks started conversation in all dire tions! That's how it began as a convers tion piece."

"But why do you *still* wear them?"

Van shrugged. "Who knows?" grinned.

But things changed one day . . . a out they went!

He was sitting in the lounge of h hotel. legs crossed and displaying h celebrated red socks.

In came actor Tony Dawson, who'd ju arrived in Spain for his role in the mov

Tony sat down, crossed his legs. R socks!

"Say," drawled Van, "red socks are n priority."

Dawson just grinned, hitched his tro sers a little higher and smiled malicious at Van.

Ten minutes later they were joined another newcomer, actor Sean Conno

He sat down, crossed his legs and d played—you guessed it—red socks!

"Look here," cried Van, "you people a ruining my gimmick."

And the next night, probably for t first time for years, Van was wearing gr socks.

"I never wanted to be a leader fashion," sighed the new-conservative Van.

Van is currently in MGM's ACTION THE TIGER.



T'S NOT SO EASY O GET MARRIED!"

A baker was awakened at ten at night bake the wedding cake.

The wedding ring was purchased in the e and ten cent store.

The street florist on the corner, whose ame by strange coincidence was Aphro- te. supplied the wedding bouquet.

And the couple were married at *one clock in the morning.*

With all this chaotic preparation. it as "yet the nicest wedding I ever at- nded" in the opinion of Kim Hunter, age. TV and motion picture star.

You see—it was her *own* wedding. To obert Emmett. whom Kim met when both ere playing in *Two Blind Mice.*

The reason for the chaos was that they th wanted an ordained minister to marry em.

"Bob and I wanted a religious cere- ony." said Kim as she sat in the dressing om of the WOMETCO THEATRE in Miami. lorida. where she was making personal pearances for her film *The Young ranger.*

"The minister we both wanted was Dr. arl Voss," she went on to explain. "He ad been away on a lecture tour and was oing away on another. He was only going be in town for several days and since ob was working in *Two On The Aisle* we uldn't find a time that was convenient both. except that hour before the min- ter's plane left for Texas."

Kim laughed. "So Bob went off to work nd the minister went to take a nap so he ould be wide awake for our wedding."

There was a hurried wedding and only one-night honeymoon. but Kim's mar- age to Robert Emmett has been a happy ne—"There have been all the joys and armth of togetherness." Despite the fact at the ten-cent wedding ring was ex- hanged for a much more expensive one hortly after the wedding ceremony, Kim ill treasures the one from the five and me store. It is kept in a safe place along ith the sermon which Dr. Voss preached one o'clock in the morning.

Kim's in U-I's THE YOUNG STRANGER.

For the most beautiful hair in the world

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



JOAN COLLINS uses Lustre-Creme Lotion Shampoo because it's a rich liquid in mild, mild form!

She says: "There's just no shampoo like it for me—I love the way it pours on, rich as cream! And it leaves my hair so soft and shining, I can do *ANYTHING* with it—even right after a shampoo!"

Joan Collins



Lotion or Cream



Lotion or Creme— just pour it on or cream it on. LANOLIN-BLESSED—needs no after-rinse!

Never dries . . . it beautifies

you'll love yourself in the morning...



See Suzy Parker in "Kiss Them For Me"
—a Jerry Wald Prod. for 20th Century-Fox.

when you wake up without pale, faded lips!

It does so much for your morale to wake up beautiful—ripe color on your lips! With Coty "24", the lipstick cleanses off at night but the color stays on. Your lips are soft, smooth... have that luscious moist-gleam, always bright and glistening. Coty "24" won't cake or splotch or feather. It creams on; never dries your lips. And from dawning to yawning, your lips are "alive" with color! Quick, quick...see for yourself.

© by Coty, Inc., 1957



Coty

"24"

1.25
plus
tax
Refills .90

For a glamorous hair spray, ask for PERFUMED CURL-SET —rich with true Coty perfumes.



MEMO

Suppose Frank Sinatra Was Your Dad...

■ Say you pick up the newspaper, or a magazine, and you sit down with a Coke for a half hour of relaxation before homework.

And it hits you.

Right on the front page, or page three.

A story about your dad, or your mother.

A vicious, shocking story that—knowing your dad or your mother like you do—you *know* can't be true.

But there's nothing you can do about it . . .

That's what's been happening to a lot of kids lately, the kids who belong to the stars. Kids who see their fathers and their mothers every day and know what they're really like.

Three of those kids have the last name *Sinatra.*

On the next page is an open letter from MODERN SCREEN to those three kids—Nancy, Frankie Jr., and Christina.

Right now, when the air is full of scandal, we think it's important, Nancy, Frankie Jr., and Christina, that you read this letter about your Dad—and never forget it . . .

David Myers

EDITOR



OPEN LETTER TO FRANK SINATRA'S KIDS



nancy



frankie, jr.



christina

Dear Nancy, Frankie, Jr. and Christina,

Not too long ago a friend of ours saw you at Disneyland with your Pop. It wasn't the first time you'd all been there together, and our friend had heard some odd reports about your other visits. So for an hour or so he tagged after you, watching to see if the rumors were true.

And they were. While you three raced from ride to ride to sideshow to popcorn booth, grinning and giggling and carrying on as if you weren't almost all grown-up, having a ball for yourselves—your father stalked after you, his eyes worried, his forehead creased in an almost nervous frown. When he climbed on a fast ride next to Nancy, his arm went around her as if he didn't trust safety-belts and good engineering—all alone, he was going to keep her safe. When Frankie wanted cotton (*Continued on page 75*)



debbie tells Louella Parsons—

the truth about our marriage

■ In the simple little white dress she wore with a white ribbon holding back her hair, she could have passed for sweet sixteen. Just back from seven weeks with Eddie in Europe, Debbie Reynolds had come to my home at my invitation almost as soon as she had unpacked and seen her adored little Carrie Frances.

David Myers, my friend and editor of MODERN SCREEN had put the bee in my bonnet to get Debbie to answer personally an open letter I had written to her in my GOOD NEWS depart- (continued on page 89)
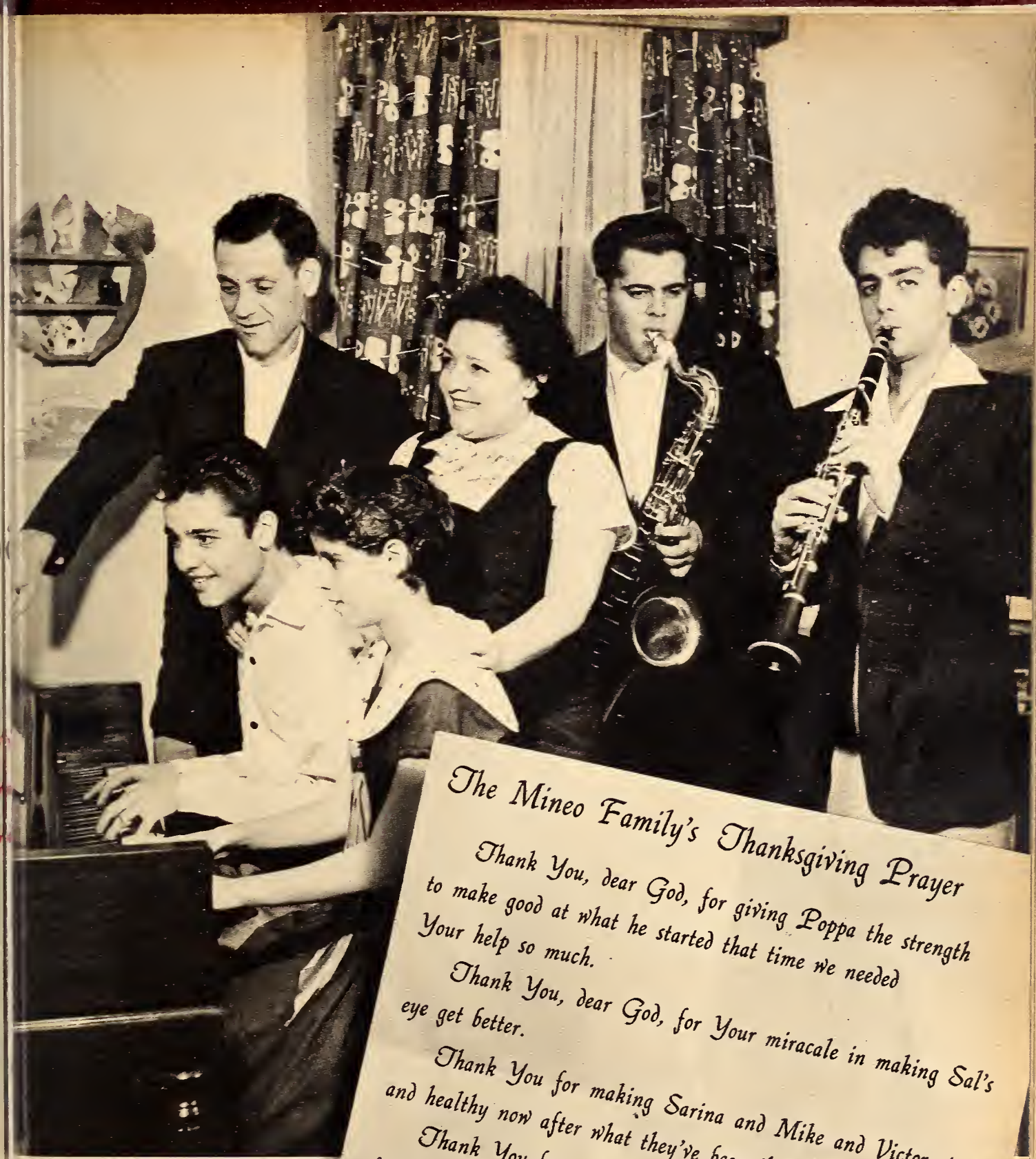


SAL MINEO'S *Thanksgiving Miracle*

By Ed DeBlasio

■ Mama Mineo will get up at about 6:30 on Thanksgiving morning. The others will still be fast asleep—Pop, Sal, Sarina, Victor, Mike. But Mama will be up early so she can get her big meal started. After all, there's the antipasto to be made—with its slices of salami and ham and cucumber and its vinegared peppers and olives and anchovy strips. And there's the lasagna—with its three layers of macaroni and rich tomato sauce and its two kinds of cheese and its hundred tiny meatballs. And, of course, there's the turkey. And with the turkey there have got to be fried artichokes, Pop's favorite, and stuffed eggplant, Sal's favorite, and sweet potatoes, everybody's favorite. And, because, as Mama Mineo says, "I don't like the table to look boring," there will be a platterful of roast beef or leg of lamb to follow the turkey, with "a nice simple lettuce-vinegar-and-oil salad on the side to help the digestion." And then finally there's the dessert—or rather, desserts—to be considered: a giant bowl of fresh fruit salad "with just a little bit of Manischewitz Jewish wine in it to give it that right flavor" and a pair of flying saucer-sized pies, one blueberry and one rum cheese.

Mama Mineo, alone for the next few hours, will putter around the kitchen of her family's three-story brick-and-shingle house in the Bronx preparing her holiday meal. And, alone, before the others get up and come bounding downstairs for a kiss and breakfast and then go bounding off to church to say their formal prayer to God, she too will quietly give *her* thanks, the private prayer of a grateful wife and mother.

The house will be quiet for those next few hours, very quiet. As she works, Mama Mineo will repeat her prayer many times. Sometimes she will smile as she repeats it, for there are funny moments she will remember. Sometimes she will not smile, for there are sad moments she will remember, too. The others, asleep in their beds now, will recall some of these moments during dinner, maybe, when they're all seated around the big table and talking about things past. But their recollections will probably be short—a flash here, a flash there. The kids and Poppa will want to talk more about the present and the future—about Christmas coming up and who-wants-what and New Year's Eve and who's-going-where (*Continued on page* 78)



The Mineo Family's Thanksgiving Prayer

Thank You, dear God, for giving Poppa the strength to make good at what he started that time we needed Your help so much.

Thank You, dear God, for Your miracale in making Sal's eye get better.

Thank You for making Sarina and Mike and Victor strong and healthy now after what they've been through with sickness.

Thank You for making us get along so good together and for giving us so many good things.

Thank You for the new house where we will all move soon and where You will-always be welcome with love and respect.

Thank You, most of all, for bringing us all together on this day.



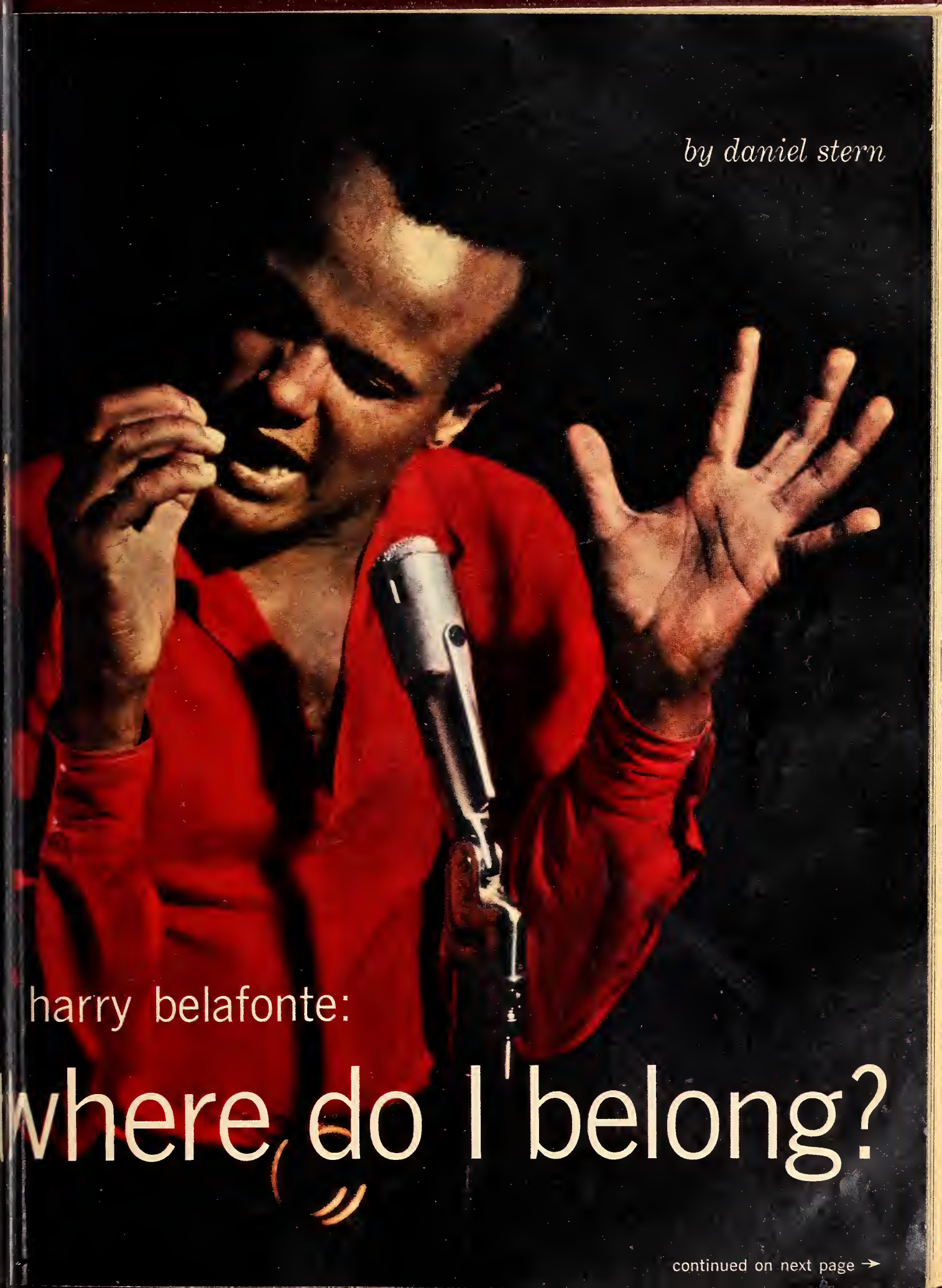




Where do I belong? Harry Belafonte sat in the hotel room holding the pictures in his hand. Where do I belong? Then he stood up and tossed the photos onto a chair. The publicity man had just glibly tossed the phrase at him as an idea for a picture story. Harry walked back to the chair and glanced over the pictures again, thinking: To know where a man belongs you have to know what he is . . . and a man is many things . . . I'm a human being . . . a negro . . . a musician . . . a father . . . a husband . . .

Just

by daniel stern



harry belafonte: where do I belong?

continued on next page ➔

Just where do I belong? continued

Who am I? Who loves me and who do I love?



...my kids



...my people



...my friends



...my audience

I belong with my kids

Most of all, he thought, *I belong with my kids.* H was remembering that toughest of all days, the da he'd visited Adrienne and Shari. It had been the firs time he'd seen them since the divorce.

Harry had been in the middle of a tour when sud denly he had known he had to see the kids again, righ then and there . . . had to be there to answer the ques tions that must be popping into their minds. Especial ly Adrienne—Adrienne with that bright, inquisitiv smile of hers and those big, understanding eyes.

To welcome Daddy home, Adrienne gave a miniatur tea party in the playroom. She poured for Harry an for Shari, the little one.

"One or two lumps of sugar, Daddy?" she asked i her grown-up way, and then giggled a little.

"Two, thank you, Honey," Harry answered gravel thinking—*maybe she won't ask about the divorce an more . . . maybe Marguerite has explained it—wit kindness and sympathy, taking the pain out of it.*

Later that afternoon he took Adrienne along wit him to BROOKS. At the store she had so much fun say ing, "Oh, that's a pretty jacket, Daddy." Or, if sh didn't like it, wrinkling her nose and saying, "It's nasty color." Harry was proud of her—and relieved sh was so lively and gay. They even danced a rhumba t gether in the fitting room. After that Harry had t remove a splinter from her left foot, and got a kiss a his medical fee.

But then, on the way home, it happened.

They were sitting in the cab when Adrienne said i

"Daddy," she said, "I know you and Mommy aren' going to live together any more . . . she told us . . but maybe after a while you'll come back again an live with us, huh?" Harry took a deep breath an said to himself, *Okay, this is it! Don't pussy-foo around and don't make it easy on yourself by makin it vague—do it right, Mr. Belafonte.*

"No, Honey," Harry said finally, "It can't be tha way any more. But we'll be together, often!"

The little girl nodded solemnly. Then they got ou and walked hand-in-hand to the house. As they wer going in, Adrienne, who had been deep in thought, sud denly turned to Harry and said, "Daddy, I'm just kid—not even in my teens yet—but I think I do under stand about the loving part. And thanks for trying t make it easier for me."

Harry grabbed Adrienne and hugged her to hin blinking back the tears. "No, Honey," he said. "Than you . . . Thank *you*!"

...my people

Where do I belong? With the people who first san my songs. Harry remembered the hot Florida sun an the smell of the grass and the rockpiles baking in th afternoon heat while the air was filled with the stead rhythmic beat of the workmen's sledgehammers.

After the phony world of Hollywood, it was good t

udge along the railroad tracks with the working men, tening to them talk, joke . . . and sing. These people ere his roots—they were himself, Harold Belafonte. nce, sometime in the dim past, it had been BelleFontine, the trail leading from Africa, to the French possessions—Haiti, Martinique—ending in a year and a lf in Harlem. And then Jamaica.

But for others, the trail had led here to the Florida amps, the swinging hammer and the laying of railad track, the singing of songs that had come with em along that trail. And it was those songs that arry was after. He'd gone out with the work gang at morning, to gather material, snatches of songs 'd never heard. New words to old tunes. Familiar elodies.

But at first, the men had been hostile to him. Nothg open—just a coolness that Harry could feel in the t of his stomach. A way they glanced at him over eir shoulders that showed they knew he might be a g man up there in New York or Hollywood, but that dn't mean a thing down here in the swamps. Down re a man was just a man or he was *nothing*!

As the day wore on Harry was depressed. The men eren't singing much, and what they did sing was lf-hearted. And when he tried to take some pictures them, they froze up. Harry felt sick. He thought, *ve I been away so long that I don't belong with them y more?* The final blow came when he raised his cama to snap a photo of a workman lifting a railroad tie d the man deliberately turned away. This time Harry rst out with, "How about giving a guy a break, fels? I'm only trying to do my work . . . like you guys." ne big, burly man who had turned away from Harry's mera said, "You belong with us? . . . Let's see your nds." All the men let loose a bellow of laughter. arry's hands tightened at his sides. Another man ted his hammer to his shoulder and said quietly, eave him alone, Mike. He works with his hands too, his way."

But Mike shrugged and turned away. Nearby, the reman called out, "Something wrong with this crossece. Mike, give me a hand here." Mike exerted all s strength behind a crowbar but he couldn't budge e cross-piece.

"How about it, Mr. Belafonte?" Mike called out. Vant to try it?" There was an expectant murmur as arry stepped forward, stripped off his shirt and asped the crowbar. He bent all the strength in his nder body and muscled arms to the task . . . with no ccess. The sweat stood out on his forehead. The men the work gang watched intently.

Suddenly the piece of steel moved. In an instant ke and another man joined Harry with picks and owbars, and the job was done. Harry put his shirt ck on and picked up his camera. His arms were ach and he could feel blisters beginning to rise on the lms of his hands. But he felt fine as one of the men ded out, "Pretty good work, Harry." They moved ound him now, free and relaxed, and began to sing ile they worked.

And as he listened to the folk songs he'd traveled thousand miles for, Harry Belafonte was grateful.

...my friends

. . . Yes, a man belongs with his people and his kids. But also with his work. And Harry's work was music. *His* kind of music. He remembered the night he and his troupe had arrived in town and instead of hitting the sack they worked almost through the night. After countless cigarette butts and discarded tapes they added two new songs to the show, one of them a song from the Florida swamps. Then, the next morning, while they were setting up for a full rehearsal at the club, the owner dropped a bombshell.

"Listen, Harry," the man said, "you'll be doing a couple of the new hit songs, won't you?"

Harry stared at him. "No," he answered, "I'm afraid I won't."

"Just a few, Harry," he said. "I have to think of my customers. They don't go for 'arty' songs."

"Look, you hired *me*—Harry Belafonte. And you hired the songs I sing too. If you're worried about the risk, I'll take care of that," he said. "If your business drops while I'm here, I'll work for nothing."

"Well—"

"You see," Harry went on, "I have faith in the people who come to hear me sing. To you they're just customers. To me they're great. Whether they're sitting at a table in a club . . . or sitting in a dark movie theatre . . . they're an audience. Don't sell them short."

...my audience

The opening-night audience was a typical Florida resort-town café audience, restless and eager to be entertained. By the second song they had settled down and were a good deal more than entertained—they were gripped.

Harry didn't count the number of people at each performance, and the owner couldn't—there were too many and he lost track!

When you sing from the heart and you're standing in front of the people, negro and white, who are there because they want to hear what you've got to say . . . and what you've got to sing . . . well, then, if you're like Harry Belafonte, then you're grateful to God because: *you know where you belong!* And Harry knows, most of all—

That he belongs *to himself.*

He belongs to his family—his wife and his children.

To his people—the people who sing his songs, and the people from whom he learned his songs—*his* people . . .

And to his friends, too, he belongs—the people who believe in him and for whom he'd stick his arm in fire—up to *here* . . .

To his audience too, Harry Belafonte belongs—the audience that gave him a purpose and a reason for being and a *wanting* to live and work and create . . . and *sing!*

END



A date with Tommy? Well, it usually starts on the button—Tommy leaning on the door-bell button that is. And then there might be some ventriloquism and making shadows on the walls and a couple of laughs . . .

Why did he wait months before asking me for a date? How did I feel when he gave me a friendship ring? Why daren't we think of marriage at this time?





It doesn't take too long though before he's at the guitar with me duoting on the piano. And the next minute—we're dancing!



And when the music gets kootzie—Tommy changes steps, and the mood . . . as he holds me in his arms for the time it takes a platter to spin out a ballad about love . . .



■ I've been dating Tommy Sands for more than a year, through the bad times and the good. When I first met Tommy he was a scared young guy without a dime, without a job, with nothing but a prayer and a wonderful voice.

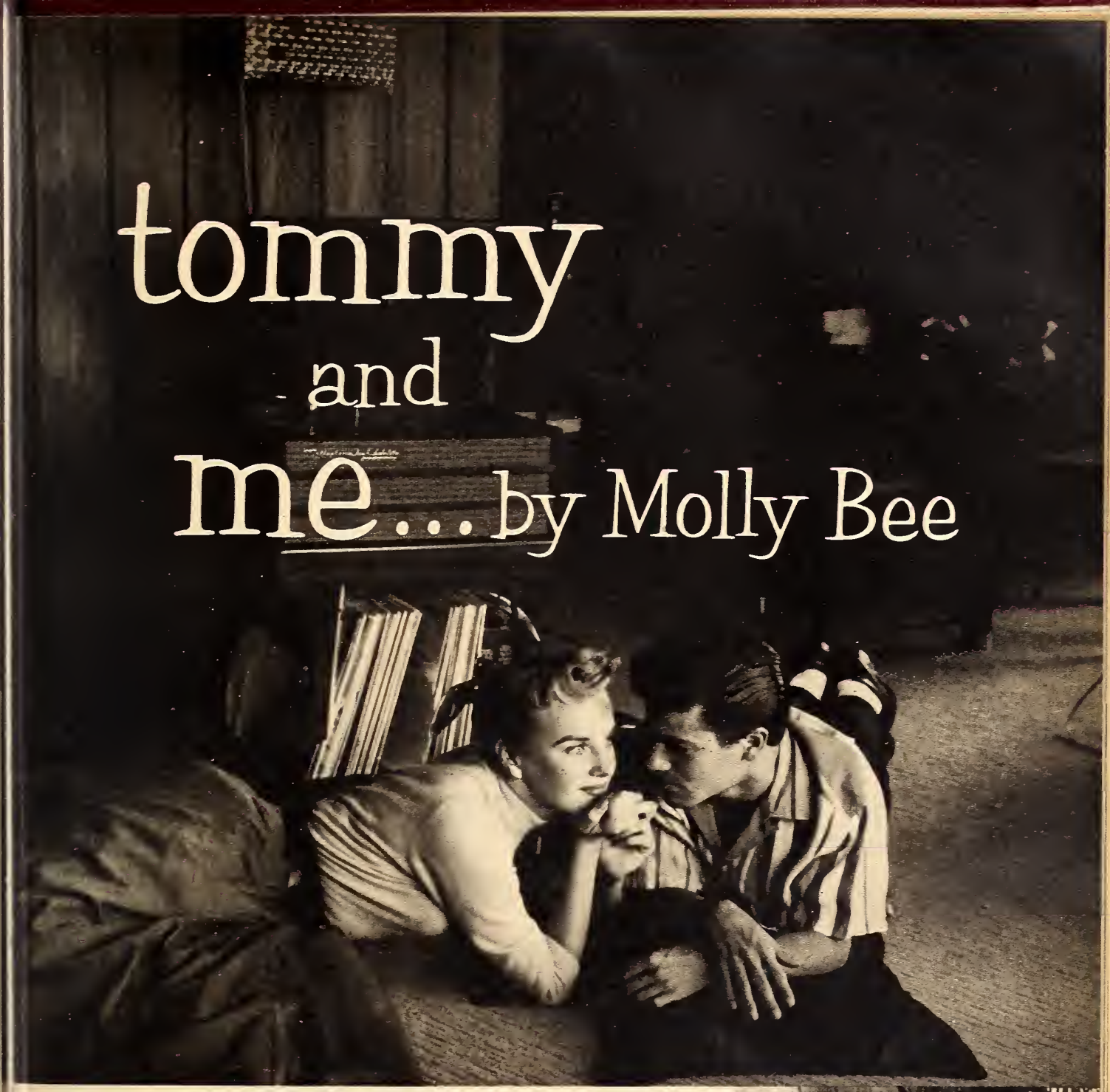
Today, Tommy's as hot as a firecracker. And do you know what this fabulous, overnight success has done to him? Made him more scared than ever!

Tommy and I were horseback riding along the wooded trails of Griffith Park the other day when a group of girl riders passed us on the other side. They looked at us and nearly flipped when they recognized him. "Hi, Tommy," they called out. "Tommy, we think you're WON-derful!"

Well, I thought Tommy would fall off his horse. He just about melted. "Look at that, Molly," he said as we slowed our horses down to a walk. "A year ago I couldn't even afford to rent this horse. Now these kids pass by and know who I am. It gets me. I can't believe it."

A year ago . . . I remember so much that night at the *Hometown Jamboree* telecast when (*Continued on next page*)

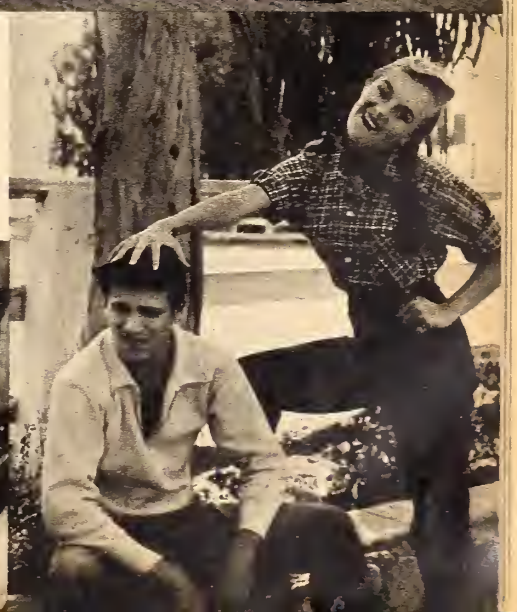
tommy and me... by Molly Bee





Naturally, all that activity, and Tommy worked up an appetite—so off we went to the drive-in . . . and out where the green grass grows . . . and that's where the big discussion started—





tommy and me... *continued*

the dark-haired, slim young man with the big, serious brown eyes came backstage and asked to see Cliffie Stone, the manager. *Jamboree* is a Western style TV show, and I was the featured girl singer. I'd been on the show for seven years and knew what a good showcase this breezy, country clambake is for singers. When one of the men backstage told the boy that Cliffie Stone had left only a few minutes earlier, his face dropped so low I felt sorry for him. As he turned to leave, I made quick tracks to his side. "Hi," I said cheerfully. "My name's Molly Bee. You look kind of let- (*Continued on page 82*)



I said 'Yes.' *Tommy said* 'No.' *I said* 'Please?' *Tommy said* 'Okay! We'll go horse-back riding!' *And off we went—but it didn't take any crystal-ball gazing to know both Tommy and the horse would just as soon rest in the shade!*





But I must admit he managed to get us off those horses pretty fast—and back to just sitting. But there was a reason—'cause Tommy had something to give me, later . . .





Something special happened. Tommy gave me a ring. And—just all of a sudden—there was somethin special between us. I guess <u>love</u> is the word..





July 23, 1957

Mr. David Myers
The Editor
Modern Screen Magazine

Dear Mr. Myers:

My favorite movie star is Doris Day. That's who this letter is about. Of course, it's about me too. My name is Sally Mazzella and I'm fifteen and I come from Brooklyn. I say *come from* because I'm in San Diego, California, right now with my folks and my little brother, Jasper. We're paying a visit to my Father's sister, Stella. But no sense telling you all about them because this letter is about Doris Day and me—and about what happened to us yesterday, July 22, 1957.

At seven o'clock yesterday morning my Father put me on the bus at the San Diego bus terminal. The bus ticket, round trip, and five dollars spending money were my birthday present from my folks. It so happens my birthday isn't till next December. But the reason I got my present so far in advance was that my folks knew I loved Doris Day so much and that I'd be so happy if I could go up to Hollywood and try to see her while we were in California. At first my folks said this was ridiculous, that movie stars have enough to do without seeing anybody who just happens to pop out of the clear blue sky. Besides, they said, how in the world was I going to find her. "It isn't like this was Brooklyn," my Mom said, "and she lived on the third floor of the apartment house on the corner and all you had to do was go and ring the doorbell." But after a lot of begging on my part, they agreed to let me go. "But," said my Father, "no matter what happens, you've got to be on that 5:30 p.m. bus out of Hollywood and back here at 8:30 tonight—Doris Day or no Doris Day!"

I got to Hollywood at exactly 10:30 in the morning. The bus driver let me and a few other people out at the famous corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. I saw a lot of people walking and driving around, but I certainly didn't see any movie stars—and I certainly didn't see Doris Day. That's when I began to get a little nervous, when I realized that I didn't have any idea of what I was going to do, where I was going to go. There was a policeman standing in the middle of the street directing traffic. I felt like going up to him and asking him if he knew where Doris Day lived. I thought it over for a minute. And then I decided to do just that.

"Doris Day?" the policeman said, looking at me as if I were crazy. He shook his head. "No," he said, "it's been a long time since I've been up to her house for a beer."

I guess he liked (*Continued on page 68*)

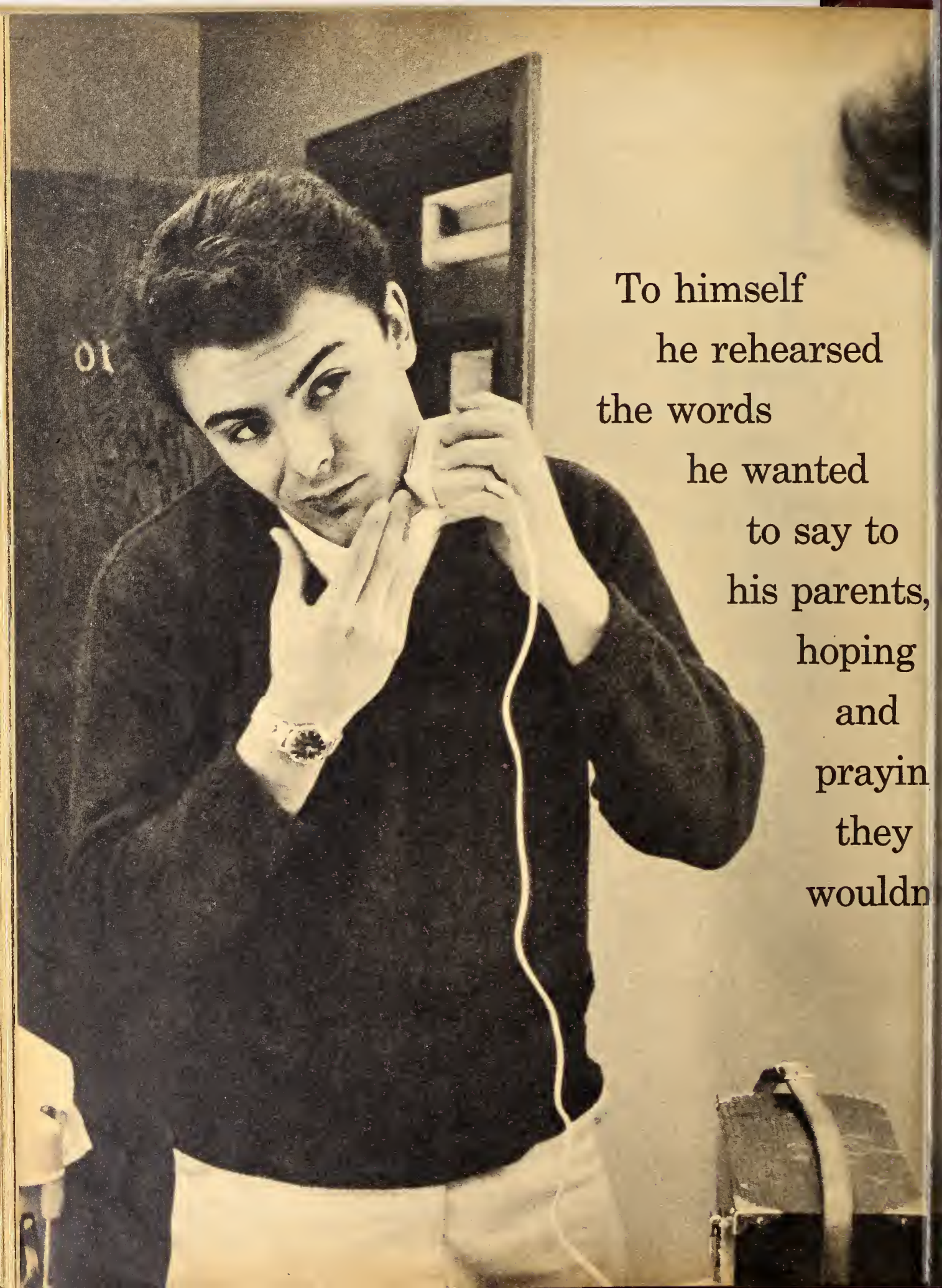


by
Sally Mazzella, 1

I TRAILED DORIS DAY

(until she caught me at the bus station)





To himself
he rehearsed
the words
he wanted
to say to
his parents,
hoping
and
prayin
they
wouldn



hurt:

"Ma, Dad, I'm no longer Carmen Orrico... I'm now JOHNNY SAXON..."

by Pamela Herbert

■ The television set was blaring noisily. That was a break. Johnny Saxon peered cautiously around the door of the living room. Mom, Dad, Delores and Julie were all watching it. That was a break, too.

Carmen Orrico—that's Johnny's real name—ran nervous fingers through his coarse, dark hair. If he could only make it to the door before they'd say anything to him. He was glad he had his sneakers on, anyway.

Now . . . just twelve steps along the wall, and then a spring for the front door so that he'd be out and down the stairs before they'd be able to say anything. One, two, three . . .

"Carmen," his Father said without turning his head from the TV screen, "where are you going tonight?"

"Out, Dad," the boy said sullenly, "just out, that's all."

"Come on, Carmen," his Mother said sweetly, "don't talk to your Father that way. If he asks where you're going, tell him."

Delores and Julie, Johnny's younger sisters, turned and looked at him with quiet sympathy. They knew he was in for it again.

"Where are you going?" his Father repeated with the full weight of his authority, this time swinging around in his chair to face his son.

"You know, Dad," Johnny said shiftily. "It's where I always go. I'm late now, so I've got to hurry." He started quickly for the front door, trying to escape the grilling he knew was coming.

"Wait just a minute now," Mr. Orrico said, rising slowly to his feet. "I'm sure the show will go on without you." His smile mocked Johnny.

"Oh, not now, Dad," Johnny complained, "not now."

"If you want to be an actor," Mr. Orrico said icily, "you've got to learn to do things when other people want you to."

For several moments the two of them, father and son—glared at each other. Each was strong-willed and stood his ground, pitted against the other in silence.

Mrs. Orrico and her two daughters stirred uncomfortably.

"Tell him where you're going, Carmen," his Mother urged.

Suddenly Julie sprang up and ran to her brother. (*Continued on page 73*)





The love story of Kim and Mario—

"we touched o

as told to Beverly Ott

■ Kim Novak was in Hollywood—Mario Bandini was in Rome. They hadn't seen each other for over a year. He was supposed to visit her in Hollywood—but month after month passed . . . And there was no meeting, either in Hollywood or Rome.

Had one—or the other, or both of them—cooled to the idea? Sure, they were supposed to be writing. But lots of people write and call themselves pen pals.

So why think Bandini was the man in Kim's life? Why not Sinatra, Krim, Ireland?

Well, for one thing, no matter who'd been rumored as coming, going, or staying on Kim's list of favorite beaux, Bandini's name was constantly cropping up . . .

And then, suddenly, new developments began happening like crazy . . .

Quite unexpectedly, Kim arrived in Rome. And, MODERN SCREEN found out, Mario had just gone through the red tape of getting his visa for the U.S.—including all the vaccinations!

He *was* headed toward Kim—only she made it to him first . . . The story of their love, the latest chapter of their love, started with their transatlantic phone calls, started when he heard the tiredness that crept into her voice, even when she fought to keep it out. He could read it between the lines of her letters, too. She'd been working hard—sometimes as many as eighteen hours a day. That's why they'd been waiting for her vacation, when she'd have a chance to show him her town, her country. But as the time came closer, he reasoned, *What kind of a rest will that be for Kim?*

So one night he spoke into the phone, "Kim, I've been thinking about my trip. That I shouldn't make it. Why don't you come to Rome? You're the one who should get away for a while, have a change of scenery . . ."

There was a long-distance giggle. "Mario, I've been thinking the same thing. I *am* tired. I'm just beat. I'd be a terrible guide. You wouldn't mind postponing your trip again? I'll have a month off. You're sure you wouldn't mind?"

"Mind?" he asked. "Come to Rome," he added quite firmly. She came to Rome.

They dined and danced (*Continued on page 64*)


ew stars..."

Q. Did you kiss your wife on your first date? How long did it take you to do it?

No — it took 10 months of regular dating. I realize this is a bit unusual, but I didn't want to hurt Shirley by making her think I cared more than I knew I did.

Q. What did you do on your first date?

We went sledding with a gang from school — it had snowed so hard that school was closed two days.

Q. When did you first realize you were in love with Shirley?

The night I first kissed her — 10 months after we started dating pretty steady.

Q. Who gets up first in the morning?

I do, always — either to get to work, or to study, when I'm in school.

Q. How much do you weigh?

185 lbs.

Q. Do you and your wife fight much?

No fights — disagreements occasionally, but quickly settled.

Q. Do you have any pets? What was the first pet you ever had?

No — we'd have a dog and a few cats, because Shirley and I love them, but the babies would sit on them — we'll have to wait a year or two.

Q. Who's your favorite singer?

Bing Crosby, with Frank Sinatra + Perry Como crowding him close.

Q. How tall are you?

6 feet

pat levels with us!

We gave these questions to PAT BOONE, and here are the answers he jotted down.



Q. What do you think of Elvis?

I think he's a very exciting singer — definitely the King of Rock-and-Roll. A unique personality.

More Q's and A's on page 88









On Mike's face—the doubt and the gnawing fear . . . waiting to know if the baby—and his beloved Liz would live . . . or die.

by Linda Matthews

■ "Take the baby?" Mike Todd whispered. He leapt up from his chair, his big feet clattering loudly on the floor. "You mean—perform the Caesarean operation *now?* You can't. It's—too soon."

The doctor sat motionless behind his desk, his eyes lowered. "There's no other way," he said quietly. "No other way at all."

Mike Todd stared at him. The rage drained out of his face, leaving it white and drawn. His voice was almost a whisper. "But she's only six months gone . . ." He sank back into his chair. His shoulders sagged. "Doctor . . . only six months . . ."

The doctor nodded. "I know," he said. "It's not very long, is it?" His fingers moved to a pencil, picked it up, rolled it in his palm. "But we have no choice, Mike. It's now or—" He shrugged.

"Why?" Mike Todd said. "Why now? I thought those drugs were supposed to *prevent* a premature birth, make her able to go the whole nine months. What went wrong?"

"Nothing," the doctor said. "Nothing went wrong." He pushed back his chair and stood up. He walked around to the other side of his desk and looked down at Mike. "Two weeks ago you brought Liz here for the first time. Five-and-a-half months pregnant, and already she was having premature (*Continued on page 62*)

The LORD giveth...

the detailed story of how nine doctors saved Liz Taylor's baby





For Arthur there was still the moment of telling Marilyn—that this time, there was to be no baby. . . .

by N. Polsky

■ This is the story of a beautiful girl. And of a town. And of a baby.

The girl's name is Marilyn Monroe. The town's name is Amagansett. The baby will never have a name.

But for that little while it lived, deep inside its mother, it could have truly been called Love.

The story begins on a Thursday afternoon back in mid-June, when a big white Lincoln convertible pulled into Ed Raynor's SINCLAIR gas station in Amagansett, a tiny town on Long Island's south shore—at the very tip of New York. Raynor was away for a while and Johnny Cantwell, sixteen, was taking over the chores. With Johnny were his two pals and helpers, Eddy Loper, fifteen, and little Dicky Gosman, twelve.

"Fill 'er up?" Johnny asked the tall, thin man who was driving the Lincoln.

It was while the man behind the wheel was paying them that Johnny took a good long look at the blonde lady and said to her, "Criminellys . . . you're Marilyn Monroe, aren't you?"

Marilyn nodded.

"Criminellys!" all the boys repeated now, in chorus.

"Do you fellows live here in Amagansett?" the man sitting beside Marilyn asked, after he'd introduced himself as her husband, Arthur Miller.

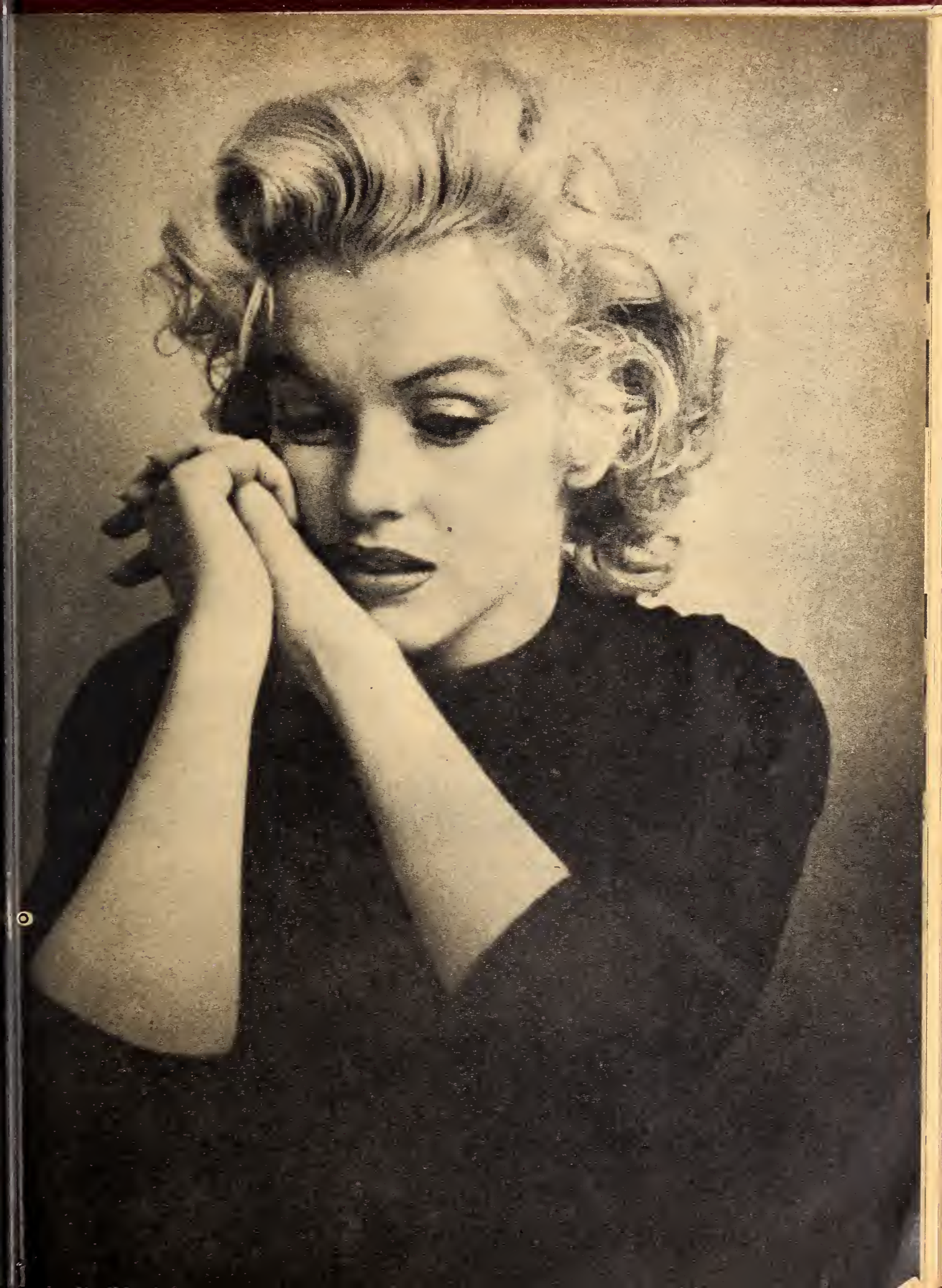
Yes, the boys said, *they did.*

"Well," said Arthur, "I guess that makes us neighbors. My wife and I are going *(Continued on page 59)*

and the

LORD taketh away

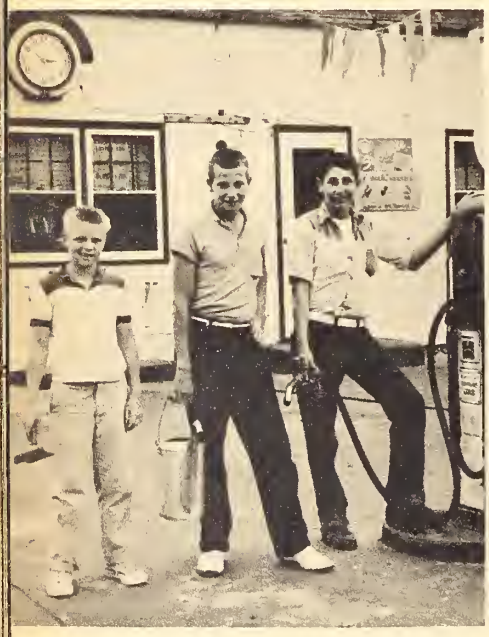
the heartbreaking story of a baby that will never smile or cry







The house that Marilyn lived in—with the man she loved . . . and where, for a little while, the Millers waited, happily, for the baby—their baby . . . their first.



Dicky Gosman, Eddy Loper and John Cantwell got Marilyn's autograph—just about as soon as Marilyn and Arthur hit town. And the boys remember how "different from a movie star" she was . . .

these are Marilyn's neighbors—the people of Amagansett—and this is how they feel about Marilyn...



Roger T. Mattei owns a restaurant—and what did he think of Marilyn and Arthur? Well, he phoned New York and spoke to a couple of people there—just to find out what Marilyn especially liked to eat.



Bob Winslow is half owner of the grocery store where Marilyn shoppe And what does he say about her? "I got such a charge watching Marilyn cover every *aisle—and did she load that shopping cart!"*





Ed Raynor, winking at his wife Stella, said, "Marilyn isn't any prettier than any other girl—but she sure is a lot nicer than most." "Just like any one of us wives," adds Stella, "who's waiting for our babies to be born . . ."



"We saw the Millers very often," said Mrs. CHEF Mattei, "—on the street, in the post office, on the beach. They always waved and said HELLO—and sometimes they'd stop and we'd talk about this or that . . ."



Fred—Frederick Moeschle—knew just the cut of meat that Arthur liked best, and just how thick Marilyn wanted the steaks. Fred, of course, was the butcher—and neighbor—of Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

to be living here in Amagansett this summer."

"Miss Monroe," Johnny asked next, "could you give us your autograph so we could show people so they'll believe us?"

"Sure," Marilyn smiled.

"You know, Miss Monroe, you're my favorite actress," Johnny said.

"Well, thank you," Marilyn said, handing him the autograph.

"Mine, too," Eddy chimed in.

"Thank you," Marilyn said, and gave him his.

"You're not *my* favorite," little Dicky piped up. "I like you, all right. But I like Jayne Mansfield better."

Marilyn and Arthur laughed so hard the three boys thought they would never stop. Then Marilyn signed Dicky's little piece of dirty cardboard—the only thing he could find—and Arthur asked them how they could get to the beach.

When Ed Raynor, the service station owner, and his wife Stella drove up a few minutes later, the boys rushed up to their car.

"We just filled Marilyn Monroe up with gas," little Dicky burst out.

"Yeah," Eddy said, (*Continued on page 84*)

Wanetta Hindreth and Lillian Erickson offered Marilyn a malted. "But," laughs Wanetta, "guess she was on the wagon, 'cause she weren't havin' none—she'd only have a glass of our lemonade. Yes, sirree—just a glass of our lemonade!"



And Marilyn? Marilyn lay in a hospital, and broke into a smile for the cameras. But just before the shutter snapped, and afterwards—when the photographer had left—then the sorrow of mourning was on her face . . . for the young Miller who wasn't lying in her arms—not now, not yet . . .

We Applaud Mrs. Robert Taylor

✓ for "roughing it" with Bob...

✓ for making his career more important than hers...

✓ for giving up "sophistication" to be housewife and mother...



Bob wanted what he thought Ursula wanted—a career for her. But his wife had a different idea on how to live.

■ "When we were first married, Bob was afraid I'd go along on his outdoor trips," laughs Ursula Thiess, whose main job in life is being Mrs. Robert Taylor. "Now he's afraid I won't."

That's why we applaud Ursula Thiess . . .

"Someone has to cook, you see," explains this lovely talented woman, with just a hint of laughter. "Besides, I carry the coffee thermos, the cigarettes and sometimes the gun." Ursula has done more than that. On her first trout fishing expedition she hooked a four-foot salmon, a bigger fish than Bob has ever snagged in his life. She's also bagged some fat ducks even though her fingers were half frozen when she yanked the trigger.

Now—and this is the point—none of this rugged stuff sends Ursula into a state of ecstasy, especially when—as happened last year—she took the kids to the cabin and a snowstorm whirled up, the water pipes froze, the power went off, and a bear snuffled around all night outside the door. But Ursula *knows* what a companion-craving guy her husband is. And so far, Ursula has been right by his side—not only on every sporting trip but on every location, too.

Actually, statuesque Ursula Thiess is every bit as much of a city girl as a girl could be. A svelt model and *(Continued on page 77)*



the Lord giveth

(*Continued from page 54*) labor contractions." He shook his head. "That's not good, Mike. So we gave her drugs. The ones you just mentioned. But we never claimed they'd take care of everything. Only that they'd relieve the contractions, stop them—for a while. And they did."

Mike nodded violently. "She was fine after that. Sure, she was."

The doctor shook his head slowly. "She was fine—for a week. Then they began again. And you brought her here again. Now you want us to give her more drugs and let you take her home. You want her to wait out the full nine months and come back here and give birth to a healthy, beautiful baby. Naturally, you do."

"All right," Mike bellowed. "All right, that's what I want." His fist shot out, pounded on the desk in front of him. *"Why can't I have it?"*

The doctor leaned down. His face was close to Mike's. "Listen, Mike. Those drugs are dangerous. *Dangerous.* Once, they're fine. Twice even—no risk. But three times, four times . . . Mike, they can harm your child. Badly. You understand that? They're only a stop-gap, to give us the extra few days that may make the difference between life and death for your baby. But we've got to stop them now. If Liz could go home now and sit out these next three months without them, we'd thank God and wait with her. But she can't. We know. She's going to go on having contractions. Over and over. And if we feed these drugs into her system time after time, your child will suffer for it. Not Liz. But your child. That's why we want to take the baby now, while we still can. Before it's too late."

"Tell them to go ahead"

Mike Todd sat with his head bent. The doctor looked at him. "Mike, we've waited as long as we can. Every day now means less chance for your child."

The silence stretched on forever.

Mike said, "And if you take the kid now—what chance will it have?"

The doctor's eyes were full of sympathy. "We don't know, Mike. It'll be pretty small. A six-month baby—it isn't ready for the world yet. But we'll do our best. And Mike, it's a better risk than waiting."

"Yeah," Mike said. "And Liz? Is it be ter for her to go through a Caesarian nov She—she's pretty tired out. She's be under a strain." His voice began to ri "Is this the best time for my wife? Wh are *her* chances, doctor? Tell me that!"

The doctor's voice was low. "We'll our best, Mike. You know that."

Mike Todd stood up. He looked t doctor full in the face. "It isn't up to m he said. "Or to you. It's up to Liz." turned away. "I'll go tell her now."

His footsteps echoed down the qu hospital corridors.

The room Elizabeth Taylor Todd lay was dim. Mike entered softly and shut t door behind him gently. For a moment stood looking down at the still figure the bed, the face turned away.

Then Liz moved her head. Her ey opened drowsily. Her lips parted in sleepy smile. "Hello, sweetheart . . ."

"Hello, Liz," Mike said. He tried a smi It died before it reached his lips. "Liz—

He sat down heavily on the chair besi the bed. He swallowed hard. But voice was steady.

"Honey, are you awake enough to talk From her pillows, Liz nodded.

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will g $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; th 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE SAL MINEO:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE HARRY BELAFONTE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE DORIS DAY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE JOHNNY SAXON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at a ☐ don't know her well enough to s
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ nor
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-co pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly we ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE PAT BOONE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at a ☐ don't know him well enough to s
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ no
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-co pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly wi ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at a ☐ don't know her well enough to s
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ no
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-co pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly wi ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at ☐ don't know her well enough to s
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ no
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-co pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly w ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE ROBERT TAYLOR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at ☐ don't know him well enough to s
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ no
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-co pletely ☐ completely ☐ fairly w ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I READ

☐ all of Louella Parsons in Hollywo ☐ part ☐ none

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE
(2)_____ MALE
(3)_____ MALE

(1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

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(*Continued from page 62*) "All right. I've got something to tell you. I just saw the doctor . . ."

Liz pulled herself up in bed. "I can go home?" she cried. Her eyes were wide.

"No," Mike Todd said. He chewed nervously at his lower lip. "No, listen, Liz. You can't go home yet, see? The doctors—they want . . ." he looked at her, looked away, sucked in his breath. "They want to take the baby now."

He heard her gasp but he didn't stop. "I can't go into it all. I don't understand it. But the baby has at least a little chance if they take it now. It—it doesn't hardly have any chance if you wait. You see? You get that? So they want you to choose."

He couldn't look at her. He knew she had dropped back against the pillows. He knew her face was ashen. He had to strain to hear her whisper, "But . . . there isn't any choice. Tell them to go ahead."

"No more fights . . . ever . . ."

And then suddenly he was bending over her, his face contorted. "No! You don't understand. You're not ready. You're so weak. I wanted you to gain more weight. I wanted you to be rested. I'm not thinking about the kid. We can have more kids. But if anything happened to you . . . Liz, if anything happened to you—"

His shoulders shook. Liz Taylor reached out a white hand and tilted up his chin. Her eyes found his, looked into them levelly. "We can't have *this* baby again, Mike. We have to have it now. And we're going to, no matter what." Her lips curved. Through bleary eyes, Mike saw that she was smiling. "Nothing'll happen to me, sweetheart. They wouldn't operate if they weren't sure I'd be fine." The smile broadened, became a grin. "I guarantee, two weeks from now I'll be in shape to fight with you again."

Mike buried his face in her hair. "Don't say that," he groaned. "Liz, baby . . . no more fights . . . ever . . ."

"Then go tell them," Liz said softly. "Tell them I'm ready any time"

It was evening when they came for her. Mike Todd walked beside Liz as they wheeled her to the elevator, rode with her on the short swift climb to the operating room. Her hand rested in his all the way. At the door to the operating room, she let go. She smiled at him as she had smiled a few hours before. When the doors swung shut in Mike's face, she was still smiling.

Alone, he turned and went into the waiting room. Alone, he sat, his hands clasped in his lap, the knuckles white—while the doors opened and closed, while uniformed nurses wheeled in trays of instruments, terrifying equipment, strange-looking bottles. And then the doors swung for the last time and were still.

He knew they had begun, knew there were nine of them in there. Nine doctors. For hours as the afternoon light faded into evening he had said *yes* and *no* and signed papers and done what was expected of him. Now he could do nothing, while the nine doctors saved or lost his baby, saved or lost his wife.

A magazine lay on the table before him. He picked it up. He opened it and stared at it for minutes before he knew it was upside down. Then he dropped it on the table again. There was a clock over the door. He watched only the clock.

At five of twelve the doors swung open. A nurse appeared. Mike bounded to his feet. "What's happening?"

"They're operating," she said. "Everything's fine. Sit down, Mr. Todd. Everything's fine."

Would the baby live?

She disappeared. He sat down. The clock ticked on.

Inside the operating room, the doctors cut, supplied clamps. The nurses extended, silently, the gleaming instruments.

At two minutes past midnight the doors opened again. The nurse came out. She started down the hall. Mike ran. He caught up with her and blocked her way. "Well? Well? What's going on?"

The nurse hesitated. She licked her lips. "Your baby was just born. A girl."

Mike felt his knees turn to jelly. "My wife—?"

"She seems fine."

His hands loosened. "And the baby?"

The nurse bit her lips. She wouldn't look at him. "I—don't know. . . ." Then she was running down the corridor.

Three minutes past midnight. Inside the operating room, the baby was stretched out on a table. Her skin was blue. Her little chest didn't move. A doctor wiped her swiftly. Then a woman in mask and gown stepped forward. She took a tiny rubber tube from a nurse. With incredible delicacy she held open the baby's mouth, slid the tube down its throat. Then she bent down and placed her own mouth at the other end of the tube. She began to suck.

A big man, crying

Four past midnight. Mike Todd stood still with his arms hanging at his sides. His eyes were fixed on nothing.

Inside the room, the doctor sucked mucus up into the tube out of the baby's lungs. She cleared the tube, inserted it again. She sucked.

Liz Taylor lay motionless, unconscious on the table. Behind her the anaesthetist checked his graphs, made a correction, pushed a lever. Liz's breathing was slow. He made another correction. He nodded to the doctors who bent over Liz, taking swift, careful stitches in her skin.

Five past midnight. Mike Todd turned and walked back into the waiting room. He sat down. His eyes were on the doors.

The doctor bending over the baby knew that her little lungs were finally clear. She did not know if they would ever fill with air, expand, became alive. She heard nothing of the murmurings around her, the soft commands and movements. Oblivious to all else, she breathed into the child's mouth, sending it air, praying for life.

The doctors around Liz stood up. Their work was done.

Six past midnight. The doors opened again. A white-uniformed figure stood outlined in the light. Mike Todd raised his head. In his eyes were all the hope and fear he had known in his life, all the prayers he had ever felt—and left unsaid.

"They're all right," the doctor said. "Both of them. Liz is fine. Your baby just took her first breath. We'll have to put her in an incubator for a while—but she'll be all right. Listen, Mike!" He threw open the doors. "That's your daughter crying."

Mike Todd dropped his head into his hands. "Oh, God," he said. "Oh, God. Oh God . . ." The tears streamed down through his fingers. He sat heavily in his chair, a big man, crying and unashamed.

EN

Liz is in MGM's RAINTREE COUNTY.

we touched a few stars

(*Continued from page 50*) in some popular and pretty crowded places, but according to folks who saw them, you'd have thought they were alone. It had something to do with the way they were looking at each other. And the way they were always holding hands. . . .

He was building a new home. For her? "Of course," everyone in Rome is saying. "He asked her to come over and see if she'd like living in Italy. They're going to be married, you know. The only question is when and where."

Kim was quizzed, "Is Mario Bandini a very good friend, or a *very,* very good friend?"

She smiled. "Mario is a very, very, very, VERY good friend."

These were the stories. But here's the story *behind* the stories, and the answers to the questions everyone is asking—now that Kim is home again—

Where does Mario Bandini actually stand in Kim's life?

Where does she stand in his life?

What part will he play in her future?

Is he the kind of man who *should* play a part in her future . . . ?

While Kim was in Rome, they'd see each other evenings. And Roman evenings are tricky. They have a way of ending at dawn, because it's hard to break away from the good company and romantic settings and go home. But Kim was in Rome for a rest and Mario was determined to see that she got it. Mario was keeping office hours and Kim wasn't going to let her visit interfere. They wouldn't have been human if they hadn't let the time slip away from them now and then. But Kim would suddenly see her watch, and whisper, "Mario . . . we'd better leave. . . ."

"Yes, Kim. . . ."

Then the orchestra played one of those dreamy Italian love songs, and it took a while for Kim to come back down to earth. "Mario . . . it's getting late. . . ."

"Is it?"

Tall, dark, and handsome

They were together during the day, too, thanks to those long Italian lunch hours they call siestas. Offices close at one in the afternoon, reopen at 4 or 5 p.m., then stay open until after seven. This gave Kim and Mario time to roam Rome. But one day when someone ran into Kim alone and kidded, "Where's Mario? You know he's supposed to be with you every minute." Kim looked surprised.

"He's at the office. It's after 4,"

She wouldn't have wanted it any other way. Mario is heir to one of Italy's largest fortunes—but he works! He opened his own construction company—and Kim expects a man she dates to respect the demands of his career, as well as her.

Exactly what kind of a man is Mario and what are the qualities that attract her?

For one thing, this tall, dark, and interestingly handsome man with the air or polish and sophistication about him is amazingly kind. Cornered at a party one evening by a reporter, Bandini's first statement was, "I'm sorry, but I don't give interviews. I'm afraid I . . ."

Until the reporter started playing on his sympathy with yarns about what editors do to writers who don't bring back assignments. So Mario found a couple of chairs and sat down and began to talk to this guy with kindness, with heart.

For another, he's a modest man—and an honest one. "Please," he begs, "please let's get something straight. I am not a Count. I will never be a Count. I don't know how this started, who started the story. Perhaps I may have been greeted in a restaurant by the title. But in Italy you know, waiters call everyone *Count* or *Prince,* so maybe someone heard that and misunderstood. But I am *not* a Count.

is it true

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"The newspapers also came out with the fact that I have a yacht. I don't own one. They said I was an expert horseback rider. I've never been on a horse. I'm just a plain, ordinary man, working as an engineer."

He's wrong there, because there's nothing plain or ordinary about this guy!

Depth to her beauty

He may not be a Count, true; but right away you know that he could never be Mr. Novak either. Knowing Kim, you also know that's one reason she was attracted to him. He's a solid, successful businessman—very important in his own field, and he'd never be impressed with the frills and trappings that go along with her movie stardom. What he likes is Kim herself. "I never think of Kim as a movie star," he said once. "I think of her as a girl I like.

"Kim never tries to make you think of her as a movie star," he continued. "It's very difficult for someone to become suddenly famous and still remain natural, but she has done it. There is nothing pretentious about her. There's something almost little girlish about her. She . . ." He stopped for a moment. "Kim will kill me if I tell you this." He laughed, then he sobered. "No, perhaps not. Well, it was the night we were listening to a song about an emigrant . . . a very sad Neapolitan who was away from his country. Kim smiled at me. 'You see, Mario,' she said. 'Now if sometimes I might seem sad, you can understand me.'

"I didn't understand at all, until she explained, 'In some ways *I'm* an emigrant. . . .'"

Bandini laughed again. "Emigrant! The whole of Rome is at your feet!"

How did they meet? When did he learn to *know* her?

"We were seated at the same table at a luncheon. I was late in arriving and everyone was in the midst of conversation. You know how that is. I had heard of Kim, but I'd never seen any of her pictures. Not then. And we didn't have a chance to talk until later. At first, I simply thought that she was a beautiful girl. It was when I got to know her that I discovered that her beauty is . . . well, there's depth to it. She . . ." He stopped before he would start committing himself.

"I promised I wouldn't tell . . ."

Then, like a man wishing it *were* true—or knowing it *is* true, Bandini reminisces, "There was a story that we were engaged, wasn't there? It started in London. It was very gloomy and rainy in London when Kim got there. I suppose they had to say something to liven things up."

And then, as if he's afraid he's said too much already—and Kim might not like the world sharing his dreams of her, Bandini will add, "I write her; of course I write. I send wishes at Easter and Christmas. Doesn't everyone?

"And about those gifts the stories say I've sent, the ones she is supposed to have said make her eyes change color—I haven't been there to see her eyes."

Then, with the look of a man remembering the things he's done to make a girl know he loves her, "I sent Kim some records. Sophia Loren took them with her when she went to Hollywood.

"Neapolitan love songs," he adds—recklessly! A man in love—trying to hide it so that only his love and he will share the glory of it all. . . .

For an engineer, he's an excellent actor!

"I wanted to tell all of Rome that Kim was coming," Mario said later. "I was so happy, I was tempted. But I'd promised her that I wouldn't tell *anyone*.

"She wanted secrecy because she was coming for a rest. Perhaps it was hopeless to think she could slip into town unnoticed. But she wanted to try. When she got off the plane, crowds were there anyway."

What does Mario feel about Kim?

"I think she is far more beautiful naturally than artificially. One evening, I told her, 'You look so much better without makeup, Kim.'

"She did what I think you call a double take. 'I what????' she exclaimed to me. Then a little girl look of concern came over her face. 'Mario, in public I'm supposed to look like a movie star. That's what people keep telling me. Otherwise I'd go wash my face right this minute. Do you really think . . . ?'"

Mario smiled, as he talked. But if Kim has any real doubts about what he thinks— "She is even more beautiful every time I see her." That's what he thinks.

Remember how, before she left the States this last time, Kim described all of the qualities that she was looking for in one man? "*. . . Someone who likes me, not just because of how I look, or because I'm a star . . . but because it's* ME."

And then "*Someone I can laugh with, about little things.*" In Rome, even the subject of 'Aqua Minerale' would break up Kim and Mario. Kim, having read a travel book advising travelers to drink mineral water rather than the tap water in Europe, was determined to do it. Mario kept trying to tell her that some two million people in Rome were living on the tap water and none of them were getting sick. "After all, you don't brush your teeth with 'Aqua Minerale,' do you?" he smiled.

Her answer came in a small voice. "But I do."

"*. . . Someone who can be as casual and informal as I like to be—do things on impulse.*"

In Rome, while she was there, Mario said, "We make no plans. There's no budgeting of time, no schedule. Kim can do what she wants to do when she feels like doing it. The last time she came abroad she traveled a great deal, and her life was pretty much of a time-table. That's why I wanted her to come to Rome this time. So there wouldn't have to be the organization that traveling requires."

"*. . . Someone who understands my career. . . .*"

Together they discovered . . .

Mario is primarily in the construction business. He does have an interest in a short-subject film business, which brings him into contact with movie people. He knows them all, how hard they work—that even their time off isn't really always freedom. When asked about the reports that he and Kim were holding hands at VILLA D'ESTE one evening, he laughed. "There were dozens of people with us. Now how can that be romantic?

"And as for the setting, with those fountains, we couldn't see the fountains," he said with a mock sadness. "They were flashing flashbulbs in our faces.

"But . . ." and his face softens—with the look a man always has when he remembers the girl he loves—". . . but we've touched a few stars—"

What about meeting Mario's friends? Was Kim's shyness a barrier? "Kim, shy?" asks Bandini. "No no. Kim is much too natural to be shy."

Kim became a familiar figure around Rome, winning new friends every day. The city all but adopted her. The first evening she and Bandini dined in one of the clubs, she asked the orchestra to play *Carrezzimo*, the song they discovered together last year. After that, whenever they would appear, the band would break into *Carrezzimo*.

And what about things Italian? Did Kim take to them? "And how!" says Mario. "Kim became interested in Italian cooking. For a girl who's never had a chance to try her hand at things in the kitchen, she collected a great many recipes. She made friends with Grachini, the chef at the GRAND HOTEL and Grachini doesn't give away the secrets of his masterpieces every day in the week. But Kim gave him that earnest look of hers and sighed, 'The greatest secrets of love are enclosed in a woman's heart and in the recipes in the kitchen.'"

Career . . . or marriage?

What happens next? Well, at ALFREDO'S one evening, where he and Kim often had dinner together, Bandini was dining alone. He had just seen Kim off on the plane that was carrying her back to Hollywood, taking her from him, and a little wistfully he spoke of the future.

"I would like to go to Hollywood soon—but that doesn't mean that I will. Kim is starting another picture soon and it isn't good for me to go while she is working. If she has the time, I may go around Christmas."

Then, as if remembering that he must keep their lives only for themselves, he added, "On the other hand, I may *not* go around Christmas."

And on that trip he may not take, will it include a visit to Chicago to meet Kim's parents?

"I'd like to meet them. I understand they're very wonderful people."

Is he going to marry their daughter?

It was then that Mario, the so-called romanticist, remembered Kim's career. "It comes first just now. It should come first, at the moment. A career needs an actress' full attention for a time, just as marriage needs a woman's attention."

And he doesn't feel that Kim could do justice to either her career—or her marriage—if she tried to concentrate on both? At the moment?

But at that particular moment, Mario Bandini went a million miles away, as he heard the musicians begin playing *Carrezzimo*.

Well, perhaps not a million. Just the 6,326 miles that separate Rome from Hollywood. . . . **END**

Kim will soon be in Alfred Hitchcock's FROM AMONGST THE DEAD *to be released by Paramount, and in Columbia's* PAL JOEY.

TONY LEARNS TO SHOOT—TO MUSIC!

Tony Perkins was having trouble. He had to perfect a fast draw for *The Tin Star*, faster than veteran six-shooter Neville Brand's draw—and make it look good. So Paramount hired a gun coach to help him. The first few lessons were getting Tony nowhere. He was having trouble with the rhythm. Then he got an idea . . . so on his fourth session, Tony lugged a portable phonograph into his dressing room and flipped on a jazz record. It worked! The fast beat helped Tony speed up his gun-draw—to the point where he not only was able to out-draw Brand, but finally surpassed the coach too.



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I trailed doris day

(*Continued from page 46*) the fact that I thought this was funny and laughed. And I guess he felt a little sorry for me when I told him about my birthday present because before I knew it he wasn't looking at me as if I was so crazy anymore. "I can't tell you where she lives," he said, "but try PARAMOUNT STUDIOS."

I was at the big front gate of PARAMOUNT thirty minutes and two bus rides later. The gateman smiled when I told him who I wanted to see. "Everybody wants to see Miss Day," he said. And then he told me about the day they had a party in honor of the baseball player Jimmy Piersall and when Mr. Piersall arrived for the party he asked the gateman if he knew whether Doris Day was going to be there that day and said that she was the only person in Hollywood he really wanted to see. "Isn't that a nice story?" the gateman asked me.

I told him I thought it was very nice, and that I would like very much to see Doris Day more than anybody else in Hollywood, too.

A few minutes later I was talking to a publicity man for PARAMOUNT.

A big surprise for Dodo

"I had lunch with Dodo just yesterday," he said, "and I thought I'd give her a surprise. For the past two weeks she's been on a Tootsie-Roll kick. So I arranged with the waitress to give her a dessert which I invented and which was nothing more than a big plate of ice cream with a dozen Tootsie-Rolls sticking out all over the place. I thought she'd break up when she saw it. And you know what she did? She ate three of the Tootsie-Rolls right then and there and wrapped the others in a napkin and brought them back to the set." He told me how she wasn't the least bit stuckup or selfish. "I remember once," he said, "she wanted a glass of water. Instead of asking me or one of my assistants for one, she just said, 'Excuse me for a minute,' and got it herself. And," he said, "the nicest thing about her is that I've never seen her mad. No matter what time we have to start working in the morning, and it's usually pretty early, she bounces in here like gangbusters and says, 'Well . . . here we go again!' "

It was nearly 12 o'clock when we got to the publicity man's office and he called Miss Day's home to find out where she was. A maid there told him she thought she was probably out shopping with Miss Edith Head, the famous fashion designer.

We both raced down the hall together to Miss Head's office. I was very disappointed to see that she was there—and without Doris Day. "No," she said, "Dodo and I went shopping for accessories *yesterday*. And what a day!" She explained to me that most of the stars have the big stores deliver things to the studio where they look them over and pick the one they like best. "But Dodo," she said, "likes to get out with people and go to the stores herself. And I never knew anyone could be so popular. At least twenty people came up to her to say hello while she was buying shoes, at least thirty while she was deciding on a purse and at least *fifty* while she was picking out a belt! Even the elevator boy at BULLOCKS-WILSHIRE, a nice looking Mexican boy, stopped his elevator mid-way to tell her, 'Miss Day, I like you all my life. Even in Mexico I buy your record when I do not even know English and know what you sing about!' "

"Edith," the publicity man asked, "you have no idea where she is today?"

Miss Head said *no*. Then she clicked her fingers and looked at me and said, "Except I know she was going to go back to BULLOCKS sometime today to pick up a belt she'd decided on. Why don't you take a run over to the store? She may be there."

It must have taken me an hour to get to the BULLOCKS department store. When I got there I rushed right up to the belt counter and asked a pretty blonde salesgirl if Doris Day had been there yet.

"Gee, you missed her by about half an hour," the salesgirl told me. When she saw how sad I looked, she said, "But maybe you can catch her at BIFF'S."

"At BIFF'S?" I asked. I thought it was another department store.

"It's where she likes to eat when she goes shopping," the salesgirl said. She told me how to get there. "And if you haven't had your lunch yet," she said, "grab a bite there. You'll like it."

Where the stars eat

That was the first time that day I realized I hadn't had lunch yet, even though it was way after 1 o'clock already. I headed for the restaurant.

You can't imagine how surprised I was when I got to BIFF'S. It's a very lovely place, don't get me wrong. But it's not fancy like I imagined it would be. I felt very comfortable walking in.

"Can I help you?" the man at the counter asked me.

I told him I was looking for Doris Day.

"She was here just a little while ago."

"Oh, no," I groaned, and then I told him my story about trying to find her.

He was so nice, just like everyone else had been that day. He asked me if I'd had any lunch yet. When I said *no*, he pointed out a stool right at the counter and told me that was where Doris Day had had her lunch that afternoon and why didn't I sit there.

"Can I have the same thing for lunch that she had?" I asked him.

He smiled at me. First, he gave me a cold glass of tomato juice with a little lemon on the side. Then he gave me a very thick cheeseburger and a chocolate malted. I was about to start eating the cheeseburger when the counterman stopped me.

"If you want to eat it like Doris Day," he said, "you put a little mayonnaise on one side . . . like this, a little mustard on the other . . . like this, and here on top some onion . . . like this." He put on an awful lot of onion, I must admit. "And don't go cutting it in half," he said, "like some women do. Pick it up whole the way Miss Day does and really dig in and enjoy it."

And *did* I enjoy it. In fact, I was almost ready to ask for another one when I suddenly realized that it was 3 o'clock and that I'd better call back the publicity man at PARAMOUNT STUDIOS to find out whether he had heard from Miss Day yet.

He said he hadn't. But he said, too, that he wanted me to call him back every half hour until it was time for me to leave, just in case.

At 3:30 on the dot, I called back.

Then at 4 o'clock.

Then at 4:30.

All those times it was the same thing: *"I'm sorry, Sally, but nobody can seem to locate her."*

By the time 5 o'clock came around, and I spoke to the publicity man on the fourth call I expected him to say the same thing he'd said before. But instead this time his voice was real excited.

"Where are you now?" he asked me.

I told him.

"And you say you have to catch that bus at 5:30?" he asked.

I said *yes*.

Don't make a move . . .

"Well," he said, "get to the bus station as quick as you can and stand at the entrance. And Sally," he said, "what's the color of the dress you're wearing again?"

At the bus terminal, I could hear a man calling out buses over the microphone.

I was all right up until about 5:20. But then I began to get very nervous. At 5:25, the man with the microphone made the announcement I'd been knowing would come: *"San Diego bus—boarding now—all aboard!"*

I decided I'd wait just one more minute.

And that's when it all happened—exactly a minute later.

"Sally Mazzella?" I heard a woman's voice call out.

I looked into a big car which had just pulled up in front of me. A woman was poking her head out, smiling at me.

"Hello, Miss Day," I said, smiling back.

And then I realized who it was. *"Doris Day!!"* I screamed.

"I heard from the studio that you've spent all your birthday money to see me," Miss Day said. "I'm very flattered." Then she told me how she'd been shopping all day, how she'd phoned home just a little while earlier and how they'd told her to call the studio so the publicity man could tell her about me. She said, too, how glad she was that she was able to catch me in time.

I was too caught up in the throat to be able to say anything back. But finally I managed to say, "Miss Day, you look so pretty."

"Thank you, Sally," she said to me.

Then I said, "Miss Day, could you please wait here for just a minute?"

She said of course she could. And then I turned and scooted into the bus station. A minute later I was back.

Just for being so nice

"Miss Day," I said, "I know how much you like these and I just wanted to give you something for being so nice and coming to see me." And I handed her the two Tootsie-Rolls I'd just bought.

As she took them from me she laughed and winked and said, "How did you know about these, Sally?"

But before I could answer the man on the microphone said: *"San Diego—last call!"*

I had to go now.

"I'm sorry we haven't got a little more time," Miss Day said.

"I am, too," I said and stared at her wonderful face for a moment and then took her hand and shook it. Then I turned around and ran through the bus terminal and to the bus. I caught it just in time.

When I got back to San Diego that night, my folks knew right away that I'd gotten to see Doris Day.

When I asked my Mother how she knew she said, "Because your eyes are all red and you're smiling."

Wasn't that a wonderful birthday present, Mr. Myers?

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Sally Mazzella

Doris can now be seen in Warner Bros.' PAJAMA GAME. Watch for her in Paramount's TEACHER'S PET.

Lowell Thomas was at a Hollywood premiere. In the blinding lights, he couldn't see the girl whose arm was around him as they posed for photographers. Being a bashful country boy, he tried to keep his hand off her bare skin. But there seemed to be a lot of it. He kept groping and finally found some dress material. "And what's your name, little girl?" he asked. She answered: "Jayne Mansfield."

Earl Wilson in the N.Y. Post



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on't let your tape measure talk you out of a dream dress...slip on a Waist-In *efore* you try it on! Its oh-so-strategic boning belittles you, but lets ou keep on breathing, too. And Waist-In is made of Feathernap, the xtured pure rubber that's feather-soft outside *and* skin-side. It ooks in front, has adjustable garters; Waterlily White, in even aist sizes 22 to 36. Without garters, White or Pink, $1.98.

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Perfect union—Hollywood V-ette floating pad push-up bra. $5.95. And Vassarette, all-way-stretch pantie girdle for every figure and fashion. $8.95. Mules—maribou trimmed—by Nite-Aires. The charming petticoat by Laros.

to make your figure and you whistle bait, clothe in.

Formfit's all-in-one Skippies foundation garment. Will give your sheaths a new look—your figure new wonder. $10.95. Lush nylon petticoat with pleated trim. By Stardust. $2.98.

Photos by Roger Prigent
Golden Decor by Austen Display, N.Y.
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ew zippered Mold 'n Hold Playtex panty girdle of Fabri-n. Easy on and off and very slimming. $10.95. The lovely rchment taffeta bouffant petticoat is by Movie Star. $5.98.



Bra for a sophisticated feeling, the front-zip bandeau—sheer lace top, cotton stitched undercup for wide separation. $2.00. By Lovable. Jewelry by Capri. Peignoir by Laros.

Undercover Pretties

agic Oval Pantie of Power Lace Lastex. $8.95. Front hook lon lace bra with Magic Inserts. $6.50. By Perma•lift. lypso be-ribboned nylon bouffant. Movie Star. $3.98.



Movie Star's Calypso petticoat-brief set. Nylon tricot—the essence of femininity. Flare hemline, pastel colored ruffles. $3.98. "She-Shell" contour bra. $3.00. By Perma•lift.





See sensational Suzy Parker in 20th's KISS THEM FOR ME *with Cary Grant and Jayne Mansfie*

Movie stars are famous for GLAMOROUS HAIR— Here is their...

top secret



Keep up your easy retouch job to keep your new hair shade perfect



You should always make a test before you give yourself a new hair shade

■ Fall fashion and beauty forecasts from Hollywood carry two major news items—individuality and color. To achieve both in clothes and accessories is no trick with such novelties as gingham shoes, carpet handbags, printed jerseys, chic sweater knit dresses and gay-wonder colors. Individuality in hair styling is not too difficult But color in hair is news—for every girl dreams of radiant hair. If it has not been her fortune—or, even if she has beautiful hair and wishes to change it to a new color—she can! The Hollywood stars do—to play particular roles in color movies or to just look exciting. (*Continued on page 74*)

Photos by Roger Prigent

"I'm now johnny saxon . . ."

(*Continued from page 49*) She slipped her small, thin arm around his waist, almost protectively, and looked up at her father.

"He's going to be a famous actor," she said in an excited voice, "and he's gotta go to his class."

Mr. Orrico looked tenderly at his youngest daughter as she stood before him defiantly. Slowly he turned and walked back to his chair.

Ann Orrico was a good wife. She was also a good mother. She tried to understand her son's strange desire to become an actor. It would pass, she was sure, like all of his other ideas—like wanting to be a policeman or an explorer.

She was also sure that this funny name he had chosen for himself, Johnny Saxon, was just a passing fancy. Why should her son, Carmen Orrico, with such a beautiful name, want to drop it for one not so pretty? Acting . . . success . . . Hollywood. . . . This happened to other people—far away.

A start for Johnny

And then there were Delores and Julie, twelve and ten, still young enough to believe that fairy tales could start at home. Why shouldn't their big brother change his name to Johnny Saxon and go to Hollywood and become a movie star and make a million dollars? Why should he paint houses or be a chiropractor if he wanted to be an actor?

That was how it was in the Orrico family. The love and the warmth were always there—but also the sharp conflict between hard reason which fed mouths, and softly glowing dreams which fed the soul.

Suddenly a big break came for Johnny. A part on a TV show, his first *real* chance to act. Delores and Julie joined hands and danced gleefully around their brother. "Johnny's an actor, Johnny's an actor"—that's what they sang. This fairy tale was starting at home, in a gray stone house in Borough Park, Brooklyn—just like the girls had known it would.

Anthony Orrico merely raised one eyebrow.

Ann Orrico patted her son on the arm—but the worried look on her face was asking him *aren't you going to enroll in that chiropractor's school?*

Johnny walked slowly to his bedroom and closed the door behind him. He took out the TV script to study his part.

YOUNG MAN SHUFFLES OUT OF DINER, STOPS MOMENTARILY TO LOOK AT HEADLINES OF MORNING PAPER. CLOSE-UP OF MORNING PAPER. MAN DISAPPEARS OUT DOOR.

That was his part. He was the young man shuffling out of the diner. It was a beginning, anyway. Maybe now his father would leave him alone about acting.

The night after his first acting appearance, he couldn't wait to get home. He knew that the family and some neighbors had gathered in their living room to watch the program. Rushing up the subway steps three at a time, he knew more than anything else he wanted to make his family, especially his father, proud of him.

"Well," he said breathlessly as he stood framed in the doorway, "how was I?" He looked directly, appealingly at his father.

"It just so happens," Mr. Orrico said, stretching back in his chair, a flicker of a smile playing on his face, "that I bent over to light a cigarette and I missed you entirely." He burst out laughing.

Johnny just stood there, stunned and hurt. He didn't understand. His father must know how much it meant to him.

Delores rushed over to him and embraced him. "I don't care what he says. You were wonderful." Johnny bent over and kissed the top of her head, then hurried out of the room.

"Carmen," his father called out, a little guiltily. He hadn't really meant to hurt the boy, but he was getting so touchy. He seemed to have lost his sense of humor.

Johnny stopped and turned around. "My name is Johnny," he said defiantly. "Johnny Saxon. I'm going to be an actor and that's all there is to it." He ran to his room and slammed the door.

"Now you've hurt his feelings," Julie reproached her father.

"I was only kidding him," Mr. Orrico said uneasily. "He just isn't himself anymore. It's like having a stranger living in the house. A stranger named Johnny Saxon."

"He'll always be Carmen to me," Mrs. Orrico said firmly.

Off to Hollywood

It went on like that for many months. Johnny would leave the house in the early morning and study dramatics or try out for acting roles all day. He wouldn't return home until he was sure that his parents would be asleep. It was much easier that way. He loved them very much, and he knew they loved him, but they didn't understand him any more. It was easier to avoid them.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrico did not approve of Johnny's coming home late. Each night they decided to have it out with him—so they would bolt the front door so he could not sneak past them.

Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin told me a very funny story about Tony Jr., their 9-year-old. Young Tony and his brother Nicky were both on Tony's TV show. Nicky was fine and did his part, but Tony Jr. wouldn't open his mouth—he just stood there. When his father asked him questions, he refused to answer.

After the show was over, Tony Sr. said: "Why didn't you answer Daddy's questions? Why did you just stand there? You talked enough at other times!"

"I wasn't going to have all those people laughing at me," said young Tony.

Louella Parsons
in The N. Y. Journal-American

But somehow, they never had it out. The Orricos would sleep the night through without hearing any knocking on the front door.

Slowly, painfully, it seemed that their resistance was being worn down. Johnny began bringing home money, money he was making as a model. It wasn't acting, but it was show business to his skeptical parents. And it was paying off. It was Delores and Julie who were helping Johnny. Each night as they tip-toed past their parents' bedroom, they would quietly slide open the bolt.

For many months, Johnny's dark, handsome face could be seen on the covers of detective magazines and in confession stories—pouting from behind a sawed-off shot gun or poised to backhand a terrified, half-clad blonde.

And then Johnny was off to Hollywood. His agent had told him there was a chance for a motion picture contract. A talent scout had spotted his pictures in some magazines and told him to come out to California—and maybe, just maybe, he had a chance.

Everyone was seated around the dinner table eating chicken cacciatore—everyone but Johnny Saxon who had suddenly no appetite at all.

"Dad," he started nervously. "Mom . . . it looks kind of like I'm going out to Hollywood."

Mr. Orrico put down his fork and stared at his son. Mrs. Orrico let out a loud gasp. Julie looked steadily at her big brother and winked. He felt Delores' foot press his ankle under the table.

"So you can starve just as well there as you can here," his father said finally, but the old bitterness was missing.

"I'll only be gone three weeks," Johnny said eagerly. "If nothing happens inside of three weeks, I'll be back here. You won't even know I was gone, it'll happen so quickly."

"Carmen, Dear," Mrs. Orrico said, patting his hand wistfully, "when you come back, maybe you'll start looking into that chiropractor's school. You always wanted to be a chiropractor. Remember?"

"I always wanted to be an actor, Mom," Johnny said gently. "That's all I want to do. Maybe that's all I know how to do."

Mrs. Orrico looked at her little boy, her little Carmen. How she hated to think of him hurt and disappointed—far away from her in Hollywood. They were just the Antony Orricos from Borough Park, Brooklyn. Fame and fortune didn't come to people like them. Just hard work and a simple, honest life. She didn't want to see her boy hurt, but maybe it would be best for him to go and get the acting idea out of his system. Then he'd come back and settle down to being Carmen Orrico again.

Johnny left New York several weeks later with just enough cash in his pocket to support himself for twenty-one days, and a round trip airline ticket to Hollywood. Delores and Julie dug deep into their piggy banks and gave him all their savings. He refused but they insisted. They wanted him to have more than he would need for three weeks, just in case the breaks didn't come so quickly. "We want an actor in the family," they told him. "*Anybody's* big brother can be a chiropractor."

Tears in Johnny's eyes

On Johnny's twenty-first day in Hollywood, he was flat broke—but sitting in an office at Universal-International signing a long-term contract, hardly daring to believe his dream was coming true.

The first thing he did, after signing that contract, was cash in his return ticket and wire Delores and Julie the money they had given him—plus interest.

He called his family right away and told them the news. They congratulated him, but asked him anxiously, "When are you coming back to New York, Carmen?" They couldn't quite accept it. Their son—under contract to a big Hollywood studio!

Every Sunday afternoon, Johnny would place a phone call to his family in New York. They would sit anxiously all day, waiting.

At first there was always the same question—"When are you coming home, Carmen?" Then, as the months went by, they just waited for the phone calls—and finally they didn't ask him to come home anymore.

One day, just before Johnny's first Christmas in Hollywood, he was awakened by the sound of his doorbell. He stumbled sleepily to the front door and was handed a small, neatly wrapped package.

Curiosity got the best of him and, even though it wasn't Christmas yet, he opened it quickly. The card read—*With love, from mother and dad.* In his hand he held up a handsome silver identification bracelet with the name JOHNNY SAXON engraved on it.

There it was. The final recognition. The final acceptance and tribute—but Johnny could hardly see it for the tears in his eyes.

END

Watch for Johnny in U-I's SUMMER LOVE.

there's a
bit of
Satan in...



SATIN FINISH
the new Evening in Paris lipstick

It's absolutely wicked of Evening in Paris to make a lipstick so alluring! Satin Finish *clings* as scandalously as satin... *smooths* your lips to satiny softness... makes them *tempting* as the devil. In a bewitching spectrum of pinks, corals, reds... each sheathed in a tall golden swivel case. **Now only 49c**



INFERNO RED, ONE OF THE NEW SATIN FINISH SHADES

top secret

(*Continued from page 72*) Most important, many stars change the color of their hair as challenged to a new mood or determination. New star, Suzy Parker, was born with hair aglow with gleaming highlights. The model shown with Suzy Parker (page 72) has changed the color of her tresses to match those of Suzy's. Occasionally she touches up the roots. Here is the secret of how to do this easy change of hair color job.

When you have decided to change the color of your hair the first question to determine is—do you want to lighten or darken your hair (perhaps just make it have golden or bronze highlights). When you have chosen the color you must then decide whether you want a red tone in the new color—gold or an ash tone (such as ash blonde). A shade selector chart that will give you all the permanent colors (and bleaches) as well as indicate their respective ash tones, is available at your favorite cosmetic counter. Ask to look at this chart and you will see how easy it is to select the color you want. If you are going to darken your hair be sure and choose a color that is only one or two shades darker than your hair is now so that the new selected color will blend with your eyes and skin coloring. If you are going to lighten your hair, select a color that is one or two shades lighter than the present color.

Now, for the hair color bath! First, study the booklet that is in the package. It will advise you to make what is called a "patch test." This takes but a moment and is really a must.

Before you start your hair color bath—some twenty-four hours after your "patch test"—be sure you first gather together all the preparations and essentials as outlined in the booklet (you should purchase all of these essentials at the time you do your tint and activator). The whole job should take you about twenty minutes. Remember these points. Don't let the preparation get near your eyes. Don't use it on your lashes or brows. Don't repeat the use of the preparation on your hair unless you wait for a twenty-four hour interval. Don't prebleach your hair unless you wish a very drastic change of color or a very light shade. And, remember to work quickly when applying.

After the hair color bath (or bleach) shampoo and rinse. Before setting, rub in a cream hair dress and conditioner.

Hair coloring is no longer a fad—it is as important a cosmetic as any today. And the time—there's nothing to it! A temporary hair coloring can be accomplished in less than five minutes or a natural-looking permanent tint about twenty. Bleaching, of course, takes longer (depending on the blonde shade you select and depending on the color of your hair at the beginning).

Why not give these big top secrets of hair coloring to Mom, too? Convince her to cover up those first grey strands—her hair will still be as natural-looking as ever. Maybe you can even convince her to change the color of her hair. The mothers (and grandmothers) of Hollywood stars do! It is important for every girl, and woman, to be glamorous!

Suggested preparations:

BLONDEX
MISS CLAIROL
DUBARRY (Color-Glo, Tru-Tint)
RICHARD HUDNUT (Light and Bright)
NESTLE
NOREEN
MARCHAND'S
TINT 'n SET, INC.

open letter to frank's kids

(*Continued from page 33*) candy, your Dad's hand got in and out of his pocket in record time, tossing him the quarter. And our friend heard him say anxiously, "You girls want some, too? No? You sure? Well, maybe something else—?" And that slightly nervous air never left him all afternoon.

That's pretty funny, isn't it? Because if there's one thing your Pop is known for, it's hangin' easy. No matter where or when or with whom, he just isn't the anxious type. He's relaxed as—as Perry Como. He's famous for it.

But not with you. Oh, don't get us wrong. He knows you love him: he knows you're good kids. And that's exactly why he looks so tense. *He's afraid to hurt you.* Afraid that one day you won't have a good time with him. Afraid that no matter how good a father he is—he won't be *the best.* It puts those lines in his forehead. It's the one thing on this mortal earth that scares rich, charming, talented, top-of-the-world Frank Sinatra to death.

He might hurt you. And it's true, he's got reason to worry sometimes. You know he's got a suit on against a national magazine that ran a three-article series about him. He claims that he found twenty-three factual errors in the first article alone. Mind you, those errors couldn't have hurt his career or his social life in any way. He could have ignored them and saved himself the dough and the publicity and the bother of suing. But when he read that article for the first time he threw down the magazine and turned a white face to the other guys in the room. "Don't those jokers know I've got kids?" he bellowed. "Big kids. They can read. What am I gonna tell them when they read these lies about me? What are they gonna think?" He ran his hands through his hair. "I'm suing them," he said. "I can't just sit back and let the kids get this stuff thrown in their faces in school."

So he's got a suit on. And now he's got even more to worry about. His name has been dragged into one of the messiest scandal suits that ever made front-page news. You know what trial we're talking about. You must know—because you can read it in all the papers, and not even your worried father can do a thing about it.

As low as you can get

That's why we wanted to tell you kids some other things we know about your Pop. Things we've heard about here and there, in bits and snatches, little stories about him sent to us and told to us by a lot of people—some famous movie stars, some newspaper reporters, some nobodies. It's about the side of your father that doesn't make headlines. . . .

Like that story we heard from a friend of Lee J. Cobb's. Maybe your Pop wouldn't like it to get around, but it's a cinch if Lee or one of his pals hadn't told it, no one would ever know about it—because your Pop would never open his mouth!

Lee is sitting on top of the world now, of course, but two years ago, he was flat broke, just divorced, out of work with no prospects, and on top of everything else he was in the hospital with a heart attack. That was in July.

So anyway, as far as money went—and as far as his mood, too—Lee was about as low as you can get . . . that day your Pop phoned him at the hospital. The call took about fifteen seconds and went, "Hello, this is Frank Sinatra. Thought I'd let you know I'm coming over!"

Lee thought someone was kidding him, because Lee hardly knew the guy.

But that afternoon and every afternoon after that, Sinatra went straight to the hospital after work. He was making *The Tender Trap* as I recall it. Anyhow, he didn't come empty-handed. He brought books and flowers, and he got lists of what Lee liked to eat—and was allowed to eat—and I think he even sent to New York for some stuff once. But more than that, he brought that famous Sinatra happy-mood charm with him. *You* know what we're talking about! He never even gave Lee a chance to brood. Every day he had something else to tell him about how so-and-so said what a great actor Cobb was and how many parts he had waiting for him. Maybe he even made it all up. I don't know. All I know is when Lee got out of the hospital, your father's car drove Lee to the Sinatra house, and the Sinatra servants looked after him and Sinatra told him to hurry up and get well because he wanted Lee to direct a movie for him.

Anyway, you know what happened. Lee got better—oh, I should add when it got too hot to bear in Palm Springs Sinatra moved Lee to an apartment in Hollywood and picked up the tab for that, too—and all of a sudden everyone in town wanted Lee. He's too busy acting to direct, I guess you'd say. But let me tell you, if Sinatra asked, Lee'd drop the juiciest part this side of Oscarland, to do him a favor. I mean any day of the week. He's paid back the money Sinatra laid out long ago. But the rest of what Lee owes him—that's not the kind of debt you can pay off. Except maybe by letting it get around what kind of a guy your Pop is.

So anyway, that's the story. Oh, by the way, when I said your Pop hardly knew Lee, I meant they had met at a party, said *hello*—maybe had a drink—and that was it. Period. So what I'm getting at is—if a guy will do something like that for a stranger—what will he do for his friends?

They called him "The Voice"

This next story came to us in the mail a couple of years back, and the woman who wrote to us said she'd rather not give her name because she's a married woman with children of her own now, but she could still remember—like it was yesterday—when it happened. She was a high school girl then, in Gary, Indiana. That was back about eleven years ago—you weren't even born yet, Christina!—and all the kids in Gary had walked out of all the high schools on strike, because there were Negro kids going to the same classes. She wrote that she didn't remember clearly how they got so steamed up, but there were an awful lot of rumors going around that the white kids were being discriminated against, and they were lowering themselves by sitting next to the colored kids—and a lot of the parents talked that way, too. Anyway, one day they were in school, and the next they were on strike and the papers were full of it, and the Mayor was making speeches and Gary, Indiana, was headline news all over the country.

Well, the strike hadn't been on more than a couple of days when the kids got word that Frankie was coming out to Gary to talk to them. Boy, I don't know if anyone can appreciate what that meant then. That was when they called your Pop *The Voice* and he wore those floppy bow ties and looked so skinny, and the girls wore sloppy joes and saddle shoes and used to scream and faint in the aisles—just like over Elvis and Pat, only more so! I mean really *faint.* This woman who wrote to us said she did, too, once, right in the PARAMOUNT THEATRE in New York watching your Pop, and the police carried her out and gave her smelling salts. Anyway, what I mean is, Frankie was the biggest man in the country, the way no one ever has been to kids since. And I don't know how many hundreds of thousands of dollars he made every time he got up on a stage and opened his mouth, and also he was making movies at that time. But here he was, ducking out of everything to come to Gary.

So sweet and good

Well, the strike leaders told all the kids to stay away from the Municipal Auditorium where he was going to talk—that's what the strike leaders told the students to do. But of course who was going to listen to a strike leader say something like that? It didn't make sense, the kids thought. So they sneaked over anyhow, some six thousand of them! The house was packed.

Then Frankie—your Pop—walked on stage. And he started to talk. "I guess," this married woman wrote us, "I'll never forget that talk as long as I live. I mean, who'd every heard Frankie *say* anything? Well, he told us the strike was a bad deal, bad for us, bad for the country. I remember him saying, 'It's a Nazi trick to divide and rule by pitting race against race. That can't happen here because we won't let it.' He told us what I'd been suspecting anyhow, personally—because otherwise why would those strike leaders have tried to keep us from listening to our Frankie?—anyway, he told us that the strike had been taken out of our hands and was being run by outsiders who didn't really give a darn for us and our school. He was so intense and concerned, and we all knew how much he cared.

"And then," this woman explained in her letter, "Frankie said, 'Do me a personal favor. I came down here to ask you to go back to school. Please do it.'"

Well, he sounded so—sweet—and good. Some of the kids there started to cry. Then he sang something to close the program—she doesn't remember what, but I have an idea Nancy, Frankie, Christina know it was probably *The House I Live In,* because it was around then that he made that short on tolerance. And got a special Oscar for it!

Anyway, a couple days later they all went back to school.

And I think it was on account of Frankie. "I know," that lady wrote in her letter, "it just would have killed me to have him ask me to do something and then not do it. And he'd been so nice, not bawling anyone out, just telling us we were bright and smart—it made us feel that way."

Did you know your Pop got an awful lot of awards that year for that kind of thing? Almost a dozen, I think. But the best award he ever got was just all those kids going back to school like he asked them to that day, and learning to live in peace.

He knew he would get well

There are other things somebody here and there remembers about your Pop. Sammy Davis, Jr. for instance. They all came around when Sammy lost his eye. The crowd in his hospital room was made up of some of the most famous faces in Hollywood. And they put on a good show. They laughed it up for hours. They gave Sammy all the latest gossip, all the newest jokes. And they looked anywhere—at the walls, the ceilings, under the bed—to keep from looking at the hole where his eye should have been.

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They had all gone home when Frank walked into the room. And Frank didn't come in grinning. He walked in with his eyes dark and serious, and they didn't look up or down—they looked Sammy straight in the face. "Well," said your Pop, "what's it gonna be now?"

And for the first time since the car crash, for the first time since he knew he would wear a patch for the rest of his life, Sammy Davis, Jr. let the smile drain off his face, let the cheerful lies stop pouring out. For the first time, he talked about what was going to be—his terror of facing the world again; his fear that a one-eyed singer was no one anyone would want to hire.

And Frank fed him no lies. For hours they sat and talked about the problems that lay ahead. About the road that wouldn't be easy any more. And at the end, when the nurse came in to tell Frank it was time to leave, he stood up slowly, stubbed out his cigarette and smiled for the first time. "You and me, Sam," he said. "We'll make it."

He said it with the voice of a man who had sat on top of the world—and felt it crumble away beneath him. A man who read his name in a newspaper's cynical list of THINGS THAT NO LONGER MATTER. Who had been called every name under the sun and found the hardest one to take was—*has-been*. A man who had given up his wife—your Mother—and a home to chase a dream of romance around the world—and had come back alone.

You kids'll be able to understand that a little bit better when you're older. Just remember for now—though I guess you know it pretty well, your Pop never gave *you* up. Anyway, when the door closed behind Frankie, Sammy Davis, Jr. sank back into the pillows. If the doctors hadn't warned him against it, he would have cried. For the sick fear that had come to him each time the gay, laughing cheerer-uppers had left, was gone. For the first time, he knew he would get well. . . .

The worst you can say . . .

I just read a bit in the papers about Frank Sinatra socking some guy. I'm not defending your father for using his fists too much—sure, he swings when he ought to talk it out instead. But I do say, near every time—he had a reason. Like the time he nearly killed a guy in a nightclub for asking who was the "broad" with Sinatra. It sounds like a fairly innocent question—even though that's not such a nice word to use!

Only thing was, the guy was a columnist. And the *broad* was Judy Garland, whose husband Sid Luft, was on the other side of the country on business. And Judy was six months pregnant!

Hours later, Frank was still raving about it. "Sure I hit him. If I hadn't hit him, he'd have had it in his column that I was dating Judy while Sid's out of town. For Cripes' sake! *I* wasn't with Judy—we were both in the same crowd, that's all."

By the way, did you know about that time your father was in a crap game?

I've laughed about this for years.

The way *that* story goes, for years your father has been eating at one big Hollywood restaurant. Always sat at the same table, always had the same waiter, always tipped high wide and handsome.

So one night Frankie walks in and sits down and the waiter doesn't make a move to serve him, but gestures for another waiter to take his place.

Sinatra says, "What's the matter, don't you want to wait on me any more?"

The waiter shook his head real sad-like. "Sure I do, Mr. Sinatra, but I lost you to him in a crap game last night. You're his till June . . ."

Look, kids, we could go on for pages like this. There are so many of these stories it could fill a book. Your grandmother Sinatra could tell you about the winter in Florida he gave her the clothes the house. Phil Silvers could tell you about the time Sinatra saved his act and his career, and Bela Lugosi—had he lived—could tell you about how everyone in Hollywood thought it was noble of Mr Lugosi to commit himself to a hospital to have his drug addiction cured—but you Pop was the only one who phoned him there and asked if there was anything he could do. Everyone else was too scared people would think they were friends of a junky. There's a New Jersey kid who had leukemia who could tell you about the trip Frankie made to see her—halfway across the country. There are the *Underprivileged Children of England* who have summer camps now because an American named Mr. Sinatra got the idea of doing a benefit for them and spent thousands of dollars of his own money making the arrangements—with no less a partner than Prince Philip. There are the parents of a little boy in L.A. who took their three year-old to the docks at San Pedro to see the ships go in and out. The child fell into the deep water off the end of the pier, and before anyone else could move, a skinny guy the comedians all called anemic—this was back in '45—had made a twenty yard-dash across the dock, dived into the water, and pulled the child to safety. He could have made a lot of capital off that

---

Elvis Presley was showing friends (five) a magazine advertisement about the Elvis Presley lipstick on the market. The magazine ad says it comes in Haund Dog orange, Heartbreak pink, Lava-ya fuchsia, Tutti Frutti red, Tender pink and Cruel red. Other people however, appeared All Shaak Up by this advertisement abaut a man and his lipstick.

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

---

one. He didn't. The comics went right on making jokes about how he'd split in two if he bent from the waist, and your father grinned and let them.

But you don't have to hear all those stories. Strictly speaking, you didn't have to hear any of these—we know we're not telling you anything new. You know your father pretty well. Nancy, you go with him on tours, to premieres. Frankie, well you get your music lessons from your Pop. Christina, you get teased about being the Miss Moneybags of the family practically every night of every week. Because your father is around that often. To make sure nothing goes wrong for you kids. To keep you as safe as a guy in his business can.

No, this isn't to tell you anything new. It's just to say—we don't know what they'll be printing about your Pop in the next few weeks. And we don't care. But whatever it is, true or false, clean or dirt—don't get the idea you ever have to apologize for your Pop.

It's the scandals that make the headlines, every time. But it's the record of the other side of your Pop, the side that gives not just his time and money, but gives of *himself* to friends and strangers alike, over and over again, that is going to count in the end. . . .

Yours sincerely,
DAVID MYERS

Frank's in Paramount's THE JOKER IS WILD, *UA's* KINGS GO FORTH *and* THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION *and Columbia's* PAL JOEY.

we applaud mrs. taylor

(*Continued from page 60*) European movie actress before Bob ever spied her, she is also a continental at heart, far more at home and happy at the theatre, opera or urban pleasure spots than she is frying venison over a campfire.

But the difference is that she owns a *hausfrau* instinct to obey and please her lord and master—even in departments usually jealously considered strictly personal with most American wives! Bob, for instance, picks out all of Ursula's dresses—usually solid blacks, reds or whites—and even dictates her hairdo, still just as it was when he met her—shaggy bangs in front but long, pulled back and bunned up behind. While that's not the height of fashion right now she wears it contentedly because never-changing Bob sees her romantically that way.

But, perhaps more than any other reason, we aplaud Ursula because *she is willing to give something up* . . . to make her guy happy.

But Ursula has made the sacrifice of practically renouncing a very promising movie career because her husband doesn't believe in wives working.

"I acted until the time I was married," she explains, perhaps just a little wistfully. "Besides, I've always been awfully independent." Ursula was first married at seventeen and at twenty-two was supporting herself, two children and her mother. "I like responsibility," she admits. "I would like to do just a picture every two years, enough to give me money for birthday presents and Christmas . . . but Bob has a different point of view. He wants me there when he gets home."

Nancy Davis Reagan—Ronnie's wife, and one of Ursula's closest friends, remembers that—"Bob said to me once, 'I don't want Ursula bothered with worries about what her director said to her. I don't want a wife who's worked all day and comes home so upset or tired with the problems of movie making that she can't be a good wife and mother.

First in her heart. . . .

Ursula is wisely wary of any movie job that would disturb her home life or involve her in distant locations. Twice what looked like perfect answers—teaming with Bob in pictures—fizzled after Bob had been pretty well talked into consent: Kay Kendall's part in *Quentin Durward* and then *The Power And The Prize* looked ideal for a Taylor family affair, but when it came down to cases Bob wasn't really happy about a career for her. "I think he's afraid I'll wreck his picture," she suspects. "He's such a perfectionist." The clincher he usually tosses at the critical point is, "I can't afford to let you work, Ursula. Ups my income tax and costs me money." In any event, the issue has never come right down to an impasse yet.

It never will, because making Bob a comfortable, happy home is Ursula's first job . . . and first in her heart. . . .

That home is a beige stone and white wood farm style house in Pacific Palisades, built on an ocean-view lot that Bob picked out and bought before Ursula ever spied it. Its biggest luxury feature is a bedroom for each member of the family, if you don't count Henry, Bob's golden retriever, and Pappy, a poodle Ursula acquired before she was married, "when I needed a man around the house pretty badly." There's also a pool where the whole gang swims—sometimes including the pups! And an indoor barbecue of which Bob is stubbornly proud. Although he banged away on the roof and elsewhere when the house was a-building, the big brick grill was the

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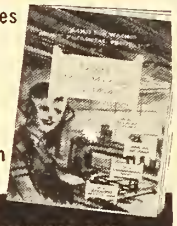


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only part of the place he personally designed. First night they tried it out with a barbecue party, billows of smoke sent the guests stumbling outdoors choking and gasping! Just the same Bob loves to use it—preferably after a cocktail or two to neutralize the carbon monoxide!

Wowing her husband

Bob, Ursula and their brood moved in a couple of years ago with "just a few ashtrays," says Ursula, but by now it's furnished comfortably enough for the casual kind of living they like. The pattern of living set right after Bob and Ursula were married. That's when their neighbors, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, called up about dinner time and invited, "Come on over—we're just putting on some steaks." Ursula already had dinner cooking but a relaxed invitation like this really impressed Bob. Before, he'd always thought dinner parties had to be planned, formal affairs. Now the *call-up-and-drop-over* type of social life is about the only kind he'll go for. Regular customers at the Taylor house include Ronnie and Nancy Reagan, Bob and Dorothy Mitchum, Eleanor Parker and her artist husband, Paul Clemens, the Ralph Cousers and Morgan Maree, Bob's business manager. If the indoor barbecue smokes too much, Ursula whips up a single-plate supper featuring some of her German goulash concoctions with potato pancakes. That always wows her husband. "I can't speak a word of German," he assures her, "but what Germans eat sure gives me the message."

On his first flight to Europe with Ursula after they married he tapped back, "I'm rounding up my little Krauts and trying to make an impression. But it's rough. So far I'm using Indian sign language."

Just making him happy

The *little Krauts* aren't so little any more; moreover, they're no longer *Krauts*. Manuela, now thirteen, goes to a girls' boarding school in Claremont, California, and Mike, eleven, drills at BLACK-FOXE MILITARY SCHOOL in Hollywood. By now neither has much accent left and Ursula even less. Just to make things official, a few weeks ago Ursula took her oath as a U.S. citizen. As usual, none of Bob's friends or studio colleagues knew about that momentous event until they read it in the papers. What they have known for some time, however, is that Ursula Thiess and her kids have brought to Bob Taylor's life what a once lonesome man unhappily lacked. If Bob gets the little girl he wants next, things will be pretty complete. Then the only thing that would make Bob's life perfect would be a few gray hairs—to banish that *beautiful* tag which has clung to him all these years, to his annoyance.

But if fretting's required to sprout those silver threads, then Bob's prospect of relief seems pretty dim. When a score of years as a movie star, flying in a world war and two sessions as a married man can't raise a worry wart, even the Atomic Age should hold no terrors. Nor does Bob figure on changing at this late date. "The way I live may seem dull to some people," allows Bob, "but the way I am—it's the way I like it."

And the way he is—that's the way his wife loves him. That's why she married him . . . that's why she isn't trying to change him. Just trying to make him as happy as she knows how to, by giving her family, her husband, the kind of life they *both* want. . . .

Yes, Ursula Thiess Taylor is a woman to be applauded. She has made a new life for herself in a strange land and has come to call this new place home. She has adjusted to living happily with her husband and is a devoted wife and mother. "What woman," Ursula asks, "could possess—or ask for—anything more?" **END**

Bob's now in MGM's TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY *and will soon be in MGM's* SADDLE THE WIND.

sal mineo's thanksgiving miracle

(*Continued from page 36*) and about Sal's next picture and about the '58 car designs and about some crazy new record albums and about all the other hep things they can think of.

It will be different now; early that morning, however, with Mama Mineo there in her kitchen, alone, giving her thanks, looking up and quietly saying:

"Thank You, dear God, for giving Poppa the strength to make good at what he started that time we needed Your help so much.
Thank You, dear God, for your miracle in making Sal's eye get better.
Thank You for making Sarina and Mike and Victor strong and healthy now after what they've been through with sickness.
Thank You for making all four of my children get along so good together and for giving them so many good things.
Thank You for the new house where we will all move soon and where You will always be welcome with love and respect.
Thank You, most of all, for bringing us all together on this day."

Yes, it will be different now with Mama Mineo there in her kitchen, alone, giving her thanks. Because a mother is not as hep to the future as she is to the past—because a mother remembers the past when others have forgotten or half-forgotten. And there are things in the past that neither Mama Mineo, nor any of them, can ever forget. . . .

The happiest they had ever been

The day they moved from their first apartment to their first home, for one thing. That was fourteen years ago. Mama and Poppa Mineo had lived in the apartment ever since they were married. It was the apartment in which Mama Mineo had given birth—every second year for eight years—to her four children. It was a tiny Bronx apartment and after the children came it seemed to get tinier and tinier.

"Poppa," Mama Mineo said to her husband one night as they lay in bed, "the children have no room to play."

"*Lo so,*" Pop said. "I know."

Mama Mineo looked over at the crib where Sarina, the daughter, was sleeping, then over at the door leading to the small room where the three boys slept. "We must buy a house," she said. "Even though we are poor, we must buy a house,"

"A house?" whispered Poppa. "How can we afford it?" he asked.

"I don't know," Mama Mineo said, "but we must do it. The street downstairs is dangerous and it never gets the sun and the stairs are so high here on the fourth

loor and yesterday I went up to the roof o hang the clothes and I found Sal and Mike standing near the edge looking down. . . ." She gasped.

"We will get the house," Pop said, taking his wife's hand in his.

The house they picked out was on 217th Street. It was, as they all recall, the oldest, most dilapidated house in the BRONX—but it was a house, not just an apartment. That first morning Mama Mineo walked to the kitchen window. Then, softly, she began to cry. Poppa walked over to her and put his arm around her waist, consolingly. "I know," he said, "*sei stanca*—you are tired."

Mama shook her head. "It's not that I'm tired," she said, beginning to smile through her tears. "It's because . . ." and she brought up her hand and pointed out the window, ". . . because, Poppa, look!" She was pointing out at the shabby garden in the back of the house, at Sal and Mike and Victor laughing and trying to climb the skinny peach tree, at Sarina sitting on the grass playing with a buttercup she'd just pulled out of the ground. "Look at the room they have now," Mama said, "at how safe they can play now, at how nice the sun shines down on them."

The Mineos stood watching the scene for a long, long time. It was the happiest they had ever been. . . .

Something he'd never done before

Then there was the day about a year later, probably the most important day in the family's life, when Pop went into business for himself. He and Mama had come to realize that they couldn't make a go of it on the money he was earning as a laborer. And so Pop decided to do something he'd never done before. He decided to borrow money, and start a business of his own. He knew something about coffin-making and chose that as the business he'd sink or swim with.

The morning he opened his little shop, Mama kissed him goodbye at the door and wished him luck. An hour later, she showed up at the shop with the four children.

"What are you all doing here?" Poppa asked, amazed.

"I decided," Mama said.

"Decided what?" Poppa asked.

"I decided you needed a secretary," Mama said. Before Poppa could say he couldn't afford a secretary, she continued, "Now you are going to be busy making the coffins, no? So how are you going to have time to call up the parlors and get the orders? So that's what I'll do. I'll get the orders for you. And I want a salary for this, Poppa. And don't make a face like that already. I mean that whatever little money extra you can give me for working, I want to put on the side for all the things we should give the children. You saw how Sal sat down at the piano when we went to your cousin's house that time? Well, I want to get him a piano and give him lessons. And you see how Sarina is always dancing around the house? Well, I want to give her dancing lessons. And the other boys like to read and we've got to buy books and . . ."

Pop realized there was no stopping Mama. "But what are we going to do with the children?" he asked.

Mama had it all figured out. "Some days," she said, "so they don't forget who are their parents, they come here to the shop and they stay with us. Other days they can stay home. Listen to what we've planned!" She turned to her oldest son. "Victor, what are you going to do on those days?"

"I'm going to take care of Mike and sweep the floors," Victor said.

"And you, Mike?" Mama Mineo asked, turning to her next-to-oldest.

"I'm going to take care of Sal and wash the dishes," Mike said.

"And you, Sal?"

Sal blinked his big black eyes and took hold of his baby sister's hand. "I'm going to take care of Sarina and take the garbage to the big pail out front every day," he said.

"See?" Mama said, turning back to Poppa. Then she sat down at a makeshift desk, picked up a classified telephone directory and got busy on the phone. It wasn't long before Sal was taking his piano lessons, Sarina was learning her tap and ballet and the other boys were swamped with all the books they could read and took lessons on instruments.

All sorts of mischief

"Of course," Mama Mineo recalls, "I had to take them to the shop more than I thought I'd have to. Because they were only children and they couldn't seem to stay home all day without me and not get into some kind of mischief. One day I'd be on my way home from the shop and an old man would stop me and say, 'Mrs. Mineo, those boys of yours were on my roof today and they started a fire.' And I'd say, 'My boys would never do a thing like that!' Another day a woman would stop me and say, 'Mrs. Mineo, your Sal was up in my cherry tree today and picked all my cherries.' And I'd say, 'My Sal doesn't pick cherries from anybody's trees—and, besides, why don't you put a fence around it?' And then I'd get home and I'd bawl the boys out for starting the fire and Sal for picking the cherries and when their father came home I'd tell him and suggest very loud that he should spank them. I think his hand would have fallen off, God forbid. But he'd make

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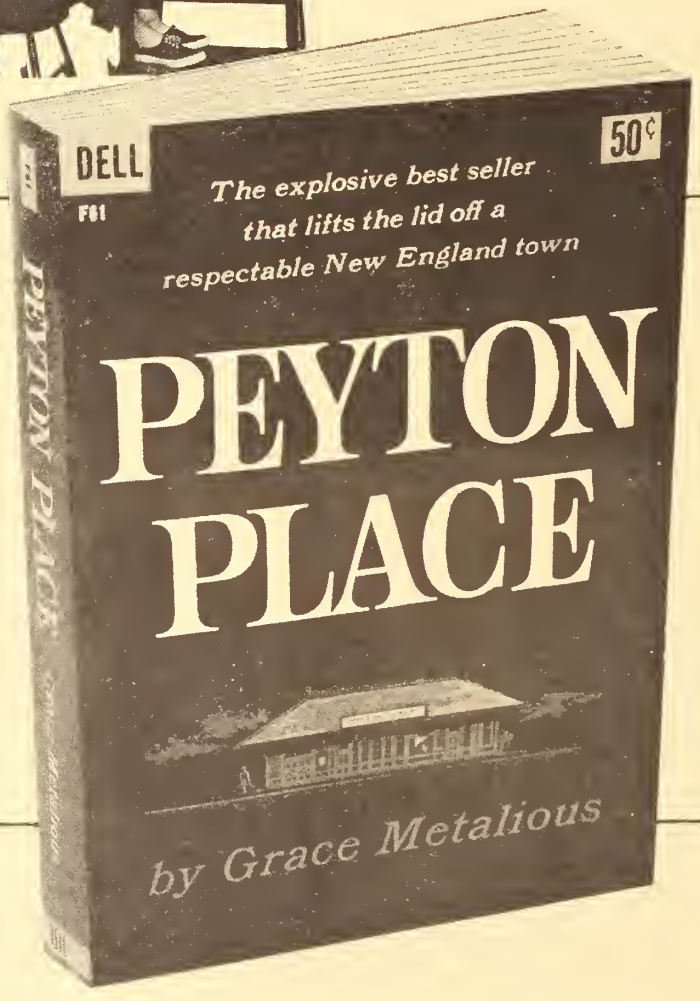
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believe he was very angry because it was important to teach them discipline."

Days of no laughter

And then there were the very bad days, the days of no laughter, the days of sickness and doctor bills and prayers to God and all the saints to *please* make the children all right again.

Mike was the first to get sick. He was ten when he got scarlet fever. For forty days he had to remain in his bed, quiet, all the shades drawn, unable to see anyone but his mother and the doctor.

Sal, eight years old at the time, was next. Mike had just recovered from the fever when Sal came down with it. To top it off, Sal's attack was worse than his brother's and he had to stay in bed for sixty days.

Sal had barely recovered when all four children got the mumps. "We didn't want to take any of our medicine," Sal recalls. "Sometimes we would even cry because we didn't want to take it. And sometimes Poppa would feel for us and help us pour it down the sink."

Then, shortly after, they all got the whooping cough and Victor got it so bad that he'd black out and pass out constantly and Mama Mineo had to scrape together what little savings she and Poppa had and take the boy to the country for two months.

It wasn't long after this that Sal started having trouble with his eye. He was supposed to wear a patch over it for a few weeks. But like Sal says, "I was in *The King And I* on Broadway—I had one of the child roles—and I just couldn't wear a big black patch on my eye." So Sal's eye took the strain and the eye didn't get any better. Finally it took a

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whole series of treatments to clear up the condition which had become so nearly tragic.

And then came the worst day of all, six years ago, when a doctor was called to the house to see what was wrong with little Sarina and the doctor told Mama and Poppa Mineo that the girl had polio and that she might die.

"Before I found out that Sarina was so sick," Sal says, "I used to spend all my spare time writing her crazy joke cards with drawings and pictures I used to make. Then, when I found out how serious her condition was, I somehow didn't feel like making the joke cards anymore or making the crazy pictures. Instead I began to sit down and write her letters now—long, serious letters. This is when I became very serious myself. I wasn't the life of the party anymore. I was writing these letters, I found, as a much more mature person. I began to understand people a lot more and got a different outlook on life. Maybe this is how I began to become an actor. Anyway, I wrote Sarina all these letters and as I wrote them I used to think to myself, *She's so young. Why did it ever have to happen to her? I'm a boy—and I'm older besides. Why doesn't it happen to me instead?*"

His dream come true

Sal and his mother never talked about Sarina after that night on the subway. But he knew, from his mother's expressions, from the way she was acting, that his sister's condition was getting worse and worse. He knew, too, when Sarina's condition was at its most critical point.

And then one morning he woke up and he smiled and he rushed into his folks' bedroom.

"Mama . . . Poppa," he yelled, "I just had a dream and a saint came down and told me not to worry, that Sarina's going to be all right."

At eight o'clock that night he took the subway back to the theater for the evening performance. No doctor had come to talk to him. He knew no more now than he did before.

But at eleven o'clock, when the show and the curtain calls were over and Sal walked off the stage and into the wings, he saw his mother standing talking and laughing—talking and *laughing*—with one of the stagehands and he knew, right then and there—his dream *had* come true.

Mama Mineo remembers this night, too. And she will remember it on Thanksgiving morning as she prepares her big meal, along with all those other times of past laughter and tears.

Sal's miracle

And she will remember other times, too, more recent times.

Like the time last June when Sal had to have that operation on his eye. It all started one night after Sal had come home after a long personal appearance tour. He was tired and had gone right to bed. He had closed his eyes immediately. Then he opened them and brought up his hand and rubbed his left eye. There was something in it. He rubbed it again, and then again, but whatever it was wouldn't come out. "I jumped up and ran to the mirror," Sal says. "I saw that the eye was red and swollen—more than it would be if I had just gotten a little speck of dirt in it. The next morning I told Mama about it and she got scared. I went to the doctor that afternoon and he said it was lucky I had come when I did—that what I had was serious. I had an ulcer on my eye, he said, and I would have to have an operation.

Then when I had the operation and it was a success and I knew that I would have my eyesight, Mama and I looked at each other and knew—knew that God had given me my eyesight and that it was a miracle."

Like the wonderful times when a mother watches her children—playing, talking, working together—and knows that they are happy.

"It's so good the way they get along," Mama Mineo said. "Just the other day they went to buy a new car and they acted more like three detectives than anything else. First they got all the books they could on the car and read them. Then they went to the store to look at the car—and Mike looked on the top of the car and Sal on the bottom and Victor on the inside. And then they got together and had this big whispering session and one said, 'Don't you think he's charging us a little bit too much?' and the other two gave their opinions. And by the time they came to a conclusion and bought the car you would have thought they'd just decided something for the UN or something like that."

Mama Mineo will stop and smile as she thinks of this. And then she'll wipe her eyes a little with the bottom of her apron and get back to work. Because, after all, today is Thanksgiving and the family will be up soon and down in the kitchen and Sarina will want to see how the turkey is browning in the oven and Poppa will want his coffee and his holiday buns and Sal, as usual, will sneak a couple of meatballs out of the meatball pot and the other boys will start picking at the fruit salad and—well, a mother's got only so much time to give her Thanks. **END**

Sal Mineo can now be seen in Columbia's THE YOUNG DON'T CRY.



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tommy and me

(*Continued from page 44*) down. Maybe I can help you."

"Molly Bee?" he said, and he smiled warmly. "Gosh, I've been listening to you for a long time and I think you're swell. But I'm afraid there's nothing you can do for me. My name's Tommy Sands. I'm a singer—country style singer, from Chicago. And I wanted to talk to Mr. Stone about getting a chance to sing on this show."

"Now you just wait here," I said, and I went over to our band leader, Bill Stranger, and stuck my big neck out. "Why not give this boy a chance?" I said. "Let him sing here tonight and show what he can do."

Bill was nice about it, and Tommy got out on the stage and sang. He did a ballad, then a shake, rattle and roll number, and the crowd went wild.

Very much afraid

I noticed that even though this young stranger from Chicago was shy when he was with people, the minute he got out on a stage and opened his mouth to sing, he lost all of his shyness and was a performer through and through.

After the hit he scored, he was invited to come back next week. This time, Cliffie was around to hear him and he signed him for a guest shot on Tennessee Ernie's show.

Tommy and I clicked from the very beginning—as friends, real sincere friends who could talk things over, offer comfort, courage and laughs. In fact, we went together like this for eight months before Tommy asked me for a date!

Tommy didn't ask me for a date sooner because he was broke. He had come to Hollywood with his mother and the going was very rough. Aside from an occasional job on the Tennessee Ernie show, he had no job, or prospect of one. He was feeling very low at this time and was afraid he'd never get anywhere. 'Old Bottom Lip' I'd call him, because when he felt low that lower lip would jut out dolefully.

I love to give dancing parties at my house for my friends. I made it a point to invite Tommy all the time, even though he didn't want to come at first because he didn't think he'd mix. I felt sorry for him. He was such a warm, likable fellow, but he didn't know any girls and was so shy he couldn't get up the gumption to talk to them. I'd have lots of kids I knew from TV at my parties—kids like Jimmy Boyd and some other fellows who were hillbilly guitar players, and we'd sing, dance and laugh it up. Tommy couldn't dance well at that time, so I began to teach him. The girls liked him, but Tommy had such an inferiority complex he never asked any of them for a date. My girl friends used to call me after a party and ask, "Why didn't that cute-looking guy with the dark hair ask for my phone number? I'd sure like to go out with him."

When I'd ask Tommy, he'd squirm and say, "I can't ask a girl out unless I can take her somewhere, can I? And what will I use for money?"

When Tommy became a regular on *Hometown Jamboree* we used to drive to the show together in my car. Once, Tommy and I sang a hillbilly duet together—a thing we'd practiced at my house—and the audience loved it. We began to sing together quite a bit after that.

So happy for him

One night after the show, Tommy looked so excited I knew he had something to tell me—some really big news. He said he was leaving for New York to do the lead in a big-time TV show called *The Singin' Idol*, a story about an Elvis Presley type of singer.

"In fact," Tommy explained, "they wanted Elvis for it originally, but he's busy with his picture so Colonel Parker recommended me for the part. I get to act as well as sing in it. It's a great role. I sure hope I go over."

Well, I just flipped over that. I was so happy for him that I threw my arms around him and cried, "Tommy, this is the big break. I just *know* it."

I promised to watch him—as though anything could have kept me from it. I was amazed. I'd always had a feeling that there was great depth and talent in Tommy, but this time I saw it before my own eyes as he brought the character to life. I knew that he had it made. This was Tommy's big break—and he had clicked.

How big he had clicked I didn't really know until he got home a few days later and came to see me on the *Jamboree*. There was Tommy, smiling and handsome in a smart, new gray suit and narrow black tie, and saying to me, "Will you go out with me? Now I feel I can ask you for a date. I'll drive you home."

"But you have no car," I started to say.

"Just follow me, madame," he said, leading me by the hand. Outside stood a bright red, new convertible. He opened the door with a flourish and said, "Enter. You're the first girl to ride in my new car."

He was feeling fabulous that night. He sang as he drove, and I joined him. He took me to a movie, and no man buying a gift of diamonds for a girl could have been

Alec Guinness, who co-stars with William Holden and Jack Hawkins in *The Bridge On The River Kwai*, was being interviewed by the local radio station in Ceylon during location shooting, and the pretty lady announcer gushed out:

"We are proud to present that famous film star Alec Guinness."

"Excuse me young lady," said Guinness interrupting. "I'm afraid you'll have to start all over again. The name is Alec—not Alex."

any prouder than Tommy when he paid for the two movie tickets.

This big step in Tommy's career made him feel more secure and happier than he had ever been in his life. For the first time he realized he could permit himself to look ahead to a future of promise. Tommy and I had been seeing each other constantly for eight months, but this was the first time we dated as a boy and a girl who were drawn together by a great attraction. We have been dating ever since.

Just for two to share

Tommy and I have become so close that we have signals for all the world to see—but just for the two of us to share. For instance, when Tommy is on TV, at some time during the show he winks his left eye. That's a signal that he's thinking of me and saying "Hello." When I'm singing on TV, I wink with my right eye, and that tells Tommy I'm thinking of him at that moment.

We send each other crazy telegrams when we're apart. For instance, when Tommy was in Buffalo on July Fourth, he sent me this wire: HAPPY FOURTH FROM NICK, NATALIE, ELVIS AND ALL THE KIDS.

When I appeared on *Matinee Theatre* on TV I did my first straight acting role and Tommy promised he'd watch me. In one scene I was to take hold of a broom and sweep. As I swept, I did something that wasn't in the script: I began to hum *Ring-Ding Ding*, which was Tommy's latest hit record, and I winked broadly. This bit wasn't lost on Tommy. He told me later

that he almost fell off his chair, laughing.

We enjoy being together so much that even minor catastrophes send us into gales of laughter. The other Sunday we decided to go picnicking. We had all the food carefully set out under a tree, when suddenly swarms of bees—there must have been millions of them—came down on us. We got up and dashed off in Tommy's red convertible and drove for hours until we found another isolated spot, miles away. "Boy, I'm so hungry I could eat a cow," Tommy said. "So am I," said I. Then we looked at each other dumbly. We'd left our lunch behind.

The crazy things they do!

Another time we went out in an outboard motorboat on a quiet little lake with no one around. We intended to stay out only a couple of hours, because Tommy was supposed to appear on a radio show that night. We were in the middle of the lake when the motor suddenly conked out. To make matters worse, we got stuck on top of a big, sharp rock that was scraping against the bottom of the boat. I was sure the rock would spring a hole and we'd sink. "I can't swim," I wailed. "And I can't get this thing started," said Tommy. "I've never run a motor boat before." Tommy made the studio with only minutes to spare.

When Tommy calls at my house to take me out for the evening, I never know what to expect. The other night he said we'd go dancing, so I got dressed up in a pretty blue, fluffy gown. When I walked into the living room, there was Tommy in levis, a silly red hat and gosh-awful yellow T-shirt. He laughed his head off when he saw me all decked out. "Oh, so you want to annoy me?" I said. "All right, boy, I'll show you," and back I went to my room. I came out again with my hair braided in long pigtails, in jeans, a checked shirt and bare feet.

Tommy stood up and bowed low. "This is the way I like to see my girl," he said, and handed me his arm. We walked out in mock dignity. Instead of dancing, we rode horses and ended up at our favorite drive-in for hamburgs and Cokes. That's our idea of the most fun, although we go out on the town now and then, too. When Lena Horne appeared at the Grove, Tommy and I just had to see her. Tommy called and made a reservation. "A table for two for Tommy Sands," he said. "Please give us a good table."

Off we went, dressed to kill, looking forward to a big night. When Tommy mentioned his name to the headwaiter, the man pulled a blank. "Thomas who?" he said. "Thomas—I mean, Tommy Sands," he said, tugging at his tie. The maitre de shrugged his shoulders and led us to a table in the rear.

"Well, well," said Tommy, as we sat down at our little table which must have been miles from the stage. "Aren't you glad you're out with a big shot tonight? Next time I'll say my name is Pat Boone."

Although we understand each other well, we had a misunderstanding not long ago that might have become serious if a friend hadn't put a stop to it.

Tommy had played a six-week engagement in New York's Roxy Theatre. Every other night he'd call me, and he was very happy with the success of his engagement.

For a gag, hair stylist Gene Shacove has a photo of Yul Brynner on which is written: "I never could have made it without you."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

He was coming home by train—Tommy hates to fly—and I promised to pick him up at the station in Pasadena the next morning. I was working in *Summer Love* at U-I, and the next morning I received an unexpected call to report at the studio at six. It was impossible to get word to Tommy that I couldn't meet him, so I just hoped he'd get the idea after a while and flag a taxi for home. I learned later that Tommy had sat around in the Pasadena station all morning waiting for me, and was furious when I never showed up.

That night he didn't call me, and I realized that he must be fit to be tied. But I was angry, too, to think that he wouldn't get it through his noggin that something mighty serious *must* have come up to make it impossible for me to be there. So I fumed, too. Neither of us would break down and call the other, and for the next few days we were both miserable.

"Listen, you two idiots . . ."

It was our good friend, Kenny Miller, who finally stepped in. He brought Tommy to *Jamboree* one night, and when the show was over we all drove to Hollywood for dinner. Tommy and I sat next to each other in his car but we didn't say a word. When Tommy wanted to ask me something, he'd say to Kenny, "Ask our girl friend if she'd like to have spaghetti tonight." And I'd relay my reply to Tommy through Kenny. This little act went on all through dinner, and when we got back into the car Kenny lit into us. "Listen, you two idiots, this whole thing is too crazy for words. Tommy, if you weren't such a stupid blockhead, you'd ask Molly why she didn't meet you and give her a chance to explain. And Molly, if you weren't such a high-spirited little filly, you'd take Tommy's hand and say, 'Look, I didn't mean to stand you up.' And as for me, I'm

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hopping out and letting you two settle this foolishness by yourselves."

When Kenny stormed away, Tommy and I looked at each other, trying to keep up our stony expressions, but we broke down and burst out laughing instead.

Never been so happy

As we drove home, Tommy nonchalantly said, "Oh, by the way, I bought you a little present from New York."

He reached for the glove compartment and pulled out a little box. From it, he took out a ring and placed it tenderly on my finger. I gasped when I saw it: a friendship ring with two hearts entwined, studded with diamonds and rubies. I was so touched I began to choke up. For once, I couldn't think of a word to say and I just stared at that ring. When Tommy saw me so quiet, he looked worried. "Don't you like it, Moll?" he asked. "Oh, Tommy," I said fuzzily, "you big idiot. It's just beautiful. I've never been so happy in my life."

The friendship ring means just that—a rich, wonderful friendship between a boy and a girl. If, deep down, what we feel is more than friendship toward each other we are trying to hide it. We don't dare think of marriage. Tommy is only nineteen, and on the threshold of a fabulous career as an actor as well as a singer. He has just signed with 20TH CENTURY-FOX and they have big hopes for him. For eleven years, Tommy worked and prayed for a break. He practically starved, and now that glory is in sight, I would be the last to want to spoil it. I am just as much aware as Tommy is that as a teenage idol, marriage might ruin his career.

Meanwhile, it's fun and exciting to date Tommy. And I will always wear the ring that Tommy gave me—the ring that is the symbol of our deep and lasting friendship.

END

Watch for Tommy soon in 20th Century-Fox's THE SINGIN' IDOL.

the Lord taketh away

(*Continued from page 59*) excitedly. "She was just here, her and her husband . . . And she wore a big red coat and I could see she was wearing tight black pants."

"And when she opened the door once I could see she wasn't wearing any shoes," Eddy said.

"And her hair was very messed up," little Dicky added. He squinted. "Do you believe us?"

Just like the other housewives

The Raynors looked at the autographs, then at each other. After lots of coaxing, they drove the boys to the beach for another look.

Yes, there *was* a Lincoln convertible parked there all right, with two people standing alongside it, looking out at the ocean. And when the blonde girl turned to say something to the man, there was no mistaking it—it *was* Marilyn Monroe.

Marilyn's and Stella's eyes met a moment later. Marilyn smiled and waved. Stella smiled and waved back and called out, "Welcome to Amagansett."

Marilyn and Arthur walked over to the Raynor car. They introduced themselves and the two couples shook hands all the way around.

Then, after talking a little about lots of little things, Marilyn asked Stella if she knew whether TOPPING's, the local grocery-butcher shop-and-soda fountain delivered. "We just got here and our cupboard looks like Mother Hubbard's," she said.

"Oh, sure they deliver," Stella said. "Here—" She reached into her husband's pocket for a pencil. "I'll write down their number for you."

Marilyn and Arthur thanked them very much and after a few more words they said *goodbye* and walked back to their car.

It was bright and early the next morning—about 8:15—when Bob O'Brien, the check-out clerk and delivery boy at TOPPING's arrived at the cheery little house the Millers were renting on a piece of land known as Stony Hill Farm. Marilyn had phoned her order in the night before and Bob was lugging it to the door now and secretly hoping for a peek at the star.

He nearly fell over when the star herself came to the door.

"Hi," he said. "I'm Bob O'Brien."

"And I'm Mrs. Miller," Marilyn said.

Then they began to talk, the big Hollywood actress and the happy delivery boy.

"Mrs. Miller," Bob finally asked, "could I ask you a favor? I wonder if sometime before the summer's over I can bring a camera and get somebody to take a picture of us together. It sure would be something for the fellows down at school to see."

"I'll be happy to do that," Marilyn said.

"Oh boy," Bob shouted, rushing off.

Marilyn drove up to TOPPING's the next morning in her own car, a black Thunderbird—*no need*, she'd decided, *to phone her order in. Here in Amagansett I can just walk into the grocery and shop like all the other housewives do. . . .*

For the next fifteen or twenty minutes, Marilyn happily roamed the store. And, slowly, her cart began to fill up with canned cherries and angel-food cake mix and a couple of different kinds of ice cream and "two pounds of ground beef . . . and a few lamb chops for tomorrow, and maybe some steaks. And can you cut the steaks thick, please? My husband likes them thick."

And as she left, a couple more people standing around—not strangers suddenly, but neighbors and friends—stopped to say *Hello . . . how are you? . . . Hello . . .*

During the filming of *The Pride And The Passion* on location in Spain, the on-lookers kept sneaking on the set to collect autographs. Until finally Cary Grant, fast developing a case of writer's cramp, quipped—"I want to be judged by my performance, not my penmanship!"

A man and his wife were the next to talk to Marilyn. The man was Roger Mattei, owner of THE CORSICAN RESTAURANT, just down the street. The woman was his wife, Helen.

"We'd love for you and Mr. Miller to come to our restaurant for dinner some night," Helen told Marilyn.

"And," Roger added, "don't worry about maybe there not being something on the menu you like. I know that you like *Lobster Monaco*, stuffed with the clams and the shrimps, and that you like the sliced filet mignon Bordelaise, and I will prepare either of them for you any time you wish."

Marilyn was amazed. "But *how* do you know, Mr. Mattei?" she asked.

Just like her own home town

The chef nodded wisely. "For many years," he said, "I am a chef in New York and, of course, I know many other chefs and when I hear you are coming to Amagansett I telephone the chefs and I ask

hem what are your favorites. It is that imple. We always do that, when we can—ind out what our new neighbors here ike to eat, just in case they become our ustomers!"

"Suddenly," Marilyn said to Arthur, elling him about it later, "suddenly these people were my neighbors . . . and this, well, I felt as if this place was finally my home town. . . ."

The next six weeks were wonderful for Marilyn and Arthur and the neighbors of Amagansett.

"Practically every morning Marilyn and her husband came to the beach for about an hour," one local boy said, "and they usually walked up a ways and they'd go surf-casting. Sometimes some out-of-towners would come and walk right by them and stand around for a while. But we could see it made them embarrassed and so when *we* saw them we'd just wave and they'd wave back and then they'd do their surf-casting.

A most wonderful six weeks

"Then in the afternoon—me and the other fellows could see all this from the firetower—in the afternoon, they'd sit around the garden. She'd always be dressed in shorts and be watering the garden or fixing some of the flowers up or something. And Mr. Miller would be dressed in shorts, too, but he'd usually be sitting reading a book. Or sometimes he'd bring a typewriter out and start typing away. And that's the way it would be a lot of the time. Just the two of them together like that.

"And then other times, usually over the weekend, there'd be other people there with them to keep them company. Once an old couple came and it turned out to be Mr. Miller's mother and father from Brooklyn. And then they came a few more times and always brought two children with them, a boy and a girl, who turned out to be Mr. Miller's children by his first marriage. And that's when it really looked like they were all having fun there—Mr. Miller playing catch with his son and Marilyn and Mr. Miller's daughter and mother preparing a big cook-out with hot dogs and steaks and potato salad and some kind of cake Mr. Miller's mother used to bring from Brooklyn, I think, because it was always in a pan and she always used to make Marilyn sniff it first and then her son before she cut it. . . ."

Orson Welles' daughter Christopher has taken a job in Chicago. Soon after Christopher was born, the Welles' Hollywood neighbor—Shirley Temple—asked Welles: "Is Christopher going into the movies?" . . . "Not until she's two," Welles replied, "because first I want her to have a normal childhood."

Leonard Lyons in the N. Y. Post

"At night," remembers another Amagansite, a woman, "they usually stayed at home, just the two of them. Mrs. Miller prepared supper and did the dishes and acted just like any ordinary housewife around here. And sometimes—I know this for a fact, because my husband and I were doing the same thing once and saw them—they would get into their car at about 10 o'clock and drive to the ocean and take off their shoes and just walk along the beach, holding hands, close to the water, talking and laughing and then not talking and not laughing but just walking . . . well, again, just walking along like any other ordinary couple in love."

Signs of something extraordinary

And, like any other ordinary married young woman in love, Marilyn gradually began to show signs of something both ordinary and extraordinary at the same time.

It showed first where it shows with all women—in their eyes, in the way their eyes seem a little larger than they've ever seemed before and more sparkling and wiser and happier.

And then it began to show, just a little, in her figure.

She was in the post office one day, mailing a letter she'd just written to Arthur's children, when two old women walked in. They were nice old women—white-haired, sweet-faced, be-spectacled and all that. And to them Mrs. Arthur Miller was just like a Mrs. Frank Jones or a Mrs. Stanley Smith.

"I'm sure," one of them said to Marilyn sweetly as she began to leave the post office, "I'm sure that we're not the first to congratulate you, but . . ."

"Congratulate me?" Marilyn asked, puzzled.

"Oh now, Mrs. Miller," the second little old lady said, shaking a finger.

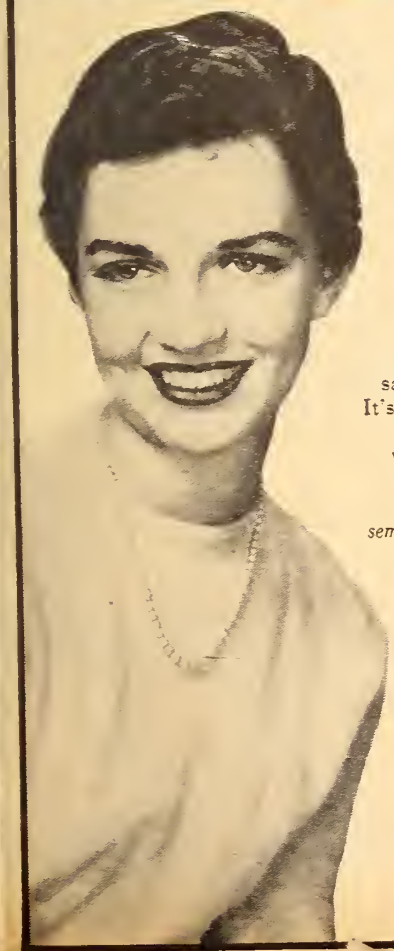
"Oh now, what?" Marilyn asked.

"Mrs. Miller," the first woman said, "we just wanted to congratulate you on your . . . your *enceinte* condition."

Marilyn didn't know much French. But she did know that *enceinte* meant pregnant.

"Oh," she said, softly. Then she began to blush. "I . . . I . . ." she started to say.

"You ARE *enceinte*, aren't you?" the second woman asked.



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Marilyn smiled. "I . . . I think so," she said. And then Marilyn said *goodbye* and left.

"Mmmmmmm," said the first woman turning to her friend, "I *know* so."

The news was all over town within a couple of hours.

It all lasted for about a week after that—the fun of everyone in town playing armchair godmother and godfather to a baby who was still seven months away but whom everyone was waiting for as if the baby was their own—because they had come to love the baby's parents so much already.

And then, suddenly, at about eleven on the morning of Thursday, August 1st, the happiness came to a sudden end.

At first, Marilyn thought the pain was something momentary. But after a few minutes it began to grow worse instead of better. Suddenly, she clutched her abdomen and fell on her knees. "Arthur," she called. Her voice was unnaturally weak. She tried to scream. "Arthur . . . ARTHUR!"

Arthur lifted Marilyn from the grass and gently, as gently as he could, carried her up to their bedroom.

"Please, God. . . ."

"The baby," Marilyn moaned as he placed her on the bed and as she clutched her stomach again. She began to cry and the tears began to come uncontrollably. "I'm afraid for the baby, Arthur . . . I'm afraid for the baby."

Marilyn was afraid, more afraid than she'd ever been in her whole life. "I don't want to lose it, Arthur," she whispered. She closed her eyes. "Please, God, I don't want to lose our baby."

Arthur spoke to the doctor a few minutes later. "*Is* it the baby?" he asked.

The doctor nodded. "I've just phoned for an ambulance," he started to say.

"Ambulance?" Arthur asked, shocked.

"We've got to get her to New York right away," the doctor said. "I'm not sure yet, but we may have to operate."

This was all coming too quickly for Arthur, much too quickly. "Operate?" he asked. "Why?"

"In order to save your wife's life," the doctor explained simply.

The trip from Amagansett to New York took a little more than two hours. Two hospital attendants rushed out of the building to wheel the stretcher on which Marilyn lay, covered by two heavy white blankets, up to her room on the ninth floor.

The pain had subsided a little, and she had slept during part of the long ride. She really didn't wake until she had been placed in bed. She opened her eyes slowly. She saw Arthur. She smiled a groggy smile. According to a nurse who was present at the time, "It was as though she was a woman in her own home and it was first thing in the morning and she'd overslept a little and she was smiling up at her husband, who'd got up earlier and had made his own coffee and was on his way to work."

She screamed his name

But then, suddenly, the pain returned again. And within a second the smile was gone and Marilyn's eyes closed shut again. She grabbed her husband's hand with one hand and pressed against her stomach with the other. "Arthur," she screamed.

Back in Amagansett that afternoon, everything seemed to stop as the town wondered exactly what was wrong with its girl. Practically everybody had heard the ambulance siren wail its heart out as it pulled away from the Miller house that morning. And by the end of a couple of hours, practically everyone had gathered

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WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

the heart of town to ask one another
at he and she knew.
At 4 o'clock, the crowd gathered in the
ocery store heard a news flash over the
dio saying that doctors had decided
arilyn didn't need an operation and that
miscarriage could probably be avoided.
The crowd cheered up a little.
Shortly later, another newscaster said
at further drastic complications had set
and that doctors *had* decided to operate,
at Marilyn was going through an ectopic
iscarriage—meaning that the new baby
as beginning to form in the narrow tube
ading to the womb rather than in the
omb itself; that if they didn't operate
mediately there would be a rupture
thin days—or hours—and that chances
saving Marilyn from death would be
m.

ould Marilyn live?

"It was a sad, touching thing to see the
ay the news affected these people," one
oman, who was in Amagansett at the
ne, told us. "One old woman was shop-
ng, right alongside me, and when she
ard it began to cry. She told me
at she'd talked to Marilyn right there
that store only two days earlier; that
e'd told Marilyn she'd heard the won-
rful news and had started to sew a sur-
ise for the baby, which she'd give to
arilyn at the end of the summer. That
arilyn had been so delighted and happy
e'd kissed her. 'And now,' the old
oman wept, 'now they're operating on
at poor child and maybe, maybe. . . .'"
The old woman's tears were shared by
st about everybody in Amagansett.
Then finally the news came in:
The operation had lasted a little over
hour. It was, in a way, a success.
here would be no baby, of course. But
arilyn herself was out of danger.
The immediate rumor around Amagan-
tt following the operation was that
arilyn wasn't coming back. Somebody
id she'd heard from somebody that Mari-
n would spend the rest of the summer
ith Arthur in their New York apart-
ent. The reason was a simple one:
arilyn, talk had it, didn't ever want
see again the house in which her lost
aby had been conceived. She didn't ever
ant to sit in that garden again, alone,
ith Arthur—that garden where they'd
at that afternoon so many weeks back
nd where she'd first told him about the
aby. She didn't ever want to drive to
eir beach again, the way they'd driven
very day for all those wonderful days
nd stood there, barefoot, at the ocean's
dge, and talked about their child and
hat they would call it and how they
ould love it and how they would do so
uch to make it a happy child, so *much*.
"No," the rumor went, "they're not com-
ng back."

o shout the good news

And then, on a Saturday morning, nine
ays later, the telephone rang at Top-
NG'S MARKET. Bob O'Brien, the young
heck-out and delivery boy, answered it.
Hello," he said, "may I take your order?"
He'd just begun to jot something down
n his order pad when he began to smile.
"Yes," he said, as he began to take
own the order, the smile on his face
rowing bigger and bigger. "Yes . . .
es . . . *yes*. . . ."
When he'd finished, he gulped and
aid, "Gee, it's wonderful to hear you
gain—and, I just wondered, but in a
ouple of weeks do you think we can get
ogether and take that picture so I can
how the fellows at school? . . . We
an? . . . Oh, great. *Great!*"
Then he hung up and rushed to the
ront of the store to shout out the good
ews: *Marilyn had come home!* **END**



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pat levels with us

(*continued from page 53*)

Q. Whot's the first thing you remember, bock when you were two or three?

A. Learning to whistle at age three. I stopped a man on the street in front of our house and made him listen.

Q. How mony children will you have?

A. If the fourth is a 'Mike,' we'll call it quits. If not, we'll go for a fifth. Eventually, we'd like to adopt a child, one or maybe more.

Q. Would you give up singing for teaching?

A. If I felt I could be more useful as a teacher. Right now I don't feel that way.

Q. What's your fovorite book?
song?
sport?
hobby?
color?
food
drink?

A. The Bible.
I Believe.
Whatever is in season.
Sports.
Red.
Whatever is on the table.
Milk.

Q. Would you wear a toupe if your hair started getting thin?

A. In movies and in TV, yes. On stage and in person, I don't think so—but then, who knows?

Q. What ore the three characteristics obout your wife that you love most?

A. Her sense of humor, her kindness, and her love for me.

Q. Did you two hove in-low trouble?

A. No, neither of us. We wuz lucky!

Q. What's your favorite subject in school?

A. Speech.

Q. Who usually tries to make up first when you ond Shirley have o fight?

A. Hubby does—the weaker animal!

Q. Who gets up if the boby cries?

A. Shirley usually does. But if she is sick or very tired, I do—at least, she tells me I do—I don't remember.

Q. Do you dream a lot?

A. I dream very little, but when I do, they're *lollapaloozas!*

Q. About what, usuolly?

A. Murders, fantastic adventures, oil wells and gold mines, falling out of windows, etc.

Q. How long do you think your popularity will lost?

A. Only God and the American people can determine that.

Q. Do you hove o bod temper?

A. No. In fact, sometimes I'm too calm and peace-loving for my own good. However, when I do get mad, I kind of boil over. This is very rare, though.

Q. Whot kind of things get you mad?

A. Unkindness, cruelty, hypocrisy, being pushed around or taken advantage of, ingratitude and false accusations.



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Q. Of all the records you've made, which is your favorite?
A. *Friendly Persuasion.*

Q. Do you save clippings about you?
A. I used to, but it's gotten out of hand now. I just save the most unusual or most important ones.

Q. How many fan clubs do you have?
A. We have about 3,500 that are registered with our national organization. Many others are not registered. I wish they'd write me at 157 W. 57th, N.Y.C. and join up with us.

Q. Who was your first fan?
A. Vicki Woodall of Nashville, Tennessee. She now lives in Memphis and is the president of our NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF FAN CLUBS.

Q. When you're on tour, does your wife go, too?
A. Very rarely. With three youngsters at home, it's hard for both of us to get away. I don't travel much now, though.

Q. How often do you call each other when you're not together?
A. At least every other night. Usually the average is even higher. A four-hundred-dollar phone bill is the result—'cause we just can't hang up!

Q. What's your pet extravagance?
A. Little mechanical things like watches, radios, toy cars, guns, etc.

Q. Do you have any brothers or sisters?
A. One brother, Nick, who is twenty-two and two sisters—Margie, nineteen, and Judy, fifteen.

Q. Will you move to Hollywood permanently?
A. When I finish school, I think so.

Q. Do you own your own house?
A. Yes, a little one in New Jersey.

Q. When you were a kid, what was your ambition in life?
A. I could never decide, honestly.

Q. Did you ever get into serious trouble?
A. Yes. I was once going steady with two girls at the same time!

Q. Were you ever seriously ill?
A. When I was ten, I had pneumonia and pleurisy at the same time. I was pretty sick.

Q. What was your favorite game when you were young?
A. Baseball, basketball, and football—when I was *young*!?!

Q. Who do you admire most in the world?
A. Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

Q. If you could be someone else, who would you choose?
A. I wouldn't want to be anybody else.

Q. If you had three wishes, what would they be?
A. First—that my children be as fortunate as I have been.
Second—that my life be of value to a great many people.
Third—that I have few things to be ashamed of when it's all over.
Fourth—if possible, that I keep my own hair and teeth till I'm ninety-nine. After that you can have 'em!

Pat will soon be in 20th Century-Fox's APRIL LOVE. **END**

debbie tells louella the truth

(*Continued from page 35*) ment of this magazine. I had put it on the line pretty sternly to my little friend. I thought she should start thinking more seriously about her career instead of putting Eddie's first.

This is what I wrote:

Debbie, I think the time has come when you'd better start minding the store. I might not feel so strongly about this if it weren't for the news that an absolute newcomer, a little fifteen-year-old actress-model from New York named Carol Lynley, has been signed by MGM to star in THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE, *a London stage hit which was purchased over a year ago to star* YOU.

There was no announcement from the studio about why this switch had been made.

My point is this—recently, it has seemed that you are really far more interested in Eddie Fisher's career than in your own. You love him very deeply and heaven knows I'm not knocking that. I thoroughly approve of married movie people being together as much as possible. But shouldn't that be done without one sacrificing too much to the other?

This is the reason I paged Debbie, as soon as she came home, to come and see me. I am deeply fond of this girl. Having gone with her through the start of her romance with Eddie, its threatened break-up, then their marriage, and later their happiness at the birth of their daughter, I couldn't feel closer to these kids if they were blood relatives. When I had written the scolding words to Debbie—for her own good—I had felt much like the parent who, before a spanking, says, "This is going to hurt me more than you."

Before Debbie arrived, I had wondered if she would be a little angry with me. But she just put her arms around me and held me close and said, "It's so good to see you again. I've missed you." Then we settled down to talk—in the room overlooking my garden, the room where we have shared so many confidences in the past.

Debbie chattered like a little magpie, as usual—full of news about Eddie, his tremendous success at the PALLADIUM in London, the wonderful reception he was given on the continent and then about her joy over seeing Carrie Frances again even though it brought her home weeks ahead of Eddie.

Waiting and waiting to hear

This chatter about Eddie might have gone on indefinitely for I was as eager as she was to talk about her favorite topic. But, surprisingly, it was Debbie who interrupted herself.

"Yes," she said with an arch little smile, "I read your OPEN LETTER—not once, but several times."

Now that the gauntlet was thrown down, I said, "And what did you think?"

"I think you are completely wrong," she said with no trace of bitterness in her voice. I started to speak. "No, let me finish," she put in quickly. "Eddie's career is the most important in our family and it will *always* come first. I have no intention of giving up my career, however."

"But, Debbie," I protested, "when you met Eddie, *your* career was more important. You were a *tremendous* success in my child's"—that's Harriet Parsons—"picture, *Susan Slept Here*."

She nodded. "But, let's go back a little in my career and I think you'll see what I mean. I was sixteen when I first signed with MGM. That was nine years ago. The rage then was for young fresh-looking American girls who could sing and dance in the many musicals MGM was making.

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"But the movie mood has changed in nine years. Musicals with bright, gay American girls are no longer the vogue. I have been ready and willing to work for MGM for over a year, and no assignment has come my way. I would like to do a picture for my home studio, believe me, but it begins to look like *The All-American Girl* is temporarily out of style on the screen!"

I must have looked my surprise for she said, "I mean it. Look around at any studio and there are ten foreign actresses to *one* American. There's Sophia Loren, Taina Elg, Kay Kendall, Maria Schell, Christine Carere, Anita Ekberg, Audrey Hepburn, the great Anna Magnani—not one of these actresses is American born. Yet all of them are working in our Hollywood pictures.

"Of course, you can say that just as many of our actresses are working in Europe," Debbie went on. "I met more Hollywood film stars, both men and women, when we were abroad than I ever met at home. So you see, change is in the air." Debbie shrugged slightly. "Even the MGM lot seems different from the time Louis B. Mayer signed me. Now when I visit around the studio there are very few people I know. I have been waiting and waiting to hear what they are going to give me next because I *want* to work."

Marriage first

This seemed the time to ask her about *The Reluctant Debutante* which she knew as well as I did had been bought originally for her.

"Two scripts have been written," she said, "but neither is right for me. Another good picture, *The Boy Friend*, will soon be ready and I'm ready and willing to play that—if I get the chance."

"But, my dear, there are so many fields open for your talent—TV, even Broadway," I put in.

She laughed, "Don't think I don't know that," sounding like the spunky little Debbie I love. "But my MGM contract is such that I can't accept anything without their permission. However, they did give me special permission to go on loan-out to U-I for the movie *Tammy*. It's a cute little picture and I couldn't be happier that the record I made of the little song is getting more and more popular. Please don't worry that I am becoming discouraged or *down* about myself. It's just that I'm facing facts as they are," she added with that forthrightness that's so much a part of her personality. As young as she is, she's definitely a girl to face reality. There's a wise head on those young shoulders.

She reached over and patted my hand. "I know you think I spend too much time away from Hollywood going with Eddie around this country and to Europe in the background of his fabulous career. But, to me, a career can't possibly be as stable as a marriage. Any woman who marries an artist like Eddie should consider his work first. At least, that's the way I feel about it—and that's the way I shall continue to feel."

No reason in the world

Good for Debbie! If more actresses felt this way there would be fewer broken marriages in movietown. But I still had a good point, and I brought it up. "Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn seem to have worked out a similar problem very well," I said. "They have a little plan of staggering their jobs so that when Mel is working Audrey is on vacation and can be with him, and vice versa."

"That's exactly what I did!" Debbie argued. "I finished *Tammy* months ago. Then, as MGM had nothing for me, there was no reason in the world why I shouldn't accompany Eddie when he went to Europe."

"All right, all right!" I laughed—and she joined me. "But don't you feel that if you stayed home there might have been offers for you, important guest spots you might have filled in—say, in television?"

She answered, "Television is a good medium for me—and I'm very interested in the offers I've had. But here again, I can't do it without MGM's permission."

"My real heart"

I have a large picture of Eddie holding Carrie Frances on a table in this room and Debbie's eyes fell on it. "There they are, my real heart," Debbie cried, blowing a little kiss in the direction of the sweetest father-and-baby picture I have ever seen.

"Do you know that little rascal, Carrie Frances, didn't recognize me when I came home? Honest, she didn't. That's the best argument I know for not going away. For a few days my heart was broken. She'd go to my mother or the nurse, but she'd just look at me as though saying, *Who are you? And* WHERE *have you been?*" Debbie went on. "I don't see how I can ever leave her again. A baby's personality changes from day to day—it seems to me from hour to hour. And I've missed two *wonderful* months out of her life," Debbie wailed.

"Your mother told me that your telephone bill from Europe will be enormous!" I smiled, "and that just about every other day you and Eddie were on the telephone wanting to know the latest developments in the life of your child."

"That's true," she replied. "All the money I might have spent buying clothes and things in Paris I preferred to spend listening to Carrie Frances coo over the trans-Atlantic."

"How about those Paris shops? Didn't they really get you?" I put in.

"No, I didn't buy any clothes. My mother makes almost everything I wear, simple easy-to-wear things," she said. "I'm not the glamour type who has to have a new gown every time I stick my head outside the door. Thank goodness! I hate shopping."

Instead of hours in the shops, she spent much of her time while Eddie was working really seeing the sights of England and the continent. "I did all the tourist things —and loved it."

Something very dear

As she arrived home three weeks in advance of Eddie, she had been planning many things. "We are going to sell the house," she told me. "It's much too big, a blooming mansion, really. Even before we went away, Eddie and I realized that the three of us were just rattling around in it. A simple but pretty place, all on one floor is what we really want. Pretty soon Carrie Frances will be toddling, and I worry about stairs and places where she might hurt herself."

Debbie seemed gay and happy again, the Debbie I know best. I'm not only fond of this girl, I have the deepest admiration for her. She very *definitely* has her own set of values in life, and she is proving it by living up to her principles.

It's my opinion that Debbie has more to offer her career now than she did two years ago, September 29th, when she married Eddie. Without looking a day older she has matured inwardly. She is one of those rare people who *knows* what she has in life and is appreciative.

"I'm sticking to my story and I still say you must go on with your career," I said as she was leaving.

And then she said something very dear using the name she used to call me when she and Eddie were courting and I'd go with them as a chaperone to Las Vegas or some other weekend spot. "Don't worry," she said. "When the time, or the picture or the TV show is *right* for me, I'll be ready—*mother*." EN

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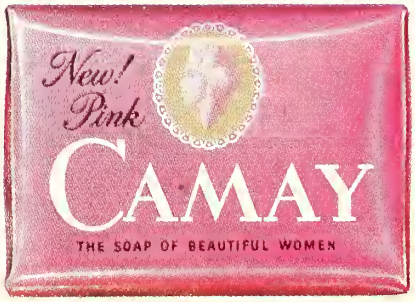
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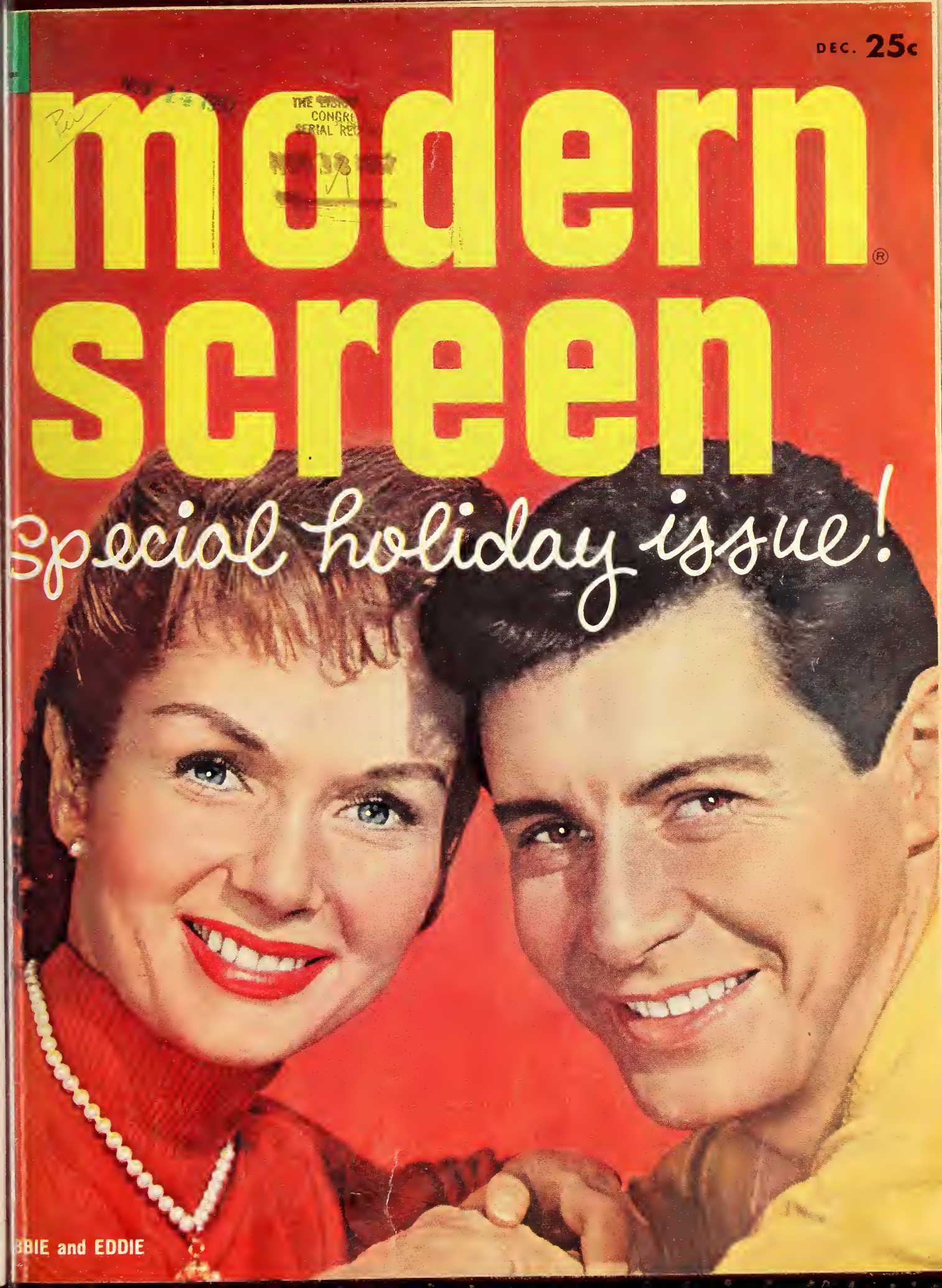
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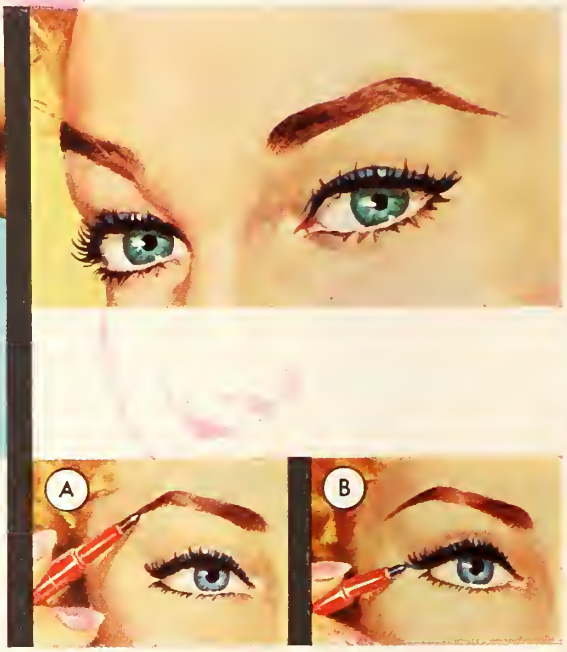


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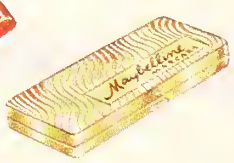
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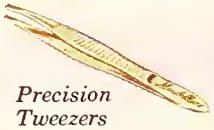
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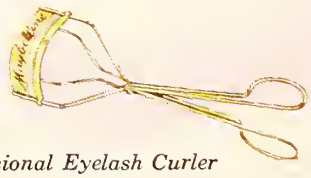
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Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher on the cover by William Woodfield of Globe. You can see Debbie in MGM's The Boy Friend, *U-I's* Tammy And The Bachelor, *and U-I's* For Love Or Money. *Eddie's in NBC's* The Eddie Fisher-George Gobel Show. *Other photographers' credits on page 69.*

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen. 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is **Yul Brynner** just "an average clean-cut Mongolian boy" as he claims?
—F.Y., N.Y.C.
A *Brynner is the son of Russ-Swiss parents, wos born in Vlodivostok.*

Q Is it true that **Ginger Rogers** is one of the biggest land-owners in the state of Oregon?
—P. R., PORTLAND, ORE.
A *Ginger ond her mother own 680 ocres.*

Q Is **Anthony Franciosa, Shelley Winters'** new husband, a better actor than, say, **Anthony Perkins**?
—S.L., PROVO, UTAH
A *Both are exceptionally talented performers.*

Q Can you tell me if *Around The World in 80 Days* will ever be shown at reduced prices?
—J.T., MINEOLA, L.I.
A *The plon is to sell it at never less than a $2 top, to limit its showing to 400 houses, to revive it every few yeors, to take all the troffic will bear.*

Q Is **Mark Stevens** disliked in the movie colony?
—V.U., CHICAGO, ILL.
A *In some quarters he is, but he has loyal friends.*

Q Can you tell me if **Arlene Dahl** is pregnant?
—R.T., ROCHESTER, N.Y.
A Yes.

Q When **Esther Williams** was in Italy making a movie recently, was her husband Ben Gage with her?
—R.L., N.Y.C.
A *No; he wos in the Stotes looking after their swimming pool business.*

Q Is it true that any actress who plays in a **Charley Chaplin** picture is considered finished in Hollywood?
—E.T., LONDON, ENG.
A *Definitely not.* **Claire Bloom** *who played opposite Chaplin in* LIMELIGHT *is an exomple.*

Q Whatever happened to the love affair between **Tab Hunter** and **Etchika Choureau**?
—D.L., EL PASO, TEX.
A *Pftt.*

Q Did **Kim Novak** use actor **Ted Cooper** and businessman Mac Krim and then discard both for that Italian count Mario Bandini?
—J.Y., CHICAGO, ILL.
A *No; just o question of friendships come ond friendships go.*

Q Was **Debbie Reynolds** responsible for the break between **Eddie Fisher** and his longtime manager Milt Blackstone?
—M.Y., ELLENVILLE, N.Y.
A *No.*

Q Is **Tyrone Power's** second wife, **Linda Christian,** really an adventuress?
—E.L., RENO, NEV.
A *Linda believes in odventure.*

Q Isn't the **Bergman-Rossellini** marriage finished for all practical purposes?
—K.T., ROME, ITALY
A *Just about.*

Q In *Fire Down Below* I saw **Rita Hayworth** opposite **Bob Mitchum** and **Jack Lemmon**. Isn't she older than both of these actors?
—N.R., BUFFALO, N.Y.
A *Yes.*

Q **Kathy Grant, Mona Freeman, Inger Stevens,** Pat Sheehan—does **Bing Crosby** have any intention of getting married again to a young girl?
—F.Y., TUSCAN, ARIZ.
A *Probably not.*

Q How could Bruno Pagliai, wealthy Mexican steel magnate who's been divorced twice, get married a third time to **Merle Oberon** in a Catholic church?
—K.T., LOUISVILLE, KY.
A *Special Vatican dispensation.*

Q What happened between **Cantinflas** and **Mike Todd** that caused Cantinflas to bow out of *Don Quixote?*
—H.E., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
A *Finonciol dispute.*

Q How many times has **Jackie Coogan** been married?
—K.T., LOS ANGELES, CAL.
A Four.

Q Is **Lana Turner** broke?
—E.P., SEATTLE, WASH.
A *Not broke but not well-fixed either.*

Q **Venetia Stevenson** and **Frank Sinatra**—is this for real?
—T.O., COLUMBIA, S.C.
A *Interlude.*

Q Isn't **Jayne Mansfield** secretly married to muscle man Mickey Hargitay?
—L.E., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
A *Not yet.* *(Continued on page 10)*



. . . far and away
HIS FUNNIEST

Paramount presents

JERRY LEWIS as THE SAD SACK

a HAL WALLIS production



Co-starring

VISTAVISION®

Hear Jerry Lewis sing his new song hit, "SAD SACK"

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Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL · Screenplay by EDMUND BELOIN and NATE MONASTER · Based on the Cartoon Character Created by George Baker

Acknowledgment is hereby gratefully made to the United States Army and Air Force without whose cooperation, deep understanding, and sense of humor this picture could never have been made.

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR LOVE
Sayonara

FOR MUSIC AND DANCE
Pal Joey

FOR DRAMA
The Helen Morgan Story
The Joker Is Wild

FOR COMEDY
The Admirable Crichton
My Man Godfrey
Kiss Them For Me

FOR ADVENTURE
The Unholy Wife

FOR SUSPENSE
Slaughter On Tenth Avenue
Misguided

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka are captured in a particularly moving scene from SAYONARA, *a truly realistic film of the problems of living today.*

SAYONARA

beautiful love story

Marlon Brando
Red Buttons
Patricia Owens
Ricardo Montalban
Miiko Taka

▪ Sayonara means goodbye, but you won't be forgetting this movie for a long, long time. Written by Pulitzer Prize author James Michener, directed by Joshua Logan, filmed in exotically beautiful Japan, starring Marlon Brando, it is a love story that ends the way you wish all love stories would. Marlon Brando is a jet ace in Korea who is sent to Japan for rest and rehabilitation. Flying back with him is Airman Red Buttons, a product of city slums who has the daring to take what he wants from life. What he wants now is to marry a Japanese girl (Myoshi Emeki). The Air Force frowns on this, the Japanese elders frown on it and even Brando frowns on it. He's engaged to Vassar grad Patricia Owens who meets him in Japan. The engagement begins to break when Patricia tells Marlon her plans for him: she wants him to become a great Air Force general. Then, when Brando serves as best man at Buttons' wedding, he sees that love can be much stronger than he had ever imagined. Being criticized by army authorities for attending the wedding upsets Brando to the point of postponing his own marriage indefinitely. One night he watches the famed Matsubayashi dancers who are dedicated to their art to such a degree that they are virtually excluded from the outside world. Among them is Japan's première danseuse, the lovely Miiko Taka. Brando finds deep love at last; he also finds it isn't easy. Overcoming his own prejudice, he still must fight the prejudice that both races hold toward inter-marriage. In this case, the Air Force can not only disapprove, it can also take action. Tragedy comes to the life of Red Buttons; awakening comes to Patricia Owens who is enchanted by a Kabuki Theater actor (Ricardo Montalban). What comes to Marlon Brando I'll leave for you to discover. —TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

THE HELEN MORGAN STORY

blues in the 'twenties

Ann Blyth
Paul Newman
Richard Carlson
Gene Evans
Cara Williams

▪ Ann Blyth goes glamorous in *The Helen Morgan Story*. Only Ann can bring delicacy to a drunk scene, which is a relief considering the number of lost ladies served up recently. Whether or not this story has anything to do with the facts about that once-famous blues singer, it captures the clothes, the hysteria and the simple violence of the twenties; and the wonderful songs are here. Also here is Paul Newman, a brazen bootlegger and promoter who promotes himself first, Ann second. In fact, it's his miserable treatment of her that drives her to drink. Success and

fame can't ease her tortured heart. Neither can New York attorney Richard Carlson—his wife won't let him. Newman winds up in prison for hi-jacking the warehouse of a rival racketeer and Ann winds up in Bellevue for rehabilitation. You may think it's too late but it's never too late for a good cry and for love.—CINEMASCOPE, WARNERS.

MY MAN GODFREY

drawing room farce

David Niven
June Allyson
Martha Hyer
Jessie Royce Landis
Robert Keith

▪ Here's another butler (David Niven) but his province is the wacky, super-democratic household of a barried American businessman (Robert Keith). When Niven brings breakfast to the ladies he's lucky if they let him leave the bedroom! The ladies are Jessie Royce Landis, the scatter-brained mother who keeps a pet (Jay Robinson); Martha Hyer, the femme fatale who throws a tantrum when her "come-on" doesn't come off; June Allyson, Martha's younger sister, who picks Niven up on a scavenger hunt—you know, where you have to find samples of animals, vegetables and minerals—and wins the game with him. Daddy has the money, but Niven has class· he also has the problem of being in the country illegally—and that's a big problem to June Allyson who wants to marry him. Lots of funny lines to tickle you, plenty of Niven's famous suavity to deliver them. Eva Gabor's here, too.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

PAL JOEY

sparkling comedy

Rita Hayworth
Frank Sinatra
Kim Novak
Barbara Nichols
Bobby Sherwood

▪ Gay, touching, lavish, with music by Rodgers and Hart, there isn't anything missing in *Pal Joey,* except more of it. Sinatra's here again with a magnetism that makes beautiful women—Hayworth and Novak for a start—drop at his feet. He has an ego as big as the Pacific and no bank account at all; he's a heel. Arriving in the exciting city of San Francisco (after being put on a train by policemen for showing too much attention to a mayor's young daughter) he starts singing in a nightclub without being asked. Modesty is not his forte. All the tall showgirls, except veteran Barbara Nichols, adore him, and orchestra leader Bobby Sherwood prepares to lose his girl (Kim Novak) to him. Kim is from a small town and treats Sinatra coolly—she's not sure he's for real. Intrigued, Sinatra moves right next door to her at a boarding-house; they share the bath. But one night he meets a stunning widow (Hayworth) who's covered with money and has the added attraction of once having been a stripper. She also has a floating palace—that's a yacht—which he finds homey; she buys him a night-club, which he accepts as his due; she becomes jealous of Kim, which is where the trouble starts. Want to see Kim Novak attempt a strip tease? Want to lose yourself in color and romance? Then go see *Pal Joey.* It's great fun.—TECHNICOLOR COLUMBIA.

THE JOKER IS WILD

Joe E. Lewis' life

Frank Sinatra
Jeanne Crain
Eddie Albert
Mitzi Gaynor
Jackie Coogan

▪ The joker is Frank Sinatra, who can make a movie all by himself, he's that charming. As it is, he's made a movie based on the life of a very popular nightclub comedian, Joe E. Lewis. Lewis is still very much around, although considering his liquid consumption, it's a wonder. Sinatra (Lewis) begins his career as a singer but when he quits one job for another his sensitive ex-boss sends a few thugs around to carve him up. They do a remarkable job—Sinatra loses his voice and his face is scarred for life. His former piano accompanist (Eddie Albert), a truly devoted friend, is instrumental in plunging Sinatra into a whole new career—that of sophisticated comedian. Sinatra's patter when he is 'in' forms the highspots of the movie. The rest is alcohol mixed with pathetic attempts to love a couple of women. One's Jeanne Crain, a rich girl whom he gives up on the theory he's going to die (it isn't *his* theory, it's his doctor's). Losing Jeanne, but not his life, he marries Mitzi Gaynor, who becomes a Hollywood actress. That marriage is like two ships passing in the night. Never mind, Sinatra finally takes a good look at himself and vows to drop anchor.—PARAMOUNT.

KISS THEM FOR ME

something for the boys

Cary Grant
Suzy Parker
Jayne Mansfield
Leif Ericson
Larry Blyden

▪ When Cary Grant meets Suzy Parker a fire starts, and when Jayne Mansfield meets *anyone* he'd better run. The way it is: Cary's a flyer hero and naturally, a ladies' man. He and his buddies (Larry Blyden and Ray Walston) wangle some leave and wind up rent free in the presidential suite of a swanky hotel in the States. They want to have a party, a little party that'll last maybe three days. But there's a civilian tycoon around (name of Leif Ericson) who wants Grant to make speeches for the war effort. Grant figures he's done his share. He no sooner



PAL JOEY



KISS THEM FOR ME

THE HELEN MORGAN STORY



THE JOKER IS WILD





PAUL NEWMAN and ALAN KING go fly a kite

■ When Alan King, vaudeville and night club comedian, first met Paul Newman on the set of *The Helen Morgan Story*, he was certain they could never be friends. He considered Paul a great actor. It seemed a shame that two fellows who were cast as the best of pals on-screen couldn't get along when not in front of the camera.

After they had been introduced Paul asked, "Do you like popcorn?"

"No," Alan answered.

"Sure?" Paul asked, shoving a bag of it towards him.

"I don't like it," Alan said, still trying to be polite about it.

"But you never tried popcorn like this," Paul insisted. "I make it myself."

"I don't want any," Alan repeated again.

"You're chicken," Paul said, and walked away.

"If I could've stomached popcorn," Alan explains, "I would've, just to be friendly. But I guess I got him mad. . ."

For three days Paul didn't speak to Alan when the cameras weren't rolling. On the set, because the script called for it, they were palsey-walsey. This on-screen friendliness and off-screen coldness didn't seem to bother Paul at all. But Alan found it harder and harder to act buddy-buddy with Paul before the cameras.

On the morning of the fourth day Alan, in the costume of the 'Twenties—high celluloid collar, vest, spats and sharp suit—was just about to enter the studio gates when he saw Paul, also in costume, pull up in an old jalopy. Paul got out of the car and then reached into the back seat. He tugged at something, tugged some more, but couldn't budge whatever he was pulling at.

Without a word, Alan went around to the other side of the car, opened the far door. A huge box kite was wedged between the seats. Together, they lifted it out.

"Do you like to fly kites?" Paul asked.

"Yeah," said Alan, "sure. But where?"

"On the studio lot." Paul answered. "Come on."

So Alan held the big tail of the kite and Paul held the nose and the string, and together—dressed in their celluloid collars, high button shoes, and sharp 'Twenties suits—they ran up and down the lot. Dodging extras, skirting scenery, the two 'men' ran with the huge kite. Finally a gust of wind caught the kite and with a swoosh it went aloft. Paul let the string out and soon it was soaring high above their heads.

"I couldn't have got it up without you. Too heavy. Thanks a lot," Paul said, and he put out his hand for Alan to shake. Alan shook it. "For a guy who doesn't like popcorn, you're all right," Paul continued.

"Cut it," Alan answered.

"This time I was only kidding," Paul said, smiling. "Let's pull this thing down and get back to the picture."

Alan smiled too. And carrying the kite they walked on to the set.

Alan and Paul are in Warner Bros.' THE HELEN MORGAN STORY. *Paul is also in MGM's* UNTIL THEY SAIL *and will appear in Warner's* THE LEFT-HANDED GUN *and 20th's* THE LONG HOT SUMMER.

new movies (*continued from page 7*)

knocks Ericson to the floor than Ericson's fiancee, Suzy, hurls back the ring. "I love *you*," she tells Cary with simple directness. He loves her, too. Now about Jayne. Jayne's patriotism knows no bounds. "Kiss them for me," her boyfriend once told her out of gratitude to all his buddies; she construes his buddies to be everyone in uniform. To her credit, it must be said, none of them mind.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE

waterfront crime

Richard Egan
Jan Sterling
Dan Duryea
Julie Adams
Walter Matthau

■ Waterfront murders in New York are notoriously unsolvable. Everybody knows who killed whom, but nobody has the nerve to testify. Along comes Richard Egan, assistant to the district attorney. He's assigned to track down the murderer of stevedore Mickey Shaughnessy, husband of Jan Sterling. At first he's greeted with silence and suspicion by all concerned. Egan, however, has a good physique, a strong mind and a devoted fiancee, Julie Adams, all of which give him the courage to bring order where chaos reigned. The racket bosses, the thugs, the embittered dockworkers, the violence are here, making a hard-hitting drama.—U-I.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON

upper class life

Kenneth More
Diane Cilento
Cecil Parker
Martita Hunt
Sally Ann Howes

■ This is high and civilized comedy as can come only from the pen of a few writers—J. M. Barrie being one of the few. From beginning to end it is meaningful and hilarious. It is the story of how a king of butlers (Kenneth More) in the terribly aristocratic England of 1906 becomes head of Lord Cecil Parker's household (heading it over the Lord) when that household is accidentally re-established on a tropical island. Kenneth More loves being a butler; the thought of being anything else horrifies him. Lord Parker and his three daughters, particularly Sally Ann Howes, love being rich and snobbish; they would sooner stab themselves than act like human beings to the help. However, Parker does have a quirk—he flirts with the idea of social equality. This creates a scandal which impels the Lord to take his daughters, their suitors and an army of servants on a six-months' cruise. Shipwrecked, they land on an island, but what care they? They still expect dinner at eight and white linen on the table. What they get, and how it changes them is what this movie's about. Kenneth More is superb—so's everybody else. —TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA.

THE UNHOLY WIFE

the perfect crime

Diana Dors
Rod Steiger
Tom Tryon
Beulah Bondi
Arthur Franz

■ Rod Steiger plays the good guy for a change, and wouldn't you know he'd fall for the coolest, cruelest blonde of all—Diana Dors? The only nice thing about Diana is her wardrobe. Rod owns a vineyard out in California and he's pretty attached to it. Nothing gives him more pleasure than to be out there trampling on the grapes. He picks up Diana in a cafe and even though she tells him a few

SHE WANTED BREAKFAST IN BED

...but she didn't want to eat alone!!!



The scandalous saga of an actress, a mistress, a matron, and a maid.. and a butler with a *very subtle* buttle!

FROM BOUDOIR TO BASEMENT HE WAS THE MAN OF THE HOUSE!



JUNE ALLYSON · DAVID NIVEN



MY MAN GODFREY

CINEMASCOPE in *Eastman* COLOR

co-starring JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS
EVA GABOR · JAY ROBINSON
ROBERT KEITH
JEFF DONNELL and MARTHA HYER

Directed by HENRY KOSTER

Screenplay by EVERETT FREEMAN, PETER BERNEIS and WILLIAM BOWERS · Based on the screenplay by MORRIE RYSKIND and ERIC HATCH and on the novel by ERIC HATCH · Produced by ROSS HUNTER

A Universal-International Picture



What Was in the Soup Doris Day Fed Carol Haney?

■ Carol Haney had been rehearsing her *Steam Heat* number for *Pajama Game* for hours and was beat. Finally the assistant director called a halt and she staggered over to a chair. She was tired, energyless, discouraged—and nothing seemed to help.

Doris Day had been watching the number and came over to where Carol sat.

"I liked that very much," Doris said. "You're darned good."

"Well, gee, thanks," Carol answered. "I try my best. Only I'm very tired. I just can't seem to keep dancing, hour after hour, like I used to."

"You need my special pepper-upper." Doris said. "Come with me. I'll show you."

So they walked over to Doris' dressing room and went inside. Carol sat down on the couch and closed her eyes while Doris moved around the room. Carol heard a sound like a can being opened, then water running, then a noise like something being stirred.

"Eat this," Doris said. "It'll do you good."

"What is it?" Carol asked, opening her eyes and looking down at a plate of something that looked like pea soup but somehow didn't smell like pea soup.

"I told you," Doris replied, "it's my special pepper-upper. Now don't ask any more questions. Eat." So Carol ate. She couldn't tell exactly what was in the soup. But she didn't care. It was hot, it was delicious. When she had finished the last spoonful, she felt enormously refreshed, as if she could dance for hours more.

And in the weeks that followed, on three or four different occasions, Carol—dragged, danced-out, beat—found herself in Doris' dressing room, eating the special soup. Once she noticed that Doris sprinkled something that looked like a green herb into the pot; another time she thought that Doris dropped a few tiny onions into the brew. She soon gave up trying to learn the recipe. Doris just wasn't talking.

The soup worked like a magic potion. Carol would enter the dressing-room feeling blue, battered and beat; she'd leave feeling great.

Finally *Pajama Game* was finished. Carol returned to New York to be with her husband, and Doris stayed in Hollywood. One night Carol was telling her husband about Doris and the magic soup. "What did she put in it?" Carol asked.

"I know," her husband answered.

"You know? Why you can hardly cook an egg."

"I know just the same," he repeated.

"Okay, smartie, tell me," Carol said.

"Affection . . . concern . . . understanding—that's what was in the soup."

"I don't get it," Carol said.

"Sure you do," he said. "You were feeling awful. You were knocking yourself out every day. I wasn't with you to hold your hand and help. A husband—me—would have been your best remedy. Next to that, someone who was kind and warm and concerned about *you*. Doris and her soup did the trick. She could have served you plain hot water; it would have worked just as well. What she was really giving you was big doses of friendship when you needed them most.

"And darling," he added, putting his arms around her, "that doesn't come from cans, it comes from the heart."

Carol and Doris are in Warner Bros.' PAJAMA GAME; *Doris will be in Warner Bros'* THE GREEN-EYED BLONDE *and Paramount's* TEACHER'S PET.



(Continued from page 4)

Q Is it true that **George Nader** and **Cary Grant** are inseparable friends?
—K.Y., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A *No.*

Q Isn't **Robert Mitchum** more sinned against than sinning?
—P.T., DURHAM, N. C.

A *Generally, yes.*

Q Isn't it true that **Gail Russell** is still in love with **Guy Madisan**?
—B.J., TULSA, OKLA.

A *Friends say she still loves Madison.*

Q Is **Bob Wagner** publicity crazy? Isn't that why he's dating **Natalie Waad**?
—L.Y., POMONA, CAL.

A *Wagner likes publicity, also Natalie Wood.*

Q Who are Hollywood's best husbands?
—M.T., MADISON, WIS.

A **Jimmy Stewart** *and* **Fred MacMurray** *are two title contenders.*

Q Does **Diana Dors** have a new love?
—D.K., LONDON, ENG.

A *Yes.*

Q Was Aly Khan really responsible for **Gene Tierney's** nervous breakdown?
—J.R., PARIS, FRANCE

A *Gene says no.*

Q Wasn't **Gary Caaper** ready to get a divorce at one time to marry a girl named Lorraine Chanelle of Mexico?
—H.H., N.Y.C.

A *There was that possibility.*

Q Who sings better, **Tany Perkins** or **Bab Wagner**?
—J.T., TULSA, OKLA.

A *Recording engineers prefer Perkins.*

Q How old is Hedda Hopper?
—W.E., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *Sixty-six.*

Q How come **Debra Paget** has no boy friends? What's wrong with her?
—D.E., EL PASO, TEXAS

A *She is obsessed with her career, has little time for boys.*

Q Didn't **Elvis Presley** want very much to have **Natalie Waad** as his co-star in his first Hal Wallis picture?
—F.D., CHICAGO, ILL.

A *He sure did.*

Q What happens to the gowns worn by actresses after a picture is finished?
—O.F., NORFOLK, VA.

A *They go back to the studio wardrobe departments.*

Q **Marie McDanald** and Marie Frey, ex-cigarette girl at Leon & Eddie's—aren't they one and the same?
—V.R., N.Y.C.

A *Yes.*

Q How many times has **Janet Leigh** been married? —R.R., STOCKTON, CAL.

A *Three.* **END**



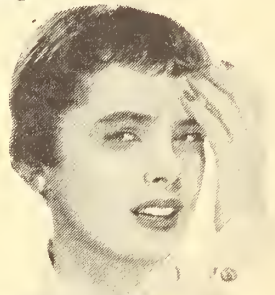
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A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NATALIE TRUNDY

■ For one whole summer. Natalie Trundy did nothing at all but cry.

She was nine years old at the time. and she knew perfectly well what was making her so miserable. She wanted to be an actress and Mother said *No.*

"But why?" Natalie sobbed. "If you didn't want me to be an actress why'd you send me to dancing school? Why'd you let me do the lead in the show? Why—"

"Let you!" Mother exclaimed. "Nobody *let* you at all! Why. that poor child who was supposed to play the lead hadn't been sick five minutes before you volunteered to do it! Five months in dancing school—and you wanted to star in the school show! And sing. And act—and—and everything!"

"But I *did* it." Natalie insisted. "and I didn't fall on my face. You know I didn't. And that nice man who came backstage afterwards said I should be an actress. He said I should come see him and he'd put me on television. He *said* so."

"And I," said Mother firmly. "say *no.*"

So Natalie went back to crying.

Summer passed. fall came. and Natalie went back to school in Forest Hills. New York. And in school she met another little girl whose mother was not so stubborn. and let her daughter act. And this little girl told Natalie that Fred Waring was looking for a child to play Little Red Riding Hood in a specialty piece for his TV show.

"Mama. *please.*" Natalie begged that night. over and over. "Just call him for me. *Please!* You know I can do it."

Mother. her face white as a sheet. sighed. "Yes," she said at last. "I know you can do it. But the point is. *I* can't."

"Can't what?" Nat demanded.

Her mother sighed again. "Natalie. I simply can't let you turn professional.

"It's not because we come from Boston. It's not that your father objects or that I think it will ruin your childhood. It's just that—I can't sew!"

Natalie stared at her. mouth open.

Mother said. "I suppose you remember the night you told me you were taking over the lead in that school show? You cam home at four o'clock in the afternoon an told me that at three the next day you wer going on. You had twenty-four hours t learn two tap numbers. two ballet number and a song you'd never even heard of!"

"Yes," Natalie said. only it sounde more like a question.

"Yes. And while you were learnin your tap numbers. your ballet number and singing at the top of your lungs al night—what was *I* doing?"

The light broke over Natalie's face "You were making my costume!"

"That's right! And I can't sew a stitch! I didn't have the vaguest idea what I wa doing. I never saw a pattern before in m entire life! All day. all night. I was puttin in stitches and ripping them out. sewin the top on inside out to the bottom. hem ming it crooked—and why on earth i stayed on the next day is something I'l never know.

"And now. *Now* you tell me you wan to be an actress! TV shows. stage show heaven knows what-all!

"I'm sorry. baby. The answer is *no.*"

A very thoughtful Natalie Trundy wen back to school the next day and had long talk with her friend—and came hom again. beaming.

"Mama." said Natalie. "I told her wha our problem was. And she's been in lot of shows and everything. And she says th mothers don't have to do anything. Eve for little girls. they rent the costumes. An if something goes wrong they have woman called the—the wardrobe mistres —and she takes care of it all. Why. m friend says. as far as she knows. you'l never have to sew a stitch again. *Now* wil you call Fred Waring?"

"Well." said Mother. "under the cir cumstances. I suppose. . . ."

Nat got the part.

"And," she adds today. having since the starred in two movies. two Broadway show and innumerable TV productions. "as fa as I know. Mother hasn't lifted a needl from that day to this!"

Natalie is now in UA's THE MONTE CARLO STORY *and* THE CARELESS YEARS.

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in December, ere are some of the stars you share with:

ecember 2—**Julie Harris**
ecember 6—**Agnes Moorehead**
ecember 8—**Dewey Martin**
ecember 9—**Lee J. Cobb**
Broderick Crawford
Kirk Douglas
Betsy Blair
Rita Moreno
Marie Windsor
ecember 12—**Edward G. Robinson**
Frank Sinatra
ecember 13—**Mark Stevens**
Don Taylor
ecember 14—**Dan Dailey**
Abbe Lane
ecember 15—**Jeff Chandler**
ecember 17—**Richard Long**
ecember 19—**Edmund Purdom**
ecember 20—**Mala Powers**
Audrey Totter
ecember 23—**Brad Jackson**
Ruth Roman
Barbara Ruick
ecember 24—**Ava Gardner**
ecember 25—**Tony Martin**
ecember 26—**Steve Allen**
ecember 27—**Jerome Courtland**
Marlene Dietrich
ecember 28—**Lew Ayres**
Hildegarde Neff
ecember 30—**Russ Tamblyn**
Jo Van Fleet



Van Heflin
December 13



Betty Grable
December 18



Irene Dunne
December 20



Richard Widmark
December 26

Your birthstone is a turquoise.
Your flower is a poinsettia.

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Can you answer "YES" to all four?



Q. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times?

A. Yes. Arrid *always* protects you against *all* kinds of perspiration. Doctors have proved Arrid is 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested against perspiration and odor.



Q. Can the quick rush of nervous perspiration be controlled?

A. Yes. Arrid fortified with Perstop* protects you even when sudden anxiety causes glands to gush perspiration. Rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. With Arrid you know you're safe.



Q. Is there a sure way to prevent ugly perspiration stains?

A. Yes. Perspiration stains will ruin your clothes. But Arrid, used daily, stops perspiration stains—keeps underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never the slightest hint that things are getting warm even on hot, sticky days.



Q. Is a daily bath really enough for an active girl like you?

A. Yes. Use Arrid daily after your bath. Its rubbed-in protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fresh for 24 hours. Remember—nothing protects you like a cream . . . and no cream protects you like Arrid.

Girls who know the answers use **Arrid** to be sure!

Only ARRID is fortified with the magic new ingredient Perstop*. That's why more women use ARRID than any other deodorant. Don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID . . . to be sure.



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"Lysol" is mild. It can't hurt you. Leaves you sweet and clean inside. Try it and see! Look for the new safety-grip bottle.

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THE STORY JIMMY CAGNEY *DIDN'T* WANT PRINTED!

■ It's the kind of thing that happens practically any day that's warm and sunny, the kind of thing you read about with your morning coffee, or maybe skip over, because it's not that unusual. Just a story about a couple of guys who might have been lying on a morgue slab, dead from drowning because their boat suddenly capsized.

But this story the papers didn't carry. And here's the reason:

It started out like any typical rescue at sea. The place was Buzzards Bay, on the cape near Jimmy Cagney's farm on the island of Martha's Vineyard. A couple of men, summer vacationers, were out sailing when a sudden capricious gust of wind caught their full-furled sails and next thing they knew they were clinging to their over-turned boat. And they were much too far from shore to even think of trying to swim . . .

And then hope suddenly surged up in them. Because standing on the shore was a man who looked like he knew what he was doing with the small dinghy, and what he seemed to be doing was rushing hell-bent-for-leather to get the dinghy in the water.

It wasn't an easy job keeping the dinghy from being smashed against the overturned sail boat, getting the two exhausted men into the boat—without the dinghy being overturned too. It wasn't easy, but Jimmy Cagney managed it. Yes, of course—it was Jimmy who was their rescuer.

Now—how come it wasn't in all t papers? A rather courageous rescue sea, and by a world-famed movie star boot—playing the type of heroic role h played so often for the make-believe mo cameras!

Well, that part of it was the big surpr to the two grateful men, too. Because j about the first thing Jimmy said, casua brushing aside the men's stammering gra tude, was "Look, forget it. I mean th Please don't talk about this. I don't w this to leak out."

The men looked at him in amazeme "But—but, why—?"

Then, with that grin that's flashed acr millions of screens, Jimmy answered "Nobody'd *really* believe it happened a way! Sounds too contrived . . . too *Hol wood!* And besides," and here Jimm face clouded over, "I didn't do this j so everyone would make me a big hero did it because—well, what guy wouldn't

The men said okay, they wouldn't t "But just tell us what we can do to tha you."

"Don't mention it," he said. "That's *real* way you can thank me."

And Jimmy Cagney's one guy w doesn't need and doesn't want the ki of publicity that many a press agent paid royally to dream up!

Jimmy Cagney can be seen in UI's M OF A THOUSAND FACES *and Columbi* THE LAST HURRAH.



DAVID NIVEN SELLS HIS BODY

■ Wanna make a fortune?

David Niven's got the formula and it's fool-proof.

In fact, he tried it once, and it would have worked—"Except for my brother," David explains. "My brother scotched the whole plan. But it would've worked!"

It all started years and years and years ago when David was broke. Not only broke, but in debt and worried about where he was ever going to get enough money to get himself out of hock.

Until a brilliant idea came to him. He'd sell his body to a London hospital!

Not while he was alive, of course. But research and medical schools always need corpses—more than they can ever get. And the beauty of the thing was that he'd have the money to spend while he was alive—and who cared what happened after he was dead?

So David went about making inquiries, and found the payment for his torso was so good "that I went about selling my remains to a *number* of institutions!

"I figured that once I was dead, they could fight it out among themselves." he grins, remembering the David Niven of a couple of decades ago, when he was very young and *very* foolish.

But David figured without his very proper older brother.

"When my brother heard the story, he was so horrified he visited all the hospitals, bought me back—and gave me to myself for Christmas!

"But anyway, without the petty larceny—you can make . . . well, maybe not a fortune. But it's fool-proof!

"Unless," David adds, grinning, "you *don't* have a brother who'll buy you back. Then it might be jail-bait!"

David Niven is in Columbia's BONJOUR TRISTESSE *and UI's* MY MAN GODFREY.





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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Are Frankie and Lauren in Love?

IN THIS ISSUE:

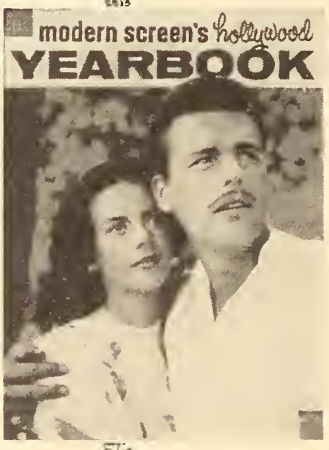
- ★ A "Merry Christmas"
- ★ There'll be a New Baby at the Palace...
- ★ And a New Baby at the Debbie-Eddie Palace, too!
- ★ Sophia Loren Married!



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

It's the holiday season and the days are filled with news of love . . . and marriage . . . and our new little citizens . . .

A "MERRY CHRISTMAS"



First, let me say "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy January to each and all of you."

This unusual salutation is because MODERN SCREEN is combining it's December and January issues in one big, super-loaded attraction which I'm sure will delight all you readers.

On the surface this might seem that I'm getting some time off—the holidays are a nice time to have a breather—but that is not the case.

I have prepared a detailed review of the 1957 year which will appear in MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD YEARBOOK—and I do hope you will read it. Every year brings much drama or comedy to the Hollywood scene, but it seems to me that 1957 has been a particularly colorful twelve months. So, I hope you will go over it with me in the YEARBOOK.

Now for this month's GOOD NEWS from Hollywood . . .

FRANKIE and LAUREN look SERIOUS!

The talk of the town, of course, is—how serious are these rumors that **Frank Sinatra** and **Lauren Bacall** will be married early in 1958 as was "reported" in a London newspaper?

A few months ago I would have said flatly that there is nothing to it. Now, I'm not so sure. Where Frank is concerned, it's always hard to chart a course.

If I had to name the most unpredictable person in show business, I'd have to select Frank. Half the time I think even he doesn't know what he's going to do.

But here is the situation as I make it out: his very, very close friends seem to doubt that Sinatra's sincere friendship for Lauren, the widow of his late pal, **Humphrey Bogart,** will lead to marriage. Of course, he likes her very much or he would not spend so much time in her company.

Also, when he recently returned from Europe—where he had been for ten days shooting exteriors for *Kings Go Forth*—his date on his first night back in town was with his old flame, **Peggy Connolly.** They went to a nightclub together, which doesn't sound like Frankie hoped to keep it a secret from anyone. That same week, Peggy was also seen with him on several occasions in Palm Springs.

But when Sinatra returned to Beverly Hills from Palm Springs, he phoned Betty—her close friends call Lauren that: it's her real name—and she dined with him at his favorite hangout, the VILLA CAPRI. And the following night she was his hostess at a party to see the Sugar Ray Robinson-Carmen Basilio fight.

Later I saw them at dinner—and I must say I have seldom seen Frank pay more marked attention and devotion to any girl. From where I sat, it looks like the real thing.

Time will tell, as the saying goes, and we shall see what we shall see.



That's Peggy Connolly Frankie turned his back on—almost as prophetically as if it weren't just to sign an autograph. And, again as if foretelling the future of his feelings for the Weaker Sex—that's Lauren Bacall Frankie helped cut a cake with . . . her birthday cake, on her last birthday . . .

THERE'LL BE A NEW BABY AT THE PALACE...

If the new baby expected by **Princess Grace** and Prince Rainier isn't a boy, I bet she keeps on having children until a son is born, heaven willing.

When she married the Prince, Grace said she wanted a big family. You can bet your piggy-bank that she has no intention of returning to motion pictures.

This she affirmed personally to her good friend and mine, Rupert Allan. He's the charming public relations man at MGM, who had been summoned to Europe by Grace several weeks ago. When I learned Rupert was making the trip I had a strong hunch that Grace wanted him there to make the public announcement that she and Rainier were 'expecting' again. And, sure enough, that was true.

Rupert had joined Their Serene Highnesses in Switzerland just previous to the time they returned to the palace at Monaco for the official announcement, and he wrote me a long letter:

"Both Grace and the Prince have profited by their Swiss vacation here in these beautiful Alps near where the Prince went to school as a boy. They are so rested and happy. Of course, little Princess Caroline is the apple of their eye and there is big excitement over her cutting her first teeth.

"As for Grace, I have never known her to be more glowing or contented. Certainly, there is no thought in her mind of returning to films. She is far too busy and content in her greatest role, that of wife, mother and helpmeet to the Prince. We had a long conversation recently and she told me that she is definitely not interested in any phase of movie making and that reports of a studio being built in Monaco are completely false. This is a happy woman if I have ever seen one, believe me."



The Prince and Princess, when little Princess Caroline first arrived . . .





SOPHIA LOREN MARRIED

The biggest surprise in many a month was Sophia Loren's marriage by proxy in Mexico to Carlo Ponti, her friend and producer of her pictures. Through the Juarez, Mexico marriage registry, I discovered that they had been married on September 17th by Judge Dè La Fuente. Two Mexican attorneys, one representing Sophia and the other Ponti, stood in for the bride and groom. Ponti's attorney is the same who obtained a divorce for him by proxy a few weeks ago. This is the first marriage for Sophia and she has been in love with Ponti for some years. It was through his pictures that she first became known as Italy's leading actress.

AND A NEW BABY AT THE DEBBIE-EDDIE PALACE, TOO!



You never know what the stork is going to do, as **Debbie Reynolds** might well say. Here she was almost a whole year off the screen, between pictures; then just as she's ready to start work in *For Love Or Money* at U-I she and **Eddie Fisher** are expectant parents again.

Debbie was pregnant during the making of her last two films, *Tammy And The Bachelor* and—fittingly enough—in *Bundle Of Joy* which she made with Eddie at RKO. In the latter, she showed her condition so plainly that she played most of the picture wrapped in a concealing mink coat.

However, she is just four months pregnant starting *For Love Or Money*, so she expects to get through the entire film without having to resort to drapery or other disguises.

Of course the Fishers are hoping for a little boy to join their adorable Carrie Frances in the nursery.

IT WAS NICE TO SEE...

... some new winter fashions at the cocktail party MCA prexy Jules Stein and his beautiful wife Joris hosted at their estate, high on a hill in Bel Air. There were so many parties this summer and so many summer clothes, it was almost a relief to find the gals back in hats and gloves again.

I'd no more than stepped into the entrance hall than I ran into **Martha Hyer** and **Gene Kelly.** Gene so seldom appears at a cocktail party, it was almost a news note.

Martha looked stunning in a big black hat, so very chic, framing her blonde hair. When I complimented her, she whispered, "Didn't have time to shampoo my hair, so the hat seemed to be a good idea."

Gene is always so pleasant, and does something few actors do. He thanked me for always being so nice to him whenever I mention him in print. Many actors take everything good for granted—and then sulk if the slightest criticism is printed.

Jane Wyman was another gal who looked like a fashion plate. For a time, when she was so very busy on her TV show last year, it didn't seem to be that Jane was too interested in her appearance.

But at the Steins', she looked like her former self—those cute bangs she used to wear and her dress such a becoming raspberry color, slightly off the shoulder.

And don't tell me this season's maternity clothes aren't smart. **Monica Lewis,** the singer—Mrs. Jennings Lang—is expecting a baby in just a few months, but her pale pink maternity skirt and over-blouse were so smart looking.

No one, thank heavens, had one of those awful looking 'sack' dresses Paris is advocating this season. I think Hollywood will stand on its own feet fashion-wise. At least, I hope so.



JANE WYMAN



MONICA LEWIS



GENE KELLY

I'M ON MY SOAP BOX...

. . . to say that in my book, **Kim Novak** proved herself a smart girl and a real pro by changing her mind and reporting to work in *Amongst The Dead* with **Jimmy Stewart** after she had been put on suspension by her home studio, COLUMBIA, for at first refusing to do the picture because she wanted an adjustment in her contract. That means—more money.

When it looked as if Kim would not do *Amongst The Dead*, it was a terrible blow to Alfred Hitchcock and Jimmy Stewart. The picture was set to roll on the PARAMOUNT lot, the supporting cast had been signed and an enormous amount of money looked like it was going down the drain.

Jimmy Stewart said, "I've seldom been more upset about anything. There are weeks and weeks of preparation before any film is ready to put before the cameras and now it appears this has all been in vain. My next production is not ready and this will mean a tremendous loss of time for me."

Whether Kim read or heard Jimmy's words, I wouldn't know. But something decidedly changed her mind. She notified Hitchcock and PARAMOUNT that she would do the picture and report on time.

And may I say that she went high, high, *high* in everyone's estimation by this act—including Hitchcock and Stewart.

The story has a happy ending because her contract boss, Harry Cohn of COLUMBIA, is so pleased with her he notified her agent immediately that Kim would receive a raise plus the dividend of a beautiful new home, something she has never had.

Let me say again, Kim—you have proven yourself a thoughtful and intelligent girl, not a spoiled movie queen. More success to you!



It's not surprising that Jimmy Stewart was upset when he heard about Kim Novak's first decision . . .

But Kim—like every woman's allowed to!—changed her mind again. And everyone was so happy that she did. Including Kim, 'cause her boss gave her a special kind of 'thank-you.'



I PREDICT WEDDING BELLS...



. . . sometime during this new year, for **Paul Newman** and **Joanne Woodward**—what a good actress she is in *Three Faces Of Eve*.

Paul's divorce should be final sometime in the spring and that he and Joanne are in love is no secret—and hasn't been for a long, long time.

She made a funny crack about which of the three 'personalities' she plays in *Three Faces Of Eve* was the most difficult for her: the good girl, the bad girl, or the normal girl.

"The normal girl," cracked Joanne. "I'm not at all that way myself, you know."

NO MORE COMMERCIALS FOR OSCAR

Hurray, hurray and a couple of hallelujahs. The motion picture industry, of course through THE MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES, is going to finance its own ACADEMY AWARDS NIGHT next year—which should have been done years ago. No more long-drawn-out commercials, no more untimely interruptions while an outside sponsor takes over to plug a new automobile.

I sincerely believe you fans are in for a great treat when you see the OSCAR SHOW next time. Every effort will be made to make this the biggest TV program ever beamed out of Hollywood. Expenses will be paid by all members of the motion picture industry who make a profit out of films.

PERSONAL OPINIONS:

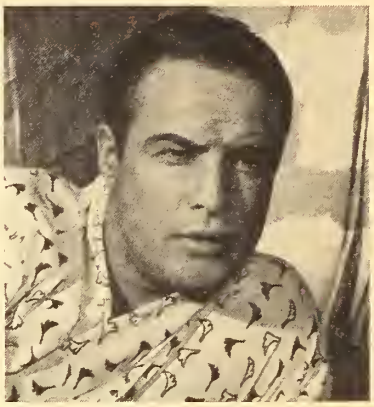
I'll be glad when **Marlon Brando** gets rid of that blond hair he's wearing for *The Young Lions*. Doesn't look like himself. . . .

Speaking of Marlon, he and his former girl friend, **Rita Moreno,** don't speak when they run into each other these days. Rita had been so crazy about him at one time that she went all the way to Japan to be with him while he was making *Teahouse Of The August Moon*. But when they sat at the very next table to each other recently in the 20TH commissary, they might have been oceans apart for all the recognition they gave each other. . . .

Gia Scala is a perfect delight in *Don't Go Near The Water*. She is one of my favorite beauties, with her dark hair and green eyes, and she has such poise. She's one of the new "big girls" clicking in films along with **Sophia Loren** and **Anita Ekberg.** There seems to be a vogue for these tall, statuesque beauties in movies these days. . . .

The latest stellar gimmick is a wardrobe of clothes the same color as the hair. **Lana Turner's** new wardrobe is mostly 'tawny' and red-head **Rhonda Fleming** is wearing many red evening gowns. . . .

I predict that popular **Hugh O'Brian,** by this time next year, will be as famed as an actor and a singer as he is as *Wyatt Earp*. His record is very good and there is much favorable comment on his singing voice. Hugh hasn't been making any tremendous amount of money playing *Wyatt Earp* but I hear that will be 'earpped' right away to keep the boy happy. . . .

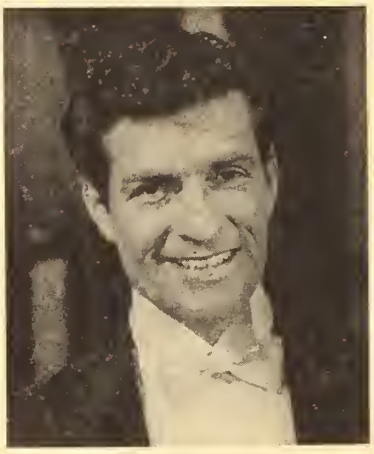


MARLON BRANDO



RITA MORENO

HUGH O'BRIAN



GIA SCALA



HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGEST DEBUTANTES

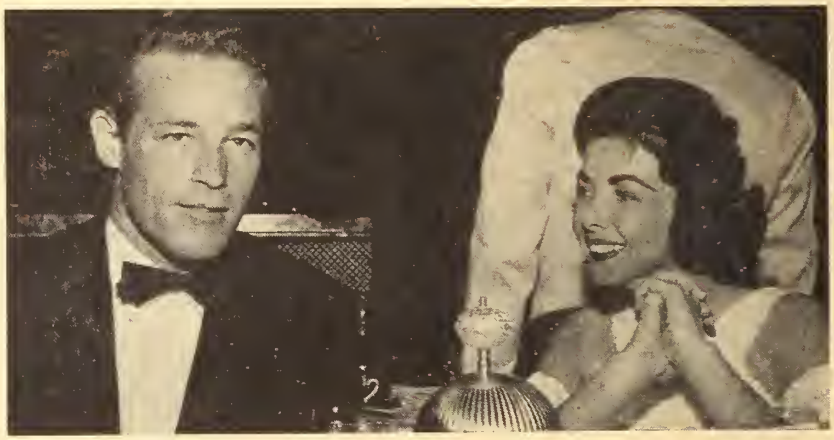
The **Guy Madisons** welcome their new daughter, and chose the cutest name for her—Dolly Madison.

"No, we didn't name her for the famed President's wife," Sheila Madison told me. "It's just that both Guy and I like the name Dolly—and it just comes out Dolly Madison," she laughed.

Guy isn't at all disappointed, he swears, over having another girl. I've been invited to be Dolly's godmother, and I couldn't be more pleased.

Another debutante on the Hollywood scene is the daughter born to the **Donald O'Connors.** Don was so sure it would be a boy—he has a girl, Donna, by his previous marriage—that they didn't have a name picked out right away. They later decided on Alicia.

"But now she's here I'm glad she's a girl," Don told me. "I get along well with the fair sex and I may just raise a ltitle harem," he idded.





The Guy Madisons just got a little Dolly added to their family. And—now that she's here—Guy swears he isn't disappointed at all that it isn't a baby boy!

And the other debutante to make her appearance on the Hollywood scene—is the young O'Connor. Don admits that he was so sure it would be a boy that they were caught all unprepared. But Don and his wife came up with some fast thinking—and everything's all taken care of . . . in the 'what shall we name her' department!

NO, IT ISN'T TRUE!

It was an unfortunate coincidence that rumors of trouble between **Esther Williams** and Ben Gage, and **Jeff Chandler** and his wife Marjorie involved both couples just at a time when Esther and Jeff were co-starring in a movie in Italy.

When I called Ben to check the story that Esther had gone on to the VENICE FILM FESTIVAL instead of returning home to Hollywood—and him—when the picture was finished, Gage said: "Yes, it's true she decided to attend the FESTIVAL. That's just good public relations. But we haven't had any trouble at all—unless you want to call being separated by distance for so long, trouble.

"Esther has been gone three months, three days and three hours. I can tell you the exact time because I miss her so much. But she will be coming home soon and the children and I can hardly wait to see her."

Jeff Chandler ignored the talk that he and Marjorie had hit some difficulties. He isn't a boy to air his personal problems anyway.



MR. & MRS. BEN GAGE

MR. & MRS. JEFF CHANDLER



THE BEST NEWS ABOUT GENE TIERNEY...

. . . is that she's well enough, after years away from Hollywood, to return to 20TH CENTURY-FOX and a new picture. The beautiful Gene, who had so much unhappiness in her life that she suffered one breakdown after the other, is so much better that her doctors say she is not only able to return to work—she should.

Gene has so much talent and glamor it is wonderful indeed to welcome her 'home' in *The Young Know Best*, which she will be starting very soon.

Good luck, Gene!



I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM...



. . . **Sandra Dee.** She's the cutest ninety-eight pounds of blonde pertness and cuteness to come along since **Shirley Temple** was fifteen years old, Sandra's age. With her blonde hair and wide eyes she looks like a doll. Out at MGM, where she made her film debut with **Paul Newman** and **Jean Simmons** in *Until They Sail*, they act like they'd found a gold mine or an oil field.

Until a few months ago, she was a model for teen-age clothes in New York. Everything Sandra wore in the fashion portrait sold like hot cakes because all the teen-agers hoped they would look like her.

It's a big thing in her life that she gets her first screen kiss—in the movie from young **John Wilder.** Asked how it feels, she laughed, "Just comes naturally for me, I guess. I liked it."

In the picture she ages from twelve to seventeen. "I had to report in make-up every morning at 7 o'clock to be made to look old," she said. Old?????

Ask her the difference between being a successful model and a movie actress and Sandra's mind runs to money. "I made $78,000 last year as a model. I won't make near that much this year as an actress. But I love it."

Born in Bayonne, New Jersey, April 23rd, 1942, she was modeling for Conover when she was twelve and a year later was being hailed in the fashion world as one of America's top ten models. In a single year she had her picture on seven magazine covers.

The great tragedy of her short life is that her adored father, Eugene Douvain, died on September 11th, 1956. "But Daddy lived to see me launched on my career," she says softly. "I shall never do anything to let him down."

This elfin little girl is really on her way to stardom.

SUSAN IS SO HAPPY



At this writing it will take a very, very good picture to bring **Susan Hayward** back to the screen.

She's so happy with her bridegroom, Eaton Chalkley, that she's content to stay right on the farm in Georgia.

But what a farm!

She tells me there are possums, deer, all kinds of birds, horses—in fact, it's a huge estate. She and Chalkley with her twin boys, Timothy and Gregory, are living in the guest house until the big house is redecorated.

When I talked with her, she told me she came back to Hollywood to send her furniture to Georgia, and not to get a job. "I don't want to work over the holidays. I want to be with my family," she said, "until after the first of the year."

I have known Susan for many, many years, and never heard her as relaxed and as happy. Neither she nor I mentioned **Jess Barker,** who that day was announced as having become engaged to a nurse, Joy Blaine.

AS THIS IS WRITTEN...



. . . there's a chance that the **Jack Palances** will call off their lawyers and get together again. Because of their three children, this is greatly to be desired.

But I heard a very funny remark at the time of their estrangement. It was just as Jack was doing the life of the bullfighter Manolete on TV that the judge ruled that Mrs. Palance should receive $50,000 yearly and $1,000 monthly support.

The day of the television show was the day the judge made his decision. After seeing 'Manolete' killed by a bull at the finale of the show, a watcher turned to a group and said, "Looks like Jack got gored twice today."

THE LETTER BOX:

John Guszah, Chicago, asks bluntly: *"Why is it that the actresses who marry and divorce and fall in and out of love at the drop of a hat—I refer to* ***Ava Gardner, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, Elizabeth Taylor****—get all the important roles at the highest salaries? Does notoriety breed talent???"* Maybe it's vice versa, John.

"Is ***Eddie Fisher,*** *the singer in the family, sore because* ***Debbie Reynolds'*** *record,* TAMMY, *is a smash hit—and Eddie hasn't had one in a long, long time?"* asks Carrie Cummings, Newton, Pa. I wouldn't say so. On Eddie's first TV show of the season he kiddingly asked Debbie how to get a hit record.

Helen Troy—amusingly, from Troy, New York—wants to put in her 'two cents' on the burning question of **Elvis Presley** vs. **Pat Boone:** *"Pat is the best looking and the best singer. But Elvis has a more socko personality and singing style."* You'll probably get an argument from both camps, Miss Helen of Troy. . . .

"I wish ***Kim Novak*** *would marry Mac Krim. He seems so devoted and I think he would make her a much better husband than that rich Italian,"* writes another Kim—Kim Morris, of Fort Worth. Don't rule Mac out of the running yet. Kim hasn't.

Dennis Smith, Polk, Ohio, complains that he doesn't read or hear enough about his favorite, ***Rita Hayworth.*** *"She is the most magnetic woman star of the screen,"* he opines. Wait until *Pal Joey* is released, Pal. There will be a Rita boom all over again. . . .

There were a large number of people plugging young ***John Smith***—all out of Kansas City, Mo., this month. He's either got a lot of admirers there, or one admirer working overtime under various 'noms de plume'. . . .

"I think it is very snobby of ***Robert Taylor*** and ***Ursula Thiess*** *not to let their fans see a picture of their little* son, *Terry. Why shouldn't they want to share their joy and happiness with the people who admire them so much?"* protests Ima Weir, Brooklyn. Bob is one of the actors who does everything to keep his private life *private,* Ima, plus the fact that many stars fear kidnapping by making a child's face too familiar in print. . . .

Althea McCutcheon, Toledo, Ohio, says: *"Don't you think* ***Tommy Sands*** *should get a hair cut? He's got more bangs down over his forehead than I have."* Tommy is just a kid, Althea. Let's leave him young and 'natural' for a while without trying to change his looks. He's done all right so far with his looks and voice. . . .

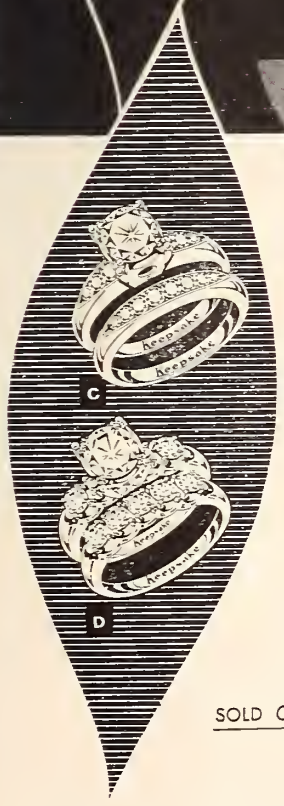
"Glenn Ford *is the best actor in movies for either comedy or drama. How come we never read any stories about him in* MODERN SCREEN?" asks Allen Ford, Cleveland. You'll have to take that up with editor David Myers, my friend, although I seem to recall that Glenn is pretty well covered in the magazine. . . .

Conrad Forrester didn't like *Joan Of Arc* with ***Jean Seberg.*** *"When are they ever going to quit making 'Joan'? Even the great Ingrid Bergman couldn't make it a hit—and certainly not an inexperienced novice like Jean Seberg."* Well, give her another chance. You may change your mind when you see Jean in *Bonjour Tristesse,* another movie for Otto Preminger.

That's all for now.

Louella O Parsons







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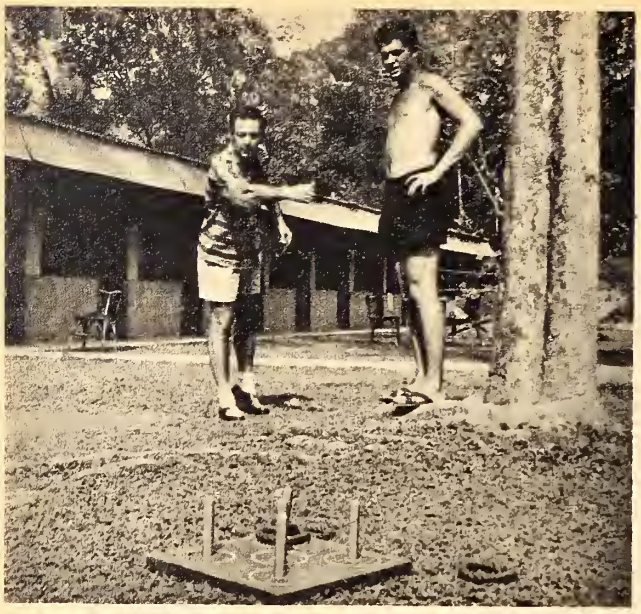
For all other types of hair from medium to coarse Max Factor makes Sof-Set Curl Control in the "MEDIUM" formula, in the plum colored foil container.

Obviously, different hair types need different formulas... the wrong spray can cause stiffness or stickiness or be too weak to control properly. Get the Max Factor Curl Control made to suit YOUR own hair...at all cosmetic counters.



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How BILL HOLDEN Helped JEFF HORNE Get over Being scared

■ "We're going to start shooting tomorrow morning at 7 a.m.," the director said. As he heard these words young Geoffrey Horne's stomach flip-flopped. This was it. Zero Hour. Only his second appearance before a camera. Oh, sure, he had lots of experience—on the stage, on TV, but this was only his second movie. And he was scared.

He didn't get much sleep that night. He tossed and turned in his bunk. He listened to the Ceylonese jungle noises outside, shivered, and said to himself, "I'd rather take my chances in that jungle right now than face the camera tomorrow." And then he dozed off.

At six in the morning his alarm rang and Jeff jumped out of bed. He washed, dressed, took a swig of coffee from a thermos bottle and hurried to the river where the scene was to be shot. One other person was there. William Holden.

"Good morning, Mr. Holden," Jeff said.

"Morning, Jeff—only the name's Bill."

And for forty-five minutes the veteran actor and the youngster were alone. Jeff found it very easy to talk to Bill. In fact, Jeff was soon telling Bill how scared he was now that the actual shooting of *The Bridge On The River Kwai* was about to begin.

Bill listened quietly, nodded, and then said, "I'm scared, too."

"What? After all, *you've* . . ."

". . . been in lots and lots of pictures," Bill continued. "I know, but it doesn't matter. Take this picture, for instance. Today they're going to shoot us building a raft. For the next two weeks we'll be in and out of that river. No dialogue; just dunking and drying off, dunking and drying off, for two weeks. Easy. No acting, just in and out. But I'm scared."

Bill was right. For two weeks, camouflaged from head to foot like the other *soldiers* in *The Bridge On The River Kwai*, it was dunk and dry, dunk and dry, in and out of the river again and again. The jungle was sweltering and the water was cool. But the water was also filthy. Late in the afternoons the actor-soldiers got cold, and when they dragged themselves out of the river for the last time, everyone was served brandy—"for medicinal purposes," as Jeff said, "and no kidding about that brandy being strictly what the doctor ordered!"

Throughout this time, in the days and during the evenings, Bill went out of his way to give Jeff encouragement. Little things . . . but important.

A little thing . . . Bill invited Jeff to help him set off fire balloons. At twilight Jeff would hold one of Bill's balloons, Bill would light a fire under it, and it would soar into the air, flaming higher and higher for about fifteen minutes until it disappeared from view.

A little thing . . . Bill would take Jeff along when he visited his own private zoo. Bill loves animals and managed to collect a bunch of them: a baby elephant, parrots, snakes, monkeys. Jeff helped feed them—all but the snakes, which he left strictly to Bill.

A little thing . . . Jeff was always part of the jam session that Bill organized. If there was anything Bill liked to collect more than animals, it was Ceylonese drums. Once in a while, late at night, he'd get the gang together: one of the cameramen who had been a well-known jazz drummer, the assistant make-up man, a Ceylonese native who was a famous dancer, other dancers from the village and Jeff. Bill would set the beat; the cameraman would join in; the dancers would respond to the rhythm—and away they'd go, far into the morning.

A little thing . . . like pitching quoits. Bill was an expert, the champ, but Jeff himself said he soon became "the second best quoit-thrower in Ceylon."

Finally the day came when the preliminary shooting of the river scenes was over and it was time for Jeff to say his first line. He had to say it to Bill and he froze up. Petrified—like stone. Not a word would come out. And Bill, just off-camera as Jeff was in the center of the screen for a close-up, smiled at him—a warm, friendly, encouraging grin. And the words came out of Jeff's mouth, even before he knew it—not good, not loud. But the ice was broken, the fear was gone . . .

Bill and Jeff appear in Columbia's THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, *and Jeff in Columbia's* BONJOUR TRISTESSE.

new movies (*continued from page 8*)

hundred times that she's no good, he won't believe it. How can a girl with such a wardrobe and such a gorgeous color hair be no good? She also has a little son (Gary Hunley) whom she keeps sending off to boarding school, but Rod is convinced she'd rather keep him home. So he marries Diana and takes her home to Mama (Beulah Bondi) and the vineyard which is worth a fortune. That is the fortune Diana would like to have. She would also like to have a handsome young man named Tom Tryon, and proceeds to get both by murder. She commits a perfect crime, and innocent Rod Steiger winds up in the deathhouse. But there are forces at work—there's Rod's brother, priest Arthur Franz, whose very presence gives Diana the shivers; there's Rod's indestructible nobility and there's 'the good' which apparently lurks in even the most corrupt of souls.—TECHNICOLOR, U-I.

MISGUIDED

English delinquents

George Baker
Frankie Vaughan
Carole Lesley
Jackie Lane
Katherine Kath

■ We have Elvis Presley, but England has Frankie Vaughan and after you see this movie you'll be hard put to choose between them. Story's set in Liverpool where a gang of teen-age delinquents hang out in a cave on the waterfront. But these delinquents seem a cut above some of our own. They go to respectable dance halls, for instance, and meet respectable girls. Frankie wins a singing contest and meets pretty Carole Lesley on the same night. Shortly thereafter he's drafted, but he has a tendency to bad behavior when aroused. He smears someone's face with mashed potatoes, socks a chaplain (George Baker) in the jaw and shaves all the hair off the company barber. He really gets into trouble when someone tricks him into leading his squad onto a minefield where his best friend is blown up. AWOL and wanted for murder Vaughan does a lot of sweating before he grows up. You'll be fascinated by this view of teen-agers in another country. —WARNERS.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE SUN ALSO RISES (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Ernest Hemingway's famous novel of the 1920's comes to the screen in color. Ava Gardner flits from Mel Ferrer to Errol Flynn to a young matador (Robert Evans) always returning to Tyrone Power (left impotent by a war injury) for comfort. Gay scenes of Paris and the spectacle of the bullfighting season in Spain.

LES GIRLS (CinemaScope, MGM): A funny, sophisticated story about the aftermath of a book published about a youthful Paris dance team—Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor, Taina Elg and Gene Kelly. They have since married, and well—now these revelations are very threatening. Each tells his own version of what actually happened, and you may believe whichever one you choose.

OPERATION MADBALL (Columbia): A crazy, mixed-up triangle involving Private Jack Lemmon, army dietician Kathryn Grant and Captain Ernie Kovacs—involving also a morgue, a missing corpse, escaping German prisoners of war, and many other zany ingredients. Mickey Rooney provides some solutions when the party gets rough.

THE WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN (Warners): A scatterbrained housewife (Yvonne Mitchell) keeps her husband (Anthony Quayle) and teen-age son (Andrew Ray) happy with her slapdash ways of fixing meals and homemaking. Then comes Sylvia Syms, a young, efficient, tidy secretary. See if twenty years of marriage can hold out against order and youth.

Christmas is the time to make merry

■ It seems that Christmas begins a little earlier, lasts a little longer, and gets a little gayer with each passing year. Not too long ago, the celebration of Christmas was generally confined to one day—December 25th. December 24th was a workday like any other. Nobody got giggly-drunk at an office party at three in the afternoon. Today most of us start getting into the Christmas spirit long before December 24th even! As soon as summer ends the storekeepers start warning us to *hurry! hurry! hurry!* because there are only 100 shopping days till Christmas. Around the time it starts getting dark before dinner, you begin to notice Christmas lights on the shops in town—and a little later, around the beginning of December, you start stringing up lights in your own front window. Even Santa Claus arrives in the toy section of your department store a month early nowadays. It's no wonder then that the Hollywood kids to the right—Dolores Hart, Earl Holliman, Doug Odney, Rad Fulton, Sally Todd and Gia Scala—started celebrating Christmas *way* early this year—early enough for us to show you their party in our magazine. We claim it's the first Christmas Party of 1957. To tell you the truth, we threw it even before Thanksgiving! If we've jumped the gun a little, we hope you'll forgive us—for after all, Christmas is no longer just one day of the year. It's a feeling in your bones, a lilt in the air, a sound of bells ringing. C'mon and listen!



For Hollywood's younger set, Modern Screen throws the

first party of the Christmas season

text by Marcia Borie

■ "Let's have a party!"

"Yeah!" one of the other kids yelled.

"But let's have it on *you!*"

Now, that may not sound very hospitable, but—Hollywood's younger stars mostly are from every place *but* Hollywood. And who's got a place big enough for a party—so far from their *real* homes and families. . . .

"Let's have it on *me,*" a fourth voice chimed in. "Well, on MODERN SCREEN, that is," he added. That fourth voice was your magazine's Hollywood correspondent, of course, sitting around the UNICORN having a coke too.

And that's how it happened—how MODERN SCREEN threw Hollywood's first party of the Christmas season!



Nick Adams can't keep up with Lili Gentle, David Nelson, and Nancy Milanese—they're opening presents already!

Dick Sargent's careful—so he doesn't know what's inside yet. But Dolores Hart and Toby Richards know what they got!

"Oooooh... look what I got!"



Oh, come all ye nibblers—

Gia Scala was elected to do the cake cutting—and the line-up waiting for the goodies called for fast action. Dolores Hart, Robert Horton, Lori Nelson, John Smith, Gia, Susan Oliver—holding her plate high with victory and cake-Rafael Campos, and Rad Fulton.







Above *Even in Hollywood gifts don't grow on trees—which is why Barbara Perkins is asking Russ Tamblyn how come his present to her* DID *grow on a tree!*
Left *"Well, of course my stocking's bigger than yours —because* I'M *bigger than you are!" John Smith tells cute little Lori Nelson. No one's complaining, though. They're both pleased as punch with what's inside.





Above *Three chefs in the kitchen—well, the outdoor grill—and all's right with the world, as far as hamburgers and franks are concerned. Bob Horton and Earl Holliman have loads of advice for Leslie Nielsen on the subject of how to charcoal-broil that burger and flip it just right.*
Right *David Nelson got his and Nancy Milanese's plates piled high with a good bit of everything, then reached for a stocking to give his date as an extra surprise.*

continued

the gang has a BALL, –foolin' around, dancin', singing carols



Dolores Hart, Anne Francis, Lori Nelson and John Smith really live it up, making with the noisemakers like crazy. It wasn't New Year's yet, but they couldn't resist rushing the season. And after all, why not? It wasn't Christmas yet, either!

What's a party without lollipops and laughs?

The party was pretty much a cooperative bit, with everybody helping to decorate the tree and the outdoor patio.

The party officially started at six, and when Lori Nelson and John Smith arrived, they were immediately voted the most Christmasy twosome in town because of their bright red clothes!

Natalie Wood couldn't make it—shooting on *Marjorie Morningstar* had started in New York. And naturally, Bob Wagner was in New York too! Where Nat goes these days—Bob goes.

It wasn't long before the whole gang was there—and just having their good friends around was the best part of all for these attractive, talented, famous people living in a city known for glamour—and known for loneliness. The loneliness that's always around in a sentimental town made up of southerners, northerners, mid-westerners and visitors from all over the world—for whom spending Christmas at home, too often, is more a dream than a reality.

But—though there may not have been any snow or Christmas trees around—certainly nowhere on earth was there more of a feeling of *Brotherhood and Good Will* than in Hollywood, California, on that night a couple of weeks before "The night before Christmas" . . .

. . . and without some cheek-to-cheeking?



Doug Odney finally got his girl on the dance floor, and Gia Scala looks like she's got cutting a rug down pat. Doug's known to you TV'ers.

Members of "the gang" are playing in these movies. Don't miss 'em:

Nick Adams:
Warner Bros.' *No Time For Sergeants*
Paramount's *Teacher's Pet*
20th Century-Fox's *The Singin' Idol*

Earl Holliman:
MGM's *Don't Go Near The Water*
Paramount's *Hot Spell*

Lili Gentle:
20th Century-Fox's *The Singin' Idol*
20th Century-Fox's *Young And Dangerous*
20th Century-Fox's *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*

Anne Francis:
MGM's *Don't Go Near The Water*
MGM's *Hired Gun*

David Nelson:
20th Century-Fox's *Peyton Place*

Russ Tamblyn:
MGM's *Don't Go Near The Water*
20th Century-Fox's *Peyton Place*

Gia Scala:
Columbia's *Garment Jungle*
MGM's *Don't Go Near The Water*
U-I's *Middle Of The Street*

Dean Jones:
MGM's *Jailhouse Rock*
MGM's *Mock Trial*
MGM's *Until They Sail*

Dolores Hart:
Paramount's *Wild Is The Wind*

Susan Oliver:
Warner Bros.' *The Green-Eyed Blonde*

Edward Byrnes:
Warner Bros.' *Darby's Rangers*
Warner Bros.' *Marjorie Morningstar*

Leslie Nielsen:
U-I's *Tammy And The Bachelor*
MGM's *The Sheepman*

Rad Fulton:
Warner Bros.' *No Time For Sergeants*

Rafael Campos:
Disney-Buena Vista's *The Light In The Forest*

Steve Rowland:
MGM's *Gun Glory*

Larry "Bud" Pennell:
Paramount's *Devil's Hairpin*

Buddy Bregman:
U-I's *The Big Beat*

John Smith:
Republic's *The Crooked Circle*

Right *Back to nibbling again—Steve Rowland, Dick Sargent and his date Janet MacDonald, and Earl Holliman all working at the big jobs, the* KING-*size lollipops!*

Below *Those noisemakers were guaranteed to pop, and man, did they ever! That's Dean Jones, Gia Scala, Lori Nelson, John Smith, Buddy Bregman and Anne Francis.*









Above *Now Earl Holliman, on the other hand, looks like he wouldn't mind a few last-minute instructions on the art of dancing—and Dolores Hart's the gal to give them.*

Left *Making sweet music together—as well as dancing to it—are Toby Richards, Bud Pennell, Anne Francis and Buddy Bregman. See that romance-light shining?*

For the story of two kids who couldn't come to the party, turn the page



...meanwhile, up at the lake, NATALIE and BOB were falling in love

Natalie was working—and Bob was just being where his heart is. During the days, there wasn't much for him to do—just hang around until Nat was through on the set. But after five, there was waterskiing—and having Nat mop him up after he'd get dunked. And there was ping-pong, with Master Bob showing his girl just the right grip. And love . . .







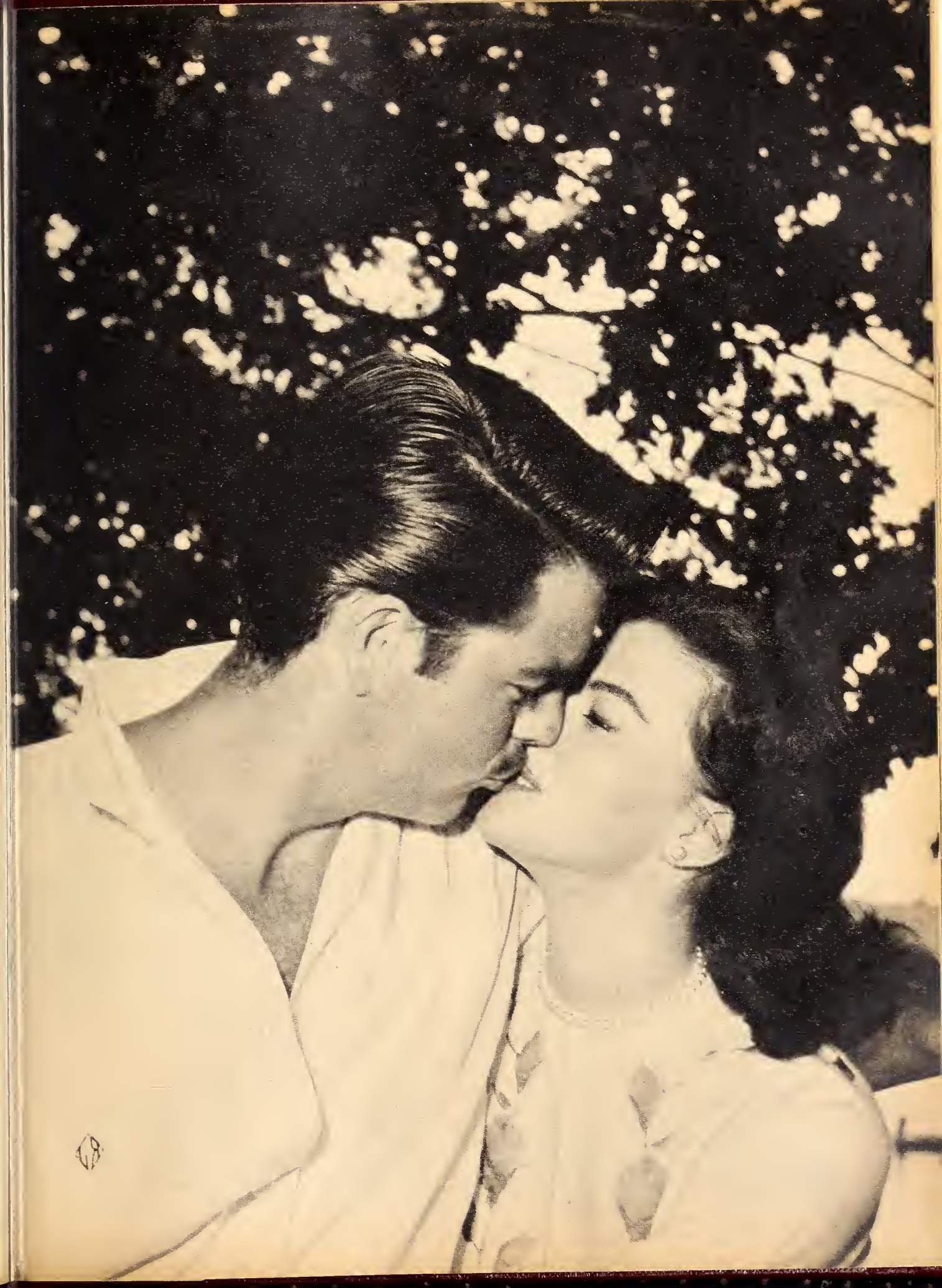
■ And it's for real!

The place was Schroon Lake, in New York. Now, Natalie Wood *had* to be there: they were doing some location shots for *Marjorie Morningstar*. But Bob *didn't* have to be up in Schroon Lake—with nothing to do all day while Nat was working, with nothing to do most of the evening because Nat had to get to bed early after an early dinner—so she'd look starry-eyed for the cameras.

No, Bob could've been back in Hollywood, home, living it up with his friends and at parties and having a ball.

But, for Bob, having a ball was killing the day any old which way—just for the couple of hours, evening after evening for five weeks, that he could spend alone with Nat having dinner together in her hotel room, while her Mom and kid sister Lana and the rest of the crew dined community style in the hotel dining room.

Just for a couple of hours alone, together....



For your own Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year parties and dinners, why not try . . .

holiday recipes of the stars



text by Jane Wilkie, caricatures by Saxon

ROCK HUDSON'S HOT BUTTERED RUM

I don't know that hot buttered rum has anything to do traditionally with Christmas—certainly not in California where roses bloom in December, but in the European Alps where I made *A Farewell To Arms*, it's a drink that makes any day festive. On Christmas there, they triple the dose, and Phyllis and I are going to tip a tankard of it come Christmas, even if we're having a heat wave. If it's snowing where you live, so much the better.

3 ounces of Jamaica Rum
lemon peel
stick of cinnamon
1 clove
boiling cider
a pat of butter

To concoct this mixture, you put the rum, lemon peel, clove and stick of cinnamon in a heavy mug or pewter tankard, fill it with boiling cider and float the pat of butter on top. Stir well, and live it up.

DORIS DAY'S SAUCE FOR BROCCOLI

Maybe you want peas for a vegetable. But it seems to me that everyone has peas. Broccoli, admittedly, doesn't sound much better; as a matter of fact I used to walk a mile to get away from broccoli. But that was before I found out about this sauce.

To serve the vegetable to four people—six with small appetites—you make the following quantity of the sauce:

1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon onion juice
1 cup of water
1 tsp. cornstarch
1 lump of butter

Combine water and cornstarch, making a smooth paste, and add to other ingredients, gradually, and simmer until it has the consistency of —well, not so thick that it's like a paste, and not so thin that it will run all over the dinner plate. It's that easy, and with broccoli it's a wonderful combination with chicken or turkey.



SAL MINEO'S CHRISTMAS EVE DINNER

Christmas is Christmas and turkey is turkey, but the holiday meal I like best is the Christmas Eve spread. We're not allowed to eat meat that night, and the meal Mom fixes has always flipped me. She sets out a super antipasto, with anchovies, and provolone cheese—the whole business, with oil and vinegar over it, and then comes the lobster and spaghetti. I've watched her make it a million times but I've been so busy drooling that I never paid attention to how she did it. So I asked her for the recipe, and I don't mind saying it wasn't easy to get it out of her. Mom figures her lobster and spaghetti is her own property.

Anyway, she says first you get a live lobster. If you want it in pieces, cut off the claws and the tail, and the body makes a fourth portion. Put it in a pot—not too big a pot, but big enough to hold it—with some olive oil and a couple of cloves of garlic. Put a cover on the pot, real tight, and steam the lobster for about ten minutes.

Now comes the sauce. Into the same pot, on top of the lobster, you strain a large can of Italian tomatoes and a can of tomato paste. Chop up some parsley and throw it in, and salt and pepper. Cover it, not too tightly, and cook over a very low heat for about three quarters of an hour.

Then make the spaghetti, drain it, and pour the sauce over it. Mom serves her lobster and spaghetti with a salad, and for dessert we have Italian pastries and demitasse. Once you taste this dish, if you're not Italian, you'll wish you were. It's fabulous!

LIZ TAYLOR'S CHICKEN STEAMED IN WINE

It doesn't always *have* to be turkey, and if you'd like to try chicken, I know of no better way to cook it than this. Another point in its favor: because it's so elegant it sounds difficult, but

continued



actually you will find that it is quite easy.

Flour chicken pieces lightly and saute to a golden brown in olive oil. For 3 to 4 pounds of chicken, slice one small onion over the top, add a clove of minced garlic, 2 bay leaves, 2 tablespoons of minced parsley, salt and pepper, and finally 1½ cups of good dry sauterne wine.

Cover and simmer for about an hour.

And that's it!

It's wonderful over rice or just by itself, but do have French bread or something to mop up the wonderful sauce.

ANN BLYTH'S MOLDED DESSERT

By the time I finish a Christmas dinner I never have room for dessert—particularly the traditional desserts that weigh you down like a rock. So instead of pie or pudding, you might try my own favorite to follow a heavy meal. This recipe serves six—or eight if you're really full.

Beat 6 egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add 2½ tablespoons of sugar, a dash of salt and 1⅓ cups of sweet sauterne wine. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 1 tablespoon of gelatine, softened in ¼ cup cold water. Remove from heat and cool. Then fold in 1 cup of sweetened whipped cream to which has been added ⅛ teaspoon of almond extract. Turn into large or individual molds and chill several hours.

It's delicious, it's light, and you just may be able to eat it.

Even after a double serving of everything else on your table.

TONY CURTIS' TOLTOT KAPOSZTA

You may well ask what a creepy sounding dish such as this has to do with Christmas. Even when it's translated from Hungarian into stuffed cabbage, it still is a far cry from jingle bells and all that sort of thing. You may also ask what I'm doing putting my oar into a Christian holiday. When I was a kid in New York my closest friends were Irish and Italian, and we shared everything, even holidays. So I figured if they were having a big day, I might as well get into the act, and always asked Mom to whip up her stuffed cabbage, my favorite then and my favorite still. Even today it symbolizes Christmas to me, and some years Janet and I forego turkey at home and go over to Mom's for this succulent Hungarian bubble and squeak.

The recipe makes eighteen stuffings and serves six.

1 lb. ground beef
1 onion, 2 cloves garlic, chopped
1 cup rice
1½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper
1 head cabbage
2 tbsp. chicken fat
1 large onion, cut in rings
¾ large can tomato juice
1 cup sauerkraut and juice
1 glass water

Cut the core from cabbage and place cabbage in pot of boiling water. Turn off heat and let stand ten to fifteen minutes to soften leaves. Remove cabbage from water and drain. Put meat in a bowl with next five ingredients and mix thoroughly. Separate cabbage leaves carefully, keeping them whole. Put a leaf on a large plate and shave off rib to match thickness of leaf. Put a spoonful of meat mixture on leaf near base and roll up loosely to permit swelling of rice. In a large pot, fry onions in chicken fat until golden brown. Add tomato juice and sauerkraut and juice. Arrange stuffed leaves in pot and pour in water. Cover and simmer over low heat one and one-half to two hours, or until rice is soft.

(*Continued on page 77*)



Christmas means love

■ Christmas means love. For God so loved the world that on Christmas day He gave His only begotten Son. . . .

On Christmas day, our Most Blessed Mother gave Her Perfect Love to Her Child.

On Christmas day, The Infant first received the enfolding care and tenderness that—since the world began—has been the right of all children.

And thirty years later Jesus said *Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

. . . Here are the stories of three children who came unto Jesus—

The lonely child.

The unwanted child.

The very sick child.

And the stories of these little children . . . are stories of Love.



Earl Holliman remembers when his new ma told him—

"We could choose any baby... and picked you."

■ "I was four years old," Earl Holliman tells you, "and I remember I got two Christmas presents. One was some kind f a toy; my father had carved it himself, I think.

The other was a present I'll never forget. My mother gave it to me—that is, the woman I call my mother. She sat me on her knee and said she was going to tell me a beautiful story," Earl recalls, "and to me it was: How two people wanted a boy more than anything in the world, but couldn't have one. How they hunted all over the ountry with empty hearts and finally found a boy ney wanted more than any boy in the world. How that boy made them happy and grateful and glad.

'And that boy' she ended, 'was you!' I begged for that story every Christmas after that for a long time—it was my best Christmas present— nd to me it was as wonderful as the story of Jesus in the manger.

I grew up knowing I was adopted, appreciating it, loving my parents all the more for it and feeling specially blessed because of it."

But Earl didn't get a chance to grow up far before his world began to wobble . . . His world began to crumble in a Shreveport, ouisiana, jailhouse just nine years after that rst Christmas story. Earl walked into the jail and knew that upstairs someplace, in that dark and cold building, his father was dying.

"But he never did anything wrong," the boy assured himself, trying to quiet the fear rabbing his stomach, sitting on the hard oak bench, watching the cops walking in and out— and waiting for his mother to come back down rom the jail infirmary. *(Continued on page 81)*

by Kirtley Baskette




All She Wants to Be Is a
MOVIE STAR
PLAYBOY
TOM and JERRY'S
PARTY

In her own words, Jayne Mansfield tells what it's like to be an "only child"...and how she is giving her own daughter the love that any child—"only" or otherwise—needs.

"Mommy, I'd like a brother or sister."

■ I used to be very sorry for myself, and all because I was an only child. I might still be—if it hadn't been for that hot summer evening in Dallas, Texas, when I was eight. But I'm getting ahead of the story. Because my story really starts five years before, when I was only three—and it dates back to a night on the highway leading into Philipsburg, New Jersey. I remember it very hazily, because I was just three, but that was the night I first felt loneliness . . .

We were coming back from a visit with relatives. Daddy was driving, as usual. He was a young man, just thirty at his last birthday. Handsome, too. And so kind. We were pulling around a curve about forty miles from town when he suddenly collapsed.

If Mother hadn't grabbed the wheel, we would have crashed. She managed to pull the car over to the side of the road, bring us to a safe stop, and turn off the ignition.

But Daddy was dead. He had died of a heart attack.

At three, a child's reasoning, like her love, is not rational. At the funeral, which I hardly remember, I cried because I loved him, and he would no longer be with me. It took several years till I realized I would never have the brother or sister I had wanted so badly. Even after Mother remarried, when I was six, she had no more chidren.

This feeling of being alone, the envy of watching other children play with their brothers and sisters, of envying even their quarrels grew into a constant, underlying feeling of discontent and self pity. Yet it didn't really break to the surface till that summer day in Dallas.

I had been playing jacks with *(Continued on page 75)*



That's what Jayne herself used to say, to her own mother, from just about as far back as Jayne can remember . . .

Suddenly Richard's little thin face wasn't smiling any more. Intently he looked up at his father, Red Skelton, and asked:

"Daddy, what's it like to die?"



■ *Lots of things have happened during the past year that Red Skelton will remember. But one night last summer stands out above the others. It is the night Red will never forget, not for as long as he lives. . . .*

Red couldn't fall asleep that night. It was that face his son Richard had made at dinner. Red couldn't wipe the picture of it from his mind. They'd been sitting there at the table eating and talking—Red and his wife, Georgia, and little Valentina and Richard—when all of a sudden Richard dropped his fork and groaned a little and made a face, the kind of face a little boy might make if his food happened to go down the wrong pipe, but which in this case screamed over at Red as meaning something hurts, something hurts. *The others at the table hadn't noticed it. It had only lasted a few seconds. But after dinner Red had taken his son aside and asked him if he felt okay. The boy had said* sure, Pop, sure—*and Red had let it go at that. He didn't want to frighten Richard. Richard had leukemia, cancer of the blood, and Richard was going to die soon, and thank God Richard didn't know about this, and thank God the pain and the real sickness that come with the end hadn't started, really started, and Red wasn't going to begin frightening the boy with too many questions, too much outward concern. But deep* (Continued on page 66)

by Joseph J. Rosiello

Journey of Hope



Richard said he wanted to see so many places—and people. Now, Red knew, now was the time . . . There was the Shrine at Lourdes, where so many of the halt and the lame and the blind had miraculously been cured. And then that wonderful meeting with the Pope.







And getting together with Maurice Chevalier and learning how to imitate him while Valentina, his big sister, laughed at him . . . and then showing Pop how to do it later. And running into Johnnie Ray—way over there in Europe. So many places—and people. . . .



DEBBIE REYNOLDS entertained 2,500 Korean GIs

■ "Eddie and I have Carrie Frances, who will be exactly one year and six weeks old this Christmas. And of course, to see her gurgle over the toys and her little tree will be the most heartwarming Christmas either of us has ever spent.

"But I must admit that a Christmas that will stay long in my memory is one I spent miles and miles away from home and Hollywood.

"Before Eddie and I were married, I spent several Christmases overseas entertaining American servicemen from Iceland to the Far East. That was 1952, and Christmas Eve I was in Seoul. Beyond the 38th Parallel, there was a concerted push by the Chinese Reds on the Tenth Corps to do as much damage as they could on Christmas Eve, to completely demoralize our boys.

"Most of the pressure went against the 45th Division, the Oklahoma National Guard. Our troupe, including Keenan Wynn and Johnny Grant, flew from Seoul up to the closest point we could go—and it was as close as anyone would want to go!

"We did a show there, then came back and started a second one around 11 a.m. at the 1ST MASH hospital unit. While our program was going on and just before turkey dinner was to be served to 2,500 patients and GIs out front—twenty ambulances came down the road which ran parallel to our stage!

"Keenan and I were singing and dancing—but out of the corner of our eyes we could see the attendants take six or seven blanketed dead bodies out of each ambulance and place them down in rows—

"The boys who didn't quite make it to Christmas Eve . . .

"A lump came into my throat the size of an egg—I don't know how I kept on singing. And perhaps I couldn't have—if it hadn't been for those 2,500 living faces out front, looking up at me as though to say to Keenan and me, *Keep on singing. We have seen what you have seen, and our hearts are breaking, too. But keep on with the show—help us to forget for just this little while on Christmas Eve.* And Keenan and Johnny and all our troupe kept on going for two hours after that.

"Keenan told me later that all the time he was going through a hot jitterbug routine and making the boys laugh, the prayer that was going through his heart and mind was, *May God have mercy, may God have mercy. . . .*"

JOHN WAYNE didn't mind being without gifts, tree or party

■ "Does it seem strange to say that the Christmas that is most indelible in my mind is the last one, 1956, because—with others of *The Legend Of The Lost* company, I was in a land and among peoples where there is no Christmas!

"We were in Tripoli, Libya, on the north coast of Africa. Early on the morning of Christmas Eve we had boarded a chartered airplane and shortly after lunch we glided into a landing at an abandoned airstrip close by an oasis called Ghadames. We got ourselves established in tents hastily put up on the desert near the waterhole. All of us were dead tired; we hit the sack and slept until about midnight.

"As I stepped out of my tent, one of the boys said, 'It's Christmas.' I looked up at the serene sky. Here we were in the land of the Moslems, people with a religion entirely foreign to our own. The sky was black velvet canopied with a million sparkling gems and there was one bigger than all the rest. Then I realized I was looking at the Christmas star and that just over beyond the tall dunes was the land that had been traveled by the Three Wise Men who had followed that star to the birthplace of Christ on the first Christmas morning.

"I was in His country, and I was overcome with a great feeling of peace and wonderment. What was in my heart was like a prayer without words. I knew perfect contentment.

"That Christmas there was no exchange of gifts, no office party, no decorating the Christmas tree, none of the trimmings. Yet we all observed it with gratitude, reverence and simplicity."





NATALIE WOOD was taught a lesson by a tiger

■ "Many people have asked me about my much-prized collection of toy tigers—of why and how I started it. Few of my friends even know that it is symbolic, not just a childish fad—and it had its beginning on Christmas Day in Santa Monica when I was twelve years old.

"We were a happy family, my mother and father and two sisters. I was doing fairly well as a child actress, a sort of juvenile celebrity in the neighborhood, and if I wasn't exactly stuck-up, I must admit I thought pretty well of myself! I was used to receiving far more than I gave in both attention and gifts.

"This Christmas, in the midst of opening all my many pretty presents, a friend of mine named Martha, the little, fat girl from down the street, came in. She had brought me a gift. It was a toy tiger, with the cutest, silliest little face—and to say I was surprised is putting it mildly.

"I knew for sure that Martha had wanted this tiger herself. We had both seen it in a store on one of our shopping expeditions and fallen in love with it. And yet she had spent a generous portion of her Christmas money to buy it for me!

"To make matters worse, in my own self-absorption, I had no gift for Martha! I quickly ran to my bedroom and wrapped up one of the presents I had received—but it wasn't the same. It taught me a wonderful thing:

"Every year after that I bought, before anything else, a toy tiger to remind me to give always with my *heart* as well as my hand before buying a gift for anyone!"

CLARK GABLE split his bread-beans dinner with two hoboes

■ "I remember lots of Christmases spent in lots of places, but the one that stands out most vividly in my mind is Christmas of 1923. It should. Santa Claus couldn't find me *that* year.

"I was aboard a train speeding across the Rocky Mountains of the western United States, sharing a box car on a freighter headed for Oregon with two other hobo gentlemen!

"I was an ambitious kid, just out of my teens, and a small touring company I'd been working with had been stranded in Butte, Montana. We were dismissed without pay. With no money in my jeans there was nothing else to do but start moving, anywhere.

"Well, right in the middle of that *free* ride—came Christmas! I was sick at heart. Every time the train stopped at a station my be-whisk-



continued

ered traveling companions, as dirty and unshaven as I, could hear people getting off passenger trains, greeting families and friends and calling *Merry, Merry Christmas.* For us—nothing.

"Then, about dinner time, one of the men grinned sheepishly and said, 'I've been saving this'—and darned if he didn't pull out a sack containing a can of baked beans and a half loaf of bread! The other, a kid about my age, said 'And I'll share these!' And he pulled out a half pack of cigarettes.

"Boy, were those beans *good?* Were those smokes *great?* I was pretty young to be a philosopher but suddenly the thought came to me, *Why this* IS *Christmas; this is the true meaning of Christmas—sharing what you have with friend or stranger.*

"And, sharing the boxcar with two hobos, my heart sang with its own peculiar Christmas Carol."



MARIA SCHELL is going to cook roast pig

■ You'll soon be seeing this charming German girl opposite Yul Brynner in her first American picture, *The Brothers Karamazov.* During her stay in Hollywood she came to my home and I don't know when I have been more charmed than I was by this delightful girl. Among the things she told me about was Christmas in her country—and I think you will enjoy hearing about it as much as I did.



"This Christmas, I am a bride—the first Christmas that Horst (Haechler) and I have spent as married people. We are so happy that the picture will be finished in time for us to be back in Germany so we can play host to his family and mine. To show the Haechlers what a good daughter-in-law they have acquired, I'm going to cook the traditional roast pig dinner.

"In our window will shine a huge Christmas candle gaily decorated with brilliants. The shade of this window is never drawn, so that all that pass the house may share its beauty and welcome.

"And then will come the best part of all. On Christmas Eve we will join with our neighbors and friends for the lovely religious ceremony in which everyone carries a lighted candle into the darkened church. This symbolizes the coming of the Light into the world when Christ was born.

"Believe me, Miss Parsons, this will be the most gloriously wonderful Christmas of my life when I enter the church holding the candle in one hand and the hand of my husband in the other, the first Christmas we will spend together as one."

JUNE ALLYSON presented her husband with a son on Christmas Eve

■ "It isn't hard for me to tell you the most memorable Christmas of *my* life. It was 1950, when on Christmas Eve, in the maternity room of ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, Dick and I welcomed Richard Powell, Jr. —an event no woman is likely to forget, you must admit.

"What made me particularly happy is that I had so wanted the baby as a Christmas present for Dick. But my doctor had told me that there wasn't a chance that the baby would arrive until mid-January.

"Dick would laugh at me when I would say, 'I don't care what the doctor predicts, I promise you a baby by Christmas.' Once he laughed and said, 'It wouldn't surprise me. You usually get your way.' But neither of us sincerely believed the baby would arrive before the time set by the doctor.

"I could hardly believe it myself when those certain, most definite signs began to come the day before Christmas! I began to pray. *Oh, make it true—and not a false alarm. Let me hold my baby in my arms on Christmas Day, the most blessed of all Mothers' Days.*

"When I woke up, Dick was bending over my bed and he said those most joyous of all words, 'Hello, little Mother. When do you want to see your son? He's a Christmas present. It's Christmas Eve.'"

ROBERT TAYLOR learned to play Santa from his Dad

■ "*This* Christmas will be the most memorable of my life, because I am taking on the most difficult role I've ever played—Santa Claus!

"Oh, it's not that I mind the padding, the red suit and the chin whiskers. The MGM make-up boys will help me with that. But I'm going to be as nervous and self-conscious as though I were playing my first part when my two-and-a-half-year-old Terry climbs up on my knee and starts asking questions and giving me his list.

"When Ursula suggested it was high time I did my Santa stint I said, 'I'm not the type.' She brought me up sharp by saying, 'Was *your* father the type?'

"It brought back that wonderful memory when my father first played Santa Claus—and I was too young to recognize him. He was a thin man and the pillows my mother stuck in his suit kept slipping and his whiskers never stayed on straight. He had no MGM make-up men to help his disguise.

"But never as long as I live will I ever forget those first few tender years when I would get up on his knee and whisper about things I wanted for Christmas for myself and my mother and my *father!*

"Once, before I got too sleepy, I can remember the tears running down his face—for many of the things I asked for we could not afford. But never again was I to know such peace and comfort and warmth and *security* as I knew in those precious times on my Santa's knee.

"I don't want my little boy to grow up without this—even if it kills me!"





SOPHIA LOREN danced the Charleston with a Texan

■ "Christmas of 1944 in Italy will always be bright in my memory, although I was only nine years old. We were very poor and food had been scarce in our household for months. My sister Maria, my Mother and I had no prospect of any sort of a Christmas celebration.

"Suddenly a group of American GI's arrived at the door. They were loaded down with canned food, candy, presents for all—and best of everything, one of them spoke Italian. Instead of making us feel like a charity case, he said, 'We are lonesome for some family celebrating today. Will you share your Christmas with us?' Would we!

"What a wonderful time we had. No one spoke of war—we laughed and sang and stuffed ourselves.

"I remember one of the boys was from Texas. He taught me to pronounce it and laughed when I called it *Taxes.* He was a wonderful dancer, I remember, and taught us all, even my mother, to do something called the Charleston!

"Let me tell you a little secret: I have to do a Charleston in my new picture, *Houseboat,* with Cary Grant and was everybody surprised when I went into it without a single lesson! Yes, I had been taught as a child that fine Christmas years ago by an expert from Texas!"

continued



KIM NOVAK shared her holiday with millions

■ "Christmas of 1955 is the one I shall never forget.

"It was the first Christmas I had ever had enough money to buy the presents of luxuries and necessities for my family, and the studio had given me time off to go back home to Chicago to be with my folks.

"Then I was asked to spend this wonderful family holiday I had looked forward to so keenly—with TV cameras all over the house on Ed Murrow's *Person To Person* show! My first reaction was resentment.

"I had wanted to be with my family *alone*. But I agreed to do the show. We had a seven-foot tree; my mother and father, my sister and her husband and children were there, and we opened our gifts and sang Carols—*just as though the whole world weren't looking in,* I thought selfishly.

"I say it was selfish—because I cannot begin to tell you my feeling when hundreds of letters started pouring in saying in effect: 'Kim—bless you for sharing with all of us lonely people who have no families, the wonderful cheer and glow of being with you and your family on this wonderful Christmas show!'

"The letters from these lonely people were so sweet and thoughtful and sincere, I cried over them.

"This, indeed, was my finest Christmas—the one my family and I were privileged to spend with many, many lonely strangers!"



TOMMY SANDS desperately wanted a guitar

■ "I wouldn't be disrespectful about Christmas for anything. It's too holy and glorious a day. But, strangely enough, there's something quite amusing about the Christmas I remember best.

"I was about eleven years old and I desperately wanted a *guitar!* Up to that time I'd never actually had my heart set on any one thing—until that burning desire for a guitar. I felt I couldn't live without it.

"My parents didn't hold out much hope of my getting it because the real guitars, not toys, were very expensive. But my obsession continued. I did nothing but talk about guitars, dream guitars and then—thrill of thrills—I received a guitar that Christmas!

"Now what I mean is this: that guitar symbol has followed me right up to where I am today.

"My first big break in show business came when I was chosen to replace Elvis Presley and his guitar on the TV show, *The Singin' Idol.* My first motion picture is the result of that substitution—the starring role in a film Elvis might have had, the movie version of *The Singin' Idol,* if he and his guitar had appeared on the TV program.

"Maybe this seems just a small thing to remember about a boy's wish for Christmas, but it does seem to have had a bearing on what came after—don't you think?"

OTTO KRUGER makes sure former stars have flowers

■ Mrs. Basher, of the MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOME, told me: "Most of the stars of Hollywood never tell of the generous things they do for others. But we with the MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOME, where many former stars are sheltered and cared for, know of many unsung kindnesses.

"Christmas is never a sad time here, because there are so many fine surprises. Two years ago a small truck drove up with a large color TV set. It was from Gloria Swanson and on the card she had written, *Merry Christmas. Thought you might all enjoy seeing the Rose Bowl game New Year's Day in color.*

"And Otto Kruger—that very fine actor—sees that we are abloom with lovely flowers and plants all the year 'round. You should see the grounds at Christmas time, with red and white poinsettias and chrysanthemums and holly berries!

"But we do not really need the Christmas season here to be reminded twelve months of the year Hollywood does not forget its own."

Kim Novak
Columbia's PAL JOEY
Clark Gable
Paramount's TEACHER'S PET
UA's RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP
Debbie Reynolds
MGM's THE BOY FRIEND
U-I's TAMMMY AND THE BACHELOR
U I's FOR LOVE OR MONEY
Bing Crosby
MGM's MAN ON FIRE
Natalie Wood
Warner Bros.' NO SLEEP TILL DAWN
Warner Bros.' MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR
UA's KINGS GO FORTH
John Wayne
U-I's JET PILOT
20th Century-Fox's THE TOWNSEND HARRIS STORY
Tommy Sands
20th Century-Fox's THE SINGIN' IDOL
Sophia Loren
Columbia's STELLA
UA's LEGEND OF THE LOST
Paramount's DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS
20th Century-Fox's BLOOD AND SAND
Robert Taylor
MGM's SADDLE THE WIND
MGM's PARTY GIRL
Keenan Wynn
U-I's JOE BUTTERFLY
U-I's THERE'S A TIME TO LOVE
Warner Bros.' THE DEEP SIX
MGM's DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER
Yul Brynner
MGM's THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
Maria Schell
MGM's THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
June Allyson
U-I's INTERLUDE
U-I's MY MAN GODFREY
Cary Grant
UA's THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION
20th Century-Fox's AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER
20th Century-Fox's KISS THEM FOR ME

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

■ In the next six pages, we meet three persons who sought—

A man destroying himself . . .

A woman in an insane asylum . . .

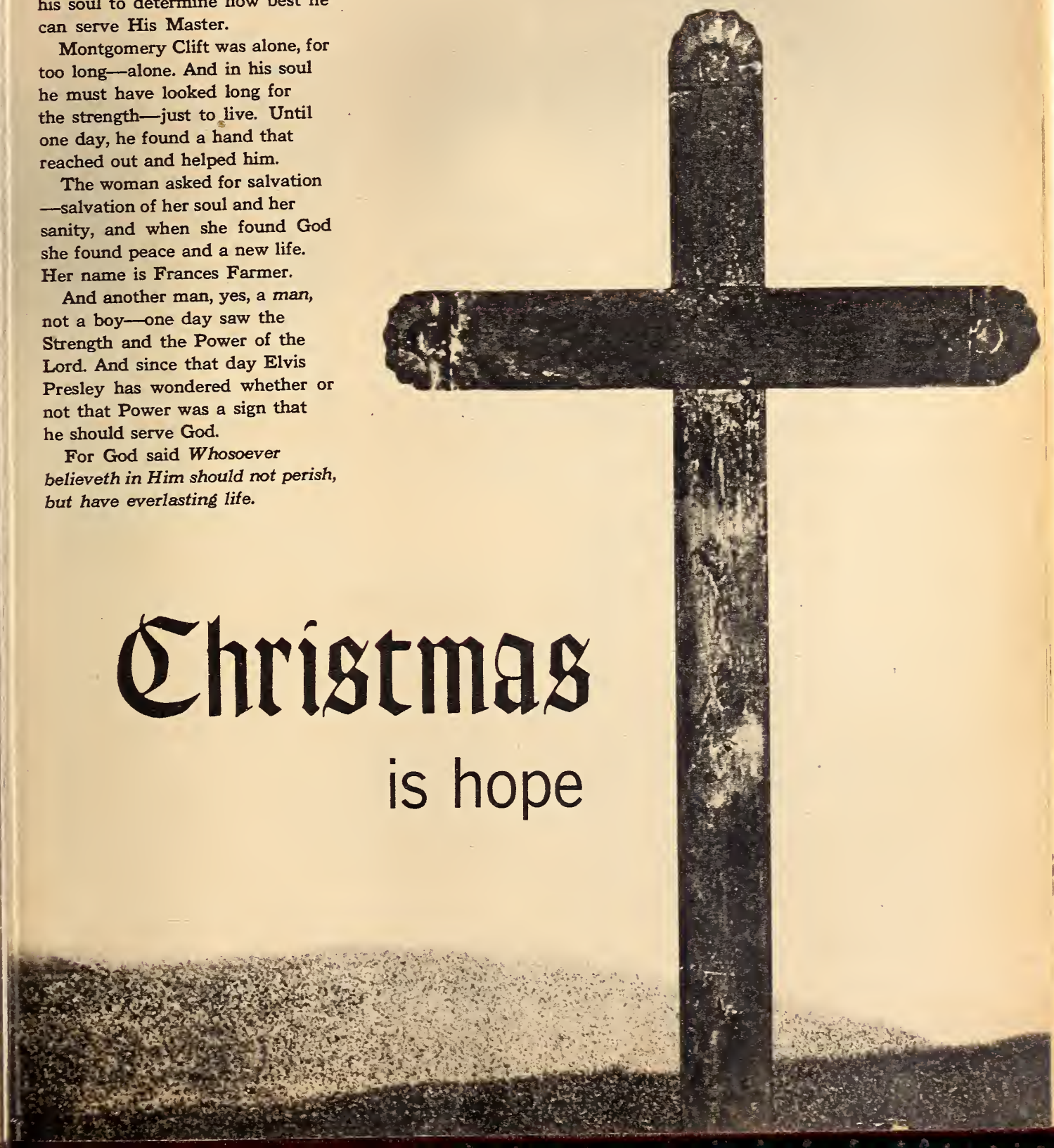
And a man who has examined his soul to determine how best he can serve His Master.

Montgomery Clift was alone, for too long—alone. And in his soul he must have looked long for the strength—just to live. Until one day, he found a hand that reached out and helped him.

The woman asked for salvation —salvation of her soul and her sanity, and when she found God she found peace and a new life. Her name is Frances Farmer.

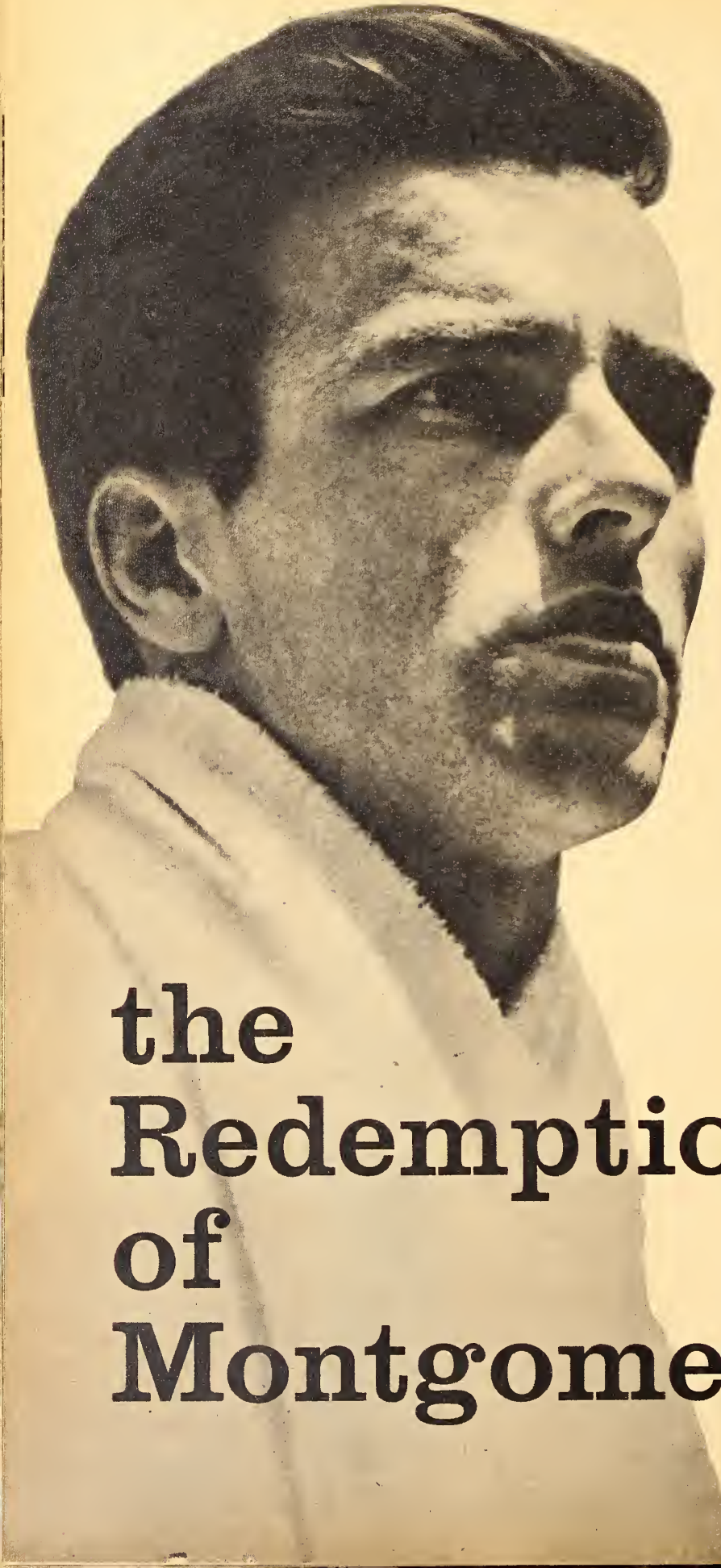
And another man, yes, a *man,* not a boy—one day saw the Strength and the Power of the Lord. And since that day Elvis Presley has wondered whether or not that Power was a sign that he should serve God.

For God said *Whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*



Christmas

is hope



"He looked like a wet puppy dog," she said, "so alone, so shivering..."



the Redemption of Montgomery Clift

by Parker D. Brewer

■ "This," said Marlon Brando, sitting over a mid-morning cup of coffee on *The Young Lions* set in France, "is the first time I ever saw anybody in a special effects department addressed as *honey* by an entire movie location company!"

Marlon was talking about Olga Poliakoff, the small, pretty girl, pictured on the left, working on special effects for *The Young Lions* . . .

And just a few weeks after Marlon said that, there was somebody else who was amazed—and Olga was part of that too.

The somebody else was an airline stewardess, and she was amazed at how well Monty looked, as he headed back to the States—handsome and erect, neatly-dressed, his shoes shined, his hands steady, his mind sober—cold sober. She thought back to that last trip, when he had been on his way to France. She remembered how bad he'd looked then—even worse than the other times: his face sallow and drawn, heavy rings under his eyes, nervous and unsteady and with a look on his face of the haunted, the hunted: of a man who was trying to destroy himself.

She remembered, too, the stories some of the other members of *The Young Lions* company, a little loaded on free airplane champagne by the time they were halfway over the Atlantic, told about Monty . . .

She remembered, for one, the story about how only a few nights earlier in Hollywood a bigtime producer had thrown a party, how midway through the party the producer had proudly asked everyone to step into his private projection room to see a run-through of his latest movie, how halfway through the picture Monty—who'd been pouring down the straight Scotches—suddenly began to holler and yell so much the movie had to be stopped and the producer, embarrassed, had to bid all his guests good night. (*Continued on page 73*)



"...a man who had begun to wipe love from his life with fear and drink, disappointment and distrust..."



1 CHRISTMAS, 1927
NOT INVITED TO THE PARTY



2 CHRISTMAS, 1935
FAMOUS BUT ALONE



3 CHRISTMAS, 1937
HAPPILY MARRIED



4 CHRISTMAS, 1942
DRUNK, DISORDERLY, DIVORCED



5 CHRISTMAS, 1943
IN THE INSANE ASYLUM



6 CHRISTMAS, 195
THROUGH GOD'S HELP, SALVATIO



7 CHRISTMAS, 1
A MERRY, MER CHRISTMAS

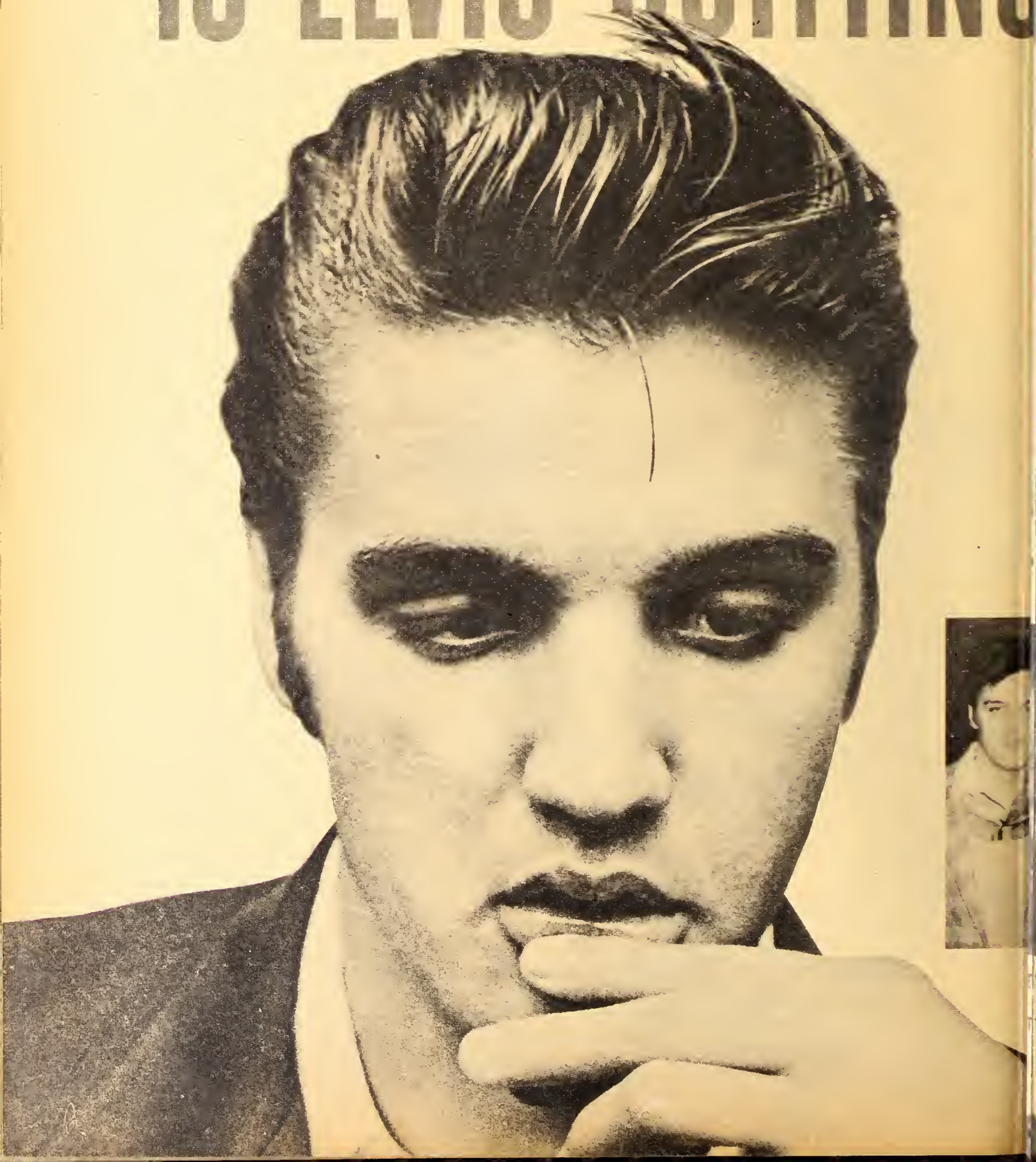
by Ed DeBlasio

the seven Christmases of Frances Farmer



■ Frances Farmer paced the floor of a small white room that Christmas morning in 1943. "It's so hot," she mumbled as she walked, "It's so hot." She walked to the door and tried the knob. But the door was locked. She turned toward the window at the other end of the room, the window made of that funny glass so that you really couldn't see outside, so that you could barely see the bars outside. "I'm hot," Frances mumbled, wiping the dampness on her palms off on the white uniform they made her wear. "I'm hot," she said, whispering. She was afraid to say it too loud, that the heat was on too high and that she was perspiring all over. She was afraid because they might come in again like they had that other time and squeeze her into a straitjacket and never let her out. As hazy as her mind was now, as confused as she was, there was one thing that Frances knew she hated more than anything—and that was the straitjacket. That was the way she had been brought here eleven months ago, wearing one of those miserable things, tight and tortuous around the whole upper part of her body. That day—that day of hell, Thursday, January 14, 1943—had started out at the studio where Frances was making a movie called *No Escape*. She'd arrived on the set drunk, for about the tenth time in a row, and when, just before they began to shoot a scene, a hairdresser had gone up to her to run a (*Continued on page 87*)

IS ELVIS QUITTING



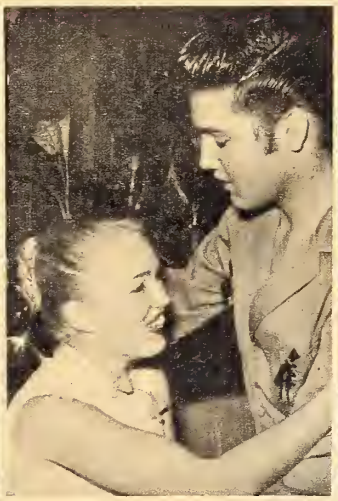
FOR GOD?

by Claire Williams

Will he give up all this... for this?



Fame



Fans



Wealth





The man of God—his minister

The ringing out of The Word of God—the Gospel Singers

Out of the depths of my soul I cry
Jesus draw nigh, Jesus draw nigh
Lord, lend an ear to my own honest plea
Jesus draw nearer to me.
Oh Lord, I want to labor
Faithful each day, let me walk in Your true way
Telling this old world what a Savior I've found
Spreading the Gospel all around.

. . . . from an old Gospel song

■ Elvis was only seven when it happened. It was back in Tupelo, Mississippi, the city where he was born. It was a bad day in the late spring, hot, oven hot, so hot you could smell the heat float up from the dry earth. Elvis was sitting with a buddy of his on the steps of the ramshackle plantation house just outside the city. His buddy's dad was a poor sharecropper (*Continued on page 70*)



Jayne Mansfield Tab Hunter



Richard Sargent Joanne Woodward Pier Angeli



Shirley MacLaine Jody McCrea

a ★ I resolve to give up peanut-butter cookies I have a terrible habit when it comes to them. I also resolve to get up earlier in the mornin and to become less absent minded!

b ★ I am resolved to continue my campaign t win picture roles for which I'm better suited

c ★ I am resolved to have more time with m husband and baby in the coming year. If w cannot be together while I am making a pic ture, I will not make it! Our home means to much to all of us to spend so little time in i

d ★ To write at least three letters a week t Jennifer while I'm away from home! That Jennifer Lea of course, my girl.

e ★ I resolve to try to like Hollywood partie . . . when people are nice enough to invite you the least you can do is make up your mind t have a good time. But when I first arrived i Hollywood, I knew so few people that I coul stand all evening with no one talking to m Now that I have been here for a while, I fin it is like anywhere else in this regard . . . ha ing a good time is a matter of feeling *at hom*

Can you solve this PICTURE-QUIZ?
See if you can match the
New Year's resolutions
with the stars who made them.

I resolve for '58

★ To learn to cook. I disprove the belief that southern girls are great cooks—I have trouble boiling water! However, if my husband can stand it, I'm going to head straight for the pots and pans.

★ I'm the worst note writer ever. So many people do nice things for me and I take months saying thank you. I think that is really sloppy and I'm going to try to correct it.

★ I will get no new animals. I already have a menagerie: two great danes, a kitty and a dachshund—plus gold fish, and a horse.

★ I have a wonderful baby daughter who looks just like my wife. I'm resolved that now we should have a son who looks just like my wife, too!

★ To get work!

★ To go window shopping only, instead of going inside the store!

★ No more parachute jumping—no siree!

★ To try and keep my backyard and garden in better shape, so my neighbors won't hate me as they do now—I have a *black* thumb!

★ To save money.

★ To turn off TV and read more.

★ To resist any impulses I have to go to Las Vegas.

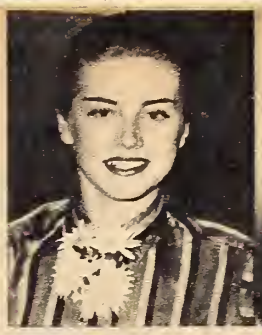
★ To keep up with my piano lessons, regardless of how little time I have.

★ To take a vacation this year.

★ To stay away from cigarillos—and I don't mean with a holder! I also swear off bullfighting—till I get another chance at it.

★ In the past year, I have been rather easy-going and recently I have tried to make myself become more aggressive and dominating. But now I want to hit a mid-way point. I resolve to master no one and be mastered by none.

★ I resolve to stop smoking. I've made this same resolution many times, but I'm still smoking. Maybe this year I'll really stop.



Dolores Hart



Tony Perkins



John Smith



Anne Francis



Robert Stack



Russ Tamblyn



Robert Evans

Jayne Mansfield
20th Century-Fox's Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?
Tony Perkins
Columbia's This Bitter Earth
Paramount's The Tin Star
Paramount's Desire Under The Elms
Paramount's The Matchmaker
Joanne Woodward
20th Century-Fox's No Down Payment
20th Century-Fox's Three Faces Of Eve
20th Century-Fox's The Long, Hot Summer
Shirley MacLaine
Paramount's Hot Spell
Paramount's The Matchmaker
Pier Angeli
MGM's Merry Andrew
Dolores Hart
Paramount's Wild Is The Wind

Russ Tamblyn
MGM's Don't Go Near The Water
20th Century-Fox's Peyton Place
Anne Francis
MGM's The Hired Gun
MGM's Don't Go Near The Water
Robert Evans
U-I's Man Of A Thousand Faces
20th Century-Fox's The Sun Also Rises
John Smith
Republic's The Crooked Circle
Robert Stack
U-I's Pylon
20th Century-Fox's Our Love
Jody McCrea
Warner Bros.' Lafayette Escadrille
UA's Gunsight Ridge
Tab Hunter
Warner Bros.' Lafayette Escadrille
Warner Bros.' Damn Yankees

Here are the answers. Don't peep until you've finished the quiz.

a Dolores Hart
b Tab Hunter
c Pier Angeli
d Jody McCrea
e Joanne Woodward
f Shirley MacLaine
g Jayne Mansfield
h Robert Stack
i John Smith
j Richard Sargent
k Tony Perkins
l Robert Evans
m Russ Tamblyn
n Anne Francis

do as the stars do

and shop early for...

Christmas Gifts

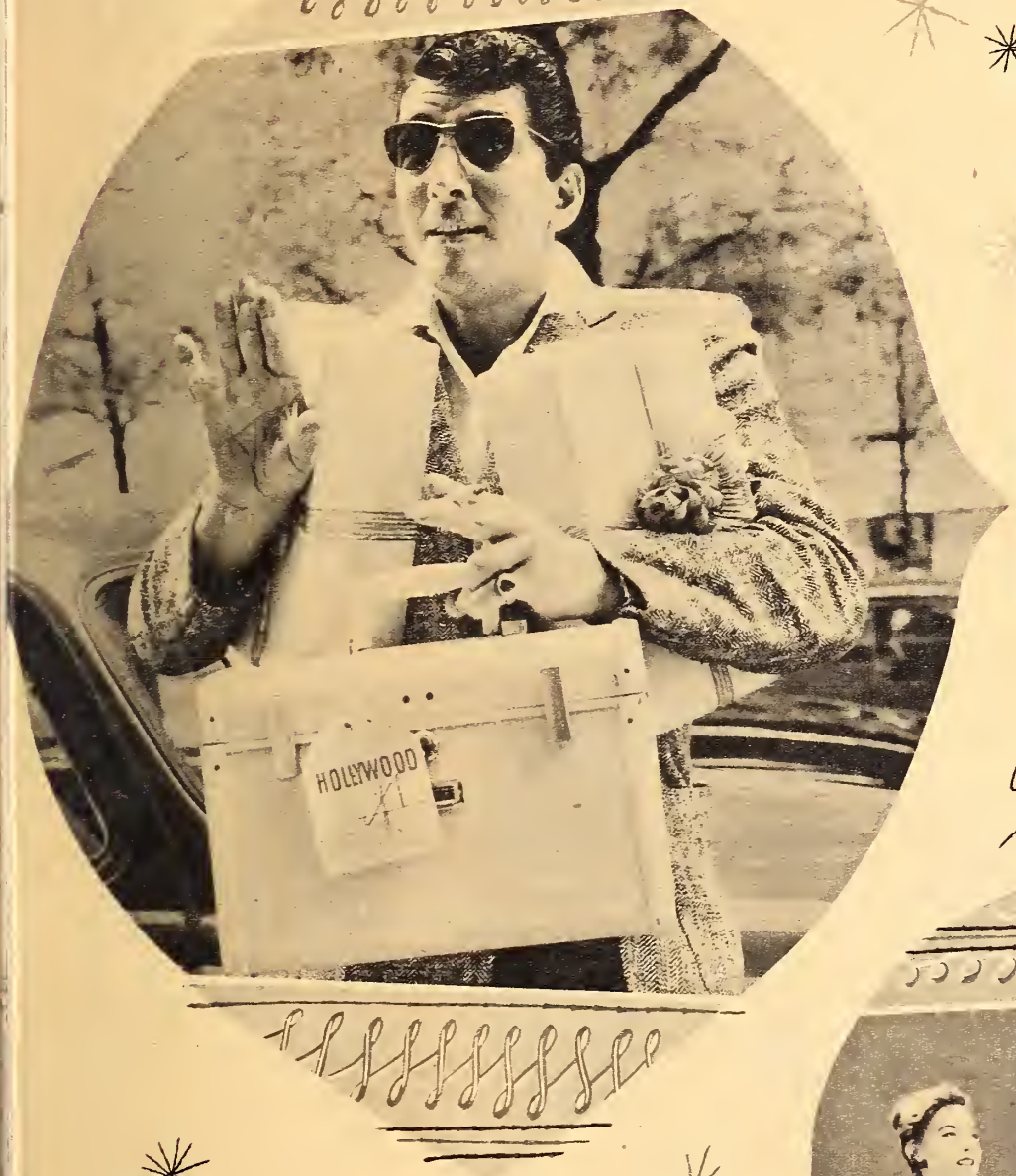


For Christmas giving Robert Evans chooses mink—bless him, costume jewelry, little fur collars to dress up sweaters and suits, Rolfs handbag, Samsonite luggage, gloves, hosiery, and mumbo jumbo boxes of perfume and matching cosmetic goodies. Bob wraps all his gifts himself. Be sure and see Bob in *The Sun Also Rises,* a Darryl Zanuck production in CinemaScope released by 20th.

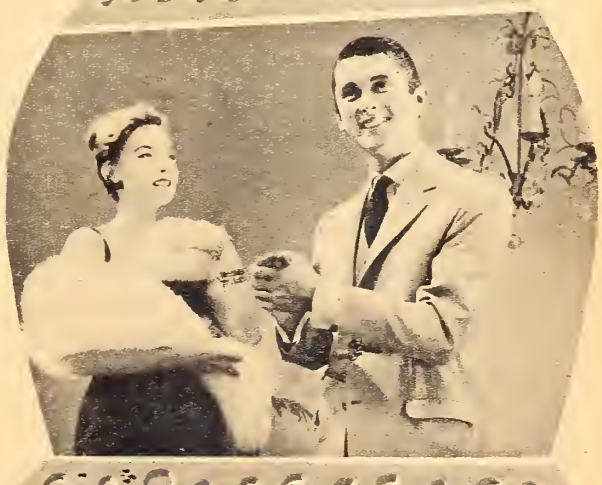


Terry Moore gets a head start on her gifts, too. And, she also wraps and ties early! Terry chooses chic, practical gifts as well as glamorous ones. She holds a pair of Rain Dears—perfect protection for pretty shoes against rain or snow. Beside her is the very new Servicemaster Magic Carpet Brush for Mom's Christmas stocking. Among her other practical gifts are a pair of Huskies suede-like boots with a pile lining. Marian Ross designed Terry's dress for Junior First. Be sure and see Terry in 20th's *Peyton Place.*

All Photos • Roger Prigent



Dean Martin swings along playing Santa loaded with Christmas packages—all tied up with Bur-Mil ribbons and self-making bows. The handsome Samsonite train case, Ultralite Medallion, is a very special gift for the "Mrs." See Dean in 20th's *The Young Lions*. Men love to go Christmas shopping if they know what to buy. So be sure and turn in your Christmas list to Santa early. With new, easy Bur-Mil bows men have fun doing their own packages. Just cut the ribbon, pull the strings, and presto! Anyone can make a bow!



"I'll take them both, the stole and the girl, they are just beautiful," says Bob as he shops in one of New York's popular fur salons for Christmas gifts. The white fox stole he can have. But not the girl, she is already a "Mrs." and known to many of you as top New York model Ginny Gaylor. The rage in Hollywood, New York and Paris is to dress up your costumes with little furs—hats, muffs, collars and boleros. This white fox stole is made of the tails and a buy for $32.50 (Inc. Tax) at Harold J. Rubin Salon, New York.

Continued on page

Star's Selections















1. Kings Men Thistle and Plaid cologne and After Shave lotion. For the family, a silver tablecloth woven with Lurex for gala dinners. **2.** Sportsman hanging shower soap; U.S. Rubber golf balls packaged in a novel plastic ice tray to make perfect replica ice balls. On the model, Canterbury sweater of Tycora yarn; Richelieu pearl and crystal choker. **3.** Seven Winds fragrance bath set; on top in single bath powder; left, in purse set with Seven Winds perfume, Show-Case lipstick and new Cloudsilk compressed powder compact. All by DuBarry. **4.** Three Silent Messengers gift set including Tweed, Shanghai and Miracle cologne; Adams Rib fragrance in cologne and perfume purser. Both by Lentheric. **5.** Houbigant's fragrance galerie of Eau de Toilette including Flatterie, Chantilly, Quelques Fleurs. Decorated Select 100% Dupont Orlon sweater; cozy mittens of Tycora yarn; gift set of April Showers dusting powder and cologne by Cheramy. **6.** Potent fragrance, Voltage, in a handsome bath set; left, Voltage perfume Pom-Pom gift package; top, French Lilac bath set. All by Dorothy Gray. **7.** Houbigant's Quelques Fleurs bath set gift package of Refreshance and hand lotion. Pixie flower-trimmed scuffs of soft leather with quilted cotton lining. By Huskies. **8.** Gay gift package of Primitif Sophisti-Cat by Max Factor; stunning jeweled Launderleather gloves by Lamm

All Photos • Roger Prigent

to give and to own







Sur-Mil Cameo dress sheer stockings; Nite-Aires maribou scuffs; Capri antique jewelry set with emeralds and sapphires. **9.** A Revlon manicure set for beautiful nails—the set includes nail enamel, basecoat, cuticle remover, velvety remover, cuticle scissor, nail file, tweezer, pusher, cuticle stick, emery boards. The lipstick—Revlon's famous Futurama. Capri's modernistic black and gold bracelet. **10.** Rain Dears—plastic boots, fully molded with proven safe longwearing tread. **11.** Coty's new blush set of the famous fragrance Emeraude. Foreground, Coty "24" lipstick in Paris Original case. **12.** Fabulous Evening in Paris gift set that includes perfume, perfume purser, perfume compact, Eau de Toilette, cologne and face powder. On top, Evening in Paris perfume in a Christmas tree package. Both by Bourjois. Hosiery —Beautiful Bryans of Enka nylon; golden mules by Queen Bee; Richelieu pearls. **13.** Roman Holiday perfume purser; in the package, a Roman Holiday set of dusting powder and cologne. Both by Bourjois. Multi-color paisley embossed leather handbag by Murray Kruger. **14.** Hermitique by Houbigant, a metered atomizer completely sealed from the air to measure out your perfume perfectly and, carefully; Kleinert's Rosebud Frou-Frou boudoir cap to hide curls and pins; Duchess pearls; satin evening bag with a jeweled clasp, Murray Kruger.









daddy, what's it like to die?

(Continued from page 44) *inside Red was frightened that night, more frightened than he'd ever been. It was that look that had done it.*

Red had become resigned to the fact that Richard was probably going to die. There was no use kidding himself about that. A couple of dozen of the world's finest doctors couldn't all be wrong there.

But the pain, the thought of Richard gradually beginning to feel his body go heavy, and then heavier and then heavier until finally he could do nothing but lie in a bed and cry and wonder what was wrong, why he hurt all over, why he didn't feel like eating anymore, why he couldn't get up and go to school anymore and play anymore—this Red couldn't resign himself to.

And so that night he realized that no matter what he did, he wasn't going to be able to fall asleep. And at about two o'clock he got out of bed and put on a robe and went downstairs and walked out onto the big side terrace of his big hilltop house and sat on the big white wicker chair he had once called his wishing chair.

Red's golden angel

About a year earlier a writer-pal of Red's had found him sitting there in the early morning hours and had asked him what he was doing. Red explained that he was just sitting, looking at the sprawling town of Beverly Hills way down below and beyond at the figure of a golden angel on top of the Mormon temple. He liked that angel, he told his pal, it was a friend . . . a friend for his soul, a friend he could call on, if he ever needed a friend real *bad. . . .*

And now, tonight, oh how he needed such a friend!

And Red sat there on his wishing chair looking out at his angel, and found that he didn't know quite what to ask for, quite what to say.

I wish. . . . *The words formed on his lips.* Please, I wish. . . . *He closed his eyes.* I wish. . . . *He shook his head. He breathed a deep breath. He kept his eyes closed for a long time. And when he opened them again, Richard, his boy, was standing in front of him.*

What, *he asked the boy softly,* what in the world was he doing up at that hour?

Richard reached down and picked up his tiny gray poodle. Neither of them could sleep that night, *Richard said in that high little voice of his*—neither he nor Paganini. *And the little pup gave a short yip of agreement.*

Red felt his fists clenching. He saw Richard's face at dinner again, the look of pain. He managed a smile. Feeling okay? *he asked*—haven't got a tummy ache or anything?

Richard shook his head. He was feeling fine, *he said.* And so was Paganini. But they had a problem, *he said,* a real serious problem which they'd spent half the night trying to figure out.

Red moved over in the big wicker chair and made room for the boy and the pooch to sit beside him. And now, old fellow—*Red asked, making his voice deep and funny, the make-believe voice Richard liked best of all*—what was the nature of this problem?

Well, *Richard said,* it had to do with Santa Claus and Christmas. Even though the big holiday was far away, *he started to say. . . .*

Red took his son's hand in his. Christmas, *he said,* Christmas was something he, too, had been thinking about for a long time now. *Almost since that day . . . he was about to say. But he didn't.* Christmas, *he said again, smiling.* Don't worry about Christmas, *he said. He squeezed Richard's hand and said* he didn't have any problem at all, that he—Pop—had already written that letter up to the North Pole and that he'd seen to it, by phone and telegram and by all kinds of special delivery letters, that this Christmas would be a swell Christmas for a certain little boy named Richard Skelton.

Richard's Christmas problem

Richard had a hard time stopping his dad from talking. But when he finally did, he told Red he had it all wrong. The problem, *he said,* wasn't what HE was going to get for Christmas. It was what HE was going to get for the OTHERS. You see, *he said,* he'd saved fifty cents a week for almost six months now and the money was really starting to pile up and he'd overheard a couple of kids next door talking about Christmas only that afternoon and he'd realized that he'd better get busy thinking about the holiday and what he should get for the people on his list. *He paused long enough to ask his dad* did he think it was maybe a little too early to start thinking about Christmas.

Red said no, it wasn't too early.

Then, *Richard asked,* would he help?

Yes, *Red said,* he would help.

Well, *Richard said,* first of all. . . . *He reached over to where Paganini sat on his lap and covered the pooch's ears with his hands.* Well, *he whispered,* first of all, there had to be a present for Paganini.

Red nodded.

What did his dad think of these ideas he'd thought up, *Richard wanted to know.*

And as Richard went down the list of ideas, Red only half-listened and found himself looking down at the tired little dog sitting unquestioningly on his son's lap. And he thought of the day early in January, only eight months before, when he'd bought the dog for his son. . . .

Richard had been sick for a couple of weeks. He'd had a cold, one of those lingering colds that seem to get worse all the time instead of better. It was a bad winter in California and Red thought that maybe a quick trip to Hawaii might help his son. One night he told Georgia to pack. The next day they were flying out to the islands. They were in Hawaii about a week when they realized that Richard's cold wasn't going away. Then, one night, the boy complained about a sore inside his nose. It hurt, *he said,* it hurt bad. *Red and Georgia didn't know what to think of this, but they told Richard* don't worry, it must be a plain old cold sore, that he'd probably been blowing his nose a little too hard. *The next day, the sore began to bother the boy even more and the coughing and sneezing continued even worse and Red and Georgia decided to come back to California and take their young son to a specialist. Red was back at work a few days later, rehearsing for a television show, when he got a call from the specialist.*

Blood tests for a cold?

He would like, *the specialist said,* to have Red bring the boy to the hospital the following day for some special tests. Special tests, *Red asked, laughing a little*—for a good old American cold? *The doctor didn't laugh back.* Yes, *he said,* they would like to test the boy's blood.

Sure, *Red said,* sure he would bring the boy over.

And then he'd hung up and gone back to work. Every once in a while, while he was working, he felt a cold chill rush through his body. With the chill rushed

A SACRED PILGRIMAGE

■ In the Shrine of Guadalupe, hundreds of humble Mexicans were praying for an eight-year-old boy they called *Ricardito.*

They didn't really know him; in fact, they had never even seen him. All they *did* know was that Ricardito was desperately ill.

Leukemia!

Medical science had given up all hope. Nothing could be done. Yet many Mexicans felt that a higher Power could achieve a miracle and spare his life. That higher Power, they believed, was the Virgin of Guadalupe.

The Virgin, say Mexicans, understands the suffering of children: she too was a Mother and had a Son. And like the boy who was dying now, her own Son, Jesus, died young.

Since 1593, when it is said the Virgin made her blessed appearance to a simple peasant, one Juan Diego, Mexicans have venerated the Mother of God. She is the patron saint of their country; her miracles are legion; all Mexico felt that perhaps she again could save a dying child.

These people, as poor and humble as Juan Diego, walked miles to reach the shrine. Many went barefoot. All had put together a few *centavos* to buy flowers to place in front of the Virgin.

As is the custom in Mexico, the worshipers also carried banners and streamers. Some identified workers' groups; some, religious organizations; mostly, however, they were individual offerings. All were to be laid at the feet of the Virgin.

MODERN SCREEN's Mexican correspondent joined the pilgrimage. Together with these devout Christians, he too was going to place flowers and streamers at the shrine. He too was going to add his prayers for the life of little Ricardito.

But as he walked toward the Church, a young Indian girl approached him. "Señor," she whispered, "I am too poor to offer anything to the Virgin. I have no flowers and I have no banners. But Ricardito must live!" Then, almost in tears, she said, "Would you share your flowers with me? I will pray with all my heart that the little boy won't die."

Of course, the correspondent agreed.

In the shrine, there was a solemn Mass. As the priest implored the Virgin to save the life of the child, everyone knelt. And everyone prayed.

But perhaps no one prayed more fervently than that simple Indian girl. She may not have known Ricardito, but her love for him was such, he could have been her own child.

The child? Richard Skelton, Jr.—Red's beloved son.



it sure is an easy life . . .

■ So you'd like to be in movies? Because it's such a nice, easy, glamorous life?

Here's one day in the nice, easy, glamorous life of Kim Novak, when she was shooting *Jeanne Eagels*—

For a series of carnival scenes, she was—

1. The live target for a knife thrower.
2. The shill for a flame eater.
3. Thrown out of a ferris wheel.
4. Roughed around by police.
5. Sent sprawling face first into a sea of mud during a thunderstorm.
6. Had her clothes ripped off in a *Hey, Rube!* riot.
7. Slapped by Jeff Chandler.
8. Hurled into a tank of icy water wearing only a flimsy negligée!

And this last shot had to be repeated four times. Before it was over Kim was blue from the cold. Oh, yes—the shots were made *outside* at *night* in *mid-winter*. Kim caught virus flu, kept right on working.

The next day, she ran gaily into the surf —and got knocked down and out by a giant wave. She was saved from drowning by a lifeguard who was just one of the spectators . . . Yes, it sure is an easy life—being a movie star . . .

Kim's currently in Columbia's PAL JOEY. *Watch for her soon in Paramount's* FROM AMONGST THE DEAD.

the words BLOOD *and* TEST *and the way the doctor had said them. On his way home that night he thought of Richard at the moment, playing around the house, waiting for his Daddy to come home, waiting to run up to him and throw his arms around his legs like he did all the time and drag him to that chair near the window and wait to hear the funny new joke his Daddy made up for him that day and that he would tell him now and that would make him laugh so much. Somehow—Red didn't know quite why—but somehow he didn't want to tell Richard any new joke that night. So on the way home he stopped at a small pet shop and asked the lady* could he see the smallest cutest dog she had? *The lady showed him a gray poodle,* a dog she had always called Paganini, *she said. Red bought the dog and took it home. And sure enough, when Red walked in the door, Richard came rushing up to him. But instead of throwing his arms around his Daddy's*



DOCTORS' SCIENTIFIC FORMULA

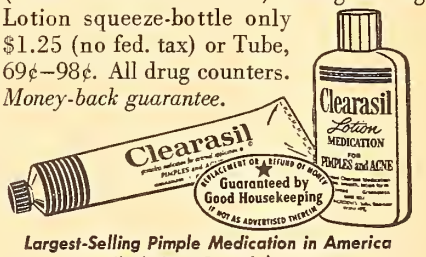
'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED **. . . hides pimples while it works**

CLEARASIL is the new-type medication *especially* for pimples. Clinical tests prove it *really works.* And now you can get CLEARASIL as a smooth, soothing Lotion in handy squeeze-bottle! In Tube or Lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the medications prescribed by leading skin specialists.

Why Clearasil works fast: 1. Penetrates . . . 'keratolytic' action dissolves affected tissue, encourages growth of new skin. **2.** Antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further outbreaks. **3.** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up and helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples. And CLEARASIL loosens blackheads so they 'float' out with washing.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases of pimples were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube). Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle only $1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢–98¢. All drug counters. *Money-back guarantee.*



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (Including Canada)

NOW! In one magazine...

All your favorite stars . . .

All your favorite shows . . .

Plus over 600 life stories and a special new record section.

Don't Miss **WHO'S WHO IN TELEVISION AND RADIO**

A Dell Magazine **On Sale Everywhere Only 35¢**

legs and dragging him to this chair, he took just one look at the dog and began to shout excitedly. And a minute later he was in another room, playing with his new pet. And Red didn't have to tell any jokes that night. And he had time to tell Georgia, to tell her as gently as possible, about the fact that he'd called off his rehearsal the next day, that he had to take Richard to the hospital for some tests. . . .

Paganini would be pleased

Richard took his hands away from Paganini's ears now. Did Dad think the pooch would like one of those Christmas presents he'd just mentioned, *he asked.*

Red said yes, he was sure Paganini would.

Good, *Richard said.* Now, *he went on,* the next people on his Christmas list were Mommy and Valentina.

Very important, *Red said, making that funny make-believe voice again.*

Well, *Richard said,* these were the things he thought about maybe getting them with part of the money he had saved.

Again he went down a long list of items he'd thought of getting for his mother and sister. And again Red found himself only half-listening and thinking back to a night, another night in January, a night about a week after Richard had been placed in the hospital for a while. . . .

They'd learned that afternoon that it was leukemia. The doctor had come to the house to tell Red and Georgia. And that night, after dinner, they'd told Valentina. They sat around for a few hours after that. None of them said anything. But they sat together in the same room, just the three of them. And Red realized, almost for the first time in his life, what it was like to sit alone and to be with the people you loved. Before that, for years, it had always been crowds. Red was a comedian, an entertainer, a show business personality, and personalities like his didn't often sit alone in a living room with their families. It was a case of go-go-go and yak-yak-yak and have-another-drink and where-you-goin'-so-soon? It was, in a way, a wacky kind of living. But it was a necessary kind of living for people like Red, or so you couldn't help thinking. It had killed Red's first marriage. He'd been married, many years ago, to a nice young girl named Edna. They'd been very happy at first. But, after a while, Edna had begun to grow tired of all the off-stage laughs she had to put up with, of all the crazy shenanigans she saw would never end, of the prospect of having to spend the rest of her life living with a comic instead of a husband. After a few years, Edna got a divorce. And then Red had married Georgia. This marriage, too, had been happy at first. Red had just become a tremendous success in the business and within a couple of years they had two fine children and everything looked as if it was going to be okay. But it became no secret in Hollywood just a few years back that Georgia and Red were beginning to have a hard time of it, that Georgia—like Edna before her—was beginning to get fed up with all the off-stage laughs and the shenanigans and the go-go and yak-yak and all the rest of the emotional pratfalls a great comic seems to torture himself with.

In need of comfort

But now, this night, Richard was in the hospital and the doctor had said that day that his disease was usually a fatal disease and Red sat quietly in his living room, for the first time in a long time—just him and Georgia and Valentina. And while everything around them was so bad and black and hopeless, it felt good to Red to be sitting there with these people he loved, these two people to whom he must give comfort, these only two people in the world who could give him any comfort in the long months ahead. At one point, he looked across the room where Georgia sat. Georgia looked at him for a while—as if, while thinking about her son, she was remembering many things about her life with her husband sitting across the room now, the good things and the bad—and then she smiled. It was the first time she'd smiled at Red, really smiled, in a long time. It made Red feel good and grateful and very much in love with somebody he'd always really loved. . . .

And then, *Richard said now, continuing down his Christmas list.*

Red interrupted him. Richard, *he said,* didn't he think it was time for him and Paganini to get to bed? After all. . . .

Richard opened his eyes wide. He wasn't tired, *he said. He gave the pooch a gentle poke.* And neither was Paganini, *he said.*

It was beginning to get a little chilly there on the terrace and Red didn't want his son catching any colds. Just a few more minutes, *Red said.* All right?

All right, *Richard promised.*

Then he continued down his list. From the trip to Europe they'd just taken, *he said,* he'd like to send something to his Holiness, the Pope, who'd been so nice to him that hour they'd spent together in the Vatican. And to Juano, the poor little Spanish boy they'd met outside the hotel in Madrid one afternoon and who'd come up to them and asked if he could come along with them for a ride in their big car and who'd turned out to be one of Richard's best friends, even though they really only knew each other for a few hours and couldn't even speak the same language. And, *Richard said, remembering,* he would like to send something to the pretty circus horseback rider in Copenhagen, Denmark, who'd let him ride her horse. And to the funny little midget clown who'd hopped on the horse with him midway during his ride and who'd done all those wonderful tricks for him. And, too, *he said,* if they could remember her name, he would like to send something to the young nun at Lourdes in France, the nun who'd worn the long black dress and the hat with wings like a starched white angel and who'd showed them the shrine where all the miracles had taken place and where they'd prayed for more miracles for the sick people of the world.

So many on the list

Then there were some California people he wanted to get presents for, too, *Richard said*—like his teacher, and a couple of the nurses at the hospital, and five or six of his best pals, and the doctor, and some of the people Red worked with all the time and. . . .

Richard stopped.

And?—*Red asked. He'd started counting on his fingers, but he'd run out of fingers by this time so he'd kicked off a slipper he was wearing and, to make Richard laugh, he'd begun to count on his toes.*

But Richard hadn't begun to laugh. He was looking straight ahead now, out into the night, looking nowhere and at the same time looking, very hard it seemed, for something.

Red took his hand again. He had never seen the boy look this way before. He knew that something was wrong. He squeezed the hand. Richard?—*he asked.*

Richard looked up into Red's eyes. Daddy, *he wanted to know, very suddenly, very simply*—Daddy, what's it like to die?

Red couldn't say anything for a minute.

Daddy?—*the little boy asked. And then again he asked his question.* What's it like to die?

Red smiled. Well, *he said. . . .* Well, Richard, *he said,* it was something like cowboys on television. *Slowly, he searched for the right words—for* just *the right words.* That is, *he said,* it was like how you see a cowboy on television get shot sometimes by a bad man and fall off his horse and lie there on the ground, still, not moving. And then how, the next week, you turn on your TV and there's the same cowboy again, riding his horse, laughing and singing, getting ready to go out and see what's up with the bad guy again.

THE MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD RAY MILLAND



■ It was in a Portuguese nightclub. Ray Milland had just finished making *Lisbon* with Maureen O'Hara and Claude Rains, and the whole cast was celebrating over some wine. The whole cast, that is, except Ray. He was enjoying his favorite drink—a tall tomato juice—when he realized that several customers were staring at him. He heard one person murmur. "Eleven o'clock and he's drinking a Bloody Mary for his hangover! Well, what can you expect? He's on another 'lost weekend!' "

"I've had similar experiences all over the world," groans Ray. "In a restaurant in Greece, I ordered a glass of water with my dinner; at the next table, someone commented, 'Good Lord, how can he knock off all that gin at one slug!' " Then there was the time Ray saw that a British columnist had reported that he drank Scotch out of tea-cups. "Of course, it was useless to explain that I drank out of a tea-cup for the simple reason—I was drinking tea!

"As a matter of fact," says Ray, "I'd never touched a drink before filming *Lost Weekend.* And I never have since. I just don't like the stuff. While I was making the movie I did have a few, but to understand the character I was portraying. But it never became a race to get the picture finished before I'd start hitting the bottle!"

Ray is currently playing in Columbia's HIGH FLIGHT.

Richard looked a little confused. He understood, *he said,* but not exactly.

Well, *Red said, still trying hard to smile,* there was really no such thing as dying. A person lives, *he said,* whether you see him every day or whether you don't. A person comes back, in a way, *Red said.* Like little Juano in Spain. Now, even though Richard only saw Juano that one day, *Red asked,* wasn't he remembered as if he were around all the time? And wasn't it the same with the Pope?

In other words, *Richard asked,* people would remember HIM?

Red put his hand on his son's head again. They sure would, *he said.*

A beautiful answer

Richard nodded. Did Daddy know, *he asked Red softly, as if he were telling a deep dark secret for the very first time*—did Daddy know that he, Richard, knew he might die?

Red said no, he didn't know.

Well, he did, *Richard said.* He knew it first a long time ago, *he said,* when he was in the hospital. He and a few other kids were watching a news man on television one night, a Sunday night, he remembered, a little before Ed Sullivan, when all of a sudden the news man said he had just heard something terrible about Richard Skelton, Red Skelton's son: that Richard Skelton had a terrible disease. One of the kids in the hospital, *Richard said,* turned to him and said gee, that was too bad, that that was a disease lots of people died from.

He cried a little when he heard that, *Richard told his Dad now.* But ever since then, *he said,* he'd tried not to think about it and he hadn't cried anymore and, besides, what his Dad had told him tonight had made him feel a lot better and not afraid anymore—not afraid of anything.

He thought over what he'd just said and nodded—as if to say yes, he really felt a lot better.

Then, before picking up Paganini who was fast asleep by this time, and going back to bed, he told Red, don't worry about HIS name not being mentioned on that Christmas list. He didn't want to give any more secrets away, *he said,* but he hinted strongly that maybe he'd already bought something for his Dad while they were in Europe a few weeks earlier.

When Richard was gone, Red sat alone again. He brought up his hand and touched the place on his cheek where his son had just kissed him goodnight. That kid *he thought,* that kid is too good and strong inside to die . . . he won't die, he won't die! *Then he looked out again at the sprawling town of Beverly Hills way down below and beyond at the figure of the golden angel atop the Mormon temple.* I wish . . . *he said, finally able to make a wish,* I wish when and if the time comes, you will give me the courage of my son.

END

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is elvis quitting for God?

(*Continued from page 59*) and, like the other sharecroppers who worked the plantation, they were standing around now listening to the old plantation owner yell at them.

"You're all pickin' rotten," the old man said, his voice as gruff and mean as his heart, "all you no good vagrants. I send your stuff to market and they tell me it's no good. You're pickin' rotten."

"Stuff we're pickin's rotten, boss," one of the men spoke up. It was Elvis' buddy's dad. "All over the state it's like this. Ain't had no rain for long now and it's the crops that's at fault, not us."

"That's right," another voice spoke up.

"That's right," all the men cried out.

"You're all pickin' rotten," the old man screamed again, the blood rushing up to his perspiring face. He hobbled down the stairs and over to Elvis' buddy's dad. "And you, you vagrant scum," he growled, "I don't take no back talk like that from nobody, you understand?" He pointed to the spot where Elvis and the other boy sat. "Go on," he said, "take your kid and his pipsqueak friend and go back to your shack and tell your wife to start packin', 'cause you're leavin' this plantation, suh, you hear? You're leavin' as of right now."

"You can't fight God and His workin's," the boy's dad said softly, pointing up to the sky and then walking over to the steps to pick up his son and Elvis and start back to the shack.

"I can fight whoever I goddam please," they heard the old man shout as they began to walk away. "Goddam weather ruinin' my crops," they heard him holler, as suddenly he began running across the field next to the big house, shaking his fist up at Heaven, ". . . goddam old man up there in his big goddam throne, drivin' me to ruin, not givin' me any rain and drivin' me to ruin!"

It all happened so fast and mysterious after that, Elvis thought for a few minutes it was a dream.

It seemed to come from the north, that big black blanket of a cloud. It came low and suddenly and so quickly did it spread itself out above the plantation you would have thought it was being pulled by a thousand invisible horses whose snorting made a big warm wind and whose hooves, slamming hard against the ground, made an awful and steady and ever-loud rumble. Its core and blackest spot followed the old plantation owner as if it had an eye, always directly above him as he continued running across the field, shouting his blasphemies at God, shaking his fist in anger and hate.

And then, from the cloud's eye it seemed, the stroke of lightning came tumbling to the earth in one fast flash. And when it was gone and the cloud above began to lighten, the old plantation owner was dead.

It was raining, a soft quiet drizzle, when Elvis and the others got to the spot where the old man's body lay. Stunned and shaking a little, Elvis looked around, first down at the wet contorted body, then up at his buddy's dad. The sharecropper looked very solemn as he took off his hat and said a little prayer for the dead man, for his soul.

Then, putting his hat back on again, he looked down at Elvis and his son. "There are things in this world you just don't question," he said. "Love God. Fear God. And—you'll see—everything in this here life will be all right." . . .

All shook up in a new life

Elvis has never forgotten that day. He became a deeply religious boy then and there. And up until only a few years ago his main ambition in life was to become a Gospel singer. The South is full of quartettes who specialize in old-time religious songs—spirituals, Gospel numbers, hymns—and young Elvis would wait all week long for the night his Mom and Dad would take him down to the local church or auditorium to sit for three, four and sometimes five hours, listening to the music, clapping their hands, tapping their feet and, once in a while, feeling the happy spirit to join in the music and with the happy thought that someday Elvis would be up there, too, singing away for God.

And then, suddenly, Elvis—the poor boy from Tupelo, Mississippi, and then Memphis, Tennessee—became the Elvis Presley we know today; the millionaire rock-and-roller; the boy with everything—with mansion and swimming pool, and more spending money in his pocket at one time than most men earn in a month, and crowds screaming for his autograph, and women weeping to touch him. With tens of millions of people buying his records and going to see his movies and connecting his name with all that is wild, shook up, frantic, hopping in the world today.

Elvis can't sing

I first heard the story about the old plantation owner from Elvis himself a couple of years ago, when he was just beginning to climb to the top. I wondered recently how the climb had affected the strong religious feeling he'd gotten at the time, how it had affected his early ambitions to travel around the Southland singing songs of Jesus and Heaven and The Good Life in the Hereafter.

I decided to ask. Elvis was in Memphis, vacationing with his folks at the time, and I went down to talk to him and to some of the other people in town who knew him.

When I returned to New York, it was with some astounding news. Not only was Elvis still deeply religious, but there seemed to be a strong possibility that he might quit show business and the big money someday soon and devote the rest

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Walter Pidgeon is rehearsing again in *The Happiest Millionaire* for the road tour which opens in Washington. The show opened there before coming to Broadway, and a du Pont lady told Pidgeon, "There is a show business legend that if you get one laugh in Wilmington, you're a hit in New York. I guarantee to come tonight and give you the laugh" . . . There was some criticism because Pidgeon, who plays Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, has a heavy mane of hair, and Biddle was bald.

"So what?" Pidgeon shrugged. "Angy Duke, who is portrayed in the play, had only one arm. Should the producers have cast the role only from among those young actors who say they'd give their good right arm for a good part—and who, in this case, would have to mean it?"

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post



GOD moves in mysterious ways

■ Perhaps more than any other words, the words *God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform*—have a deep meaning for Jane Wyman.

Because, as far as Jane is concerned, she saw one of His wonders. And He sent a flock of sparrows to perform it. . . .

It was a lovely warm day, and Jane's daughter Maureen was just a couple of months old then.

As usual, Jane had taken the baby out to lie in the sun. Then she relaxed in a garden chair and drifted off to sleep.

"Suddenly," she remembers, "I was awakened by a terrific chirping and flapping of little wings. I opened my eyes and there were sparrows all around me. They'd swoop down at me, fly over to Maureen's crib, then come back at me.

"At first I thought they were trying to peck at me for more crumbs—I used to sprinkle the lawn with crumbs from our breakfast table. I love having birds in our garden.

"And I must admit I was sleepy enough to just keep trying to shoo them away. But they only screeched louder and flapped their wings at me all the more."

Then, suddenly, Jane felt a wave of fright. And she knew that the sparrows were trying to tell her something.

And again the flock swooped as one over to Maureen's crib.

Jane panicked. *Something is wrong with Maureen*, she thought.

Quickly Jane ran to the crib. Instead of a laughing, gurgling baby kicking her little feet in the air, there was only a mound of blanket. The baby had twisted it around her head, and was lying smothered in it, her face buried deep in the folds of blanket and pillow.

"She was limp, and there was an unnatural blueness in her white skin. I was terrified, paralyzed with fright, for those few seconds until Maureen took a big gasping breath, as if she were sobbing.

"Afterwards," Jane says, "I looked around for those wonderful sparrows. There wasn't one in sight. I waited and waited for them, but I never saw them. They never came back again. . . ."



SEARCH THE WORLD OVER

■ She was very young—and she was Jewish. She was living in Holland when the Nazis invaded. She was sheltered, fed and protected from persecution by a Christian family. It was to this Christian family that she, a Jew, owed her deep faith in the goodness of people.

Her name? Anne Frank.

George Stevens is now making a movie of Anne's *Diary* for 20th Century-Fox because he believes that people everywhere should share Anne's experiences—and the faith that sustained her. He is searching the world over for an unknown girl to play Anne, a girl who would be the "living counterpart" of the Anne Frank who, amid the destruction of World War II, found love and refuge with a Christian family.

---

of his life to Gospel singing and to the service of God!

The idea was first hinted at by the Reverend James E. Hamill, pastor of the church Elvis frequently attends, the First Assembly of God. Reverend Hamill—a powerfully-built, soft-spoken, extremely popular man, just recently returned from three months in Europe where he headed a Gospel team for three months—began by telling about Elvis when he first knew him.

"He must have been about thirteen years old at the time," the Reverend said. "He'd just moved to Memphis with his family from Mississippi—where I was born, too, by the way—and the family lived not far from our house. Elvis, being about the same age as my son Jim, became friendly with our boy and was with him quite a bit of the time. I remember him as quiet, so quiet that sometimes you didn't even know he was around. And I remember that he always needed a haircut and that he was a good, courteous boy who joined our Sunday School from the beginning, attended regularly and acquitted himself well.

"He had a great interest in Gospel singing, I remember too, and it must have been only a couple of years after he got here that he tried out for the quartette my son had been singing in. It was a good quartette, so good that they had a spot on one of our radio stations every day. Well, one day one of the boys had to drop out. When Elvis heard about this he came running over to my Jim and asked him if he could join. He'd been practicing a lot and he didn't think he had too bad a voice, he said, and he'd do anything to be able to sing with the others. Jim told him *all right, he could try out—but he'd have to pass an audition first.* The audition, I remember, was held right here at the church. It was all very carefully done, as if it were a try-out for the National Broadcasting Company or some such organization. When it was all over, my Jim and the other two boys shook their head and told Elvis they were sorry, but they didn't think he was quite good enough for their quartette. 'Elvis, you can't sing,' they told him, 'you'd better give it up altogether.' Of course, after what has happened to Elvis, all you have to do to send my Jim into conniptions is to say to him 'Elvis, you can't sing!'

The casual Elvis

"Anyway, Elvis *has* become very popular. And I like the fact that he is still the courteous boy he always was and that, when he comes back to Memphis, he always drops by to pay me a visit and talk things out. I'd like to say right here and now that I do not endorse nor subscribe to rock-and-roll. To me it's a throwback on paganism. And also it is very dull as music. And, while I realize it isn't for me to judge people's tastes, I do not like it, nor do I think it is particularly upbuilding to the morals of our youth. And I would like to state emphatically, contrary to some things I've seen in print, that Elvis did *not* learn what is described as *the beat* of this type of music by singing in this church.

"But enough of that for now . . . What I think is important is that Elvis is a religious boy and that he does come here, right to this room, right to that chair you're sitting on now, to talk things over with me. And so casual, Elvis is—it's a pleasure to talk to him. I'm a rather tense person myself, so I enjoy it doubly to see his *what's the hurry* attitude as he sits there, for an hour and a half sometimes, chatting about anything that might be on his mind.

"Yes, he's a good boy, Elvis is," the reverend said.

Will rock-and-roll last?

And then, suddenly, with a knowing and satisfied smile, he continued:

"And it makes me feel good to know that he's really not too happy in this rock-and-roll, that he will give it up along with movies and other things within a year or two, that he will devote his life to something of greater worth."

I asked the reverend if, by this, he meant that Elvis might turn back to his first love, Gospel singing.

The reverend thought for a moment. He shook his head. "I can say nothing more at this time," he said, ". . . except that I think he will give it all up."

The seed had been planted now.

I investigated further.

He talked next to a buddy of Elvis', a fellow about Elvis' age who works for the singer, along with three or four other boys, as companion, bodyguard, friend and what-have-you. "I've never talked to Elvis about it direct," he told me, "but sometimes I wouldn't be surprised if, after Elvis comes out of the army, he'll feel he's had enough of this world of fast cars and big houses and everything and go back to what I know he's always wanted to do, Gospel singing.

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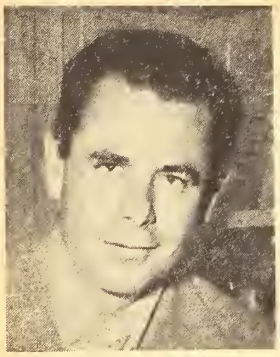


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GLENN FORD'S solemn promise

■ "I'm a junk collector," says Glenn Ford.

"Of course that's not what I call it. Ellie"—Eleanor Parker, to her fans, of course—"calls it junk. It isn't junk when I first pick it up at an auction or through a newspaper ad." But when it crowds his automobile out of a three-car garage, junk becomes a kind word for it.

"Let me take a quick inventory for you," Glenn continued. "Just standing from where I can see the front of the stuff, there's my rock collection. I've got rocks from all over the world, cleverly catalogued in boxes—if I could only reach the boxes! Some of them are from the highest peaks of the Alps, matched by a collection from our own Rocky Mountains. I've got a big basalt stone that came from the jungles of Brazil. Archaeologists can't understand how it got there, and my wife Ellie can't understand how it got *here!* I shipped it home from a picture I made in Rio.

"The rock I'm proudest of, though, came from the beach at Waikiki. It's volcanic—but Ellie insists that in carting it all the way home in my airplane luggage, I was a silly ash.

"Right next to my rocks is my rare book collection—over two thousand volumes on topics that range from Australia to zebras. When I made some movies in England after the war, I picked up a rare old item—a cookbook once used by Anne Boleyn—she was one of Henry VIII's wives. It couldn't have been much of a cook book, considering what Henry did to her—beheaded her!

"Most people who suffer a mania of some sort are influenced by the moon, but my collector's phobia is worst right after I finish shooting a picture. Tension over, I rush out on a collection binge. Most often it's something connected with the picture we just made. For instance, our stable of seventeen horses started with my first riding role! A character in another film was an ardent stamp collector. P.S.—Anybody want to buy a rare De Pinedo Air Mail 1927 or a C-4 Swedish Air Mail? They're somewhere in my collection.

"However, Ellie made me swear a solemn promise when I made *Don't Go Near The Water* for MGM. And I kept my promise faithfully.

"I didn't come home with a single battleship!"

"You know, here at the big house, with all its fancy trappings and its automatic gate down there on the roadway and its play cellar with its wall-to-wall carpeting, lots of people get the impression that Elvis has a ball here every night with his pals, and with some pretty girls we invite over. Well, it's true that El does sleep most of the day and stay up most of the night. And it's true that there's usually a small crowd of his friends here. But it ain't true what you hear about, the wild parties and the crazy screaming and yelling and people pushing each other into the pool with all their clothes on, all that stuff. You know what usually goes on? First, there's always a nice dinner that El's Ma makes. And then everybody goes downstairs if it's cool or out near the pool if it's not and we put on records and dance. And then, after that, El gets out his guitar and if somebody's there for the first time, like this girl from Hollywood, I'll never forget, she'll think, *Oh boy, now we get to hear some rock-and-roll from the master's voice.* But what El actually does is to spend the whole rest of the night singing all these songs he's known ever since he was a little bitty kid, Gospel songs he learned at the revivals and in church and at all the religious meetings he used to go to.

His folks can't go to church

"I'll tell you another thing, too. Maybe I shouldn't say it. I don't know. Anyway, if you do print this, don't put my name down as having said it. But I know for a fact that El feels very bad about his Mom and his Dad not going to church anymore as much as they used to. It ain't that they're any less religious than they ever were. That ain't it, at all. But, you see, they're shy people, Mr. and Mrs. Presley are, people who were always used to being poor and unimportant. And now with all this publicity El's been getting they can't make a move anyplace, especially here in Memphis, without a hundred people pointing at them and looking at them like they were something from outer space. And this makes them uncomfortable and even more shy. And so, because the same thing has happened to them in church, they've kind of stopped going as much as they used to. And I've heard El talk to them about this. And I've seen him look real depressed about it. And one day, when I know he was thinking about this, I heard him say, 'How is God gonna know you love Him if you don't show up at His House for a little while, just the way you expect Him to keep showin' up at yours?'"

Elvis muses

The third person I talked to was an old woman, crippled now with arthritis, but who till recently worked for Elvis and his folks. "That Mr. Presley," she said, referring to Elvis, "he is a chosed boy of God. Else why he have so much good fortune right now? Yes, the good fortune is mostly material and financial. But you mind me, Mr. Presley is going to repay the good Lord one day, repay Him with the voice God gave him and by singing His songs to the people, to all the people of the land.

"He believes in God very strongly, Mr. Presley does. Why when I was over there working for them, it used to hurt me so much to read stories in some magazines about what a little devil he was when it came to women and high living and all that nonsense. Because all that time there he was in the same house with me and I'd see him, such a wonderful boy, usually sitting by himself, in that big chair he favored near the window, just resting and looking out at the garden and the trees and some of the flowers that his daddy had planted a few months before he came home.

"Once, I recall, he was sitting there with a magazine on his lap, looking out of the window, with a kind of a certain look of sadness in his eyes. And I said to him, 'What's the matter, Mr. Presley? You been reading another one of those stories about yourself you don't like?' He shook his head and smiled and said no, that wasn't it; he'd just been reading something about science and things like that, he said, about a whole bunch of men who were working on a rocket to go up to the moon. 'You know,' he said to me, after thinking a little while more, 'I don't understand these people who are trying to find ways to go to Mars and the moon. I believe that the moon was put there to light up the earth and not for people to try and go up and see what it's made of.'

"And another time, when he was sitting there, that look in his eyes again, I said to him, 'Mr. Presley, it's getting to be such a nice night out tonight. Why don't you go out and have yourself a nice time with some of your friends?' And you know what he said to me? He said, 'I can't go anywheres now, ma'am. I'm sitting here praying. I don't pray as much as I should, I guess. But every once in a while I've got to sit still for a while and thank God for the blessings of giving me a good Mom and a good Dad and for making me healthy and for giving me a job that time way back when my Dad was sick and couldn't work and things looked so dark for us. Every once in a while I've got to talk to God like this and thank Him . . . and ask Him what He really intends for me to do in the long run of my life.'

"You ask me, man, do I think it's silly—the idea of Mr. Presley someday turning his whole attention to God and singing those songs of Jesus he loves so much? No, I don't think it's silly. Matter of fact, from those deep dark mysterious things I've seen in Mr. Presley's dark mysterious eyes when he's talked about religion and sung religious songs for me, I'd be surprised if he didn't." **END**

You can see Elvis in MGM's JAILHOUSE ROCK.

we'll be seeing you
in the **new year—**
in the february issue of
modern screen
(on sale january 2, 1958)
which will be devoted to
"love in hollywood"—
and will introduce
the sensational **holly-wood-love-meter!**
meanwhile, be sure to
get a copy of
modern screen's 1957 hollywood year book
(on sale december 5).

 Glenn is now in Columbia's COWBOY.

the redemption of monty clift

(*Continued from page 55*) And she remembered the story they told about Monty on Southern location for *Raintree County* a few months back, how he'd gotten so angry the day he arrived and learned a co-star was being given fancier living accommodations than he that he proceeded to take a few drinks of something and then go about destroying practically every piece of furniture in his cabin; how the next day, hung over, so hung over he could barely walk, he showed up for his first scene shaking all over; how when the time came for him to step up into a buggy in that scene he got into the buggy, all right, but ended up a moment later falling flat on his face and out over the other side.

The stewardess remembered these stories and stared at him now. The plane was just about to take off from the Paris airport, and Monty sat strapped into his seat looking out the small window of the plane, his eyes clear, a smile on his face, waving goodbye to somebody, excitedly but at the same time a little sadly, like a young boy going off on a long trip alone, leaving a lot he loves behind him, but happy and strong just the same.

The stewardess stared. And she couldn't help wonder what had happened to make this change. . . .

Floundering in the canal

Actually, it all began that day a little over four weeks earlier. The place was a narrow canal which ribbons its way along the lovely countryside just outside Paris. The time was late afternoon. *The Young Lions* company had been there all day shooting an important scene, one in which Monty flounders in the water and is finally pulled out. They had just completed the last take.

"That should sober him, if nothing else does," a crew member snickered.

The girl standing next to him ignored his remark. She'd been standing there for the last few hours watching Monty swim back and forth in the cold water and she kept her eyes on him now. She watched them pull him to the canal bank. She watched as one of the assistant directors went over to him with a big heavy blanket and handed it to him. She watched as Monty shook his head at the director and the blanket and walked a few yards away, as he sat down on the grass, still soaking wet, shivering, alone, away from everybody.

Suddenly, not knowing exactly what she was doing, why she was doing it, the girl began to walk over to where he sat. She stopped on the way to pick up the blanket the assistant director had dropped after trying to hand it to Monty, and then pausing just a moment—*was what she was doing right*, she wondered; *too forward? too interfering?*—she walked over to where he sat and draped the blanket around his shoulders.

He looked up. At first there was an angry expression in his eyes, as if to say *who are you and what do you want and why don't you leave me alone?* But when he saw the girl—she was pretty, even though she looked frightened, with a round clear-skinned face and sky-blue eyes, very large, very warm, and with her hair cut like a tomboy's, the way most girls were wearing their hair these days—when he saw her, the angry expression disappeared and he smiled.

"*Bonjour,*" he said.

"*Bonjour,*" the girl smiled back.

He motioned for her to sit down next to him.

After a long moment, she did.

For a few minutes, neither of them said anything.

Tomboy's admiration

And then, slowly, as the coldness left Monty's body and the shyness began to find its way out of the girl, they began to talk.

Nobody has any way of knowing what they said to one another. All that is known

RICHARD DENNING



man of many professions!

■ Richard Denning sometimes finds it hard to remember who he really is.

This oddity in Richard's life is the result of his many screen portrayals during his motion picture career. He's just completed his *seventy-fourth* starring role in a motion picture, and he has portrayed just about every kind of character imaginable in his long and successful film career! He's been a pirate, doctor, gangster, police officer, government official, soldier, sailor, Marine, man from outer space, corpse, high diver, circus clown, geologist—and more.

"It's been the greatest educational experience of my life." Denning laughs, "and if I ever left the movie business, it couldn't be too tough to get into something else—after all, I've learned something about everything!"

If Denning ever does decide to leave acting, he'll probably devote himself full time to his construction business, which he operates as a sideline.

To give you an idea of what kind of businessman he is, Denning is currently building a new house for his co-star in WARNERS' *The Black Scorpion*, Mara Corday.

It all came about while they were on location in Mexico. Mara announced that she would be married to actor Richard Long—before long—and that they would need a new house.

Denning, seeing a prospective customer, drew up a set of plans for Mara. The lovely brunette submitted the plans to her future husband. He approved, and the DENNING CONSTRUCTION COMPANY went to work building a beautiful ranch-type house high atop a hill overlooking the San Fernando Valley—while Richard Denning and Mara finished up their picture!

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"PARDON ME, PHYLLIS—GOTTA KISS LAUREN."

■ Rock Hudson demonstrated bravery above and beyond the call of duty when he invited his bride of two months to watch his big love scene with Lauren Bacall in *Written On The Wind.*

It was strictly a gag.



Both Rock and the former Phyllis Gates, who had had a brief honeymoon just before he started the picture, were completely at ease—even when Hudson was his most ardent and Phyllis was standing directly behind the camera. . . .

After the scene was over, Lauren declared. "A fine trick to play on your leading lady. Being in movies for years ought to condition me to any excitement, but I'm not geared for this sort of thing, even if it is acting."

Then she flabbergasted the crew by going to sleep between takes, right in the bed used for the next scene.

Customarily, after a camera take is completed, the star goes to his or her dressing room until called for the next scene.

But not Lauren.

She just stayed right in bed and actually dozed while the scenery was shifted. Must have been the nervous tension of it all!

Lauren will appear in 20th's A Gift Of Love *and Rock in U-I's* Twilight For The Gods. *He is now in* A Farewell To Arms.

about the next hour is that they sat there talking, that the girl told him her name was Olga, that she was working on the movie, that she'd been an admirer of Monty's ever since she was a girl of fourteen and his first picture, *The Search,* was released. It's known, too, that Monty was so entranced by this young girl with the warm blue eyes and the tomboy haircut by the end of their hour together that he asked her if she would have dinner with him that night. And that she smiled and said *yes.*

"Monty and the girl were inseparable after that," a studio executive who was in Paris at the time recalls. "They were together on the set practically all the time for the five weeks of shooting and as soon as the shooting was over Monty would rush for his car and pick her up at the gate and they'd drive off. It was a beautiful thing all around, for them—and for us. For us it was great because for the first time in a long time Monty didn't give us any trouble. The whole thing, his relationship with this girl, seemed to straighten him out the way he hadn't been straightened out in years. There was a big cutdown in his drinking and there were no tantrums to put up with. And he wasn't the lone wolf of the company for a change, the pathetic lone wolf who never wanted to talk to anybody . . ."

Candlelight and wine

"One night my wife and I decided to go out to dinner," another person connected with the picture has said. "I saw them, sitting at a candle-lit table over in the corner, Monty and this special-effects girl who was working on the picture. They sat holding hands, looking into each other's eyes, ignoring everything else around them. Once in a while they would let go of their hands long enough to eat a little or sip a little wine. But for most of the time we were there they just sat, looking at one another, talking, sometimes laughing, sometimes not, and acting very much like the desperately-in-love young couple my wife wished that we still were . . ."

The last rendezvous

This writer learned about Monty and Olga the day he arrived in Paris to do a story on *The Young Lions* company. As soon as I got to my hotel I phoned the man in charge of publicity and told him I wanted to set up interviews with both Marlon and Monty.

"Marlon will be around for a few more days," I was told, "but Monty's all through with Paris locations today and has to fly back to Hollywood. In fact, as far as I know, he's just checked out of his hotel and he's on his way to the airport."

I was disappointed. I'd especially wanted to see Monty again. The last few stories I'd written on him had all been about his heavy drinking, the accidents that had almost taken his life, the rock-bottom emotional level he'd hit—and I wanted to see if maybe, by some miracle, something hadn't happened to change all that, at least a little.

I phoned the airport.

"*Oui,* Monsieur Clift is here," I was told. "His plane is delayed and he will not leave for another hour."

I decided to try to catch him at the airport, just to talk to him for a few minutes before he went back home.

I got to the airport, quite a way outside Paris, about three minutes too late.

That is, it was too late to get to talk to Monty. His plane hadn't taken off yet and I saw him standing on the other side of the closed fence, near the stairway leading up to the plane, but he was talking to a girl.

I watched them talking for a few minutes until an exasperated French airport official came rushing over to them and, his hands flying around with more fervor than the airplanes overhead, begged them to break it up, for Monty to get on the plane so it could take off.

A flying kiss

Monty nodded. And then, as the girl touched his arm gently and began to walk away, he ran a few steps after her, grabbed her, spun her around, took her in his arms and kissed her.

A minute later, he was on the plane and the girl was on the side of the fence where I stood, standing directly alongside me, looking desperately over toward the plane, from little window to little window, trying to catch Monty's face, then finally spotting him and throwing up her arm and whispering, "*Au revoir,* Monty . . . goodbye. . . ."

I was introduced to her after the plane left by some of the other members of the company whom I knew, and who'd come to the airport to say *bon voyage* to Monty and a couple of the others who were going back to the States with him. They'd obviously been having a small party before they'd driven out from Paris. And they were obviously in a mood to continue it when they got back to town.

"Will you come, Olga?" one of them asked as they headed back to their cars.

Olga said she didn't think so. *She was tired,* she said, *and she wanted to get back to her apartment and rest.*

Then they asked me if I'd like to go along.

I, too, was tired from my long trip, I told them, *and if they didn't mind. . . .*

"Oh, not at all, not at all," they called back, piling into their cars and driving off.

Olga and I were alone now. She asked if she could give me a lift back into town. I accepted.

Back from the dead

It was as we were riding back to Paris that she told me a little about herself and Monty. She knew I was a writer and, knowing that Monty wasn't too fond of writers, she was very careful in what she told me. But she couldn't help talking about some things, especially about that first day they'd met, after Monty had been pulled out of the cold canal water—"He looked like a little wet puppy dog," she said, "so alone, so shivering"—and she'd gone over to him with the warm blanket and draped it around his shoulders.

The rest of the story, I knew, I would have to get from other people, as I eventually did.

But all the same I could tell now, during our ride back to Paris, having known this sweet young girl for only a little while, that she was the person responsible for the change I'd been able to see in Monty from behind the fence at the airport for these few minutes a little while back, the change the airplane stewardess I talked to weeks later had noticed, the change everyone who'd been in contact with Monty for the past five weeks had noticed. This, I half-realized now and was to find out later, this was the girl who had succeeded in bringing a lost soul back from the dead, in bringing love back to a man who'd begun to wipe love from his life with fear and drink, disappointment and distrust.

"When do you expect to see Monty again, Olga?" I asked. "Did he say anything at all about coming back?"

The burning question

Olga pretended not to hear me. And, a moment later, I looked straight ahead at the road and pretended not to notice her reach for her handkerchief and wipe her eyes.

Even though we began talking again within a little while, about other things—Paris and wines and where-to-go and what-to-see—my question seemed to linger in the car, silent and unanswered and yet still there.

"Did he say anything at all about coming back?"

And as I kept hearing it, I thought how good it would be, for both of them—the boy who'd been saved and the girl who'd saved him—if some day he did. . . .

END

See Monty in MGM's Raintree County *and watch for him in 20th Century-Fox's* The Young Lions.

I'd like a brother or sister

(*Continued from page 43*) Tessie Malone, a freckle-faced, usually good-humored little neighbor girl whom I had known since we moved into the street. When I kept winning, Tessie got annoyed. Finally she cried out. "Go home. I don't want to play with you anymore. I want to play with my sister . . ."

"But what will I do . . .?"

"I don't care. Leave me alone. Go home. . . ."

On the way back I passed the Leutweilers' house, near ours. I played with Jackie and Walter and Gale almost every day, but this afternoon they weren't on the porch. I took a chance and rang the bell.

Mrs. Leutweiler, tall, stately, kind and firm, opened the door.

"Could Jackie and Gale come over?" I asked.

"Not today, Jayne. They've been bad children. They're being punished by staying home. . . ."

I hesitated. "May I come in and play with them here?"

"No, Jayne. They're being punished today."

When I passed their window, I overheard their giggling inside their rooms. *That's being punished?* I thought, disappointedly. I would have liked to get punished too if it meant having such a good time.

A dog isn't enough

I sauntered on home, slowly, aimlessly. Mamma was out when I walked into my house. Corky, my wire-haired terrier enthusiastically wagged his tail, but I didn't want just a dog to play with.

I don't know how long I sat on my bed, not knowing what to do except feel sorry for myself. Finally I took all my belongings out of my drawers, walked to the five and ten, bought two rolls of shelf paper, came back and lined all the drawers before putting back my clothes and knick-knacks, just to have something to do. Then I sat down and stared at the ceiling . . .

At the Leutweiler house Jackie and Gale had sat out their *punishment*. My face brightened with anticipation as I saw them head for my home. They didn't stop. . . .

"Where are you going?" I shouted, breathless from having dashed out of my room, down the hall, and through the living room to the front door, but trying to be very casual about it.

"To the movies," said Jackie.

"May I come along?"

They went into a huddle. Then Gale looked up. "Naw. We want to be alone. Why don't you get your own sister to play with. . . ."

Run-away

I ran into my room, slammed the door, flew onto my bed and buried my face in my hands. That's how my Mother found me when she got back from the store.

Her voice was soft, her hands caressed my head, neck, and shoulders. "What's wrong, darling?"

"Nothing," I cried out. *"Nothing! Nothing at all! Just leave me alone!"*

I didn't have tantrums very often, so this worried Mother.

I'm still not sure why I blew my top on this particular day, except maybe it was so hot and so many different things happened within a few hours.

By dinnertime I had calmed down somewhat. I noticed Mamma and my stepfather exchanging glances. I knew she must have told him, but he too said nothing about it.

After dinner I went back to my room, picked up my favorite doll, and cuddled it in my arms. "*You're* my sister," I said. "I do have a sister, I do, I do, I *do*. . . ."

I had done this often before. Only this night I just didn't feel like playing make-believe. My 'sister' was just a piece of plastic dressed in cloth.

Suddenly I knew what I had to do. . . .

Mother was drying the dishes and my stepfather reading the paper when I sneaked quietly out of the house. In my right hand I carried a small suitcase into which I had hastily thrown my toothbrush, nightie, slippers, and piggy bank. In my left I held my winter coat in spite of the ninety-some degree heat even after dark.

I didn't know where I was heading. I just wanted to get away. As long as I had



TY POWER'S LUCKY GOLD CAMERA

It happened at a hotel in Cannes, France's renowned sea-side resort. The desk-clerk told Ty that a young French boy begged to see him. Ty received the stranger in a handsome fellow with dark, eloquent eyes. In broken English, he asked Ty if he had a chance of realizing his ambition to become an actor. "So far I 'ave only work as an extra at a Paris studio," he admitted.

The young Frenchman had an appealing personality, and Ty liked him. So he said encouragingly. "If you ever come to Hollywood, look me up!"

Then Ty removed a little gold camera from his key ring. "For luck!" he said.

Some years later, Ty went to a dinner party in Hollywood. One of the guests, a tall, romantic-looking chap approached him and extended his hand.

"Do you remember," he asked, speaking excellent English but with a decided French accent, "that you gave this to me ten years ago?" And he showed Ty the little gold camera. "It *has* brought me luck," he said, "in France." And he went on to tell Ty about the American movie he was making now, as the star.

The Frenchman? He was Louis Jourdan!

Ty is currently in 20th Century-Fox's THE SUN ALSO RISES *and will soon be in UA's* WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

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THE NIGHT JAMES DARREN SOLD HIS KISSES

■ "Listen," said James Darren, "things can get tough, and if you gotta make a buck, you gotta make a buck!"

He was talking about that night that he was selling kisses, 50¢ a piece, and no questions asked.

Which may sound a little surprising considering the fact that Jimmy had already finished his starring role in *Rumble On The Docks.*

But here's the way Jimmy tells it:

"I had left California a week before, and for seven days and seven nights I was hopping across the country—a couple of hours in this town, overnight in the next; lunch here, dinner there. Not only was I all beat, but it was darned lonely.

"But, after all, life's like that every once in a while, and who am I to kick?

"So finally, after days and days and days of eating catch-as-catch-can and never enough sleep, I hit Scranton, Pennsylvania.

"I remember walking out of the train and thinking that the sun looked as warm and welcome as a spring day. I remember wishing I were just walking out to the barn to saddle the horse I used to ride when I was a kid—wishing it was reins instead of a suitcase slapping against my knees.

"So who's to know that by seven that evening, when I'm figuring to be half-way to New York, that the couple of snowflakes that started coming down at two is going to turn into a blizzard that grounds all flights, knocks the train schedule off—and maroons me in Scranton!

"Another night in Scranton; what to do?

"So I'm sitting in the hotel dining room, finishing my dessert and coffee, when this guy that I met as soon as I hit Scranton says to me, 'They're having a rally here tonight. Why don't we take that in?'

"'Let's go,' I said.

"So we're walking over there, through the slush, and I said to him, 'Wouldn't mind earning a buck, but what could I do?'

"And he says right back to me, 'Well, you could always sell kisses!'

"He was kidding, of course, but I answered. 'Look, if that'll do it, I'm willing.'

"So after a few more sentences back and forth that finally convinces him I'm not kidding, he tells me he'll set it up.

"As soon as we got to the rally, he went to the manager's office and in less time than you'd think it was possible, there's a big sign that says anybody who's willing to pay 50¢ can have the pleasure of kissing James Darren.

"Made a nice little bundle that evening. Which made me feel pretty great.

"Yes sir," says James Darren, "it made me feel pretty great that the night I got snow-bound in Scranton on a personal appearance tour, the studio publicity man thought of having me sell kisses to raise money for the *March of Dimes* rally they were having there."

James is currently in Columbia's Operation Mad Ball.

---

no brother or sister, I reasoned, I might as well be all alone.

I wasn't for long.

About a half a mile from the house I could hear the patter of paws and the hard, exhausted breath of a dog. A few seconds later Corky caught up with me, and licked my hand. Now I really bawled.

I was still crying when I limped back into the house. Mother didn't even know I had left, for all in all I was gone just a little while. And when she saw me, she didn't scold, didn't ask for an explanation. She just sat down next to me, put her arm around my shoulders, and drew me close. She was crying too. . . .

"I'm sorry, Mamma," I sobbed. "It's just. . . ."

I didn't know how to say it. I didn't have to. She knew . . .

"Jackie and Gale didn't want to take you to a movie, did they?" she asked softly.

I nodded my head.

"And Tessie sent you home . . ."

I nodded again.

Feeling sorry for herself

"And you feel sorry because you have no brother or sister of your own, and you envy the other children who do, isn't that it, Jaynie?"

"Yes, Mom. . . ."

"Have you ever thought that they might envy you too in some ways . . . ?"

It had never occurred to me.

"Do Gale and Jackie have their own room, like you do?"

"No, they don't." My face brightened as I perked up. "But you know, they've often said they wished they did . . ."

"And didn't I hear Tessie say the other day she wished she could have a dog, like Corky, but that her father insisted if he gave her one, he'd have to get pets for her sisters and older brother as well, and he couldn't afford to keep that many around the house. . . .?"

"She did."

"And do you know that we might not have been able to let you take violin and acting lessons if you weren't an only child?"

I had to admit she was right again. And Mother hadn't even brushed the surface. . . .

As the days and weeks and months went by, I began to appreciate more and more the advantages of being an only child, and I wasn't just thinking of things like having my own room, and desk, and vanity set, and the prettiest dresses of any girl in class.

I realized how Mother had given up her bridge games to take me to my drama lessons; how my stepfather had always arranged to take me along on his business trips; and while he talked to his clients, how Mother took the place of my teacher by going through my lessons with me; how both constantly and joyfully arranged their lives to give me the best education and best opportunities and the many little luxuries I could never have enjoyed if they had to be shared between two or more children.

My home too

"I don't want to," I had replied. "I want to do something creative. Why can't I sketch?"

"Planting roses can be very creative," Mother had smiled. "And besides, this is your house as much as ours, and it should be a privilege to help beautify it don't you think?"

I didn't think so. At least not till a rose bloomed and I brought all my friends over and cried out, "Isn't that the most beautiful flower you've ever seen?"

Today I am convinced that the day in Dallas when I realized how fortunate really was not only helped me grow up more happily, but helps me rear my own daughter. Jayne Marie, also an only child.

Had my feeling of loneliness and self-pity persisted, I couldn't have kept her from feeling exactly the same way. As it is, by remembering my own childhood and my parents' wonderful attitude I can help her be a happier, better adjusted child as well.

Just a few weeks ago, for instance, she was sitting on the pool deck, dangling her feet in the crystal-clear water, her mind miles away. "Mommie," she announced finally, "some day I'd like to have a brother or sister. . . ."

"You will," I assured her, "and I hope soon. . . ."

She wasn't satisfied. "Some days I just don't know what to do all by myself. Like today . . ."

"I'll tell you what you can do: you can help Mickey and me carry bricks up from the street to the patio so he can finish the terrace . . ." and with that I got up from my lawn chair.

"But Mommie," she cried out. "Why should I carry bricks? I'll get tired. . . ."

"Not if you take one at a time. Besides, this is your home as much as mine and the patio we build will also be yours as much as mine . . ."

"It will?"

"It most *certainly* will," I assured her as I headed down the steps to the road where Mickey was already unloading the truck parked in front of the house.

Jayne Marie soon joined us. She was tired that night, when we stopped. But she was happy and she didn't comment again on being lonely, or an only child. And I didn't feel sorry for her any more than my mother did for me when I was her age—because I had learned that there's really nothing to be sorry about. . . . EN

See Jayne in 20th Century-Fox's Will Success Spoil Rock Hudson?

holiday recipes of the stars

(Continued from page 38)

BOB MITCHUM'S EGGNOG

This brew holds a nostalgic spot in my old but merry heart because it always reminds me of the first Christmas together for my wife and me. At the time, my wife was in the unfortunate position of being married to a starving actor, and was therefore starving along with me. Nonetheless we emptied the hoard of nickels in the teapot and invited a whole slew of our friends for holiday doings, announcing the fare would be eggnog. They were a good hearted bunch of souls and, knowing we were broke and also knowing that eggnog can clear out the hen house in nothing flat, they brought eggs. Without exception they brought eggs, a dozen from each guest. We finally had to pile them in a closet, and ate them forever after.

This recipe, which I insist on whipping up myself, will make five quarts. I make no apology for the excessive quantity, on the theory that only a dope would go to the trouble for less.

12 egg yolks
6 egg whites
1 lb. confectioner's sugar
1 quart rum, brandy or whisky
2 quarts of cream
1 quart of milk
salt (Dorothy says a half teaspoon)

Beat the egg yolks and gradually add the sugar, beating constantly, and keep beating while you add very slowly the brandy (or whatever) and the milk and cream. Whip the egg whites and salt until stiff and fold into the brew. You can put nutmeg on top if you want, but nobody really needs it. As to quantity of alcohol, I have recommended a mediocre amount. You might harken, however, to the advice of Mark Twain who said, "Too much of anything is bad, but too much whisky is just enough."

RORY CALHOUN'S POTATO SOUP

Sure it's a crazy dish for Christmas, but we always have it because it's my favorite. I'm the type that likes soup even for breakfast, and potato soup tops the list. Lita had a little trouble catching on to this particular idiosyncracy, and her very first potato soup



DAN DAILEY RUNS OUT OF GAS!

One day a couple of years back, Dan offered to drive his co-star, Betty Grable, to the commissary for lunch. They were filming *When My Baby Smiles At Me* at the time, and Dan's car in those days was a beat-up old jalopy that stood out like a sore thumb among the streamlined convertibles on the 20TH CENTURY-FOX lot.

Betty took one look at it and told Dan she'd drive her own car, thank you. Then remembered her car was being serviced. "If you think your crate can make it," he told Dan, "I'll take that ride to the commissary."

They chugged along when suddenly the old bus stopped in its tracks and nothing could make it go. Dan looked the motor over and was plainly puzzled. "I don't get it." he muttered. "I can't find anything wrong."

It was then that Betty looked at the gas gauge. "The tank is empty!" she said, almost quietly. "Guess we'd better hitch a ride." she suggested. Which is exactly what they did when Richard Arlen drove along in his gas-filled car and rescued them.

A few months after that. Dan broke down and bought himself a new car. At the time he was making a movie with Anne Baxter. Dan showed his car to her, pointing out such features as the heater, the white side walls, the compass on the dashboard.

"Hop in," he offered. "and I'll drive you to the commissary."

Ann hesitated. "Well, all right, but Betty told me . . ."

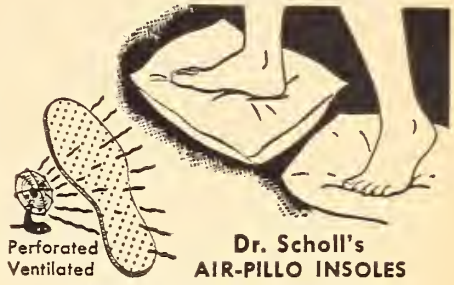
Dan helped her in and off they went—but not very far.

"Honestly, Dan," said Ann, "there's something you should know. Heaters and white side walls are fine, so are compasses. But you still need *gas* to run a car!"

"Oh no, not again!" groaned Dan. "Who said lightning can't strike twice in the same place?"

Dan Dailey is in MGM's UNDERWATER WARRIOR.

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SANDRA DEE'S FIRST KISS

■ Three weeks before she went to Hollywood for a screen test, pretty fifteen-year-old Sandra Dee went to a party. And that party almost ended her movie career—before it even got started!

How come? Well—first of all. Sandra ordinarily avoids parties like the plague.

Back in her hometown of Bayonne, New Jersey, up until she was twelve, Sandy had loved parties—birthday parties, holiday parties, just plain parties. But then she had been 'discovered' for TV, had moved to New York, had started modelling, acting, singing and dancing, had lost track of the old gang and was too busy to become part of a new one. Parties were for friends who knew each other well. She knew no one, so parties stopped being fun when she was a stranger in a roomful of laughing kids.

But she had gone to this party. A friend of her mother's had insisted that Sandra come. And Sandy, to please her mother, said *okay*.

The youngsters had the living room to themselves—her hostess' parents had retired to the kitchen—and there were games and dancing and Cokes and ice cream. Sandy found herself having a nice time—until couples started pairing off, and a boy she didn't like too much latched on to her. And all of a sudden someone turned off the lights! That's when it happened, the thing that almost finished her movie career.

The boy who was with Sandra—she didn't even know his name—grabbed her and tried to kiss her! She was scared and surprised—and he wasn't about to let go! It was a messy, unpleasant wrestling match for Sandra until she could push him away.

The memory of that evening was right in the front of her mind two weeks later as she prepared to make her screen test for a leading role in *Teach Me To Cry*. And Sandra was having conniptions. As part of the test she would have to kiss a boy, someone she had never met or heard of before. She was petrified. Kiss a boy in public!—why she had never kissed a boy before, in public *or* in private. And if kissing meant an unpleasant boy who just grabbed at her and wouldn't let go—well, she was scared stiff. Red as a beet, heart pounding, she stayed in her dressing room long after someone had called, "*We're ready, Miss Dee.*"

She just couldn't do it. Kiss a boy—in front of all those people. And act as if she were *enjoying* it? She just couldn't!

Finally the director came to see what was wrong. He was kind, understanding, and all her fears came tumbling out. So he told her that an actress, a *real* actress, could play any role, make any scene believable, and that did it. Sandy nodded her head and walked out on the set.

Then she saw him, the fellow she was to kiss—Johnny Saxon. One look and she forgot all about fear and embarrassment. He was *so* handsome.

The clinch came. A long kiss. Then the director cried "*Cut.*" And Sandy left Johnny's arms and walked slowly back to her dressing room.

The director joined her there, patted her hand and said, "That was fine—a *fine* piece of acting."

And Sandy looked up at him, eyes sparkling, and said, "Who was acting?"

Ever since that first kiss Sandy wears a *Sweetheart Button* with Johnny's picture on it—and because she's hoping to do a test with Tab Hunter too, someday, she also has one with his picture on it!

Sandra Dee is in MGM's UNTIL THEY SAIL *and U-I's* TEACH ME HOW TO CRY.

is by this time a classic in the family. We'd been married a couple of months when I came down with a bad cold, and she insisted I stay in bed so she could play Florence Nightingale. She brought breakfast and the newspaper on a tray and spoiled me to death all morning. When she asked what I'd like for lunch I said potato soup.

She looked a little nonplused. "How do you make it?"

"Real easy," I said. "Just boil some potatoes, drain 'em, pour milk over them and reheat it."

She disappeared for a half hour and came back with a steaming bowl on the tray. It didn't taste quite right and I told her I'd forgotten to mention onions. Whereupon she whisked the soup from under my nose and disappeared once more. She was back in less than two minutes.

"How'd you do it so fast?" I said.

"Simple," she said. "I just sliced onions and threw them in the soup."

Which goes to prove that Lita was like any other bride. It never occurred to her that the onions should have been cooked, too.

With the story you have the recipe, but I'd mention that if you want to really do it up, add some chicken broth, some chopped parsley, butter, salt and pepper. And plan to wait at least ten minutes before tackling the turkey. This stuff is filling.

JOHN WAYNE'S WESTERN SALAD

The way I look at it, whether you have turkey or shish kabob for Christmas, no dinner is complete without a salad. I whip up my own for barbecues all year round, and on Christmas insist on invading the kitchen, whether or not the women like it. This salad is my favorite, and my sole claim to culinary fame.

You put a garlic clove in ⅓ cup of oil and let it stand. Break up lettuce, romaine and watercress, and pour over it ¾ cup of oil. Add 1 tablespoon of Worcestershire and ½ cup each of parmesan and Roquefort cheese. Break a raw egg over the salad, add a squeeze of lemon juice. Then remove the garlic clove from the ⅓ cup of oil and pour the oil over the greens. Add a pint of croutons and toss the whole business.

You'll probably make out better the first time than I did. I don't pretend to have invented this thing myself; I got it from a recipe which said *ream lemon juice*. The word *ream*, as far as I was concerned, meant enlarging the bore of a gun or 500 sheets of paper.

The dictionary wasn't much help. It added a couple of definitions such as *to skim the cream from, or an enormous quantity, as of something written.* Armed with this useless information, I squeezed the juice of an entire lemon into the salad, and then watched the guests react as they would to a dose of alum. Take it easy on the lemon juice and you'll have a salad fit for a king, even on Christmas.

DOROTHY MALONE'S CRABMEAT STUFFING

This is not *my* stuffing. If I went to college for twenty years, I could never grow smart enough to dream up anything as good as this. The only thing I can brag about is that I had sense enough to try it when I saw the recipe, which had won a fat prize in a contest.

You flake the contents of 1 can (6½ oz.) of crabmeat
Add 2 slightly beaten eggs
Melt 2 tbsp. of butter and saute in it
½ cup chopped onion
¾ cup chopped celery
2 slices minced bacon
1 cup fresh bread crumbs (if you make your own you'll find it better than the prepared stuff)

Combine these ingredients with the crabmeat. Season them with salt and pepper and add 1 tsp. of Worcestershire, or if you prefer, 1 tbsp. of sherry.

This amount will fill a chicken—or 4 green peppers on a day that isn't Christmas. You ought to double or triple amounts for a turkey, depending on its weight.

DEBORAH KERR'S YORKSHIRE PUDDING

In England, Christmas means roast beef. And where there's beef there's Yorkshire Pudding, or the meal isn't complete. It carries the reputation of being difficult to make, but I've found a recipe that is fool-proof—*if* you follow it to the letter.

Beat 2 eggs with a rotary beater for 3 minutes. Add 1 cup of milk and continue beating for another minute. Add, a little at a time, ¾ cup of sifted flour and 1 teaspoon of salt. Continue beating until smooth. Pour into a shallow pan in which you have put ¼ cup of drippings from the roast beef. Place in a hot oven (400°) and bake about 30 minutes. Cut into squares and serve with the roast. (Serves 4.) Incidentally, make sure the pan is shallow and wide. The larger the area, the thinner the batter.



'Dolores Is A Scene-Stealer—And I Don't Care!"

■ It's a well known fact that film stars hate acting opposite animals because animals are just natural scene-stealers.

But Rod Steiger is different. Why? Well, according to Rod, "When I first read the script of *Across The Bridge* in Hollywood, I was warned about playing so many scenes with a dog. But the offer was a good one. I wanted to work in England, where the picture was to be filmed, so I agreed to take a chance.

"We advertised in the papers, and it seemed as if we had been sent all the dogs in London—but we couldn't find one that was really suitable. Then we got a phone call from a home for stray dogs in London. Unless we could use this dog they had picked up, she would have to be put to sleep. It seemed that no one wanted to adopt a stray mongrel.

"When I saw this pathetic stray, Dolores, I felt she was just right. Maybe because she reminded me of a dog I had once been given as a birthday present."

So Dolores was given to the film company. For three weeks she was sent to a kennel out in the country for a rigorous training. "When you see the film," Rod says with a father's pride, "you'll wonder at the star performance Dolores gives. She acts as if she'd made a dozen movies!"

Does that clue you as to why Rod doesn't care if Dolores steals the picture?

When the company went to Spain on location, Dolores was sent ahead so she could complete quarantine regulations. While she was away, Rod became restless.

"As soon as I got off the plane at the airport in Spain and saw Dolores waiting for me, I knew what had been the matter. I loved that dog."

While they were in Spain, the top Hollywood star and the stray dog became inseparable. Rod took Dolores for long walks. Rod went swimming, and the dog paddled beside him. Rod went to sleep—and Dolores kept the foot of Rod's bed pretty crowded.

At the moment Dolores is in Spain in quarantine. And then she's going on a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour with Marla Landi, the film's leading lady.

"Then Dolores will be all mine," Rod Steiger beams. Because stray mongrel Dolores found a master—in real life, too . . .

No wonder Rod doesn't care if she's a scene-stealer!

Rod can now be seen in Rank's Across The Bridge, *MGM's* Cry Terror *and U-I's* The Unholy Wife.

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U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE DEFENSE BONDS

and the better the pudding.

I don't particularly recommend it to accompany turkey, but if you'd like roast beef for a change, the Yorkshire Pudding will make your meal a heavenly one. Brown small potatoes in the pan with the roast, and if you like, serve with the beef a dish of sour cream to which you have added a touch of horseradish sauce.

JUNE ALLYSON'S MASHED POTATOES

I can barbecue a fabulous hamburger and I'm an expert at scrambling eggs, but when it comes to a complicated Christmas dinner, I can only offer a suggestion to enhance your mashed potatoes. Basically, they are a dull dish, and I think we get so accustomed to chomping away at this all-American item that we forget it really isn't very good.

Try making them as usual, then beat 2 egg yolks and mix them into the potatoes. Then whip the 2 egg whites until stiff, and fold them in. This makes the potatoes so light they're ready to leave your plate. And for flavor, add chives, along with butter, salt and pepper.

JANE POWELL'S MINCE PIE

This is only for people with ambition, muscles, time and appreciation for good food. Anyone can buy mincemeat in a store, but it's something special if you make your own. Count on a whole day if you're going to do it, and plan it well ahead of Christmas so that you don't get snarled up in the holiday doings. And I recommend that you do as I do—clear the kitchen of all children, husbands and pets. You might even leave the telephone off the hook.

Combine:

4 lbs. lean beef, chopped
2 lbs. beef suet, chopped
1 peck Baldwin apples, peeled, cored and sliced
3 lbs. sugar
2 quarts cider
4 lbs. seeded raisins
3 lbs. currants
1½ lbs. citron, chopped
½ lb. dried orange peel, chopped
½ lb. dried lemon peel, chopped
juice and rind of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon mace
1 tablespoon cloves
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
2 whole nutmegs, grated
1 gallon sour cherries with juice
2 lbs. broken nut meats

Once you have all this in a large pot, cook it slowly for two hours, stirring frequently. Seal it in jars and you'll have enough mincemeat to last you, your family and assorted neighbors, for some time to come. I apologize for the enormous quantity, but it's the only way I ever make it. It just isn't worth it to create all this for one or two pies.

As to baking the pie, I assume you know that you line your pan with a crust, fill it with mincemeat, cover with a top crust, and bake in a hot oven (450°) for 30 minutes.

It's a lot of work, but if you love mince pie, you'll be glad you did it.

If you wont to become o fomous movie stor, better try being o jack-of-oll-trodes before beginning your octing coreer. At leost, the formulo proved successful for Alan Ladd, currently performing with distinction oboard a United Stotes destroyer as gunnery officer in Worners' *The Deep Six*.

"I hod eorly training for getting up very eorly in the morning. My first job os o youngster wos sweeping out a candy store ot five o.m. My next job, during summer vocation, wos opening opricots ond smoking them in sulphur dioxide. Then I went to work for one of the Piggly Wiggly supermorkets.

"Then I worked os o gos stotion ottendont, o pototo chips salesman from house to house ond o newspaper solesboy. After graduoting from high school, I wos hired by the Sun-Record in the Son Fernondo Valley—first as printer's devil ond copy boy, loter os odvertising monoger ond sports editor."

From newspopermon, Alon became restourateur when he opened Tiny's Hot Dog Stond—also holding down the jobs of solesmon for the Notional Cash Register Compony ond reporting the news on the radio for an oil compony. Did Alon become tired of oll this jobhopping? Not ot all!

He took a job os o grip ot Worners'. Thot's when Alan decided to switch! He quit Worners'—os o grip—to come back to Worners' os on octor.

DEBRA PAGET'S STEAMED PLUM PUDDING

If you have a small family, don't try it. This requires everything but a bucket brigade and on second thought, you could use that, too. At our house, my mother enlists the services of both sisters and myself, and has been known to yell for help from my brother and brothers-in-law.

1 cup of bread flour

Prepare and dredge lightly with part of the flour:

1 lb. suet (2 cups), chopped
1 lb. seeded raisins
1 lb. currants, washed and dried
1 lb. citron, chopped

Resift the remaining flour with:

1 nutmeg, grated
1 tablespoon cinnamon
½ tablespoon mace
1 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons of sugar, or
½ cup brown sugar

Combine the dredged and the sifted ingredients.

Add:

7 egg yolks
4 tablespoons cream
½ cup brandy or sherry (if you don't want brandy use ½ cup orange juice and 2 tablespoons grated orange rind)
3 cups grated bread crumbs

Place on a platter and whip until stiff:

7 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt

Fold them lightly into the raisin mixture. Pour the batter into a greased pudding mold. Cover it closely and steam the pudding for 6 hours.

We always make a sauce to go with it, and here it is if you're interested. Cook and stir in a double boiler until thick:

1 cup sugar
½ cup butter
2 eggs
⅛ tsp. salt
5 tbsp. heavy wine

Sure it's a lot of work, but you have to pay for your pleasures in this world, and my family joins me in the wager you'll find this the best plum pudding you've ever eaten. END

Rock Hudson
U-I's PYLON
20th Century-Fox's A FAREWELL TO ARMS
MGM's SOMETHING OF VALUE
U-I's TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS

Doris Day
MGM's TUNNEL OF LOVE
Warner Bros.' PAJAMA GAME
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MGM's RAINTREE COUNTY

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Warner Bros.' THE HELEN MORGAN STORY

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UA's KINGS GO FORTH

Bob Mitchum
20th Century-Fox's THE ENEMY BELOW
UA's THUNDER ROAD

Rory Calhoun
MGM's THE HIRED GUN
U-I's HEMP BROWN
Columbia's DOMINO KID
UA's RIDE OUT FOR REVENGE

John Wayne
U-I's JET PILOT
UA's LEGEND OF THE LOST
20th Century-Fox's THE TOWNSEND HARRIS STORY

Dorothy Malone
MGM's TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY
U-I's PYLON
U-I's MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES
Warner Bros.' TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

Deborah Kerr
Columbia's BONJOUR TRISTESSE

June Allyson
U-I's INTERLUDE

Jane Powell
U-I's THE FEMALE ANIMAL
U-I's THE GIRL MOST LIKELY

Debra Paget
Paramount's THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

we could choose any baby

(*Continued from page 41*) "He's in there because he's so *sick*. Because there's nowhere else for him to go."

Earl knew how sick his dad was; he had lived with the terrifying sickness ever since an oil rig accident in Texas had injured his father, and resulted in epileptic fits that gradually chopped down the strong, kind man who had raised him. Then suddenly they were violent and steady—two hundred seizures that last day. No charity hospital would take an acute case like that, and their money was gone. The coroner suggested the jail. "At least he'll get some medical care there," he said.

When Earl's mother came back, he saw her tears and knew his dad was dying. They rode home on the bus without saying much. An obscure line in the Shreveport paper announced their tragedy: H. E. HOLLIMAN DIED LAST NIGHT IN THE CITY JAIL. That Christmas, a couple of weeks later, they ate pork and beans, because beans cost only ten cents a sack.

Understandably, Christmas doesn't mean quite the same thing to Earl Holliman as it does to most people. The holiday doesn't recall a trip to grandma's, a turkey feast and a cozy sense of well being and security. To Earl it's still the season when the bottom dropped out of his boyhood. . . .

Right now Earl is living better than he has ever lived in his life. He has a cozy red-shingled house up in Laurel Canyon with a swimming pool. He has a maid to cook his meals, a new Oldsmobile HOLIDAY and a closet full of expensive clothes. He has a contract with Hal Wallis, money in the bank and some blue-chip stocks. He has some old friends who aren't big wheels in Hollywood and a lot of new ones who are. He has invitations to parties that never used to come.

An unwanted baby

But if anyone ever had a shaky start in life it was the unwanted baby delivered by a midwife in a sharecropper's shack on September 11, 1928. Earl was the seventh child of an utterly destitute farmer. He weighed six pounds at birth but a week later was down to four, shrivelled and yellow with jaundice.

Then his father, his real father—died, and his real mother was left with six young children—and the sick infant Earl. And just one problem—where to get food for him.

That's when the Hollimans came into the life of weeks-old Earl.

Henry and Velma Holliman desperately yearned for a child, any child. Velma couldn't have one, and adoption homes turned them down because an oil-field worker moved around too much. So they drove fifty miles and picked up the miserable waif in his flour-sack diaper —and listened to a backwoods doctor tell

JAYNE MANSFIELD'S $90,000 INHERITANCE

■ It wasn't Jayne Mansfield's curves that put her in the papers a while back—it was some $90,000 dropping into her lap from her grandfather's estate.

Ninety thousand dollars is a lot of loot.

What is Jayne going to do with it? Salt it away for some rainy day? Not Jayne! "I'd rather," she says, "spend all my money now, while I am still young and can enjoy it!"



It's possible Jayne might have a new address soon!

And she knows exactly where she wants to put that inheritance. Into a little 50-room Holmby Hills castle that she's been admiring. Built in 1930 for just under a million dollars. Jayne can have it for a mere $150,000!

The four-acre place has, among a number of other things, an elevator, four balconies, a waterfall, a small private lake, a swimming pool they could hold the Olympics in, greenhouses, marble floors, barbecue pits, and avenues of palm trees.

Of course a mere $90,000 doesn't cover the cost of this humble home—nor the upkeep. "I realize," Jayne admits, "that it takes a lot of money to live in a mansion like that. Why, they have two gardeners busy full time just to keep the grounds up." And she adds, a slight frown dislocating those famous features, "I've been thinking so hard about it that I've actually developed a headache."

But Jayne isn't a gal to stay down for long with a problem like mere money. She brightens again as she says, "But I *should* have that house, you know. I feel just right the minute I walk through that huge marble entrance hall. It's like a real queen's house. When I'm in it, I feel like a star *should* feel."

Jayne has demonstrated right through the ups and downs of her career that when she wants something, she buys it—regardless of whether she can afford it or not. Like that $30,000 mink coat—when she first started the stage version of *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* Then she felt that a stage star simply *had* to have a mink.

Now Jayne wants to live up to being a movie star—to what the *public* thinks a movie star should be like, that is. What with taxes and other problems, movie stars have gotten more and more like the people right next door. Maybe Jayne will bring back the good old glamour days. Anyway, this is a star who has a taste for it!

The chances are if she's talked out of buying that 50-room castle in Holmby Hills —Jayne will find another one!

Jane can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's KISS THEM FOR ME.

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GARY MERRILL'S CAMPAIGN

■ Maybe it was because of the heat, or maybe just because he thought they looked real sharp—but whatever the reason, the point is that *that* was what Gary Merrill wanted to wear—and for eleven years he's been trying, and nobody will let him.

What? Bermuda shorts.

Where? New York's fabulous 21 CLUB.

Did he? Well, not yet. But this year, Gary thinks, maybe. Yes siree . . . maybe this year. Because he's got a plan . . .

"In Bermuda," explains Gary, "where knee-length trousers for men originated, they are worn practically all the time—and that includes formal wear, too!"

So for the past several years, Gary's little campaign has been to popularize them in night clubs.

"Why not? They're cooler, more comfortable. If they're okay during the day, why not at night?"

But the 21 CLUB doesn't see it that way.

"So I always arrive there carrying a bag with long trousers. And," he laughs, "I've always had to switch, too!"

So what makes Gary think this year's any different?

"Oh, this year I'll undoubtedly make it," he smiles. "Because this year New York's the scene of the big Boy Scout Jamboree, and this year all I'll do is put an Eagle Scout badge in my lapel—and breeze right in!"

Gary Merrill can now be seen in Columbia's CRASH LANDING.

them, "You haven't got a baby—you've just got a funeral expense!"

For a long time, it was touch and go. During his first year Earl almost died with double pneumonia. He could barely toddle when he fell against a tree root and smashed his nose. Two months later a little girl pushed him off a high porch and broke his leg. All his childhood he was puny and weak.

To make matters worse, the Hollimans moved around the Gulf oil country like nomads, wherever there was work for his adopted father as a driller. Earl remembers a score of "homes" including Jackson and Whitman, Mississippi—Kilgore, Crane and Kerrville, Texas—Odessa, Vivian, Mooringsport and Oil City, Louisiana. Usually he lived in paintless wooden dumps and sometimes in tents. And everywhere Earl faced the knuckled schoolyard challenge to a newcomer. It made him a lonely kid.

Armadillos, snakes and rats

Spending so much time alone, he made friends with animals—snakes, chickens and ducks—even adopted two scaly armadillos as pets. Once in Texas two white rats he prized escaped under the house, bred with local rodents, and city exterminators had to clean out the swarms.

With these dumb pals as with everything, Earl's imagination worked overtime. The first movie he ever saw—in a shabby oil-town grind house—featured a train wreck. Afterwards Earl raced home, got out his toy train and loaded it with sowbug passengers. He set it rolling, then smashed the express with a rock and jumped in heroically to rescue the survivors. He told his mother, "I'm going to be a movie star when I grow up."

The dream was born. . . .

To Velma Holliman's credit, she nodded soberly, although the idea of that runty oil field tyke with his homely, freckled face ever becoming a Hollywood star must have seemed preposterous. She spread out her pack of cards and told his fortune: "Look here, Earl! Look what it says about *your* future. You're going to be a movie star, sure enough!" After that he begged his fortune time and again. Just like he begged for the Christmas story year after year. And always she made the same rosy picture, and always he believed it implicitly.

Then there was the day of that accident and for too long there wasn't time for dreams any more.

It happened at the Kilgore oil field. Henry Holliman was up on a catwalk when the derrick top fell and heavy machinery hit his head. A worker grabbed his feet as he fell and saved his life—but from then on it seemed like every job just led to a stretch in a hospital. After a while they declared him permanently and totally disabled and the oil company offered a small settlement. But until the settlement came through, the only steady income the Holliman family had was a $30 a month government pension from Henry's World War I service. Earl picked cotton for a farmer and sold magazines to help out. For a while his mother ran a boarding house. When the money finally came, his Dad sank it hopefully in a small men's furnishing store in Shreveport, but that soon went bust and the money with it. They moved to a fishing shack beside Caddo Lake on government land for a while, and it was a lucky day when the fish were biting. By then Henry Holliman couldn't do anything. The epileptic fits had gotten worse and worse.

When his Aunt Ada died and left a small bequest, hopefully Henry took $800 and hammered together a little white house of their own. It was just about finished when the fits came in violent waves and then was that last horrible day in the Shreveport jail—just a couple of weeks before Christmas.

The little white home goes

After the funeral there was nothing left, except debts. The little house went for $400 to pay those. Earl and his Mom moved into a cheap room in Shreveport. Velma found a waitress' job in an all-night cafe beside the bus depot for a dollar a day and two greasy meals. Earl found one next door in a magic shop for four dollars a week.

You might have called it a start in show business. Earl learned to demonstrate jokes and novelties and, when he'd mastered the ABC's of sleight-of-hand, the proprietors let him assist in shows at the BARKSDALE AIR FORCE BASE nearby. When school started up again, he quit to usher nights at the STRAND THEATER for twenty-five cents an hour—and all the movies he could watch. But he was just falling asleep in classes, so when they offered him the job of head usher he quit school. And in a couple of weeks, he bought a brown, pin-stripe suit for $19.75. It was the first suit of clothes Earl had ever owned.

Earl figured he needed that suit, because he nursed a reckless plan. Watching pictures all day and half the night had brought his Hollywood yen to fever pitch. "I just had to go there and see the place," he explains. "It was like a trip to Heaven for me." To get the money, he moonlighted as a waiter in the restaurant where his mother worked—from eleven o'clock at night until eight in the morning, when Velma relieved him. When he had seventy dollars saved up, he put it inside his shoe and, lugging a cardboard suitcase, hit the highway, headed West. He passed his fifteenth birthday in Fort Worth, Texas, on the way.

Hollywood the second time

Actually, Earl wasn't so famished as he was deflated. He had spent the whole week pounding all over Hollywood, hunting movie stars. He never saw any. "Finally, I bought a two-bit pair of dark glasses hoping somebody would think *I* was one," he grins. But the next time he saw Hollywood it was different. He was in the Navy.

Earl enlisted that January, still fifteen but lying about his age. They shot him right out to San Diego for boot training, then up to Los Angeles for radio school. He had liberty every night. Those nights you could always find Apprentice Seaman

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1957.
(SEAL)

JOHN C. WEBER

Notary Public, State of New York
No. 03-9560350. Qualified in Bronx County. Cert. filed in New York County.
Commission Expires March 30, 1958.

Holliman at just one place, the HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN. "If there was a movie star I didn't gawk at I don't know who it could have been," says Earl. To some of them he told his own dream. Always the advice he got was, *Finish school and study acting before you try it.*

So, Earl wasn't too bugged when his mother told authorities how old he really was and the Navy kicked him out. She wanted him to come back and finish high school. Earl had the same idea now. And this time he had a better chance to stick.

Velma Holliman had remarried another oilfield worker and lived in Oil City. There was a place to live and a good high school. Credits earned in the Navy let Earl back in as a junior. He got a job afternoons in a grocery store and on weekends was a roustabout in the oil fields. He sailed through his junior year with straight A's, next summer made good money at a Navy rocket plant in Arkansas, and as a senior showed what he could do with a little security behind him. That year Earl lettered in football, edited the yearbook, got elected class president and played the lead in the senior play. Shaking his shyness, he also went steady with a pretty brunette named Mary Ellen and even got voted the best dancer in school! When he graduated at seventeen, Earl Holliman won the AMERICAN LEGION BOYS' MEDAL and a scholarship to LOUISANA STATE. He didn't accept it; instead he re-enlisted in the Navy. Curiously, Earl figured that was the only way to learn to act.

It wasn't quite as crazy as it sounds. Earl had a plan: two more years' service, and he'd qualify for the GI bill. Then he could pick his own dramatic school, tuition paid and seventy-five dollars a month. It worked out even better than that. In Norfolk, Virginia, where he was based as a radio operator most of the time, the Norfolk Naval Theatre gave him a solid hitch up on acting experience. In that rankless group, captains and commanders often played bit parts. Seaman Holliman played leads. This time he came out of the Navy with two important assets: self confidence and his GI bill. Right away he put that to work at the UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. But after a year he switched to Pasadena's famous COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE.

Hollywood the third time

For one reason, Earl wanted more practical acting experience, and the Playhouse is famous for that. For another, he knew it had always been a fast pipeline to Hollywood. The first part worked out dandy for Earl. "I played everything from *Œdipus Rex* to *Home Of The Brave,*" he says, "and I learned plenty. But Hollywood scouts took one look at my face and looked right through me like a pane of glass." Still, it was PLAYHOUSE contacts that indirectly channeled Earl to his movie break.

Earl had to quit right before graduation

SHEREE NORTH—CAR BRUISER

■ "There's a standing joke in Hollywood," says Sheree North, "that asking an actress her age is like looking at the speedometer of a second-hand car: you know it's been set back, but you can't tell how far! Well, what I learned from my first job—jockeying cars—was never to criticize the woman who lies a little about her age. It's the only way of dealing with a man—for if you tell the truth, you're either too young or too old!



"Like the first man I ever lied to about my age . . ." When Sheree was only thirteen that happened.

"We lived right near a junk yard where the old jalopies came to die. Their only value was for spare parts, but some of them could still run when they got there and the owner of the place let me learn to drive on the choicer models—those with floorboards and motors still in them. The fenders I dented in the first few days didn't matter to anyone, and pretty soon I could weave a car in and out like a pro.

"Learning to drive was fun, of course, but I soon figured out how to turn my driving skill into desperately needed dollars. There was a big parking lot at the Christian Science Church, and some of the older boys used to wait at the church entrance and offer to park the cars there as the people drove up. I waited for a rainy Sunday, when I knew a lot of people would want their cars parked. When a traffic jam threatened, I didn't have any trouble convincing the boys they needed a helper—me! The fact that I looked fifteen or sixteen at the time didn't hurt my chances, either.

"Anyway, I showed the boys I could keep right up with them, parking cars in the squeeziest places—then delivering them at the church steps an hour later without a scratch. When the leader of the bunch handed me my forty cents share of the tips he said, 'You're pretty good. Come on over to CIRO'S with me tonight. I park cars there, and I think the captain will give you a chance at it, even though you're a girl. You get a dollar a night—and all the hamburgers you want!' He introduced me to the parking lot captain and assured him I could drive like an expert.

" 'Maybe she can,' the captain said, 'but she's gotta be sixteen to work here.'

"At that moment he looked like the most difficult male animal I'd ever met, so I added a little extra psychological touch to convince him, 'Mister,' I pleaded, 'this is my sixteenth birthday, and if you give me the job it will be the nicest present!'

"I got the job. Men can't tell a woman's age anyway!"

Sheree is in the 20th Century-Fox film NO DOWN PAYMENT.

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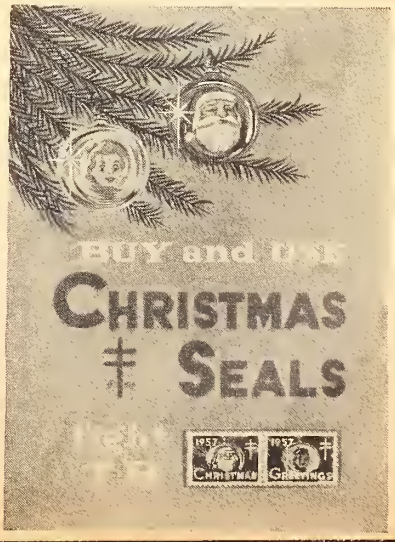
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when his GI bill ran out. He took a job as template maker at NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, then fabricated oxygen therapy gadgets at a Beverly Hills factory. After work he'd hustle to agents' offices, but no matter how he dolled himself up they'd only dust him off with that *too homely* bit. The only way he could get inside a studio was to work a dodge he'd learned from resourceful characters at the PLAYHOUSE.

The trick was to show up at PARAMOUNT's DeMille gate with a mop of hair and tell the guard, "I've got an appointment with Victor, the barber." Lots of outsiders patronized Vic, so it was usually a fast wave-in. Hours later Earl Holliman would walk out the main gate, his head buzzing with the sights he'd seen.

One day, he bumped into a PLAYHOUSE classmate, Irene Martin, who'd been picked for PARAMOUNT's *Golden Circle*. Irene came through for the old school ties with an introduction to the casting office and a build-up. After weeks of steady hounding they gave Earl a one-day bit to get rid of him. He was an elevator boy in a Martin and Lewis romp, *Scared Stiff*. "Which," Earl admits, "I certainly was."

Haircut to success

But, turning in his uniform, Earl ran into another casting director, collecting extras for Marines in *The Girls Of Pleasure Island*. The easiest way to lose Holliman was to say, "Okay, okay—get a GI haircut and I'll give you another day's work." So, Earl finally climbed into Victor's barber chair. When he stepped down and looked in the glass he was sure his budding career was ruined.

Earl's hair is silky-fine, and on him the GI came out a comical fringe of bangs. "I looked like something escaped from the zoo," says Earl. "With my already obvious handicaps I figured that was all I needed."

When the director spotted him he laughed. After that, whenever he needed a funny-looking Marine he crooked his finger at Earl.

Earl Holliman didn't star or even play leads, and sometimes, as he's said, the characters he did play weren't too attractive. He didn't get a chance at one romantic part until his last, *Don't Go Near The Water*. But whether he's been a hick or a hoodlum, Earl Holliman has always been a scene stealer. And it isn't all because of his haircut. He takes his job very seriously.

As a matter of fact, Earl wore curls in *The Rainmaker*, his favorite, which he's seen ten times to study his faults. The New York preview, with Broadway critics and the Paramount brass assembled, was the biggest night of his life that far. Yet, he slipped away and sat by himself in the packed Lexington theatre to get an honest audience reaction. He got a stinger.

The writer razzed him

Two girls sat next to him, and one razzed him unmercifully every time he came on the screen. "What a silly character," she scoffed. "Isn't he terrible? Did you ever see such a stupid actor?" And so on.

When the lights went up, Earl couldn't resist saying, "I'm sorry you didn't like me in the picture. I'm Earl Holliman."

"Oh!" gasped his critic, turning several shades of pink. "I knew this would happen to me someday." Funny part was, next morning she called Earl's hotel. She said she was a writer and wanted to do a story on him!

Some have it easy and some have it rough—on the road to Hollywood or anywhere else. Earl Holliman has had it very rough ever since he was born, a sickly baby in the swamps of Louisiana, given away to strangers because his own parents couldn't afford to feed him.

Growing up, he's been sick and he's been scared, hungry and poor, lonesome and sad, disappointed and snubbed. He's had to make his own living since he was fourteen. Yet, this December 25th Earl will give thanks along with everyone else—as he does most of the days of the year. "I'm lucky," he says in his soft, serious voice, with just a hint of a Southern drawl. "Sure, I've had to scramble. But I'm glad I did. Maybe I wouldn't appreciate what I've got now if I hadn't."

What Earl has now is what he has wanted all his life—a job acting in the movies. It's a pretty good job and Earl Holliman is a pretty good actor. Last year, after *Jimmy* in *The Rainmaker*, there were Academy Award noises and the Foreign Press made it official by handing Earl their BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR trophy. Coming out of the COCOANUT GROVE the night he got it Earl felt a tap on his shoulder and, turning around, faced Sir Laurence Olivier.

"I just wanted to tell you," Olivier said, "that my wife and I saw your picture in London and we thought you were great." Earl could barely stammer, "Th-thanks," but he felt like Sir Larry did when the King dubbed him knight.

Yes, this December 25th, Earl will give thanks . . . END

Watch for Earl in MGM's DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER *and Paramount's* HOT SPELL.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

■ Dear Readers—

We can't compete with Christmas. In fact, we don't even want to try! That's why, this year, we are combining in one issue—this one that you are reading now—the December and January MODERN SCREEN. Magazine publishers have realized for a long time that in the crowded days between Thanksgiving and New Year's, reading takes second place to holiday preparations and festivities. At least one magazine, LIFE, has for several years followed a policy of not publishing its end-of-the-year issue. We're following their example, which seems to us a wise one. But we'll be back on your neighborhood newsstand with the February issue on January 2, when the holiday excitement has subsided. Look for us then. Meanwhile, a Merry Christmas to all our loyal readers!

—The Editors

P.S. If you're a subscriber and your subscription expires *after* the December issue, it will be automatically extended by one month so you'll be sure to receive your full twelve issues of *The Magazine That Lives For You*.

ADVICE: Jane Greer, co-star of *Man Of A Thousand Faces* visited a home where a chess game was in progress. The five-year-old boy in the household halted a player who was about to make a move. "Don't move that horse." The player reconsidered, and realized that if he'd moved the horse he'd have lost the game. He made another move, and finally won. He asked the boy, "How did you know I shouldn't move the horse?" . . . The boy explained, "Because he wasn't finished eating."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post



WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC

■ Now that Shirley Booth is back before the cameras making *Hot Spell*, Hollywood is reminded of the time the talented trouper recreated her memorable *Come Back Little Sheba* for the movies. The search for the bosomy babe who played the teenage sex pot in the picture was highly competitive. Terry Moore finally plucked the plum and needless to say, she was more than ecstatic.

"What a wonderful opportunity!" exclaimed the excited Terry. "I'm going to watch Miss Booth every second and absorb all I can about *real* acting."

The picture started—and so did Terry. She started a running conversation about everything and nothing. She prattled on before scenes, after scenes and throughout lunch periods. She soon had people running for cover. One morning producer Hal Wallis dropped by the set to see the great Miss Booth.

"Is everything going okay?" he inquired.

"Everything is going just fine," answered the amiable star. So they discussed various scenes in the picture and finally as Wallis was leaving, he turned back and added:

"Oh, by the way, I meant to ask you this before. How do you like Terry Moore?" La Booth's face never changed expression. Her eyes began to twinkle.

"I liked her very much," Shirley deadpanned, "but she talked me out of it!"

Shirley Booth can soon be seen in Paramount's HOT SPELL *and* THE MATCHMAKER; *Terry Moore in 20th's* PEYTON PLACE.



DEBRA PAGET and LORD MURPHY

■ Any time Debra Paget gets tired of acting, she can earn a living by charging admission to her back yard.

Running, climbing, flying, and swinging through the trees in her half-acre yard are enough animals to start a zoo.

Among the members of Debra's private zoo right now are a Golden Gibbon ape, two dogs, three cats (one's a prize-winning Siamese and one a bedraggled alley cat), one parrot and two parakeets, one cockatoo, one macaw, one peacock, and an eighty-pound chimpanzee with perfect table manners. She even had a horse once.

Debra admits that her favorite is the chimpanzee. "I bought him a year ago. His name was Murphy then. He was three years old, and he weighed forty pounds. He seemed too aristocratic to be called *Murphy*, so I made him a *Lord*.

Lord Murphy reciprocates Debra's favoritism. Anyone else who attempts to wrestle with Lord Murphy is liable to end up a little bumped and bruised, but Debra has never been scratched. He loves to hold hands with her, to curl up in her lap, and to have her rock him to sleep.

"I've taught him to dress himself," Debra says. "He has more than sixty outfits—including a couple of bathing suits my sister outgrew. He knows how to tie his own bib, and he can drink out of a glass without spilling a drop."

He shares Debra's taste for spaghetti and Coca-Cola, and her distaste for oatmeal. "If he's forced to eat oatmeal, he'll throw a tantrum. Then I spank him."

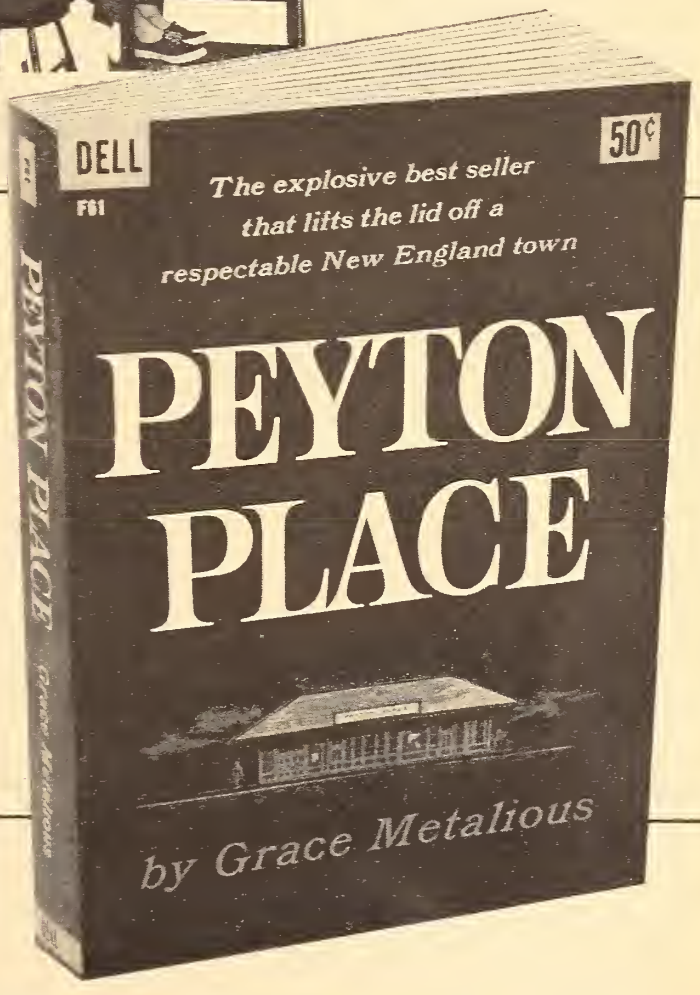
He'd throw a king-sized tantrum if he knew he may have to share Debra.

"I'd like to own a horse," Debra grins. "After all, there's still plenty of room."

Debra's in Paramount's THE TEN COMMANDMENTS *and* OMAR KHAYYAM.

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Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballot to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I READ:
☐ all of **LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I READ:
☐ all of **FIRST PARTY OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I READ:
☐ all of **HOLIDAY RECIPES OF THE STARS** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I READ:
☐ all of **THE CHRISTMAS I WILL NEVER FORGET** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I READ:
☐ all of **NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE BOB WAGNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE EARL HOLLIMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE RED SKELTON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE MONTGOMERY CLIFT:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE FRANCES FARMER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... **NAME**.....

ADDRESS..... STREET

..... CITY & STATE

Here are the poll prize winners for September: Cheryl Vogel, Grand Island, Nebraska; Jo Lo Franco, New York, N.Y.; Linda Willard, Vandergrift, Pa.; Virginia Irvin, Richmond, Virginia; Betsey Barney, Johnson City, N.Y.; Veronica Cimino, Belmar, New Jersey; Marjorie Percival, Fresno, California; Susie De Spain, Hopeville, Georgia; Sheryl Shelley, Greeley, Colorado; Carole More, Mound Valley, Kansas.



"My Career Crashed!" Says Tony Franciosa

■ Usually an actor has to worry about not being able to *find* a job. Once I actually had to worry about not being able to *lose* one!

I'm a member of the long list of actors who find themselves, when Broadway parts get scarce, in hot water, dishwashing for a living.

But a couple of summers ago I wanted to *lose* a dishwashing job—real bad! It was a fill-in job I had landed at a girls' camp in the Adirondacks. One afternoon a special delivery letter arrived for me with news of a sure-thing audition the next day . . . if I could get back to Broadway in time. But that posed quite a problem for me.

I had no car. I couldn't depend on hitch-hiking. There was an early-morning train that would get me to New York in time—but the fare was almost ten dollars and I didn't have ten cents. And, if I *quit* my job in the middle of the summer when a replacement would be hard to get, I knew I wouldn't get paid and that wouldn't help at all!

But if they *fired* me . . . they'd have to give me a whole week's wages as termination pay.

If any of you readers were at that girls' camp in 1954, and you remember a terrible crash out in the kitchen the evening of August 16th about seven o'clock, that was me, dishwasher Tony Franciosa, deliberately dropping a big pile of crockery just as the camp manager walked in!

P.S. I got fired. I got the pay I was after, and the next afternoon I got the part I was after.

Tony is currently in 20th's A Hatful Of Rain, *MGM's* This Could Be The Night *and Warner Bros.'* A Face In The Crowd. *Watch for him in Paramount's* Wild Is The Wind *and 20th's* The Long Hot Summer.

ristmases of frances farmer

ontinued from page 57) comb through r hair, Frances had suddenly pulled e comb from the girl's hand and flung it one of the other actors who was stand- by, ready to work. The producer of movie happened to be standing by, . When he saw this he felt he'd had ough. It's almost unheard of to fire a r in the middle of a movie, but the ducer told Frances that she was ough. "Get out," he told her, "you're olutely impossible!"

nk, noisy and naked

Frances left, aided by a studio cop. She into her car and drove straight to a rby tavern. Within an hour she was drunk and noisy that the proprietor oned the cops to come get her out of his ce. When the cops arrived, Frances de a dash for the ladies' room. "You'll ver. get me," she screamed, slamming door behind her. The cops banged the door with their sticks. "Come on t," they said, "come on out or we'll ve to come in after you." They could ar Frances laugh on the other side of door. The laugh became more and re hysterical. One of the cops called er a barmaid and asked her to go in d bring Frances out. Reluctantly, the maid agreed. She opened the door. en she did, Frances came running out, rk naked. "I told you you'd never be e to get me," she said, still laughing d beginning to dance over towards the . "Gimme a drink," she yelled. She ched for an empty glass on the bar and ng it across the room. "Gimme a drink!" ter a struggle, the cops managed to get half-dressed and rushed her to court. e police judge read her record and then minded her that she'd broken her pro- ion. He said he was sorry, but that he uld have to sentence her to jail—for days. "Fine," Frances said, running fingers through her disheveled hair. e turned to the officer who was to escort there: a short, pudgy man. "Why in l don't you get that pot belly off of ?" she asked, giving him a nudge in stomach. "I got that from eating, not nking," the officer said, taking her n and leading her away. An hour later, ances was in her cell, mumbling, aven't I any friends? I was never so ne in my life. Haven't I any friends in whole wide world?" A guard came her cell door. *There were some report- and photographers outside who nted to see her,* he said. *Would she?* ances said *sure she would, sure.* When newspaper people were in her cell, e of them got his tongue out of his ek long enough to ask Frances what r occupation was. "I'm an actress," she d, "You know that—you fools! . . . Just t me down as a vag—a vagrant vaga- nd . . . Or better, put me down as one the world's oldest. Huh? How about that, h? Put me down as one of the world's lest." The reporter began to write down at she'd just said. "You rat," Frances eamed suddenly, lunging at him and bbing his pencil. A photographer apped at this moment and the flashbulb nt off in Frances' face. There was no ntrolling her now. She kicked the nera first, then the photographer. ats!" she began to scream as she kicked d clawed at everybody in sight. "Rats! ts! Rats!" . . . It had taken a strait- ket to calm her down. That was the ne straitjacket she'd been wearing later t day when they'd brought her here to mental institution. That had been ven long months ago. And now it was ristmas, 1943—and Frances Farmer couldn't know—yet—that there was to be another Christmas, later. A better one. All she knew were the past Christ- mases. . . .

A peculiar girl

This is the story of what happened to Frances Farmer. It's a sad story about a confused kid who became a confused woman—a beautiful, wealthy, talented and confused woman, who ended up in an insane asylum.

And, too, it is a happy story, as you will see.

It covers seven Christmases in Frances' life.

The first of these Christmases was back in 1927, when she was fourteen years old. . . .

Her mother called to her from the kitch- en, "Frances. Are you going to that party?" Frances was looking out the window too hard, thinking too hard, to hear her. She looked across the gray Seattle street at the dingy row of houses on the other side. She stared at one parti- cular house. It was the house where the Christmas party for the kids in the neighborhood, the kids her age, was going to be held. Frances had been one of the first invited, way back about two weeks ago. The family who was giving the party had always liked her and they'd wanted to make sure she came. Frances remem- bered the lady's smile now, how she had smiled so warmly when she said that. And then she remembered the look on the lady's face only yesterday, Christmas Eve, when she'd come out to talk to Fran- ces accidentally-on-purpose as Frances walked past the house. "Frances," the woman had said, the smile gone and a look of confusion and wonder on her normally jolly face, "I hate to have to tell you this but you see we have too many girls for the party and so few boys and I'd appreciate it if you . . . if you wouldn't mind not coming." Frances didn't ask why. She knew why. That essay she'd written for composition class in school— the one called *God Dies,* the one in which she'd said some pretty clever things, she thought, about people always ask-ask-ask- ing an invisible God to help them out when they should wise up and start doing things for themselves. That was why. The essay had shocked her schoolteacher. "Unchristian!" the teacher had snorted



THE SUCCESS OF RUBY STEVENS
as told by Barbara Stanwyck

■ "It happened to a girl I used to know," Barbara Stanwyck began. "Her name was Ruby Stevens.

"She was young, confident—but a trifle discouraged dancing in the rear line of a 24-girl chorus in a nightclub in New York City. It was hardly her idea of success, so she took her back-line chorus work as a dreary, but economically necessary routine— and it showed in her unenthusiastic dancing. There was many a night, after a hard day calling at play-casting offices, that Ruby practically walked her way through the three shows. '*What's the difference?*' she told herself, '*nobody sees me behind twelve others.*'

"Following the late show, however, dance director Earl Lindsay asked her to stay.

"He said, 'Ruby, you're in the rear line of a dance chorus. You understand that?'

" 'Of course, I understand it,' answered Ruby.

" 'I just wanted to make sure,' Lindsay continued, 'because after watching you for the last two weeks I wasn't quite sure you *did* understand.'

" 'What difference does it make?' Ruby answered, 'who sees me?'

" 'The least you could do,' Lindsay said, 'is kick as high as the other girls.'

"Then Ruby made a bad joke. 'Frankly, Mr. Lindsay, and considering my position, I don't think you have any kick coming.'

"Lindsay didn't laugh. 'Young lady, your humor is as bad as your dancing. If I didn't happen to know that you're a good dancer, I'd fire you. Here's some advice.

" 'You might as well know that unless you change your attitude, you're going to stay in that back row all your life. There are people who never kick high. They try hard only when they know someone is watching. But they rarely do well because they try so seldom. As long as you're in my chorus you'll kick high or get off the stage.'

"There was something in Lindsay's sincerity that got through to Ruby. She took his advice, and from that moment on she really tried to be the best dancer on Broadway.

"A month later she read for a small part in a new play that was opening. She got the role, not because she was a good actress, but because as the director said, 'I like the way you tried. You need experience, but by opening night you'll be ready.'

"That was the real beginning of Ruby's career.

"Ruby Stevens will always be grateful to Earl Lindsay," Barbara tells you.

"And I ought to know," Barbara concludes. "I'm Ruby Stevens."

Barbara Stanwyck can currently be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Forty Guns.



Here's Kathy with nineteen of the twenty-two All-Americans. The other three fellows are busy taking pictures. Of their teammates, you ask? No. Of Kathy? Of course.

Kathy Grant: 'All-American' Girl



That's Paul Hornung, Notre Dame star, trying to show Kathy Grant how to throw a forward pass. Fellow in the lower right of the picture is praying that pass doesn't catch him in the head!



Oregon State's John Witte and Iowa's Alek Karras spotted a guy selling flowers at the Los Angeles airport. Only a rose was good enough for Kathy. So they chipped in and bought one!

Now that the football season is in full swing again, Kathy Grant can't help but look back fondly to last year when, as hostess to the LOOK All-American football team, she was the only gal aboard the plane that took the twenty-two players from the West Coast to New York for TV appearances and a banquet.

Not that all twenty-two got on at Los Angeles—they didn't. But all along the way. as the big plane made stops at Dallas, Nashville and Chicago, new groups of all-stars joined the team. Kathy immediately memorized the names of the newcomers and the names of their colleges, introduced them to the others, and pretty generally made them feel at home.

At each stop Kathy and the fellows would pose for pictures. Notre Dame's Paul Hornung tried to show her how to look natural throwing a football. but, as Kathy said, "The ball is so big and my hand is so small that I looked more like a shotputter than a passer. I'm definitely not an All-American boy."

That's for sure! But the players seemed to think she was *the* All-American girl. For everyone of them who wasn't married asked her for a date in New York. Kathy won't tell us how many she accepted—what we know definitely is that she was *the* date of the entire team at the banquet in their honor. And that Paul Hornung took her to High Mass.

Today, one year later. Kathy can remember the name and college of each boy who made the trip. And more than that she recalls how they looked. what they said and many other things about them.

All in all. it's hard to tell who made the biggest impression—Kathy Grant on twenty-two All-American boys, or twenty-two All-American boys on one All-American girl.

Kathy is now playing in Columbia's OPERATION MAD BALL.

and her snorts had been heard far an wide. In the matter of about twenty four hours, Frances' name was bein whispered all around the school and th neighborhood. One woman had walke up to her on the street and yelled at he "Why?" Frances had asked, "I only sai what I happen to feel." The woman didn understand that some young people g to wondering about God at a certain ag about who He really is and what He reall does. But the woman just yelled at he "You're a peculiar girl, Frances Farme a peculiar girl." And that was the wor that had gone round the neighborhoo now—that Frances was peculiar and didn believe in God and shouldn't be associate with.

What she really wanted

It began to grow dark outside now. Th warm street lights had gone on. So ha the happy lights in the house across th street, the house where the party woul begin in just a little while. . . .

Frances sat alone, again, on Christma afternoon, 1935. She'd come a long wa from Seattle—to Hollywood, California, i fact, and to a career in the great motio picture industry. It had been a real Cin derella story. Back in Seattle one da Frances had decided to become an actres She'd been ushering, at thirty-six cent an hour, in a local theater and after couple of months of watching high-pai beauties up there on the big screen sh decided that she could act better than al of them put together and could probabl end up making more money than any tw of them put together. She figured she' go first to New York and get some experi ence on the stage, then go knocking o the Hollywood studio doors. In order t get the money to get to New York, sh pulled the kind of Frances Farmer stun that still had people in her home tow shaking their heads. She entered a con test sponsored by a Communist newspape The prize for selling the most subscription to the paper was to be an all-expense tri to Moscow. Frances wanted to visit Mos cow like she wanted another hole in he Swiss cheese sandwiches, when she wa flush enough to be able to afford Swis cheese. What she did want was the par of the trip that would take her to Nev York and Broadway. She won the contes —she had told everybody she *would*, al along—and she got to New York. But i was midsummer and all the producer were out of town and the Communis paper had given her more rubles to spen than dollars. So one morning France found herself boarding a ship for Europe At least, she figured, if she went to Russi she could keep on eating for a couple o months.

"Alone morning, noon and night. . . ."

What she didn't figure on was meetin a man aboard ship the second day ou that day she sneaked up to First Class fo a peek around, a man who told her righ off that she should be in the movies, man who in fact promised to and di arrange a screen test in Hollywood for he when she came back. And now here sh was *in* Hollywood and she'd just finishe making her first big picture and it was he first Christmas without any money wor ries and she had a nice fat contract wit PARAMOUNT tucked high in her holida stocking.

And she was unhappy and alone. Sh didn't know quite why. Maybe if sh hadn't gotten off on the wrong foot whe she arrived in the movie town, maybe i she didn't still carry that chip on he shoulder she'd been carrying ever sinc that day of the teenage party in Seattl she never got to go to, maybe if she sti

didn't hear the voices whispering *peculiar . . . peculiar* in the back of her head—maybe then she wouldn't have acted so smart-alecky to everyone she came in contact with, from producers to wardrobe women to messenger boys to interviewers, and maybe she wouldn't have had to spend that Christmas alone.

But that's the way Hollywood's newest Cinderella spent it. She walked over to a nearby diner for dinner that day and then she walked back to her apartment and sat down and, slowly, wrote a letter to somebody she'd met in New York. "I was back in Seattle last week for the opening of my picture," she wrote. "A mere handful of people knew me when I left town, and then I came back to find fans swarming all over the place. You wonder how people can get like that. But that's what this picture business does. I knew they expected me to turn up looking pretty glamorous, and even though I looked just like I did when I left, they were convinced that I must have changed in some mysterious way. And the truth of the matter is that I'm just as I was at that time—rather bad at clothes, pretty sloppy and forgetting to put any makeup on half the time. And I still drive my rattle-trap car, live in a very modest place, do most of my own housework and haven't gone to a nightclub yet. . . . And concerning men, I prefer my own company to that of most of the men in this town. If they want to pass me by, that's all right with me. I think all the boys in Hollywood are terrific bores. If I couldn't stand my own company, I'd be the unhappiest girl in the world, because I'm alone morning, noon and night. . . ." That was Frances on Christmas Day, 1935. . . .

Christmas two years later was different. Frances was married now, to a tall handsome actor named Leif Erickson. They'd met at the studio gate one morning, Frances in her dinky Ford trying to get into the studio from the left side of the street, Leif in his dinky Chevy trying to get in from the right. They'd blown their horns at one another for a few minutes, trying to signal the other in first. Then, when the gateman came rushing out of his little hut with his hands clasped over his ears, they'd looked at each other and begun to laugh. They met in the studio commissary at lunchtime and laughed all over again. And the next night, for the first time since she'd arrived in town, Frances went to a nightclub—with Leif. And for the first time in a long time Frances felt that she had a friend again.

Prince charming appears

Quickly, she fell in love with Leif and he with her and one morning they walked into the PARAMOUNT chief's office, hand in hand, and told him they'd just come back from Yuma, Arizona, where they'd been married the night before. Now, on their first Christmas together, they sat in their living room, hand in hand. Everything was calm and nice and beautiful. *It was,* Leif thought to himself, *like it had been those first few months of their marriage when everything was just the two of them apart from the entire world, when a kiss on the arm or the neck or the lips was the beginning of a happiness that had never been known before, when Frances was the most content and loving woman on the face of the earth.* Leif was happy that this night was perfect for him and Frances, that it wasn't like some of the other nights they'd had after those first few months when pressures from out of nowhere suddenly seemed to send his wife into fits of gloom and nervousness, when he would try to smile over them with sudden embraces and words like "Maybe it's a baby, Frances, and you don't know it yet?" and Frances would snap back with words like "It's no baby, Leif, it's just that I'm not feeling well . . . and I wish you'd leave me alone for a while." Leif looked at her now. He grinned. She was so beautiful. And then, slowly, the grin left his lips as he noticed Frances let go of his hand to reach over and pour herself a drink. *That was her third drink in the last hour,* Leif thought to himself. *She'd been starting to drink a little too much lately,* he thought. *Just a little too much. . . .*

Christmas in a bar

Frances sat at the far end of the bar that Christmas afternoon, 1942. The cocktail lounge was practically deserted. But Frances wouldn't have noticed whether there was an Elks convention going on there that day or not, she was so drunk. "Happy holiday," she said, winking at the bartender and raising her hand. The bartender knew that was the signal for another drink. "Mrs. Erickson. . . ." he'd say, tentatively, as he handed her one drink after another. But Frances wouldn't give him a chance to continue saying what he wanted to say, that maybe she had had enough, that maybe she should get up and go home. Instead, Frances would interrupt him with a curt "Thank you!" And then she'd pick up her new drink and down it like a truckdriver taking a swig on a cold winter's night, like she'd been downing them for the past couple of years, like she'd told the judge she'd been downing them after she'd been picked up for drunken driving a couple of months back—shortly after her return from New York, where she'd appeared in a few stage plays—and been hauled into court. "Listen, Your Honor," she had told the judge, "I put liquor in my milk. I put liquor in my coffee and in my orange juice. What do you want me to do, starve to death?"

No one on the line

The judge had scolded her. He'd reminded her that she was an actress, a good actress, a young woman, a young wife who was beginning to drink too much, who was beginning to throw away her career and her marriage and her life. He'd tried to be nice, but Frances hadn't wanted anybody to be nice to her. "Who wrote *your* script?" she snapped at the judge. And then he'd stopped being nice and snapped back at her that she was being put on probation and that if she were ever caught drinking again she'd be put in jail. "Happy holiday," Frances said now, winking over at the bartender again. The bartender shrugged and brought her another drink. Frances gulped it down. Then she reached into her purse for some change and got up from her stool and wobbled over to a phone booth a few yards away.

She dialed a number. She listened to the short buzzes on the other end of the line. They continued. Nobody was home. "Leif?" Frances said groggily, ignoring the buzzes. "I guess we're going to go through with the divorce, huh? I guess it's all over between the two of us, Leif. Is it all over, Leif? Is it all over?" Frances listened to the buzzes for a long time. Finally, she hung up and wobbled back to the bar. The bartender looked at her, hoping she'd pick up her purse and leave. She looked back and forced a smile. "Happy holiday," she said, holding up her hand, signaling for that next drink. . . .

Bars on the windows

And now it was Christmas, 1943, and Frances Farmer paced the floor of a small white room with a locked door and bars on the windows. The heat in her white little room was on too high and Frances was afraid to call somebody in to tell them to make it lower, to *please* make it lower. One of the nurses came by a little while later and unlocked Frances' door just long enough to look in and see that everything was all right and to say a *Merry Christmas.* Frances didn't answer back. She just stared, the way she'd been staring at everyone who'd approached her since they'd brought her to this place. And then, when the nurse closed the door again, Frances pulled a sheet from her bed and tried to wipe the sweat from her body and said, "I'm hot . . . I'm hot." The heat had become intense now and Frances felt as if she were going to suffocate. "I'm hot," she continued saying, her voice growing a little louder, "I'm hot." She couldn't help it. She knew she must not scream. But her flesh was beginning to burn under the white uniform they made her wear and the skin on her face and arms felt as if they'd been scorched by a sun only a little way away and moving in on her fast. She could stand it no longer and she took a handful of sheet and rolled it into a ball and pushed it into her mouth, pushed it deep and hard, so she would not scream. And she cried. . . .

It was Christmas Day, 1956, thirteen years later. The place was San Francisco, in a tiny apartment not far from the center of town. The woman in the apartment, sitting in the faded armchair near the window, was in her early forties.



GLORIA DE HAVEN DOES A STRIP-TEASE!

■ The crowd was the largest and most fashionable one ever gathered in the MIAMI BEACH HOTEL. And Gloria De Haven—motion picture, stage and TV star—was billed to do a strip-tease! This is how come . . .

"Gloria was asked to serve on the committee which would provide the guest list of the first annual dinner and auction to raise money for the MIAMI WORKSHOP FOR THE HANDICAPPED," explains John Jacob Astor, co-chairman. "She ended up by getting all the items to be auctioned off!"

"It was the teamwork that did it," says Gloria. Among the "items" the team wheedled out of hardboiled Miami and Miami Beach businessmen were a Cadillac convertible, a Chris Craft cruiser, original dress creations, portable radios, and expensive furniture. These gifts brought $21,000 at the auction.

Oh, yes. There was one other item of note—the clothes off her back that Gloria auctioned as she peeled in her strip act!

P.S. Of course not *all* her clothes!



ICED CHOCOLATE— A LA FRANKIE!

■ Believe it or not, there's a terrific iced chocolate named after Frank Sinatra in Piedrahita—a sleepy village in Spain.

One day, while Frank, Cary Grant, and Sophia Loren were making *The Pride And The Passion* outside Piedrahita, the director called a break because of the heat.

Sophia suggested they all drive into town. Piedrahita, she explained, is famous throughout Spain for its chocolate.

As they sat down at a sidewalk table, Frank heard people shouting *"Sinatra! Sinatra!"* to the lone waiter.

"Well," gasped Frank, "if this doesn't put me on top of the popularity polls, nothing will! Even the natives in this tiny town know me! See, they're telling the waiter to serve me first!"

Sophia and Cary just exchanged winks.

Finally, the waiter got around to their table. "*Sin nata*, señor?" he inquired.

"Sure, sure, I'm Sinatra."

Sophia and Cary exploded with laughter. "The waiter isn't asking for your autograph," explained Cary. "He only wants to know if you want your chocolate with or without cream!"

"Who you kidding," asked Frank. "What about all those people who're calling my name?"

"You misunderstood," smiled Sophia. "They were saying '*sin nata*.' That's Spanish for 'hold the cream'—not *Sinatra!*"

"Gosh," muttered an embarrassed Frankie, "and I was sure they were cheering for me."

"Anyway, waiter, make it three *sin natas*," grinned Cary, and then added, "I mean—three 'Sinatras'!"

All three roared—and the name stuck!

Frank's in Columbia's PAL JOEY. *Paramount's* THE JOKER IS WILD *and UA's* KINGS GO FORTH. *Sophia's in Columbia's* STELLA, *20th's* BLOOD AND SAND. *UA's* LEGEND OF THE LOST, *Paramount's* DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS *and* HOUSEBOAT. *Cary's in Warner Bros.'* KIND SIR, *20th's* KISS THEM FOR ME *and Paramount's* HOUSEBOAT.

though she looked perhaps just a little older. She was tired. She'd had a job for the last year or so as a reservations clerk at the big Sheraton Palace Hotel, night shift, and with the holiday season in full swing now she'd had to work overtime the last couple of nights. She'd worked so hard and long last night that she hadn't got back to the apartment from the hotel till just about an hour ago. But instead of going right back to bed, as she normally did, she wanted to stay up on this morning, Christmas morning. She looked down at her wristwatch. No, she shook her head—it was too early. She got up from the chair and went into the kitchen and made herself a cup of coffee and a slice of toast and then she turned on some nice Christmas music one of the radio stations was playing and she sat in her chair again now, looking out the window, humming along with the music and looking out at the houses across the way and wondering how many children lay sleeping behind each window and how many Christmas trees stood gaily decorated behind those walls with how many ribboned boxes under them, all waiting to be opened and *ah'd* over. She looked at her watch again a little while later. It was still too early. She reached for the envelope on the small table next to the chair, her hands trembling a little as she picked it up. For the hundredth time in the past few days, she reread the letter. It was from New York, from a man named Michael Ellis. It began:

Dear Miss Farmer,

For years, after I made the theater my career and became managing director of the BUCKS COUNTY PLAYHOUSE, *I kept looking for you. I wrote letters everywhere. Sent wires. Traced rumors. Then I heard from a man in Arkansas recently that he knew your brother. He said you had a job as a clerk in a hotel. That you were out of the institution and trying to make your way back—alone. I am writing to you, Frances Farmer, to ask you to come back to the theater. Will you?*

A new chance

Frances put down the letter and looked down at her watch again. She got up and put on her coat. It was time to go to church and celebrate the birth of the infant Jesus—and to ask Him, Who had saved her, Whom she had met again through an old Bible during her years of need at the asylum, for His guidance now when she needed Him so badly again. . . .

Christmas, 1957, will be a happy one for Frances Farmer, the first truly happy one she will have ever known. She will be with friends. She has made many over the past year. She decided early in the year to accept Mr. Ellis' offer to come back East and work with his theater group. She came with many misgivings—despite the fact that she was still undeniably a beautiful woman, despite the fact that she had given up drinking completely, that her mind was strong again and she could remember lines again. "No, I haven't been reading any scripts recently," she told someone who asked her, but I've been reading the Bible and I can quote from it quite well. I know, because many nights I lie in bed after the lights are out and I read myself to sleep from memory, from the Book of Proverbs and Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. . . ." But still, she had misgivings. She didn't want any pity from people who knew of her past, of those unhappy years as a child, as a young actress in Hollywood, as a drunkard, as a patient in the asylum. And from other people, the inevitable other kind, she didn't want any whisperings behind her back, any side glances from one person to another if she should ever raise her voice a little during a rehearsal or make suggestions or do anything that could be called peculiar or smart-alecky . . . One morning in San Francisco she went to church. *God*, she prayed, *help me to be good, not to hurt myself any more, above all not to hurt any others.* Then she went back to her room and wrote to Mr. Ellis that she'd decided to accept his offer. She said nothing about her misgivings.

A brave interview

But, as it turned out, she didn't have to bother. When she arrived in the East a few weeks later, everyone was wonderful to her. And everybody, in turn, thought that she was wonderful. She received the press and spoke very simply. "I blame nobody for my fall," she said. "I had to face agonizing decisions when I was younger. The decisions broke me. But, too, there was a lack of philosophy in my life. With faith in myself and in God I think I have won the fight to control myself. I've found strength in religion and I've learned to have faith in myself . . . And I'm grateful for the chance to return to the theater. And, too, it's good to know that if I don't make it in the theater, I can always go back to the reservations job at the hotel in San Francisco."

But after her opening night performance at the BUCKS COUNTY PLAYHOUSE this summer, it was obvious to everyone that Frances was never going to have to go back to any hotel desk. "She is a fine actress," the director of the play said later that night, "and she is cooperative and a pleasure to work with. I look forward to working with her again." Up until the opening night Frances—as well as she got along with everyone—made a practice of sticking pretty much to herself. She spoke when spoken to, turned down all invitations to parties or any kind of gathering and sat alone, studying her scenes and lines during any free hours she had. But after the opening, after the reassurance that night, "and she is cooperative and a out during the curtain calls, that rang ou especially hard when she was told to take a solo bow, applause punctuated with shouts of *Bravo* and *Welcome Back*— with tears. Frances relaxed. She accepted an invitation to a party after the opening and shook hands with a couple hundred smiling people with the other

And then, after the party, she and a few members of the company and the director and his wife drove out to a little place near their hotel for coffee and pie. For the next few hours they just sat there, talking and laughing about the play and the rehearsals and the funny things that had been happening to them. And then somebody said "Why don't we do this again tomorrow night after the show?" "Yes," Frances said, almost before she realized that she'd spoken up. She looked around at the faces at the table. They were the most friendly wonderful faces she'd ever seen. They'd been there, around her, all her life, she realized now. But somehow she'd never noticed them before; somehow she'd never been able to notice them before. She nodded. "Yes," she said again, "let's do it tomorrow night, all of us!"

It's nice to think that she will be seeing some of these faces—and others—come Christmas Day this year. END

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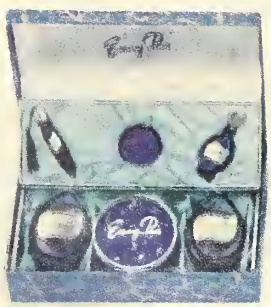
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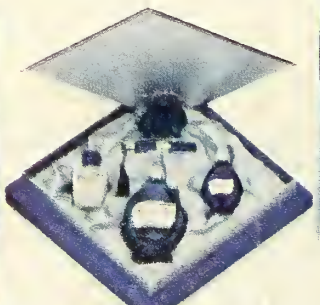
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